LESSONS FROM EARLY ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY.

Three Lectures

DELIVERED IN

The Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London,

BY THE

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PREFACE.

THESE lectures were written for delivery at St. Paul's without any idea of publication. The Editor of the *Guardian* was kind enough to express a wish to publish them in his paper, and their appearance led to several requests that they should be issued in a more permanent form. As some of these requests came from scholars whose opinion is conclusive with me, and as all showed a genuine interest in our earliest Church History, I am glad to have the lectures made up into a little book, informal and conversational as they are. One point, referred to by several of my hearers and correspondents, I should like to press upon the attention of any readers; namely, the interesting links and illustrations which recent researches have brought to light, and the encouragement

which this fact affords for further research. I have added notes here and there, sparingly; to give full annotations would be to make the notes much longer than the text. In many cases I should have liked to explain that to make a statement on a difficult point does not of necessity imply ignorance or disregard of the difficulties. It will be seen that I have kept to the old-fashioned spelling of most of the early English names, instead of restoring the original spelling.

G. F. BROWNE.

2 AMEN COURT, ST. PAUL'S,
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LECTURE I.

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MANY of us, no doubt, have thought over the difference in the kind of interest we feel in a stirring episode of history and in a good novel. If the historian is skilful, and the facts are not sparse and meagre; or if we have ourselves sufficient knowledge, and the ability to use our knowledge; we can become deeply absorbed in the study of a period, of a career. It stands out, graphic, vivid, suggestive; as breathless in its interest at times, at times as pathetic, as any novel. The essential difference is felt when you have finished the study of the period or the career, the reading of the novel. Say that you sit up late some night to finish the one or the other. To be in line with the probabilities, let us say it is the novel. Whether its ending be happy or sad, you go to bed more or less unhinged; in a state of mind corresponding to

the state of your body after a fever. You have a sense of unreality, of disproportion, of exaggeration; no one feature, perhaps, of what you have read, in itself overdone, but the canvas too full. You have been giving sympathies enough for lifetimes, to the year or two which precede a happy marriage or an early death, a year or two compressed into three or four hours. The immediate result with many of us is almost always depression. When we analyse our feelings we find there is a sense of self-reproach. We have given our heart to these unreal men and women and their affairs, to an extent to which we do not give it to the ordinary affairs of life; and we are inclined to turn to these ordinary affairs with some distaste—unless we are careful, with some repining.

There are, of course, many and interesting results from such an inquiry as I suggest into the differences between our relations to a novel and to a history. I will only mention one, and that as bearing upon our subject for this evening. What we feel most, I believe, is the sudden breaking off of the thread. If the ending of the novel is a happy one, then a turn of the page blots out the whole of the future of every one of those who have played so large a part in our affections. And if the ending be the death of

one whom in the book we have loved, the sense of personal bereavement is added to the sense of sudden break. In either case, our sympathies have been stretched and strained to their fullest extent, and the break causes a recoil. You remember how Charles Dickens was inundated with letters of passionate petition that he would not kill that little Paul over whom so many tender hearts have wept; and how he walked about the streets of Paris perfectly miserable for twenty-four hours after he had killed him. It is not my province to-night to point out how such feelings are akin to the impulse we can probably all of us find in ourselves, if we look deep enough, that tells how intolerable is the idea that our own career, the career of those dear to us, is ended by death. My wish is to call your attention to the fact that in the steady, onward flow of history, with its real results growing in due order out of its real facts, we have that satisfaction which the ending of a novel denies to us. If you would test this, think of the void which is left by the loss of the concluding chapters of the Fifth Book of the Histories of Tacitus. We have a wooden bridge across a sluggish river. It is cut purposely in the middle, so that a narrow, deep chasm separates the one part from the

other. On either side of the chasm there is one man, and on the words of those two men the fate of a brave nation depends. Civilis, the noble Batavian, is there to speak for his bleeding country's freedom. Cerealis, the Roman general, represents sympathetically the resistless power of Rome. In dignified terms Civilis opens the conference. The pointed Tacitean sentences bridge the chasm. One, two, three, four, five sentences, each full of compressed argument, a worthy exordium to a speech on which depend a nation's honour, a nation's life. Five sentences, and all the rest is lost. Not one syllable more is known. Civilis and the whole episode disappear for ever from history. There are those who would give pretty nearly all the novels that ever were written for the remaining chapters of the Fifth Book of the Histories of Tacitus. And there are those who do not despair of their even yet being found, without any such sacrifice as that.

In history, then, we trace events up to causes, and we trace events down to consequences. There is not that sense of jar and dislocation which attends the sudden end of a fictitious history. The feeling that events are playing a part in a real sequence—a sequence which works itself out uninterruptedly, a sequence

which is a living fact to the world as it is and to us as we are—this is one of the fundamental strengths of the grasp with which history fixes our interest and our attention. It is unnecessary to refer to the commonplace that the events are real, the men and women of like passions with ourselves. We continually find ourselves absorbed in a personal interest when we dwell upon a scene of history, in the frame of mind of King Richard in *The Talisman*—"Hark thee, observe if his cheek loses colour, or his eye falters—mark me the smallest twitch of the features—I love to know how brave souls meet death."

And whatever charms history may have for us, whether as a human interest or as a series of successive developments, those charms are enhanced when the history which we study is the history of our own race. It is not without emotion that we take in hand the book that tells us, as few, if any, books tell any people, of the earliest times of our far-off ancestors. I do not know what nation in Europe can go back up one continuous flow of consecutive history, and find itself in a flood of light thirteen hundred years ago, a flood of light which shows to us a stirring, independent, intelligent, artistic race; sprung up into dominance among

the ruins of an earlier civilisation, ruins they had themselves made; absorbing what was attractive and worthy of imitation in the old world; striking out for themselves fresh lines in the new. Some might perhaps hold that Gregory of Tours, who died in the end of 595, gave to his countrymen, in his *Ecclesiastical History of the Franks*, a gift as precious as that which Bede gave to us in his *Ecclesiastical History of the English Race*, an ecclesiastical history which began in the year in which Gregory of Tours died. But there is no real comparison between the books, either in the manner or in the matter; nor, I will venture to add, in the dignity and worth of the peoples whose story they respectively tell.

While our attention will be centred for these three lectures upon those earlier times, the times when the Angles and Saxons were developing themselves, undisturbed by the inroads which, somewhat later, less civilized races began to make upon them, we cannot help glancing from that point of view down the stream of time to ask a question, a question on the answer to which much of our interest in the story may depend. It is this. Are the characteristics of the Angles and the Saxons, the Anglo-Saxon race, permanent? Have they come down to us? Or, are

they lost in the many blendings of other blood? Are we less Anglo-Saxon than Celt and Norman and Dane? Is it of himself that the Englishman reads in the pages of Bede, or of some other man? It is a question not only of interest, but of importance. The race that now dominates the world as no other race has ever dominated it, whence come the characteristics that have made this domination possible,—have made it a fact? How is it that we have in us the natural gift which enables us to colonise wherever we go? It is not mere acquisitiveness. Other nations have that, as fully developed as we have, but other nations cannot colonise. They can take who have the power; they only keep who can.

I, for one, believe that this part in our complex nature is played almost entirely by our Anglo-Saxon blood. The times of which we are to speak show us men wonderfully adaptable to circumstances, however new; taking a grip at once; making rapid strides in new fields: seizing upon an idea, mastering it, moulding it to their will, dealing with it as entirely their own, needing and heeding no guidance or interference; moulding it, not being moulded by it; Angles and Saxons still, though Christianity and much else has supervened; a race mar-

vellously soon at home where they settle. They found the Celt here, and they entered into possession of him and his. But they colonised, they were not Celticised. The Roman Briton, no doubt, was a poor creature, a very bad blend. Gildas knew him and abused him roundly. He tells how these enervated Celts cowered behind the Roman wall, in fear so abject, that the Picts and Scots threw hooks over, and caught them, and dragged them over the wall, and ate them. But the Celt not spoiled by the effete life and the thin blood of the Roman municipals was a different creature. In one or two parts of England the Celts held on, and I dare say hold on now. It may well be that the special musical skill, organic and artistic, of some parts of England may descend from the people of the latest of the British kingdoms. But from this contact, intermarriage, and what not, the Anglo-Saxons emerged, not as half-Celt half-Anglo-Saxon, but as Anglo-Saxons. The Celt is with us still; to-night[1] we know it well. A charming, gallant race, very valuable to us for many purposes. They have freely shed their blood—especially, as they would say,

[1] Tuesday, January 31, 1893, was the day of the re-assembling of the House of Commons for the consideration of the Irish Home Rule Bill.

other people's—on every side of the empire. But, for our higher purposes in the world, they are valuable not so far as they are Celts, but so far as they are Anglicised. The Danes came, and made their mark; but I doubt if any of our special characteristics can be traced to anything we know of them and of their influence, here or in other lands. They came to us as Danes; such of them as stayed with us, stayed with us as English [1]. The Normans came, but they were already not Northmen. Very few generations had sufficed to make—what with some disregard of historic propriety we may call—Frenchmen of them. Every vestige of their Danish tongue had been lost in Normandy. They carried all before them here, so far as the higher walks of life were concerned; but the Normans never, to my mind, colonised England. They became more English than the English. Just in the same way when they went to Italy and Sicily, they became Italians, Sicilians. When they went to Ireland they became Irish, more Irish than the Irish themselves, always ready—dare I say it?—to sport back into barbarism. So when they went to Scotland

[1] Some give more importance to the Danish blend. The view expressed in the text is in accord with the general tone of Mr. Freeman's remarks, *Norman Conquest*, vol. i. ch. iv.

they became intensely Scottish. The Bruces and the Balliols repudiated their Yorkshire and Durham breeding and baronies, and, Scots to the backbone, harassed their Southron foe, three or four generations ago one with themselves. In England they seemed to carry all before them for some long time; but they were really being absorbed almost from the first. The Saxon substance remained, with, perhaps, a Norman name. The essence, the real grit, was Saxon; the manufactured article wore a Norman appearance. Wamba spoke in parables, unknown to himself, unknown to the magician who created him, when he discoursed to Gurth on turning swine into Normans:—

> "Swine (he said) is good Saxon, and while the brute lives, and is in charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but when she is carried to the Castle Hall she changes her name and becomes Norman, and is called pork. And so Alderman Ox keeps his Saxon name while he is under bondmen; but he becomes Beef when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him."

All these are examples of races that do not colonise, races that are acted upon and changed by their immediate surroundings, races whose

very language is killed by the Anglo-Saxon speech. Not from races such as these do we derive our gifts; gifts of which I had, perhaps, better leave the setting forth to those patriotic songs which one usually sings at an earlier period of one's life, and at a later period of the evening.

