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THE

CHURCHMAN

A Monthly Magazine

CONDUCTED BY CLERGYMEN AND LAYMEN

OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

VOL. XI.

LONDON
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW
1885

better than could be expected; in fact, they would bear favourable comparison with those of a well-ordered Hospital at home.

We have left our Hospital to which I invited you in imagination to accompany me; and my thoughts go back to those evenings when, tired with the day's work, I used to ride my pony back to our comfortable Mission House in the Moonshi Bagh, among the orchards on the banks of the Jhelum; had you been with me on one such occasion, I should have asked you to sit down in our garden and have a cup of tea, and talk over the day's work. I can imagine how we should have discussed Medical Missions as we spoke of all the incidents of the day; and should we not have agreed that Medical Missions are a powerful agency for doing good and winning souls to Christianity and to Christ; and that, if there are defects in our work, it is only because we are not enough supported; that we want more Missionaries and more money; and that Medical Missions should be established not only in Kashmir, but in many places in India and all over the world?

E. DOWNES, M.D.

ART. V.—BISHOP KEN AND IZAAK WALTON.

A STUDY FOR AN UNPUBLISHED BIOGRAPHY.

I AM about to claim for the author of the "Complete Angler" a larger share in the formation of Ken's character than the biographers of either have assigned to him. It may be questioned, perhaps, whether one in a hundred of those who use the Morning and Evening Hymns know of the close tie by which the two men were connected with each other; whether one in a thousand of those who look to Walton for their guidance in catching trout, roach, or grayling, or enjoy the pleasant, cheerful, just a wee bit garrulous, talk in which that guidance is conveyed, have ever thought of the author as the virtual foster-father, the actual brother-in-law, of the Nonjuring Bishop? To me, after a careful study of the lives of the two men, it seems scarcely an exaggeration to say that the environment of the home in which Ken found a refuge after his father's death, left an indelible impression on his character, and determined the direction of his mental and moral growth, that his whole after-life was fashioned by the atmosphere which he there breathed, and the books which he read there. I find in Walton's "Lives" the unconscious prophecy of all into which that life was, as it were, destined to develop, in proportion as it followed the vocation which was thus conveyed to it.

I doubt, indeed, whether any but a few students of English,

Social, or Church, History, have formed any adequate estimate of the position Walton occupied among the leading ecclesiastics and men of culture of the time. We think of him as a "sempster" (something, I presume, in the tailoring or hosier line); a middle-class tradesman, whom his friends of a higher rank (*e.g.* Bishop King), used to address, somewhat condescendingly, as "honest Izaak," who went out for his holiday walks by the New River, and caught his fish and wrote about them. We forget that there was scarcely a theologian or man of letters with whom he did not correspond on friendly and familiar terms,—that the list of these friends included (not to speak of others) such men as Donne, and Bishop King of Chichester; Bishop Morley of Worcester and Winchester; Archbishop Sheldon, and William Chillingworth; Sir Henry Wotton, and Abraham Cowley; Drayton of the "Polyolbion," and the Elias Ashmole to whom Oxford owes its Museum. He was, in the Church life of his own generation, what John Evelyn was to that which came next, and Robert Nelson to the next but one; what Joshua Watson and Henry Thornton were within the memory of our more immediate fathers. If he was not a man of letters, he had at least associated with those who were so; if he was not the rose, he had at least caught something of its fragrance by living among the roses. Into such a companionship Ken was brought in early boyhood, and the friendship continued unbroken till little more than a year before Ken was consecrated, when he was forty-six, and Walton fell asleep at the ripe age of ninety.

I do not imagine that Ken was ever a proficient in the art which we associate with Walton's name. If he had been, we should probably have found some notice of him, if not in Walton's own work, at least in Cotton's *Supplement* to the "Complete Angler." He did not become an expert in barbel-fishing like Sheldon; or think of angling hours as "idle time not idly spent," like Sir Henry Wotton; or find in it, as did George Herbert, a "season of leisure for devout meditation." We may perhaps fancy that the boy shrank, with the refinement, the sympathy, the unwillingness to cause pain which afterwards characterized him, from handling the ground-bait, or impaling his minnow on the hook "as though he loved him." But not the less may those walks by the Lea have been useful in building up the boy's character—the character of the future Bishop. They stamped upon him the love of Nature and retirement rather than of courts and crowds. To be *procul negotiis*, to pursue the *fallentis semita vitæ*, instead of "seeking great things for himself," became in this way the great ideal of his life. Beyond this, they brought him into

contact with Nature and taught him to observe. They gave him the open eye to see the actual phenomena of things as they are, which is the necessary condition of the higher spiritual vision which reads the parables of Nature. In that sphere, the companionship of such a man as Walton was invaluable. Every page of the "Angler" shows how he watched the habits of everything that lives, the adaptation of their structure to their surroundings, their instincts of self-preservation or aggression, the things in which they foreshadowed the self-seeking or the altruism of humanity. I am drawing no imaginary picture in assuming that these influences contributed to Ken's after character. The tenderness of feeling towards animal life is seen in the fact that, in the picture which he draws of one in whom, more or less consciously, he idealized himself, he brings to light one of the obscurer traditions of St. John:[1]

> "The youth, of David's mournful cell possessed,
> Allured a widowed dove with him to rest,
> Like John, who, when his mind he would unbend,
> With a tame partridge would few minutes spend."
>
> Ken's *Works*, i., p. 79.

His sense of the teachings of Nature is seen in another pattern of the saintly life:

> "Three volumes he assiduously perused,
> Which heavenly wisdom and delight infused,
> God's works, his conscience, and the Book inspired."
>
> *Ibid.*, ii., p. 76.

The habits of observation, in which he seems to have surpassed his master, find their fullest, though not their only, example, in the account he gives of the habits of the ant. It will be admitted, I think, by those who are experts in such matters, that it may challenge comparison, in its minuteness and accuracy of detail, with what we find in the works of Huber, or Sir J. Lubbock, or Romanes. The whole passage is somewhat too long for insertion, and I content myself with a few extracts. Walton, it may be noted, contents himself with speaking briefly of the "little pismire, who, in the summer, provides and lays up her winter provisions."

> "In multitude they march, yet order just,
> No adverse files each other stop or thrust;
> They have presensions of the change in air,
> And never work abroad but when 'tis fair.
> They take advantage of the lunar light,
> And only at full moons they work by night."

[1] The story is told by Cassian, but in my present absence of books I am unable to give any further reference than to my own Article on "St. John" in Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible."

And so he goes on to paint the whole order and polity of the ant community: how some are seen nipping the grain, and others carrying it to their barn; how they bring it out to dry when it has been wetted by the rain; how they lay up "biennial stores;" how they clean their feet as they enter the gates of their city, and erect a bastion round it to prevent inundations. Lastly he notices, what has sometimes been questioned, sometimes announced as among the most recent discoveries, the burying habits of the ants, in his sketches of the structure of the ant-hill, intersected, as it is, by a long street from end to end.

> "That square they for their cemetery keep,
> Where with dead parents their dead children sleep;
> The teeming females in *this* space remain,
> And *there* the youth they up to labour train;
> The granary is there . . . ."—KEN'S *Works*, iii., pp. 11-13.

And so on.