We make the assumption continually, unmarked by ourselves, that we are English, and nothing else. If a Roman pavement is discovered in our midst, we look at it with interest as a Roman thing, the work of a Roman living for a time in Britain. And yet the chances are that the men who made it, and the men and women who lived and moved upon it, were all of them at least as much British as Roman, and probably a good deal more. I do not, of course, mean that we are Britons, however large an admixture of British blood there may be in us; I only use the example as an illustration of my meaning. We hear of the doings of the Danes; but it never occurs to us to think of them as other than foreigners. Some few men of that complexion, and colour of hair, and name, which tell of Danish descent, are among us, and that is all. Or we read in Mr. Freeman's books of the homage of rude Rollo to the descendant of Karl at Lâon, and of the com-

mendation of Richard of Normandy to Hugh of Paris; but it never enters into the mind of the Englishman of ordinary reading to regard these people as in any sense his ancestors. We have them in the upper branches of our family tree; but they sit there as a sort of strangers, not as domestic fowl. We are Anglo-Saxons, that first and that last, whatever else we may be; grateful to the Celt, the Dane, the Norman, for their attentions to our forefathers and our foremothers; grateful for the dash, the solidity, the firmness of grasp we may by these blendings have had strengthened in us; but Anglo-Saxons, after all compliments are paid.

And, yet again, whatever special charms the history of our own people—the history of ourselves—may have for us, there is one branch of that history which has, or ought to have, a supreme charm. I mean, the history of our Church. And this on more than one important account. In the first place, because, as we reverently believe, it is here that the guiding hand of God may be expected to be most clearly seen. I do not mean most surely known, but most clearly seen. In dealing with the history of a Church we are dealing with what we believe to be God's appointed outward means of acting

upon the belief and the practice of mankind. And our subject calls us to look at the history of the Church exactly at the time when the manifestation of spiritual power might be expected to be the greatest, that is, when the Church of God is overcoming the evil practices, the false beliefs, of pagan faiths; when missionary triumphs are being won; when men enter single-handed upon a vast and seemingly hopeless field, and find to their own surprise and joy, and sometimes to the overstraining of their spiritual balance, that their efforts are met by a receptivity of which they had no expectation, which they could not ascribe to any work of theirs, to anything but an influence from on high. Strange stories of miraculous events, of miraculous powers, meet us as we walk the border-line between history and mystery; strange stories, some of which fall easily and naturally into simple explanations. Thus, when St. Cuthbert was a boy, an angry tumour developed itself near one of his knees, and the muscles of the thigh were contracted. One day, when he had been carried out by his attendants, and left to lie in the fresh air for a time, a man, clothed in white, rode up on a magnificent horse. Seeing that the boy did not rise, he asked if he had no respect to pay to such a visitor. Cuth-

bert replied that he would gladly rise and pay him reverence if he were not tied by the leg. The stranger dismounted, and examined the knee. He bade the boy "boil some wheat flour and lay it on warm, and the knee should be cured." This simple bread poultice was, accordingly, applied for some days, and Cuthbert was healed. Then he perceived that his visitor was an angel, sent by Him Who sent Raphael to restore the eyesight to Tobit. Curiously enough, Bede's only doubt in the matter was whether all readers would believe that an angel rode on horseback. And this he set right, in his industrious way, by quoting the Book of Maccabees, where angels came on horseback to the aid of Judas Maccabeus. In other cases, it is more difficult to see any natural explanation; and taking the facts as they were recorded by eye-witnesses, we can scarcely be surprised that the men of those days believed that a miracle-working influence was showing itself. I fear I shall not have time to recur to this point. For the present I will content myself with remarking that it was, for the most part, in the first and second generation of Christian teachers in the land that these claims were made. To say that even in the first and second generation no such influence was at work, would be to say

more than we are entitled to say. The records of later Missions, later far, may serve to show us, that in the earliest years of a Mission, there are occasions on which it is very difficult to say whether the Divine power, which the Christian believes to be really working, has or has not wrought openly; whether the Lord has, in fact, in the sight of men, confirmed the words of His Apostles with signs following.

And the study of the earliest times of our Church is specially interesting on account of the light which it throws upon the early estimate of works which naturally fell to the Church to do. High among these we find the education of the young. Here, in London, we know that while the establishment for religious services and missionary work was placed on the spot where we now stand, the Bishop and his priests having here their seat, and the centre of their operations, the episcopium, to use a mediaeval term; the educational establishment was placed on Thorney, Thorney Island as it is called, by a repetition only one degree less curious than the triplication in the phrase, the Isle of Axeholm. There, where rose in the course of time an important building, called in reference to St. Paul's the Westminster, there the monasterium was placed, where education was

carried on. On this hill of ours the Bishop and his principal officers were seated, turning their eyes to all parts of the diocese of the East Saxons, with a body of priests for that Mission work which, in the earliest times, played the part so happily and successfully played from times less early—but still very early—by the parochial system. Here we crystallised into a body, consisting of the Bishop and his Archdeacons, with a considerable number of secular canons under their elective chief officer, the prepositus, or provost, to whom, in the course of time, the name of lesser dignity, decanus, or chief of ten men, came to be assigned [1]. We at St. Paul's are, I believe the only foundation in England in which the precedence of the Archdeacon in choir over the three great officers is preserved—the Treasurer, the Precentor, and the Chancellor, to name them in the earliest order of precedence; a relic—not a wreck—of an earlier dispensation.

In Northumbria, to which our thoughts will be mainly turned in these lectures on account of the fulness of light which we have there

[1] In the Chapter of Nismes, down to the Revolution, the Order of Dignities was as follows:—1. The Provost. 2. The Principal Archdeacon. 3. The Dean.

in the early times, the great educational establishment was in connexion with the cathedral itself, and the Archbishop was at its head. The great cathedral school of York—an alumnus of to-day may say it with proper pride—was a famous school 1160 years ago, 600 years before Winchester was founded, 700 years before an infant school like Eton. It was the one place outside his monastery which Bede is certainly known to have visited; Bede's letter to its Archiepiscopal head, brother to the King, is one of the most important documents the Church of England possesses of its earliest times. The fame of the cathedral school of York culminates at the time when Charles the Great persuaded its head master, Alcuin, to take charge of the education of his relatives and nobles in his Palatine schools, and to correct the service books of his mighty empire. Its master, when not Archbishop, was the highest dignitary of the cathedral church; and so, indeed, he continued to be, as Chancellor, until the Archbishop's practical connexion with the Chapter became less close, and the introduction of a Dean as president of the Chapter put him one step lower.

And there is one great interest and advantage in the study of the early history of our Church,

on which I desire to lay special emphasis at the outset, so that I need not keep guarding and fencing my remarks as I proceed. We are dealing with times before the Roman controversy. The whole of the Christian world was in those times our heritage. Wherever a thing was beautiful, wherever an observance was reverential, wherever a phrase, a term, was descriptive and telling, whatever fair fruits there were on any Christian soil, there we were free to gather them, and we gathered them with avidity. In dealing with Rome in those times, we are dealing with that great imperial see to which precedence in honour had always been allowed; that Rome which had been the refuge of the persecuted orthodox, as Athanasius; that Rome whose martyred Bishops, and whose munificence to poorer churches—whose orthodoxy, and the courage and ability with which in many cases she had championed the truth—whose sterling common sense, as contrasted with the fanciful subtleties of the Easterns—above all, it may be, whose possession of the tombs of the Apostles—had confirmed to her that pre-eminent position in the minds of men which her imperial position had from early times shadowed forth, a position which her extortions and her tyrannies, even more, perhaps, than

her doctrinal superstitions, in later times rightly forfeited. Her imperial position might have been the ruin of her independence as a Church. But the Emperors had removed their Court to Constantinople; and on that fair city, not on Rome, came the blight which the presence of such a Court as that of the later Emperors could on occasion prove. And in later times. times nearer to our own story, a corresponding advantage had accrued in the removal of the Arian sovereigns from Rome to Ravenna. Fortunate Austria made herself by princely and royal marriage; Rome made her position by royal and imperial divorce. Thus she was free to work out her great destiny as the centre of the Christian world; to work her way alas! through universal respect and reverence, based on solid grounds, to the terrible degradation of that which had been great and noble and pure. I cannot adequately express my sense of the loss of freedom which we suffer, as compared with our English predecessors of 1200 years ago and more; how continually we are hampered in word and phrase by the memory of vital controversies; how the expression of our aesthetic sense is cabined and confined under the tyranny of an all too powerful spectre called superstition, a spectre which has had, and may

again have, substance; how, even in setting forth before the eyes of the people the most elementary facts of our blessed faith, we find ourselves practically compelled to subordinate the most beautiful, the most pathetic, the most apt—to subordinate the highest and noblest expression in outward art of that in which our inward sense is steeped—to subordinate all to what I believe is a fast passing misconception of the period at which dangerous superstition began.

The three principal attractions of historical study converge upon our present subject. In the strictest, strongest sense, the history is continuous from the times we are to consider to our own times. It is the history of ourselves; whether we look at the earliest or at any intermediate period, we trace ourselves to ourselves. It is the history of the establishment of the Church of God among us.

With so little time at our disposal, we could but scramble through our task if we attempted to cover a wide field. And however vague we may some of us be about our early past, I do not think we should do much good on such an occasion as this by running through a series of facts in the history. I propose rather to take the personal work of one man and

leave the illustrative matter to present itself naturally at one point and another of the story. Among the Northumbrian Angles, to whom I invite your attention, I might take the personal work of the active prelate Wilfrid, born about 634, or of the laborious student Bede, born about 673, or of the indefatigable and artistic furnisher of monasteries, Benedict Biscop, born about 638. I choose Benedict[1].

Let us first be clear about our dates and our setting. Paulinus had converted the king and kingdom of Northumbria about the year 627, say thirty years after the conversion of Ethelbert of Kent. In the year 633 a British Sovereign, Cadwal, who was a Christian, aided by the pagan Angles of middle England, defeated Edwin's forces in a great fight near Doncaster, and slew the king. Christianity disappeared for a time under this blow. The two kings who succeeded Edwin, one in either of the two main divisions of Northumbria, though both were baptized Christians, lapsed into heathenism, Eanfrid, son of Ethelfrith, the lawful Sovereign of Bernicia, and Osric, son of Edwin's uncle, Elfric, in Deira, of which Edwin was the rightful heir and Sovereign. The Briton Cadwal,

[1] Wilfrid and Bede are to form the subject of courses of lectures similar to these.

whose aim was to destroy the English, whatever their faith might be, having killed the Christian Edwin, killed with complete impartiality his two pagan successors after one year. The next year, 635, a third Christian Prince, Oswald, who had not relapsed, brother of Eanfrid, who had, in turn killed Cadwal, and he reigned over Northumbria for seven happy years. In 642 the sturdy old pagan Angle, Penda of Mercia, killed Oswald; and Oswald's brother, Oswy, reigned. Oswy was the Sovereign whom Benedict Biscop served, and he reigned from 642 to 670, his son Alcfrid reigning as sub-king for a part of that time.

In going up to the land of the Northumbrian Angles for our lessons in Church history at that time, we are going to a district not without its special interest for us in London, Mercian East Saxons though we be. It was there that our pagan king Sigeberht, the successor of his cousin the pagan Sigeberht the Small, and nephew of our first Christian king, Saberht, whose sons relapsed into paganism after a scene of which this holy ground on which we stand could tell us—it was there that our king Sigeberht the Good was converted and baptized about 650, some eight or nine miles from the place on which we are to centre our thoughts. Thence it was that

at his request Cedd was sent to endeavour to win us back to Christ. There it was that our Evangelist, Cedd, Chad's elder brother, was consecrated to be our Bishop about 654, after some forty years of renewed paganism in London. a dark period, which we mark on the tablet of Bishops in the south aisle of the nave by an eloquent—if small—void space. There it was that our Bishop Cedd had given to him by Ethelwald, King of Deira, the site for the monastery to which he used to retire for rest from his labours among the East Saxons. There it was that Cedd died on one of his visits, and there he was buried by the side of his royal patron; and the beautiful tombstones which covered their bodies, are, as I believe, to be seen at Kirkdale to this day. And thither it was that the monks of Cedd's East Saxon monastery, at Tilbury or at Witham, or at a place now *consumpta per mare*, as the name of our prebend has it, hard by Tillingham, the manor held for the fabric of the cathedral church by a tenure longer than that of any other land in the kingdom, held by us still for that purpose. sole remains of those broad lands that yield to those who hold them now some hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year—thither it was that thirty of our East Saxon monks journeyed

when they heard their Bishop-abbat was dead; journeyed—Bede tells us—that they might live near the body of their father, if God so willed, or there might die and be buried. And there it was that they died straight off, of the pestilence which had bereaved them of their father, all but one small boy, who lived to be a blessing to many, as small boys may.

Biscop was the personal Anglian name, Baducing the Anglian patronymic, and Benedictus the Latin cognomen, of a man of noble race among the Northumbrian Angles. He was born about 638, near the middle of Oswald's reign. He was a minister, or attendant, or earl, of King Oswy, Oswald's brother. He had received from that king a donative, or grant of land, to maintain him in his office. This appears to have been the custom of the early English kings, for about seventy years later Bede complains that the Sovereigns had given away so much land to found monasteries that they had not enough left to grant to the sons of their chief men, who in consequence either had to leave their country or led idle and dissolute lives at home.

This grant of land evidently depended for its continuance upon the fulfilment of the duties attached to it; and when Biscop was twenty-

five years old, about the year 663, a year after our Bishop Cedd died, he resigned his office and the land, in order that he might go to Rome to visit the tombs of the Apostles. From Rome he returned to England, full of all that he had seen, and specially struck by the charms of the monastic life. He found Oswy's son, Alcfrid, a sympathetic listener, and they agreed to visit Rome together. Oswy, however, could not spare Alcfrid, and Biscop went without him, spending some months in Rome, and passing thence to the island of Lerins, where he received the tonsure and stayed for two years. On returning to Rome he was told by Pope Vitalian that he must give up the idea of living far from his country in the service of Christ; that he had at home his duty, and the prospect of a higher usefulness. Vitalian sent him to conduct Theodore to England; the great Archbishop who entered on his office at the age of sixty-six, in the year 669; on his arrival in England ordered that every parent should teach his child the Creed and the Lord's Prayer in the vulgar tongue; and died at the age of eighty-eight, having converted a mere missionary station into an Established National Church. With him Biscop stayed for two years, teaching his school as Abbat at St. Peter's at

Canterbury, till Hadrian came from Rome to relieve him[1].

By this time Biscop had got a clear view of his object in life. It was, to found something solid, religious, and educational; if educational, of course, in those times of English common sense, religious. He went to Rome—a third journey from England, a fourth visit—to procure apparatus. He bought books, then called codices, manuscripts on leaves of parchment fastened together like the earlier wooden tablets covered with wax, in the form, that is, of our present books; not volumina, or rolls. Our own use has changed the names across, and gives the name of volume or roll to what should be called the codex or wooden-tablet book. In Rome he bought books of sacred literature and relics of martyrs. He received presents of like things from friends. He had agents in the south of Gaul buying for him, and he came by way of Vienne to pick up what they had secured. He had intended to settle near the king of the West Saxons, who was his tried friend; but he had died before Biscop reached his capital, and Biscop and his treasures journeyed north to his old home. Oswy was dead. Ecgfrid,

[1] See a very curious evidence of the connection between Hadrian and Biscop in the note on page 110.

his son, the husband of Etheldreda of Ely, had succeeded him in the year 670, and it was now 673. Etheldreda had got off to Coldingham the year before, and this year she was founding Ely. To Ecgfrid Biscop gave an account of all that he had seen and done since he left his father Oswy's service ten years before. He showed him his manuscripts and his relics. Ecgfrid's interest was thoroughly roused. He determined to have a religious establishment and a properly appointed church. In 674 he gave, out of his own estates, a large tract of land at the mouth of the river Wear, and bade Biscop build a monastery there. This Biscop did.

Next year Biscop determined to erect a church of stone, after the manner of the Romans, which he had always admired. He crossed the sea to Gaul, and brought back skilled masons. Within a year from laying the foundation they had the roof on and masses were being celebrated. He sent to Gaul for men to make glass, of whom there had up to that time been none in his own country, and they filled in the windows of the church and of the domestic buildings. Wilfrid's great church was glazed before this, but it would appear that the glass was brought over made; Biscop made it for himself. So Dr. Salviati sent us over the glass mosaics for the dome of

St. Paul's, all made in Venice; for the choir we make them for ourselves, the glass at Messrs. Powell's in White-friars, the cutting up and the putting together in St. Paul's itself, all done by British workmen, and no small part by the hand of the artist himself, Mr. W. B. Richmond. Before the glass-makers brought by Biscop left, they taught the English the art of making glass, which was found useful for protecting the lights and for many other purposes. The holy vessels and the vestments, for the service of the church and of the altar, he obtained from Gaul, because they were not to be procured in England.

Several of the appliances and manuscripts which he thought necessary for the full equipment of his church he could not find in Gaul, and he therefore made a fourth journey to Rome. He came back with a larger supply than he had ever brought before; and here, fortunately, Bede enters into some detail. There was a large collection of books of all kinds; and there were relics of Apostles and Martyrs, enough, Bede says, to bring a blessing in the future on many an English church. There was, further, a valuable letter of privilege, obtained from Pope Agatho by the licence, consent, desire, and request of King Ecgfrid, declaring the monastery exempt for ever from outside interference.

And then there were some very interesting works of art, paintings of holy persons for the ornamentation of the church of St Peter, the monastery church. They are thus described by Bede. First, pictures of the ever-Virgin Mary, the mother of God, and of the twelve Apostles, to stretch on boards from wall to wall in the nave. Then pictures from the Gospel history, for the south wall; and scenes from the Revelation for the north wall; in order that all who entered the church, even those who could not read—a curious remark in an age when, as we suppose, so very few could read at all—that all might see, wherever they turned their eyes, either the ever lovable countenance of Christ and His saints, though it were only in a picture, and so might dwell more intently upon the blessings of the Incarnation of our Lord, or having, as it were, before their eyes the perils of the last judgement, might be reminded to examine themselves more closely.

In order that the services might be correctly rendered, Biscop obtained permission from Pope Agatho to bring to England with him a venerable man, John, the Archchanter of St. Peter's at Rome, and Abbat of St. Martin's. He taught the chanters of Wearmouth the order and manner of singing and reading aloud for the whole year's course of celebrating festal days, as

practised at St. Peter's in Rome. All this he wrote out for them, and his written instructions were preserved in the monastery throughout Bede's time—Bede, no doubt, was one of the little choristers trained by this master of Church song—and it had been freely copied for use in other monasteries. I find no hint of other than vocal music in Bede's account of John's work, though it is clear from the story of Caedmon (Lecture III.) that in secular songs men accompanied their voice with the harp.

It is difficult to restrain oneself from breaking in upon the simple narrative with continual interruptions. We are working in the auriferous bed of an ancient river, and gold dust sparkles in every handful of material. Before we proceed further with the account of Biscop's labours, there are three or four points which force themselves upon our attention. We shall only have time to notice two of them to-night, and that only in part. The consideration of the other points, and the remainder of Biscop's personal history and work, will occupy us next week, if all be well; and for the third and last lecture I propose to deal with the position of women in the Anglo-Saxon Church, the art-work of the Angles, and their poetic imagination as stirred by their grasp of Christianity.

And, first, the letter of privilege from Pope Agatho. Bede uses four strong words to describe the part which the King took in the procuring of this charter—licence, consent, desire, exhortation. But, incidentally, he tells us on a later occasion a good deal more than this. The validity of the document depended on its confirmation by English authority. For when Abbat Ceolfrid, a few years later, obtained a similar charter of exemption for the twin monastery of Jarrow from Pope Sergius, Bede says that it was brought back to Britain, and, being exhibited before a synod, was confirmed by the signatures of the Bishops present and the King, as the former charter had been confirmed by the Bishops and King of the time. That is the attitude which more than one event of those times emphasizes; the utmost respect and reverence for the religious head of the Christian world, combined with complete independence of action in business matters. The case which every one knows, is that of Wilfrid's appeal to Rome against his deposition from the northern bishopric, an appeal which a Council of the nobles and clergy, said traditionally to have been held at the abbey of Whitby [1], declared to be an

[1] Wilfrid's biographer only says that it was held at a usual place for synods, *locus synodalis*.

insult to the Crown and nation. Our own generation has seen a curious light thrown upon this episode. The decree was not a decree of the Pope. The Pope, Agatho, gave a sentence in favour of Wilfrid, but the decree was made by a synod at Rome, and it ran in the name of the synod. Thus it might not need the bulla of the Pope, and it would no doubt be attested by the seal of the Archdeacon of Rome, Boniface[1]. On a ledge of rock some little distance below the top of the cliffs on which Whitby Abbey stands, has now been found a quantity of kitchen refuse, bones, a broken comb with runes scratched on it, and so on. Among the refuse was a leaden bulla, bearing the name of Boniface, the Archdeacon[2]. This is a suggestive hint that the King and Council in their wrath flung the obnoxious document out of window, into the sea

[1] A suggestion has been made that the attested copy of the decree was issued to Wilfrid during the vacancy caused by the death of Pope Agatho, and that the Archdeacon's seal was affixed on that account. But the chronology now usually accepted throws this wrong by about a year.

[2] The inscription on the bulla is + BONIFATII + — + ARCHIDIAC +. See Raine, *Historians of the Church of York and its Archbishops* (Master of the Rolls Series) vol. i. p. 8. The Archdeacon of Rome, Boniface, had been most attentive to Wilfrid on his first visit to Rome, and had taken great pains to instruct him aright on some important points.

far below, as they supposed, and it was caught on this ledge of rock, and there, in course of time, perished, all but its seal of lead. The indignant description which Wilfrid's chaplain Eddi gives of the affair curiously confirms this suggestion. He tells us that Wilfrid presented the decree of the Pope, sealed with bullae; that when the Princes and the Bishops and others heard the decree read, they took it away from him, told him he had got it by bribery, and in the most contumacious manner rejected it, or ejected, *respuerunt*.