Nor ought we to pass over the advantage it must have been to a studious and thoughtful boy to have the run of a library such as Walton's, or to listen to the conversation of the friends, such as those named above, who came to visit him, attracted by the conspicuous cheerfulness of the home, or seeking refuge there from the strife of tongues that raged around them. There, on those shelves, he would find—to say nothing of the books which Walton does *not* name—the works of Donne and of Bishop Hall, of George Herbert and of Christopher Harvey, author of "The Synagogue," a series of poems commonly bound up with Herbert's "Temple;" and Du Bartas, and Josephus, and Montaigne; and Plutarch's "Lives;" and Dean Nowell's "Catechism;" and the devout "Considerations" of John Valdesso, which Herbert commends so warmly; and Cowley's "Davideis" (which afterwards served as the model of Ken's own epics, "Edmund" and "Hymnotheo"); and Camden's "Britannica;" Mendez Pinto and E. Sandys' "Travels;" and the works on "Natural History" of Gessner and Rondeletius (botanists still remembered in the plants named after them, as *Gesneria* and *Rondeletia*); and Topselius' "History of Serpents," and others which the time would fail me to tell of. But, more than all the books that he thus had the opportunity of reading were the traditions of which Walton, as belonging to a previous generation (he was, as will be remembered, Ken's senior by four-and-forty years), was the depository, and of which his "Lives" are the treasure-house. To have been the intimate friend of such men as Donne—to have at least seen Hooker and George Herbert, was enough to rivet the attention of the thoughtful boy as he listened to the old man's manifold reminiscences.

There is scarcely one of those lives (I am tempted, as I write, to alter that "scarcely" into "absolutely not one") in which I cannot trace, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the influence it exercised on Ken's character, in not a few instances, facts which were afterwards actually reproduced in his own after-life. Donne may have been his first master in what has been expressively, though not very accurately, described by Johnson as the "metaphysical school of poetry," modified, in this instance, by intense personal devotion, the pattern after which, with the exception of the epics—in which he followed Cowley—nearly all his own poetry was fashioned. It is not unreasonable to conjecture that Walton's selection of Hart Hall for his brother-in-law's residence at Oxford, while he was waiting for a vacancy at New College, was determined by the fact that it was there that Donne had studied. Even in the last recorded act of the Bishop's life I trace a distinct reminiscence of what he must have heard from Walton.

Donne, according to his biographer, when he knew that his end was near, had himself wrapped up in a winding-sheet, and gave instructions to a sculptor to represent him on his tomb as he thus appeared. Ken, in the same spirit, but without the theatrical element which slightly mingled with Donne's act, when he learnt from his physician that he had but two or three days to live, took the shroud, which for years before he had always carried with him in his portmanteau, put it on with his own hands, and so calmly lay down to await the end. The continuity of spirit which united the three—Donne, Walton, Ken—and the channel through which that continuity was maintained, was not without a fitting symbol linking the three men together. Donne left, by his will, to a few special friends, gold signet-rings, with the figure of the Crucified One, not on the Cross, but on an anchor. One of these rings he left to Walton; from him it passed on to Ken, who wore and used it to the latest years of his life. It is now at Longleat. A smaller seal with the same design was also used by him, and passed to his great-niece, Miss Hawkins.

In Sir Henry Wotton, Ken had before him a pattern of a different type, a man versed in the diplomacy of courts, skilled in the speech and literature of France and Italy. His maxims of social wisdom, upright statecraft, and ecclesiastical moderation, were doubtless often on Walton's lips, as they were afterwards recorded in his biography of his friend. Here, too, the friendship affected even the outward facts of Ken's life. Wotton had been trained at the two St. Mary Winton Colleges; and almost the last fact Walton narrates in his "Life" is his visit to Winchester, after he had been made Provost of Eton, and the touching memories of past years

which that visit brought back to him. There were the same scenes, the same schoolroom, cloisters, playgrounds—almost, it might seem, the same boys he had known in his youth, and it was pleasant to look back on them as days of hope and purity. With the impression of that conversation upon him, we can well enter into the feeling which led Walton, as the friend and adviser of the Ken family, to select Winchester rather than Eton or Westminster—though Wotton had been Provost of the former, and the great Busby was head-master of the latter—as the school to which his brother-in-law was to be sent. When, in after years, his own son travelled under that brother-in-law's care to France and Italy, we may believe that he would give them, at second-hand, the maxim of "*Volto sciolto, pensieri stretti*," with which, as we know, Milton had been fortified by Wotton for his wanderings among strange people and the members of an alien Church. So, in like manner, amid the strife of tongues and hot debates that raged around him, Ken would call to mind the golden saying, of which Wotton had said that it was all that he desired to have written on his tomb, that he was its author, "*Pruritus disputandi scabies Ecclesiæ*;" and it would keep, as it did keep, him, and almost him only of all the divines and prelates of his time, from preaching controversial sermons and writing controversial treatises.