Next, the prominent mention of pictures is an important feature, and it curiously fits in with the facts of the time. The Quinisext Council, that is, the Council which was supplementary to the Fifth and Sixth General Councils, met about the year 691, some years after our date. Among other matters, this council made a decree about representations of our Lord. The symbolism of the Lamb had been carried so far that the Lamb was shown, in place of the Saviour, in such scenes as the representations of the miracles of our Lord. This had begun early. Many will remember the beautiful sarcophagus of Junius Bassus, found in the crypt of St. Peter; Junius Bassus, who died Prefect of Rome and a Christian neophyte in the year 359. In the spandrels of

the lower arcade are shown six great events and miracles, and in each case a Lamb is the agent. It is a Lamb that is in the furnace, one like unto the Son of God; a Lamb that receives the law; a Lamb that brings water out of the rock, which a Lamb drinks; a Lamb that touches the loaves with a rod and multiplies them; a Lamb that lays a forefoot on the head of a lamb, while the dove comes down in a ray of light; a Lamb that brings forth Lazarus from his tomb. The Cross was shown, in mosaic art, as a rich ornament with no signs of the Passion; adorned with rich jewels; set on cushions and on thrones. It seems that the leaders of the Church feared that the people were losing their grasp of the reality of the life and sufferings of our Lord in all this symbolism of His Person, this jewelling and floral decoration of His Cross. I am myself inclined to think that this dangerous vagueness was the actual intention of the highly ornamented sculptures of early date which are called at Ravenna "Arian Crosses;" as no doubt it was also of the Cross on the throne, with rich vestures, in the roof of the Arian Baptistery, where in the Orthodox Baptistery the noble figure of our Lord stands. The 82nd Canon of the Quinisext Council—called Trullan, as the Fifth Council also was, from the concave, bason-shaped, roof of

the hall at Constantinople in which it was held, "the Council under the Dome," as we here might say—the 82nd Canon declared that whereas the traditional manner of representing our Lord was under the figure of the Lamb, in accordance with the Baptist's declaration, for the future the Lamb which took away the sins of the world should be represented in the human figure which He wore in the flesh. And the reason assigned was that the people might have their thoughts turned to His Passion and saving Death, and through His humiliation might learn His glory. That was the language used at Constantinople in 691. We are, I think, justified in saying that in the differences of opinion which led up to such a declaration and order, Biscop and his English friends were clear which side to take. Their own parents had abandoned paganism and adopted Christianity on account of the blessings which Christ had given to the world, on account of the unquestionable reality of those blessings, and of the life and the sufferings through which alone they had been given, by which alone they could be received. The English, under those circumstances, were little likely to choose the side of vagueness. They had a marvellously quick eye for beauty of decoration, and marvellously skilful hands for carrying it out, as the

priceless remains they have left show to those who are conscious of the existence of such remains. But not all their taste for art could draw them over to the side which veiled the reality of Him Whom they had chosen; veiled it under a symbol, however beautiful, however true. Therefore it was that Biscop brought to this land, 1200 years ago, the actual representations of our Lord, as we have seen. And, later, as we shall see, he went back for more pictures of like kind, for his second and third churches, and brought pictures of our Lord on the Cross, and the brazen serpent in the wilderness, and pictures of our Lord carrying the Cross, and Isaac carrying the wood for his sacrifice, that by type and anti-type he might teach the people. I am strongly inclined to believe that Bede has an intentional reference to the purposes of the Quinisext Council, with which no doubt he was well acquainted, and to the wise and true choice made by Biscop, which he may have heard explained by his own lips, when he says, thirty years or more after the event, that Biscop placed these pictures in the Church that all might feel the reality of the Incarnation of the Lord.

LECTURE II.

LAST week we went part of the way through the life and work of Benedict Biscop, founder and first abbat of the twin monasteries, St. Peter's Wearmouth, and St. Paul's Jarrow, whose abbacy covered the sixteen years from 674 to 690, more than 1,200 years ago. I was speaking specially, when we broke off, of the pictures which he placed in the Church of St. Peter, Wearmouth, a church of which some highly interesting parts remain still. The pictures of which I then spoke were representations of our Lord, and subjects from the Gospel history; and I pointed out that a controversy was then in progress which culminated in a decree of a supplementary council at Constantinople, ordering that direct representations of our Lord's human figure should replace the symbolical representation by means of a Lamb.

We saw that Biscop placed the pictures of

our Lord and of His saints, the pictures from the Gospel History, on the south wall of the church at Wearmouth; while on the north wall he placed pictures of scenes from the Revelation of St. John. What scenes those were we may understand from Bede's remark, that those who saw the pictures were brought to examine themselves more strictly, having before their eyes the perils of the last judgement. We have seen in many churches, in these days of the removal of whitewash, the frescoes of the middle ages, displaying very vividly the terrors of the judgement; the great gaping dragon's mouth full of flames, representing the place of torment, with busy demons hurling in the souls of men. We are justified by the remarkable illustrations or illuminations of Caedmon's Paraphrase, produced in the later Saxon times, in treating these mediaeval representations as the lineal descendants of Biscop's pictures at Wearmouth. And no one who has seen those illuminations need be told how exceedingly skilful our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were in producing bold effects by simple and firm drawing of outline. To these illustrations, and to the Paraphrase of Caedmon itself, I propose to return next week, when I speak of the poetic imagination of the Northumbrian Angles, as stirred by the intensity

of their grasp of the facts of the Christian revelation.

These terrifying representations produced a deep impression on the minds of those who saw them. There is a story in Bede of a Northumbrian of his own time, who was believed to have died, and risen from the dead. He appeared to die in the middle of the night; and he came to life again in the morning. In the interval he saw the places of torment and of happiness. I must not stop to tell in what vivid terms the striking vision of torments is related. There is one detail, however, which I will mention, as showing the power of their imagination in those early days. The man that had died, as they supposed, came in his trance to a valley, on one side of which was piercing cold, and on the other unquenchable fire. The unhappy souls, tortured in the biting cold, leaped madly across for warmth into the flames. Then, scorched in the fearful heat, they sprang back again for coolness into the torturing cold. In that continual alternation of tortures their time was spent. Drithelme, the man who saw it, was wont ever after in the winter to stand up to the neck in the river, with broken masses of ice dashing against him. And when one called to him from the bank, "I wonder, brother

Drithelme, that you endure such cold," he would reply, "I, at least, have seen worse cold than this."

If there were time to reproduce it now, the whole description is well worth reproducing. But I must content myself with one very curious and interesting fact. Drithelme saw the abodes of happiness, of two degrees. After passing beyond the *Inferno*, he came to a great boundary wall whose height and length were infinite. Presently, by what means he knew not, his guide and he were on the top of the wall. At their feet, on the further side, lay a vast and joyous plain, full of so sweet a fragrance of blossoming flowers as drove away the vile odours of the pit with which his senses had been impregnated. The light was clearer than the day, more splendid than the sun at noon. On the plain were innumerable congregations of white-robed men, seated by companies, rejoicing. Not unnaturally he thought within himself that these were the plains of heaven. But his companion, knowing his thoughts, answered him, "Not this is the kingdom of heaven."

And then, as he still moved on, there dawned upon him a yet fairer and more splendid effulgence, from out of which proceeded the sweetest

strains of singers, and a fragrancy so marvellous as far to transcend the exquisite fragrance of the former abode. His guide allowed him but to perceive these heavenly delights, then led him back to the lesser degree of bliss, and explained to him all that he had seen.

Now, you are aware that there has been discovered in an ancient cemetery at Akhmîm, in Upper Egypt, a little parchment book, containing important fragments of two of the long-lost apocryphal writings—the Gospel of Peter and the Revelation of Peter. The Greek text was published in Cambridge in December last. The Revelation contains a description of the place of torment, a description very terrible, but grossness and rudeness itself, compared with the reserved dignity and reticence of Drithelme's vision. It contains also a description of the abode of the righteous, and it is really startling to put side by side the Greek of the apocryphal Revelation of Peter and the Latin of Bede's history. Each consists of eleven lines, with forty-five letters in each line. Five of the longest and most important phrases are identical, so far as a Latin phrase can be identical with a Greek phrase[1]. Thus we have had for all these

[1] The translation of the passage in the apocryphal Revelation of Peter, given by Mr. M. R. James in his notes on the

hundreds of years, without knowing it, embedded in the pages of Bede's History—our Cambridge manuscript of which dates from Bede's own lifetime—this striking passage from the Revelation of Peter, supposed to be hopelessly lost. I must not stop to point out the issues which this quite new point raises. They may reach so far as the conclusion that the treatment of the place of torment which is traditional in England, coming, as I believe, from the time of Drithelme and Biscop, came really through them from the Revelation of Peter, and not from the Revelation of St. John the Divine. If you read St. John's Revelation from this point of view, you will see how very small a part of our traditional treatment comes—so far as detail is concerned—from that source. One point at least must be noted, that the poetic temperament

text of the Revelation, can not be improved. It is as follows:—". . . . a very great space outside the world shining excessively with light, and the air that was there illuminated with the rays of the sun, and the earth itself blooming with unfading flowers, and full of spices and fair-flowering plants, incorruptible and bearing a blessed fruit: and so strong was the perfume that it was borne even to us from thence. And the dwellers in that place were clad in the raiment of angels of light, and their raiment was like their land, and angels encircled them there. And the glory of the dwellers there was equal, and with one voice they praised the Lord God, rejoicing in that place."

of the Northumbrian, of which I propose to speak next week, and his firm belief in successive stages of happiness, carried him to the bold flight of declaring that the highest happiness of the Revelation of Peter was not the highest happiness of heaven, and of shadowing forth in a mystery what the higher happiness was.

Do not think it fanciful, or archæological, if I dwell for a minute or two upon the fact that Biscop placed the scenes from the place of torment on the north wall of his church. As I remarked last week, in studying Bede we are working in the auriferous bed of an ancient river, and each handful of material glitters with gold. You are familiar with the fact that the north side of the church was in the early middle ages and down to modern times known as the Devil's side. On that side almost no windows were put in our early churches, especially towards the east end, the theory being that the Evil Spirit prowled there, endeavouring to see the celebration of the Holy Mysteries. It may be that Biscop's choice of the north wall for depicting the works of the Devil and his angels had something to do with this feeling—perhaps as cause, possibly as effect. But there is another cause which has forced itself upon me so strongly

in the course of detailed investigations, and which throws, or may throw, so much light on the arrangements of our churches and churchyards in the earliest times, that I think it worthy of mention here.

We have in the Pontifical of Archbishop Ecgberht, the contemporary and friend of Bede, the first royal head master of the cathedral school to which I owe allegiance as an alumnus, the service for the consecration of a cemetery, a sleeping-place for the Christian dead. At the four corners of the enclosure prayers were said; then at the centre of the enclosure further prayers were said, and the Holy Mysteries were celebrated. Of a church no mention is made; it was the Christian sleeping-place before any church was built on the spot. Round the central point, where probably the itinerant priests held their services in the open air, and celebrated the Holy Sacrament on their portable altar—a small slab of stone, or of wood covered with silver—round this central point no doubt the dead would in the first instance be buried. When there came need for a church, where was it to be placed? Not in the centre, where its foundations would disturb the bones of their fathers and forefathers, would disturb the stone cross which was the

cradle of their Christianity; not in any position where the building would keep the rays of sun from smiling on the blessed dead. The extreme north of the consecrated site was the one position which met all the conditions; and there, I believe, they set our early churches, with unconsecrated ground immediately outside of the north wall. The central spot was the site of the churchyard cross, as it had been the site of the preaching cross and the cemetery cross. Enlargement of the enclosure took place in the course of time to the north, but for centuries the sense remained that that was not in the same way holy ground. I am inclined to think that where there are graves of some age all round a church, and there is no feeling of unwillingness to bury on the north side, the church and churchyard came into existence at one and the same time; or, when the church was built, there were special reasons for not placing it at the extreme north. Many of you may have noticed, in one churchyard after another, an old yew-tree or two, and a mound, or the base of a cross, just in the position which I describe, on the south side of the church, about as far from the east end of the enclosure as from the west, and nearer to the

south aisle of the church than to the south wall of the churchyard [1].

Another question of some interest is raised by the description of Biscop's care for singing, and the wide spread of the desire for sound methods of singing the services. Singing was a feature of the original Italian mission; Augustine and his companions sang in procession on the way to the King, and they sang in procession when they entered Canterbury. Paulinus took with him to the north, as the companion and aid of his missionary labours, James the deacon, who stayed at his post when the Northumbrian Mission was crushed, and kept on teaching and baptizing till better days came; the one man of whom we know that he did not fly when the crash came. Of him Bede says that he was exceedingly skilful in singing; and when peace was restored and Christianity raised its head again, he taught to many the art of Church singing. The companion and chaplain and biographer of Wilfrid, Eddi, sur-

[1] At Ilam, in Staffordshire, the original of Johnson's happy valley, the measurement is so close that to make the cross stand half-way between the north and the south extremities it is necessary to measure from the north arcade of the nave, and not from the wall of the north aisle. The north aisle was of course not a part of the church originally, and if my theory is sound, the ground on which it stands would not originally be holy ground.

named Stephen, was famed as a master of chanting. Excepting James, of whom we have spoken, Eddi was the first teacher of Church singing in Northumbria; Biscop's friend, the arch-chanter John, arrived a year or two later.

I do not know whether it will seem fanciful to suggest that this love of carefully modulated singing is one of the particulars which indicate that the Celtic Britons, who preceded the English, still remained in considerable numbers in the land. There were enough of them left somewhere on the borders to make a very real danger to the English, as we saw last week, even after the conversion of the English. Hereric, the father of Hilda, lived in banishment under Cerdic—Caradoc, I suppose—king of the Britons. The British kingdom, or sub-kingdom, which held out longest in immediate contiguity with a fully established kingdom of the new race, occupied, roughly speaking, the West Riding of Yorkshire and a part at least of Lancashire. It was here, they say, that Taliessin lived and sang[1]. It is in this district that the power of singing naturally in parts is now to be found, more, it is said, by far than in any other part of England. The same natural power of harmonised song is

[1] I am well aware of the difficulty of the questions here touched, in relation to Rheged and Elmete.

found in Wales, to which district the British from other parts retired. The coincidence of facts is at least suggestive, and the reasons locally assigned for the present facts are not of a nature to satisfy the enquiring mind. That the Saxons themselves loved and practised singing we know well enough. The story of Caedmon's first outburst of song would tell us that; and there is a quaint evidence of it in a rumour which reached Bede's ears, and sadly fluttered that delightful student's monastic calm, that he himself was sung as a heretic by peasants in their cups. Still, I think there are signs which point to another influence. That there were many of the Britons still left among the Northumbrian Angles we may gather from a curious statement found in Nennius. Nennius attributes the conversion and baptizing of the 12,000 inhabitants of Northumbria in Edwin's time to the labours of a Briton, Rum, or Run, map Urbgen, son of Urien of Rheged —that is, as I understand the bearing of rather bewildering statements, the British kingdom of which I have spoken as extending into Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire. 'If any one wishes to know,' Nennius or the false Nennius says, 'who baptized Edwin and his 12,000 men, Rum map Urbgen'—or Rimin

ap Urbgen, or Run map Urbgen—the word is not clear—'he baptized them.' This of course was the great work of conversion attributed by Bede to Paulinus, the missionary from Rome. It is true—and it is remarkable—that Bede does not say exactly that Paulinus himself baptized the king and his nobles and a great multitude of people, on Easter Day, 627, at York, but it seems certain from the narrative that Paulinus is intended to have the credit of the work; and Bede gives examples of great baptizings by Paulinus himself in other p rts of the kingdom of Edwin. Thus we see that the view represented by Nennius or those who wrote in his name, was either that Paulinus did not deserve his reputation, or that Paulinus was by origin one of the Celtic inhabitants of Britain, a member of the royal family of one of the most abiding of the British kingdoms. And, indeed, the later MSS. of Nennius say precisely that Paulinus was Rum, son of Urien, of the royal race of Rheged. If this really were so, we should have an explanation of what always seems a difficulty,—the effect produced on these many thousands of country folk by the teaching of a man whose natural speech was Latin in one form or other,—an Italian ecclesiastic. If, as I suppose, there still remained

in his time a comparatively large number of Britons in the hill country of Yorkshire, and to the west and north, a Briton of royal race, trained in Rome as a Christian teacher, would speak to them and influence them as no foreigner could. It is quite conceivable that Paulinus—if this tradition represents a fact—was selected in Rome and sent here when it became known that there were a great many of the British still remaining among the English. We know how Augustine's eyes were opened to the fact of British Bishops in the west of this island and in the neighbouring islands, and also to the stiffness of their necks. And, further—and this is, I think, a consideration worth some attention—it was not so very long since Christianity had been openly practised in the northern parts among the Britons. Taking with all caution such traditional statements as we have, it can, I think, be taken as fairly ascertained that there was a Christian Bishop in Yorkshire up to about thirty years before Augustine's arrival at Canterbury—that is, sixty years before the preaching of Paulinus[1].

[1] Thadioc is the name of the last British Bishop of York before the expulsion of the Christians. Theonas of Lincoln remained at his post till 587, according to one account, and Thadioc may have remained in York later than I suggest in the text.

If that is so, practically all the grown men and women of the Britons, who were still in numbers in the remote valleys, and in no inconsiderable number scattered among the Angles in the plains and the less inaccessible parts, were the children of men and women in whose time Christianity was a recognised religion, to whom, indeed, it was the one true religion. We can understand how the converts of one man were at one time 12,000 if these were indeed the conditions of his teaching.

At the risk of seeming to attach disproportionate importance to a point which really is worthy of all the illustration we can give it, let me point out another and much clearer evidence of the nearness in time of the Anglian Christianity to the British Christianity, and of a material connection between them of which few in my experience are aware; few even of those who are aware that the Anglo-Saxon Church had at least one rite peculiar to itself and to the British Church, and that in all probability other rites peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon Church were taken from the practice of the British Church. The evidence I adduce bears directly upon that mysterious kingdom of which I have spoken, whether Rheged or only Elmete.

The occasion was a remarkable one, the con-

secration of Wilfrid's basilica at Ripon, some few years, but very few, before Biscop began his building work, probably about the year 670 or 671. The basilica was built of dressed stone, from the foundations in the ground to the top of the walls, reared on many-fold columns and porticos. In its decoration gold and silver and purple were freely used. The altar was specially dedicated, and its covering was of purple woven with gold, a beautiful English art of which we have remarkable examples still remaining, wrought less than 250 years after this dedication. And on the altar was a marvel of beauty, the like of which—so Wilfrid's chaplain tells us—had not been heard of before in their times. This was a copy of the Gospels specially prepared by Wilfrid's orders. Wilfrid, it would seem, had not forgotten the impression produced upon him by his first visit to a church in Rome. He went to the Church of St. Andrew on the Coelian Hill, the Monastery of Gregory and of Augustine, and therefore the fitting place for an Englishman's first public prayer in Rome. In the most prominent place on the altar was set a copy of the Gospels, and his first prayer was that he might be endued with power from on high to read and teach the Gospel among the people. And now that he

had built a church in his own land he was determined that the Gospels should lie in the same position. He ordered that a copy should be prepared, written throughout in letters of the purest gold on sheets of parchment coloured purple[1]. And for its cover he ordered the metal-workers and the setters of jewels to make a case of pure gold, richly adorned with most precious gems. Then, when all was ready, he invited the Kings of Bernicia and Deira, the brothers Ecgfrid and Elfwine, with abbats and praefects, and the sub-kings, and persons of all ranks of dignity. They assembled in the church, and the people communicated, and they performed the services in the canonical way. Standing before the altar, turned towards the people, Wilfrid read in a clear voice a list of the lands which the kings had given for the welfare of their souls, and of lands which the princes and others had added that day. So far as we can identify the names, they carry us to the north-westward, to the district of the Ribble. And among them, that is the interesting statement, among them were the holy places which the British clergy, fleeing before the swords of the Angles, had deserted. Thus the British Christian Church had been in actual

[1] See note on p. 112.

possession so lately, that Wilfrid had been able to identify the Church property, and had got it back into the possession of the Church. We are accustomed to say that much of our Church property dates back as Church property to the earliest times of the English Church—to times long before the existence or possibility of any form of national gift. But here we see that some considerable territories were, in the earliest Christian times, mere resumptions by the English Church of the property dedicated to God by the British Churchmen before them.

It is time to resume the life of Biscop, whom we left in his completed monastery at the mouth of the river Wear, after finishing the church of St. Peter. That church still stands on its old foundations, built on the principle of three squares, 68 ft. by 22 ft. 8 in. Three cubes, we cannot say with certainity, for the walls have been taken down and built up again; but the ancient porticus of entrance at the west end remains, in two stories, marked by sculptured string courses; and the ancient baluster-shafted opening, from the upper story into the nave of the church, warrants us in supposing that the law of three cubes was observed. Symmetry was very carefully considered, for the porticus of entrance is 11 ft. 4. in. square, half the width of the nave.

King Ecgfrid was so much pleased with the work which Biscop had done, both material and spiritual, that he gave him another tract of land, on which to build another church and a twin monastery. In a year's time the monastery was built, and its church, dedicated to St. Paul, was put in hand; considerable part of this, too, still remains. From his time down to the present time the churches of St. Peter, Monkwearmouth, and St. Paul, Jarrow, have testified and still do testify to his faithfulness of duty and thoroughness of work. We have the dedication stone of Jarrow still, a priceless treasure, bearing on it the Chi Rho of Christos, and the following inscription (in Latin):—"The dedication of the basilica[1] of St. Paul, in the fifteenth year of Ecgfrid, the King; and in the fourth year of Ceolfrid, abbat and, under God, builder of the same." That is, in the year 685[2]. This Ceolfrid was a tried friend and companion of Biscop;

[1] See a probable cause of the use of this phrase *dedicatio basilicae* in the note on p. 110.

[2] It fell to the lot of the present writer to preach a sermon of commemoration in Biscop's Church of St. Peter, on St. Peter's day, in the 1200th year from its consecration; and, three years later, to give a commemorative lecture in the beautiful Romanesque Priory Church of Blyth, Notts., in the 800th year from its consecration. Such experiences give a very vivid sense of unbroken continuity, and tend to a hope and conviction that the continuity is unbreakable.

had been with him to Rome, to learn what it was necessary for him to know, and to pray. Biscop made him his fellow-abbat, giving Jarrow into his charge; and that he might himself be free to go to Rome again, for yet fresh treasures for Wearmouth and ornaments for the new church at Jarrow, he appointed his father's brother's son, Easterwine, to act as Abbat of Wearmouth in his absence.