In George Herbert, as in Donne, the young Ken would find a spirit like-minded with his own—calm, meditative, musical; finding in quaint devout verse the natural channel for the thoughts that were working in his mind; and in all these points we may think of Ken as a kind of Herbert *redivivus*, taking that life for a pattern. They started, indeed, from a very different point. Herbert belonged to one of the noble families of England; Ken was the son of a reputable attorney and citizen. All the more would he be likely to reverence one who presented in his Cambridge life, before he took Orders, the ideal of what an Englishman of high birth might be. When Ken came into contact with court-life as it was in the days of Charles II., with all its foul profligacy and godless rowdyism, it was something for him to remember that the peerage of England had, at times at least, produced patterns of a nobler life.

It is not, however, in any of these respects only or chiefly that I point to the life of George Herbert as having influenced Ken. It is in the Bishop's work as a parish priest that I trace Herbert's influence most distinctly. The "Country Parson" might almost seem to pass from precept to practice, from the abstract to the concrete, as we see Ken in his parochial and other labours. I will not anticipate the details

which will find their natural and fitting place further on. It will be enough to note one or two striking instances of parallelism. Does Herbert lay stress on the importance of training boys and girls to be confirmed and become communicants at an earlier age than was then, or is now, customary, as soon, in fact (to use his own words), as they were able to distinguish sacramental from common bread, "at what age soever"? We find Ken, in his "Manual for Winchester Scholars," assuming, at a time when boys commonly left school sooner than they do now, that many of them would be, or ought to be, communicants. In Herbert's "Country Parson" we find him painting his ideal clergyman as one who, while open-hearted to all real suffering, is chary of giving to "beggars and idle persons," lest by so doing he should do more harm than good. It is Ken's first care, as we shall see, on coming to his diocese, to endeavour (not as, it chanced, successfully) to work out the scheme of something like a "Charity Organization Society" that should effect this purpose. And the echo of Herbert's teaching on this matter is found in the picture of an ideal king, in Ken's "Edmund," of whom he says, that, in his kingdom,

> "No sturdy beggars in the land could lurk,
> But were in proper houses forced to work."
>
> KEN'S *Works*, ii., p. 50.

Does Herbert dwell on the duty of daily service? Ken made that service his rule, however small might be the congregation to which he ministered. All that we know of his life as practically, though not formally, Chaplain to Lord Maynard, is based upon the lines which we find in the "Country Parson." I close my induction with the noticeable fact that Herbert lays special stress on his parson inviting the poorer members of his flock to dine with him on Sundays: "to sit down with them, and carve for them." And that was precisely what Ken did even as the occupant of his palace at Wells.

Passing from Herbert to Hooker, it will be obvious to everyone who studies Ken's character as a divine, that his theology was essentially on the lines of the "Ecclesiastical Polity"—Anglican, as distinguished from the two extremes of Romanism or Puritanism, with a leaning to a wider hope as to the extent of the love of God and the redeeming work of Christ, than we find in his master; and that this was so at a time when Hooker's work was comparatively a recent work—not as yet recognised as a text-book in Bishop's Examinations, or University Lectures; that Ken's thoughts habitually turned—as did Hooker's on his deathbed—to meditations on the ministry of angels. But, if I mistake not, the chief

influence which Walton's "Life of Hooker" exercised on him, must have been negative rather than positive in its character. I fancy that that story of the great mistake of Hooker's life—the one instance in which the writer of the "Ecclesiastical Polity" was not "judicious"—must have been often told at Walton's table; and we can enter into the feelings of a boy—even then, in one sense, precociously ascetic and devout—as he listened to it. That picture of the profound thinker and theologian sitting rocking the cradle and peeling turnips, while the harsh, knagging voice ever calling "Richard, Richard!" in dictatorial tones, was ringing through the house; the feelings of the old pupils connected with Walton by marriage, who, unable to veil their impressions in silence or conventional courtesies, were constrained to give him their condolences on the "ill-conditions" in which he found himself—all this must have seemed to the young student sufficiently humiliating. One who was naturally of what one may call the celibate temperament, disposed, in regard to the other sex, to friendship rather than love, could scarcely fail to say to himself, on hearing such a tale: "If that is what a man may sometimes get in the lottery of marriage, I for one will choose the other part, and not that. Is there not another form of life to which I, at least, am called; and which for me (though not, it may be for others) is a higher and a nobler one?" The outcome of these thoughts, over and above the fact of his choice of celibacy, may be found in two lines written in after years:

> "A Virgin Priest the altar best attends;[1]
> Our Lord that state commands not, but commends."

The last of Walton's "Lives"—that of Sanderson—belongs to too late a date in his life to be numbered among the influences by which Ken's character was fashioned. Nor is it certain that he knew the future Bishop during Ken's student-life. Ken himself was, however, at Oxford during the time when Sanderson lectured there on Moral Philosophy, and may thus have come in contact with him. All that need be said under this head, therefore, is that the casuistry (I use the term in its truest and noblest sense) by which Ken was guided in the intricate labyrinth of questions which the political crises of the time brought before him—a casuistry as unlike as possible to that of Jesuit confessors or time-serving statesmen—was, as will be seen hereafter, precisely what might have been

[1] I am disposed to infer, from the stress laid on promissory vows in Ken's "Exposition of the Catechism," that he may have had some such resolve of self-dedication present to his thoughts at his Ordination, if not at a yet earlier period.

expected from one who had laid the foundation of his ethics under the teaching of Sanderson.

One point more remains to be noticed, and then I have completed my case as to Izaak Walton and his influence on Ken's life. The will of the former contains, as was common with devout persons of that period, a confession of his faith; and the confession runs thus: "Because the profession of Christianity does at this time seem to be subdivided into Papist and Protestant, I take it to be, at least, convenient to declare my belief to be, in all points of faith, as the Church of England now professeth; and this I do the rather because of a very long and very true friendship with some of the Roman Catholic Church."

I do not quote these words wholly or chiefly on account of their striking parallelism with Ken's last confession of his faith[1]—though that is singularly suggestive—but for the fact to which the last words point. Romanists, we may well believe, of the highest and best type were, it would appear, among Walton's cherished friends, and may well have been frequent visitors at his house. One who was brought up in the midst of such surroundings may well have learnt to shrink from the hot anathemas and preternatural suspicion with which ordinary Englishmen looked upon a Papist. His personal knowledge must have given force to that other maxim of Sir Henry Wotton's, that "Men were much in error if they thought that the further they were from Rome the nearer they were to truth."[2] To have known and loved men of an alien and hostile Church, though it does not take away the sadness of controversy, at least deprives it of its bitterness. This also helps to explain the attitude consistently maintained by Ken in the midst of the parties of his time. It accounts for the hopes of James II., that he might even win the most loved and honoured of English Bishops to his side; for the suspicions that ever and anon dogged Ken's footsteps, that he really inclined to Rome. Looking at his character all round, I know nothing, next to Walton's "Lives," that helps one to understand such a life as Ken's better than the ideal portrait that has been drawn, with such a master's hand, by Mr. Shorthouse, of one more or less of the same type, and growing up in the same environment, in his "John Inglesant;" and worked out with a more subtle analysis in the Introduction to his edition of George Herbert's "Poems."

[1] See his will: "I die in the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Faith, professed by the whole Church before the disunion of the East and West; more particularly I die in the Communion of the Church of England, as it stands distinguished from all Papal and Puritan innovations."

[2] See Walton's "Life of Sir H. Wotton."