Let me make a digression here, which yet is scarcely a digression, to set before you a description of Easterwine, the description of one whom they in those times regarded as a delightful man. You get a grip of the nature of a generation when you learn their idea of a delightful man. I will give you the description in Bede's order, not spoiling its graphic simplicity by rearranging it.

He was noble by birth. He did not—as some do—regard his illustrious nobility as a matter of pride, or as a reason for looking down upon others, but as a motive for greater nobility of mind. He was father's brother's son to Benedict; but so great was the ingenuousness of mind of both of them, so little did they think of worldly position, that neither did Easterwine expect any honour to be paid to him more than to others, nor did Benedict think of offering any.

He took his portion with the rest, and made it his pleasure to observe in every respect the monastic discipline. Though he had been an officer in attendance upon king Ecgfrid, when once he had resigned his secular position and laid aside his arms he devoted himself to spiritual warfare alone. He was humble, and exactly like any of the others; so that he delighted in taking his turn, in joyous obedience, in threshing and winnowing, milking the ewes and the cows, working in the bakehouse, the garden, the kitchen, and wherever there was work to be done. When he attained to the title and dignity of abbat he was quite unchanged; he used to quote the advice of a wise man—"They have made thee a ruler; be not elated; but be among them as one of them, gentle, affable, kind to all." When occasion required it, he exercised monastic discipline; but his loving nature made him watchful rather to warn, that no one should be willing to offend and so to cloud the most limpid light of his countenance. Many a time, when he was walking abroad on the business of the monastery, he would join the brethren at their work, whether driving the plough, or wielding the smith's hammer, or working the winnowing machine, or anything of that kind. He was a young man of great bodily strength and

gentle speech; light and large hearted; fair to look upon. He ate of the same food as the other brethren, and in the same room; and slept in the common dormitory where he slept before he became abbat; indeed, even after his illness took a fatal turn, he still remained two nights among the brethren. The five days immediately before his death he spent in a more retired place. On one of these days he came forth, and reclining in the open air he called the brethren round him, and, as they mourned and wept over the loss of so dear a father and pastor, he gave to each, with all the gentle lovingness of his nature, the kiss of peace. He died at the age of thirty-six, on the seventh of March, in the night, just as the brethren were finishing their matin hymn.

How can we help loving those whose ideal this was of a lovable man?

Leaving Easterwine in charge at Wearmouth, and Ceolfrid at Jarrow, Biscop set off for his fifth journey to Rome. He secured and brought back with him an immense number of ecclesiastical treasures. Among them were a large quantity of sacred writings and of holy pictures. For the church of the Virgin Mary, which he had built in the larger monastery in addition to the main church of St. Peter, he brought

pictures enough of the Divine history to go round the church. For the church of St. Paul at Jarrow he brought pictures very carefully arranged to show the agreement between the Old Testament and the New. Thus he set side by side a picture of Isaac carrying the wood for the sacrifice and a picture of our Lord carrying the cross. In another case he placed next to each other a picture of the serpent raised on a pole by Moses in the wilderness and a picture of our Lord on the cross. His type of the brazen serpent in the wilderness answers better to our Lord on the cross than does the type we see sometimes, as, for instance, in the early Ciboria of Limoges enamel which remain among us, one in Scotland and two in England, where the uncompleted sacrifice of Isaac is chosen as the type answering to our Lord on the cross. These four subjects, chosen by Biscop, have on that account been chosen for the windows of the morning chapel in the church of St. Ignatius at Sunderland, now contiguous with Wearmouth, a church built as a thank-offering by Dr. Lightfoot, then Bishop of Durham and formerly a Canon here, who loved devotedly the simple histories with which I am endeavouring to occupy your attention. The treasures brought by Biscop included also two pallia or

garments of the nature of cloaks, all of silk, incomparably ornamental, which he sold to the king for three farms on the south side of the Wear. These robes were of so much importance that the purchase was not arranged by king Alfrid alone; the transaction was the formal act of the king and his counsellors. Four hundred years before, a Roman emperor had felt himself unable to give his wife a silk dress.

At length, after three years' suffering from palsy, Benedict must die. He urged upon the brethren that they must continue strictly to keep the rule he had given them. It was no invention of his own, he said; on the contrary, he had taken the rules of the seventeen best monasteries he had visited in the long course of his travels, and had compiled this rule. The very large and noble library which he had brought from Rome he bade them not dissipate or damage. One injunction which more than any other he reiterated was that in choosing an abbat they must think of soundness of life and teaching, not of high birth:—

> "I would much rather," he said, "if such were the will of God, have this place in which I have built a monastery become a desert for ever, than have my brother according to the

flesh, who walks not in the way of truth, succeed me in its government as abbat."

He was determined, he continued, that according to the rule of the great Abbat Benedict, and according to the terms of their own foundation, they must not look outside for an abbat. Their proper course was to come together in congregation, and, having looked out from among themselves one apt and meet for the office, to elect him, and have him confirmed as abbat by the Bishop.

Leaving the closing scenes of Biscop's life for the conclusion of this lecture, let me say something on one of the points specially emphasised by him in this address to the brethren, namely, the great and noble collection of manuscripts which he had formed with so much pains, and no doubt at such great cost.

There are some very interesting facts connected with one of the great codices which were in the library at the twin monastery of Monkwearmouth and Jarrow. Last week I mentioned the discovery at Whitby, about fourteen years ago, of the leaden bulla of Archdeacon Boniface which may not improbably have been attached to the copy of the decree of the synod at Rome, officially given to Wilfrid for polemical use in England. The discovery which

revealed to us the fact of our Anglian connection with one of the greatest codices in existence is more recent even than that, dating only from the year 1887.

Bede tells us that Ceolfrid, the friend and companion in travel and fellow-abbat of Biscop, brought from Rome a pandect of the old translation of the Bible. A pandect means a copy of the whole Bible; and when writing was large and parchment fairly thick, a copy of the whole Bible was a very large affair. The pandect of which I am about to speak is close upon 20in. high by 14in. broad and 8in. thick, containing 1029 of these great sheets of beautiful vellum, that is, 2058 pages, as we should reckon. A complete English Bible, of the size called small octavo, printed in minion type, contains exactly 500 leaves, 1000 pages. The great codex of which I speak is so heavy that two assistant-librarians carry it on a stretcher when it is taken out of its special safe. Ceolfrid, then, had brought from Rome, no doubt on the occasion of his visit with Biscop, a pandect of the old translation, that is, the translation which prevailed before the labours of Jerome. They had, of course, copies of the Gospels in plenty, and copies of separate books of the Old and New Testament; but of the whole Bible, in-

cluding, of course, the Apocryphal books, this one codex. To this codex Ceolfrid had added later no less than three pandects of the new translation, that is, Jerome's, which at that time was about three hundred years old. When Ceolfrid in the course of time determined to resign his abbacy and go to Rome to end his days, he took one of these three codices with him as a present to the Pope, and the other two he left behind, one in each of the twin monasteries. But he died on the journey, at Langres, on September 25, 716, and his companions proceeded to Rome with the pandect, and presented it there. From that time it disappeared from history, as, alas! the pandects left at Wearmouth and Jarrow have disappeared, along with other manuscript treasures collected there such as the world does not now possess.

Let me fill the great void between the disappearance of the great pandect in 716 and its reappearance in 1887 by the simple story of the journey and death of Ceolfrid. My chief object in these lectures is to show how very much at home we are able to feel ourselves in the English Church twelve hundred years ago, and how interesting a home it is in which we find ourselves; and such a story, brief as it is, and simple as it is, helps us to arrive at that feeling

better than stronger meat might. It shows us also a man of no small piety and power.

Ceolfrid had two reasons for resigning the abbacy. The one was that he might for a time before his death be free from worldly cares, and so have leisure and quiet for reflection. The other was that the society might have a younger abbat, who would keep them in the strict way of the regular life.

Having come to this resolve, he had two reasons for departing as soon as possible; indeed he set off on the third day after the announcement of his determination. One was in part a curious reason. He was anxious that neither his friends, nor the great men of the kingdom, by all of whom he was held in high honour, should interfere with his purpose; and that no one should have an opportunity to give him money which he would not have time to return in the form of some fitting present. For it was his invariable custom, when any one did anything for him, to repay it by some equal or greater favour within a short time.

Early in the morning, on Wednesday, the 4th of June—I repeat my statement of last week, that I give as closely as I can the actual expressions of Bede—Mass was sung in the Church of the Blessed Mother of God and ever-

Virgin Mary, and in the Church of the Apostle Peter, all who were present communicating. *Primo mane* is Bede's phrase, in the earliest morning. The sun rises this year about twenty minutes to four on the 4th of June. Then all assembled in the church of the monastery, St. Peter's; Ceolfrid lighted the frankincense and said a prayer at the altar, and standing on the steps gave the peace to all, holding the censer in his hand. Thence they passed to the oratory of St. Laurence, which was in the dormitory of the brethren over against them, and here he made his last address and gave his last advice. They went down to the shore of the river, which he had to cross; there he gave the kiss of peace to all; they knelt and he prayed. He entered the boat with the companions of his travel; the deacons of the church went on board with him, carrying lighted tapers and a cross of gold. Arrived at the other side, he made a reverence to the cross, or, perhaps, kissed the cross, mounted his horse, and rode away, leaving nearly six hundred brethren in his twin monasteries. This large number gives us a good reason for the use of two churches for the farewell celebration.

Ceolfrid was now an old man, seventy-four. He travelled slowly. About nine o'clock in the

morning on the 25th of September, the 114th day of his journey, he reached Langres, in a dying condition; and there, about four in the afternoon, he died. On each of those 114 days, besides the canonical hours of prayer, he and his train of eighty English sang twice through the Psalter; and on each day, even when he had become too weak to ride, and was carried on a horse-litter, he himself sang Mass, four days only excepted, one day when he was on the sea and the three days before his death. To return to the codex.

There is now a very famous codex in Italy, known as the Codex Amiatinus, so called from the monastery on the Monte Amiata, where it dwelled for centuries. It is a great Latin Bible. It has many curious readings, and in some of these it has as its principal supporter the Lindisfarne Gospels, written when Bede was a young man, and ornamented with wonderful beauty and skill, a book all English people should be proud of, now in the British Museum. This marvellous book must have been finished at Lindisfarne some years before Ceolfrid left Wearmouth[1]. In the great Codex Amiatinus, which now is the glory of the Laurenziana at

[1] For a curious and interesting connection of the Lindisfarne Gospels with an Italian Church, see the note on p. 110.

Florence, there is an inscription in six verses, hexameters and pentameters, but two of them are very far from scanning. They record the gift of the codex to the monastery by Peter, a Lombard abbat of about the year 900. But the distinctive names, Peter, and Lombard, and monastery, are all written over erasures, and they do not fit the spaces or suit the scanning. It had been noticed a good many years ago that the first line had originally recorded the gift of the book to St. Peter's at Rome, as the head of the then Church. The question was, what had stood in the place of Peter the Lombard? Only the names had been erased, and these fresh names written over. The original statement stood untouched, that the first donor, whoever he was, was an abbat in a land very distant, and that in itself was enough to show that Lombardy could not be the country meant.