How far that portraiture is a satisfactory representation of the type after which I believe Ken to have been fashioned—how far the analysis of character, which seems to Mr. Shorthouse a sufficient account of George Herbert's excellence, is adequate—are questions which have been already discussed in THE CHURCHMAN of May, 1883, in an able article by the present Principal of King's College, London. I will content myself with saying that I think that Dr. Wace has shown, with sufficient fulness, that Mr. Shorthouse has laid too exclusive a stress on the refinement, the gentlemanliness, as it were, of the religious character of the Anglo-Catholic School. Doubtless that was prominent in it. It accounts, in part at least, for the almost invincible antipathy with which the middle-class Englishman, tradesman or farmer—the "Philistine" of Matthew Arnold's classification—has from the first regarded it. It seemed to him an aristocratic form of religion, and therefore, over and above his suspicion of its Popish tendencies, he opposed it and disliked it, as he disliked other aristocratic characteristics. It accounts also for the fact that that school of thought has never as yet exercised, as Wesley and Whitefield exercised, a power over those of a yet lower social *stratum*—the artisans and the field-labourers of England. The sweetness and tenderness of the "Country Parson" might win individuals, but it was lacking in the robustness which can wield at will the multitudes of a spiritual democracy, and move the miners of Cornwall or the colliers of Bristol, as Wesley moved them, to the tears of penitence. But there was with all this refinement, this love of music and of song, this union of the temper of the ascetic and the man of letters, a certain heroism of conscience which is not, I think, portrayed in "John Inglesant," or recognised adequately in Mr. Shorthouse's analysis.

These men might have wide sympathies on either side—might feel that there was much in the system of Rome and in the lives of Romanists which they could admire and love; but they did not, when they had to make their choice between truth and falsehood, right and wrong, halt between two opinions. They saw the thing that ought to be done, and they did it regardless of consequences. If they had a weak element of character in this respect, it was that their fear of following a multitude to do evil led them almost instinctively to start with a bias to the cause that was not the multitude's. They would not tune their voice according to the time to gain the favour of princes or of people. There are men, not without a certain measure of honesty—men who would not consciously descend to baseness for the sake of gain and honour, and who rise to the high places of the earth in Church and

State amid the plaudits of their fellows—who seem to act on the rule given to inexperienced whist-players, "When in doubt, take the trick." Many of Ken's contemporaries belonged to this class. They passed from regime to regime, from dynasty to dynasty, unconscious of reproach. They took oaths, from that of the League and Covenant, under the Long Parliament, to that of abjuration under Queen Anne, with a facility which reminds one of Talleyrand's "aside" when he swore allegiance to Louis Philippe: "It is the thirteenth; Heaven grant it may be the last!" With Ken and his fellows it was just the opposite of this. The rule on which they appear to have acted was, "When in doubt, take the losing side." Follow the path which leads, not to wealth and honour, but to loss, privation, contumely. We can think of them as giving thanks, as Mr. Maurice did in the last days of his life, that they had always been on the side of the minority.

In yet another point also, which Dr. Wace has not dwelt upon, their character showed more than the refinement of the man of culture. They had in them, in large measure, what we have learnt to call the enthusiasm of humanity. They turned from the society of scholars and divines and courtiers to that of the poor, in whom they recognised the image of God; whom they treated as their brothers in the fellowship of Christ. George Herbert, as we have seen, made it the rule of life of his "Country Parson" that he should ask, not his rich neighbours, but the labourers of his parish, to dine with him on Sundays, that, in doing so, he should not leave them to the charge of servants, as though he were distributing a dole, but should sit down to table with them, and carve for them himself, and talk with them; and Ken, even in his palace at Wells, followed his example. They looked, with a heart full of pity, on the poor of England, in their dumb, uncomplaining misery, feeling that on the side of their oppressors there was power, while they had no comforter. When Ken came to his diocese, one of his first acts was to aim at the future elevation of the poor, by founding schools where there had been none before, and, in a spirit which in our time would be charged with communistic tendencies, to rescue the labourer from the oppression of the landlord and the tradesman-capitalist, by organizing what, in quite another sense than that which use has made familiar to us, were known as "work-houses;" places, *i.e.*, in which the artisan-class might find employment, without any sense of degradation, at something better than starvation wages, ending in the outdoor relief, or the wretched doles of loaves, under the old Poor Law System of Elizabeth. The scheme, as might have been expected, met with but scanty support from the squires and

shopkeepers of Somerset, and fell through; but it not the less remains on record as an example of the ideals of social reform which floated before the mind of at least one Anglican Bishop at the close of the seventeenth century.