There is one letter of the original inscription, the second letter of Peter, which has not been erased, so the second letter of the donor's name was *e*. De Rossi, six years ago, made the bold suggestion that the name was Ceolfrid; that instead of the hopeless beginning *Petrus Langobardorum*, the line began *Ceolfridus Britonum;* and that this most magnificent manuscript was

the actual codex taken from England in 716 by Ceolfrid, and sent as an offering to the head of the Church at Rome. Some of us replied at once that Ceolfrid would call himself an abbat of the land of the English not of the Britons; and that the Latin form of Ceolfrid was probably Ceolfrĭdus and not Ceolfrīdus, for the epitaph of Wilfrid, which was set up in the same Northumbrian kingdom seven years before Ceolfrid's last journey, began with the words "Wilfridus hic magnus." Thus we maintained that the words must have been not "Ceolfrīdus Britonum," but "Ceolfrĭdus Anglorum." A week later it was found that the whole inscription was recorded in an ancient manuscript life of Ceolfrid, by an anonymous writer, printed with a collection of Bede's works in 1843; and our Ceolfridus Anglorum was right. It is clear that Bede used many of the facts in this history for his own work, but curiously enough he gave the passage preceding this extract, and the passage following, and omitted the inscription itself[1].

[1] The inscription as it stands in the Codex is as follows, the letters in italics being written over erasures :—

Cenobium ad eximii merito venerabile *salvatoris*
Quem caput ecclesiae dedicat alta fides
Petrus Langobardorum extremis de finibus abbas
Devoti affectus pignora mitto mei
Meque meosque optans tanti inter gaudia patris
In caelis memorem semper habere locum.

The inscription as printed by Giles from the early tract

I shall never forget the impression made upon me by the first sight of this most noble codex, brought to me on a short stretcher between two men on account of its great size and weight. An order from the Government in Rome had opened the Laurentine Library at Florence on a feast day to this one visitor, in order that some important questions of ornamentation and arrangement might be investigated. For a whole day I was shut up with this example of the magnificence of the library at Wearmouth. Here, on one double page, was the very plan of the Tabernacle at which Bede had worked; and here, on another page, the very figure of Ezra, writing his book, which at Lindisfarne they copied for their great St. Matthew. And this was only one among the four great pandects at Wearmouth, and those four great pandects were only one small department in their noble library.

We must now come to our parting with Biscop.

mentioned in the text is as follows. It will be seen that there is one inversion of phrase, and one form of superlative which will not scan.

Corpus ad eximii merito venerabile Petri
Dedicat ecclesiae quem caput alta fides
Ceolfridus Anglorum extimis de finibus abbas
Devoti affectus pignora mitto mei
Meque meosque optans tanti inter gaudia patris
In coelis memorem semper habere locum.

Though I have already to-night described the deaths of two of his colleagues in the abbacy, one of them being also his successor and dying six-and-twenty years after him, I do not think that any one who is interested in these early Fathers of our Anglian Church will be sorry that I give the story of the death of Benedict.

Two beautiful pictures of his later hours Bede sketches with his simple master hand; Bede, whose own last hours were in turn to be so lovingly described. Benedict was unable to rise to pray, and he was so weak that his tongue and voice could not carry him through the accustomed daily course of the Psalms. At each of the hours of prayer, therefore, day and night, he had some of the brethren brought to him, and dividing them into two choirs, he set them to sing through the appointed Psalms, himself joining in when he could; so that what alone he could not do, by their help he accomplished.

That is one picture. The other is this. At the time when he was dying, Easterwine's successor, Sigfrid, was also dying. They had a great desire to see each other once more, and Sigfrid was brought on a litter into Biscop's room, where Biscop lay on his bed palsied. They laid them close to each other, with their heads on the same pillow. But the two abbats were

so weak that they could not turn their heads to give each other the kiss of peace, and the brethren had to guide their heads that they might perform that last act of Christian love.

Some time longer Biscop lingered, the force of his mind unimpaired. In the year 690 the end came. For many nights they read the Gospel to him all night long. On the last night—I am careful here to render literally the actual words of Bede—the Sacrament of the Lord's Body and Blood was given him as a *viaticum* at the hour of departure. And thus the holy soul of Biscop Baducing, Benedictus, passed free to the glory of the blessedness on high. May our last end be like his!

LECTURE III.

LAST week and the week before we followed the course of Benedict Biscop in the establishing and furnishing of the monasteries of Monk Wearmouth and Jarrow, and the building and equipping of the three churches there, St. Peter's and St. Mary's, Wearmouth, and St. Paul's, Jarrow; work which occupied the years from 674 to 685. We used the simple story as a thread, most interesting and valuable in itself, on which to string some few examples of the pearls which lie embedded in our records. And at the end we saw Benedict die in 690, in a manner worthy of his life, under conditions most sweet and soothing for that pious spirit.

To-night, for our concluding lecture, I propose to remark, in the same informal illustrative manner, upon three points noticeable in those early times,—the position and work of women, the artistic taste of our earliest Christian forefathers, and their poetic feeling.

The part played by women in the ecclesiastical and secular affairs of the Anglo-Saxons at this early period of their history is remarkable. We are familiar with the position and influence assigned to women among the Germans by Tacitus, especially in connection with mysteries; and we are forcibly reminded of this when we look into our own records, as, indeed, is only natural. The immediate neighbours, too, of our Anglian ancestors in Northumbria had a remarkable regulation, which gave to women a position of special importance; but it was quite unlike anything which has been related of the Angles, or Saxons, or Germans. You are of course familiar with the fact that England in those early times, the Angle-land, included the southern part of what we call Scotland, reaching as far as the river Forth, and having as its northern fortress Edinburgh. When this northern part of England or southern part of Scotland, Lothian, to call it by an early name, was ceded to Malcolm II of Scotland, and came soon after into the hands of Malcolm III, the son of the gracious Duncan, it was intensely Anglian, perhaps the most English part of England, as some of it still is. Malcolm's Queen, our Saxon Margaret, took special pains to draw the inhabitants of this English province into closer

relations with her adopted kingdom and its Church. With this view it was that she built shelters on either side of the river which separates it from Fife, that the people might with as little inconvenience as possible cross the water on their way to the new religious centre, St. Andrew's. Queensferry south and Queensferry north still remain, and till the other day, when the Forth bridge was made to span the ferry, they served their original purpose.

The Northumbrian Angles, then, in the early time of which I speak, 400 years before Queen Margaret, had only the river Forth between them and the Picts; and the intercourse between them was curiously close. The remarkable regulation to which I have referred, among the Picts, was this: Their royal race was continued through the female, not through the male. There is not in the whole list of Pictish kings one whose father's name is the same as that of his predecessor in the sovereignty. Thus it was that the Pictish King Talorcan, whose death in Wilfrid's time led to important results, was the nephew of the Northumbrian King. That brother of King Oswald, Eanfrid, who apostatised on Edwin's death, married a Pictish princess, and their son succeeded to the Pictish throne, to the exclusion of descendants

from males. It is quaint to come across the death, in the Irish annals, of the Pictish king Talorc mac Ainfrit, and to know that Ainfrit, the father of this sovereign with a very Celtic name, was the nephew, and successor in Bernicia, of the first Christian king of the northern Angles. Bede, as you know, explains this interesting fact of descent by mother-right as the Pictish and Irish traditions explained it. The first Picts, from Scythia, had landed first in Ireland, he tells us; but the Irish told them there was a land, visible on a clear day, uninhabited, and they had better take possession of that. The Picts took their advice, and settled in Caledonia. But they had no women with them, and after a time they went back to the Irish, who had advised them so well, and begged for permanent advisers, in the shape of wives. The Irish gave them wives, but only on the condition that if ever there was a doubt as to succession, the son of a female member of the family in which the right was should be preferred to the son of a male member. That, of course, is not the real explanation of a fact which is common to the Picts and some savage races.

The connection between the Picts and the Angles was kept up for some generations.

Ecgfrid, who gave the lands to Biscop for his monasteries, fought against his Pictish cousins and defeated them, and entered upon their sovereignty, perhaps—if one may venture on so daring a suggestion—by some claim of male relationship. And it was his Pictish cousins of the next generation that decoyed him into the hills to the north of the Carse of Gowrie, and slew him there at Nectansmere, probably the Loch of Forfar. A little later still, it was a Pictish cousin who as king of the Picts sent to Monkwearmouth for true guidance as to the time of keeping Easter, and for the loan of an architect and masons to build him a stone church. It is at least not unlikely that the unusual position held by women among the Picts would help to strengthen the influence which they evidently had among the earliest English.

Plutarch tells us of the Celtae that they were, from very early times indeed, firm believers in the wisdom of their women. The Celtae had been exceedingly quarrelsome—in those very early times, of course—and tribe with tribe they engaged in internecine warfare. But at length the women took the matter up. They showed their wisdom by never desisting from their importunities till civil wars and dissensions

were laid at rest. Long after, when Hannibal came to make a league with the Celtae, some 200 years before Christ, he found this firm belief in the wisdom of the women as clear and practical as ever. This was the article which they put into the conditions:—

> "If the Celtae have complaints against the Carthaginians, the Carthaginian commander in Spain shall judge it. But if the Carthaginians have anything to lay to the charge of the Celtae, it shall be brought before the Celtic women."

There is one survival in modern Europe which may in some sort compare with this. In the valley of Lungnetz, in the Grisons, the brave women who kept the enemy's forces at bay till the men could come back from the fields and fight them off, "las valorusas femnas"—as they say in the old Latin still spoken in the Grisons, —have been kept in memory for more than 500 years by a curious custom. The men made over to them and the women of the place for ever the right side of the church, on which the men elsewhere sit, and gave them for ever the right to present themselves at the Holy Communion before the men—*aunz co ils homens avaunt l'uter.*

In speaking of the position of women among

the Angles and Saxons, I probably need not refer to the influence of women in the conversions of kingdoms to Christianity. But it may be as well to point out that this influence descended in one line from one generation to another in a curious way, perhaps not generally known to its full extent. It may seem a far cry to Clovis, the first Christian king of his section of the Franks, but in fact we have to begin there. He had married, in 493, Clotilde, a Christian princess of Burgundy, who tried hard to make him a Christian, but without success. At a crisis in a critical battle he vowed that if Clotilde's God would help him he would become His worshipper and be baptized, for his own gods had not come to his help and he could no longer believe in their power. In the result, he was baptized. His grandson's daughter, Bertha, it was who 100 years later married Ethelbert of Kent, and had a place of Christian worship for herself at Canterbury before Augustine came. Her daughter, again, Ethelburga, it was who married Edwin, king of Northumbria, and had a place of Christian worship for herself before Edwin and his people were converted by Paulinus. And *her* daughter's daughter, Elflaed, it was who married Peada of Mercia and took with her priests who con-

verted the middle parts of England. Thus in one line, in seven generations beginning with Clotilde, there were four women, through each of whom a nation was converted to Christ. That is a striking record of 160 years of family descent in a straight line.