I have spoken, in the earlier pages of this paper, almost exclusively of the *paterfamilias* of the Walton household, of his friends and his surroundings. But it must not be forgotten that there was another inmate of that household whose influence on Ken in his boyhood and early manhood must have been of almost priceless value. He was left motherless at the age of four, and he lost his father when he was fourteen. The place of the latter was practically supplied by Walton, and I have endeavoured to trace his influence on the boy's character. In his sister Anne, twenty-seven years older than himself, who at the age of thirty-six had married Walton when he was sixty-one, we may well believe he found, as far as anything could compensate for the loss of a mother's care, such a compensation. The part played by an elder sister, who has gifts and character for the work, in the training of an orphaned brother could not fail to be an important one. All that we know of Anne Ken, the "Kenna" of the touching little canzonet in Walton's "Complete Angler," leads us to think that she possessed those gifts in a more than average measure, and that she did not fail to use them with wisdom. Her age, about half-way between that of her brother and her husband, made her as a connecting link between the two, the disparity of whose years might otherwise have tended to obscure the brotherly relationship by which, through her marriage, they were connected with each other.

We can think of her as sympathizing alike with her husband's fishing and her boy-brother's studies; hearing the latter say his Creed, and Catechism, and Collect, as his mother used to do; training him with all the "remarkable prudence" and the "great and general knowledge" which her husband ascribes to her in the epitaph to her memory in Worcester Cathedral, into the pattern of that "primitive piety" of which she was herself so bright an example; going with him, while yet she could, to Church Services and Communion; and then, when the Westminster Directory had taken the place of the Prayer Book, and those who still worshipped God after the manner of their fathers had to meet, as it were, in the dens and caves of the earth, still keeping up in the worship of their home the sacred traditions of the past. From her also, as the Kenna whose skill in song and music is praised, as above, in the "Complete Angler," the scholar-brother may well have derived the tastes which were the joy and nourishment of his inner life in his busiest years, and his consolation in the time of

pain and solitude and homelessness. I picture her to myself as one of those whose presence comes like sunshine in a shady place, speaking words of hope and comfort to those who needed them, the guardian-angel of the boy whom the providence of God had committed to her charge, striving by act and word, and yet more by prayers, that he might be kept pure from evil and "daily increase in all holiness and wisdom." It was given to her to see, as the growth of the seed which she had thus sown, the "blade" and the "ear;" but the "full corn in the ear," the ripened holiness of the pastor and the confessor, she did not live to witness. Farewell, dear sister of a saint! Though "one soweth and another reapeth," there shall come a time when thou shalt not lack thy meed of praise for that which thou didst contribute to its saintliness. As I have dwelt on that home, retaining its calm and cheerfulness and even mirth in the midst of the confusions of the age, I seem to myself to have understood, almost for the first time, what it was that made the poet of our own age, whose spirit was most akin to Ken's, to fix on it as an oasis in the dreary wilderness of controversy. The succession of the witnesses for a higher and serener life seems, at first, a somewhat strange one. First St. Jerome, and then St. Lewis, and to complete the series—

> "A fouler vision yet; an age of light—
> Light without love, dawns on the aching sight;
> O who can tell how fair and sweet,
> Meek Walton! shows thy green retreat,
> When, wearied with the tale thy times disclose,
> The eye first finds thee out in thy secure repose?"[1]

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

ART. VI.—CURIOSITIES OF CLERICAL EXPERIENCE.

No. V.

IF the brain be the medium of the mind, it is evident that upon its healthy action depend in a great measure, not only the vigorous processes of thought, but also the moral regulation of our daily life and conduct. Whether we accept this theory or not, philosophize or dogmatize as we may, there can be no doubt whatever that any alteration which takes place in the substance of the brain almost always is attended with a corresponding change in our character. Few persons

[1] "Christian Year." Advent Sunday.