The Queens and Princesses of the several kingdoms in England showed to a very remarkable degree the desire for religious education and the religious life. From the earliest Christian time we see this feature of their character appearing prominently. Long before they had monastic institutions for the purposes of education in their own kingdoms, they went, or sent their young relatives, to monasteries in Gaul to be instructed. There were three of these establishments, especially, to which English girls were sent; so Bede tells us in writing of Earcongota, granddaughter of Eadbald, king of Kent. This king died in 640, having succeeded his father Ethelbert in 616, and having for a time gone back into paganism, and taken for his wife, in accordance with the pagan practice of his race, his father's young widow, whom Ethelbert had married after the death of Bertha. Eadbald's son and successor in Kent, Earconbert, reigned from 640 to 667. He was a firm Christian, and

he has the honour of being recorded as the first of the English kings who by his royal authority ordered all the idols throughout his kingdom to be destroyed, and the fast of the forty days to be observed; a quaint juxtaposition, in one and the same sentence of Bede, of putting down idols and setting up the Lenten fast. The English Church owes him this great debt, that it was he who first sent Benedict Biscop to Rome, and gave him as his companion on the way that other Northumbrian youth, who filled a more prominent place in the Church of the north than Benedict himself,—I mean Wilfrid. Earconbert sent his daughter Earcongota to the monastery of Fara: that is, in one compound word, Faramoustier, which was for long a famous Benedictine nunnery. This nunnery, near Meaux, was founded about 617 by Fara, or Burgundo-fara, sister of St. Faron of Meaux. It was originally of the Columbanian order, but before the foundress's death it became Benedictine. Bathildis, Queen of Clovis II, herself born in England, added largely to its endowments. The second abbess was Saëtrudis, the daughter of Herusuith, a Northumbrian lady, sister of Hilda; and the third, Ethelburga, was daughter of Anna, king of the East Angles, and his second wife, who was this same

Herusuith. Herusuith herself died at Faramoustier. Thus the connection with England was very close. One of the other nunneries mentioned by Bede, as usual places of education for English girls, was Andeley, twenty miles from Rouen, founded by Clothilde, the wife of Clovis I, and ancestress of the Kentish line. It was destroyed about 900 by the idolatrous Normans, and the collegiate church and nunneries which sprang up there in the early middle ages have nothing to do with the old foundation. It is a well-known place, on the right bank of the Seine. But the most frequented of all was Chelles, about four miles from Paris, on the banks of the Marne, a nunnery founded by Bathildis, Queen of Clovis II, who was the second foundress of Faramoustier. It was to Chelles that Hilda had intended to go in her early youth, a good many years before Earcongota; probably about 633, when her uncle Edwin, the king of Northumbria, was killed and his kingdom relapsed into paganism. But the foundation by Bathildis had not then taken place, and Hilda's visit would have been made to the smaller nunnery, as founded by Clothilde, Queen of Clovis I. As refounded by Bathildis it was Columbanian for a time, and its sisters wore the Columbanian attire, a white robe with

a variegated under-garment, no doubt a very effective dress. I do not know whether the Scots—Scottish Scots or Irish Scots—claim that Columbanus, who was himself an Irish Scot, merely dressed his nuns in tartan petticoats, and added the white robe over all. It is curious and interesting to find that 1250 years ago those of our English ancestors who could afford it sent their daughters to Paris to be educated. It may interest some here to learn that the earliest example known of a chalice without handles is from Chelles, and that the date assigned to it is just this time we are speaking of, about the middle of the seventh century, the second foundation dating from 656.

These were the principal schools for the girls of the earliest Anglo-Saxon Christian period. It was not only those who were to become nuns that were sent there, though that no doubt was the lot of many. Others were sent with no view to what was called the religious life, that is the monastic life; they were sent, according to one phrase used of them, to learn the highest virtue and comprehensive or cumulated virtue. This I suppose means that their education was essentially religious, and included learning in sundry branches; a wide general education on strictly religious lines. If that is the meaning

of the phrase, the education was worth going to France for.

The passion for the religious life increased, and spread rapidly. One of the kings of the East Angles, Anna, who converted the king of the West Saxons to Christianity, and reigned in East Anglia from 635 to 654, had six daughters who were abbesses or nuns. One is very well known, Etheldreda, who persuaded her second husband, Ecgfrid, king of Northumbria, to let her take the veil at Coldingham, and the next year founded the Abbey of Ely on her first husband's property, which abbey she ruled till her death. Another, Sexberga, was Queen of Earconbert, whom we have commemorated; she succeeded Etheldreda as abbess of Ely. Another was Ethelberga, whom we have seen as abbess of Faramoustier. Another was yet a third abbess of Ely, and two were nuns there. Etheldreda's first nunnery, Coldingham, had as its abbess Ebba, King Ecgfrid's aunt, sister of King Oswy and of St. Oswald. But, indeed, it would take far too much time to go into the evidences of the wide spread of the desire among royal ladies in England to rule monasteries.

St. Hilda's work may be taken as an indication of what women could do and did in those days. She became a Christian at the same

time as her near relative, King Edwin of Northumbria. It is a striking fact, often overlooked in the stories of Hilda, that she was brought up a pagan. There is a curious little note of Bede's which shows that even in a later generation than hers the remembrance of the practice of paganism was personal. Hilda's nephew, son of her sister Herusuith already mentioned, was king of the East Angles. This nephew, Aldwulf, was a contemporary of Bede, and used to tell that he remembered as a boy his great-uncle Redwald's compromise between Christianity and paganism. King Redwald had been baptized on a visit to Kent; but when he got home he was after a time seduced from the faith by his wife and certain perverse teachers. And so he had, in one and the same temple, an altar for the Christian sacrifice and a little altar for sacrificing to demons[1]. A good many of us in

[1] In the more ancient part of the Stowe Missal there is a prayer which makes direct reference to a state of things not unlike that mentioned in the text. It is tempting to suggest a connection between the two. The prayer in the Stowe Missal refers to some important person who is described as the servant of God (*famulus tuus*) and has built a church, and yet is still devoted to the service of idols. "This oblation which we offer in this church, which Thy servant has built to the honour of the Name of Thy Glory, we pray Thee that Thou wouldest receive; and that Thou wouldest rescue him and all the people from the worship of idols."

these days keep a little private altar for that purpose.

Hilda had gone down to East Anglia, on her way to Chelles,—Cale, as Bede's Latin calls it, one of the many words which make it so difficult to see how mediaeval and modern spelling and pronunciation came from the Latin, if the Latin was pronounced with broad vowels. But Bishop Aidan called her back to the north, gave her some land at the mouth of the Wear, and admitted her a nun. She was not the first nun in Northumbria; that primacy being held by Heiu, who also received the veil from Aidan. After a year's experience she succeeded Heiu as Abbess of Hartlepool, where the earliest Christian cemetery in these islands has been found, with the names of the nuns of Hilda's time, and down to about 750, cut in runes and in Anglian letters on the little stone pillows under their heads, adorned with ornamental crosses. She at once reduced this monastery to regular order, as she had been instructed by learned men; for Aidan and other religious frequently visited and diligently instructed her, having the warmest regard for her innate wisdom and her love for the Divine servitude.

After some years she founded an abbey at the

place we call Whitby. There she established at once the regular discipline. She taught justice, piety, chastity, and other virtues, but especially peace and charity; so that after the manner of the primitive Church no one there was poor, no one rich, but all was common to all. Her prudence was so great that kings and princes sought counsel of her. She made those under her study so carefully the Holy Scriptures, and practise so diligently the works of justice, that very many of them were found fit to undertake the service of the altar. Indeed, no less than five of the men trained in the monastery under her superintendence became Bishops—Bosa of York, Haeddi of Dorchester, Oftfor of Worcester, John (of Beverley) of Hexham, who ordained Bede, and Wilfrid of York, of Leicester, and finally of Hexham. The great synod of Whithy was held in her abbey, one of the most striking events in the history of the English Church; itself brought about by the firmness of the Queen and her ladies in their observance of what had then become the Catholic rule for the incidence of Easter, as opposed to the rule observed by the King. And on one other great occasion her abbey was probably used as a meeting-place of the chief persons of the realm. The story of her devoted work

through the last six years of her life, under continuous and great bodily affliction, is well worthy of study and reflection, and—if possible—of imitation.

I must only mention one other example of the position and influence of women, at a time when we might have supposed that men of arms were more likely counsellors and confidants. When Aldfrid, king of Northumbria, was dying at Driffield in 705, he summoned to his bedside among others Elflaed, now Abbess of Whitby, consecrated to God as an infant by her father, King Oswy, in thanksgiving for his victory over the pagans, and Oedilburga, Abbess of Hackness, whose beautiful monument with its tender expressions of love, *mater amantissima, semper te ament memores domus tui*, is still to be seen in priceless fragments in Hackness Church. To them he gave his last words, which, according to a practice continued to the Confessor's time, were regarded as his last will and testament. After a time one of the greatest of the early English synods on record was held on the banks of the Nidd. Berhtwald, Archbishop of Canterbury, was there, with the Northern Bishops; the princes and chief men were there; and Elflaed was there, ever the consoler and best counsellor of the whole province.

The question was, the ecclesiastical position of Wilfrid. Aldfrid, in his lifetime, had opposed Wilfrid, who was an uneasy person at close quarters, though delightful at a distance. Nightingales, Fuller said of him, sing sweetest far from home. At a critical point in the debate the Abbess Elflaed rose. The Bishops had spoken their last word against Wilfrid:—

> "How can we (they had asked conclusively), how can any one, alter that which Archbishop Theodore of blessed memory, and Ecgfrith the king, and the Bishops, decreed?—alter that which later, at Austerfield, in thy most excellent presence, Archbishop, we, and with us almost all the Bishops of Britain, with King Aldfrith, decided?"

When they had thus given their conclusion, Elflaed rose and said:—

> "As the truth is in Christ, I declare the testament of Aldfrith the King in that illness which ended his life. He vowed a vow to God and St. Peter, in these words: 'If I live I will carry out the judgements of the Apostolic see respecting Blessed Wilfrid the Bishop, which hitherto I have refused to carry out. But if I die, say ye to my heir, my son, in the name of God, that for the

remedy of my soul he carry out the apostolic decision respecting Wilfrid the Bishop.'"

Thereupon the Prince next in authority to the young King declared that it was the wish of the King and Princes to obey the mandates of the Holy See and this testamentary injunction of the late King. The Bishops thereupon consulted apart, now with Archbishop Berhtwald, now with the most wise virgin Elflaed, and then—they gave in.

In this cathedral church, on the site where once stood the greatest ecclesiastical treasure of the city of London, the shrine of St. Erkenwald, it is scarcely necessary to remind my audience that before he became Bishop of the East Saxons in 675 he enabled his sister, Ethelberga, to found the nunnery of Barking, which gained a high reputation as a training place. I wish there were time to tell some of the pretty stories which Bede tells of the faithful servants of God who lived and died there in his own lifetime. One fact which he mentions is very interesting from an educational point of view. The sisters had in charge a little boy, of about three years of age, not more. Bede explains that because he was still so young he was educated among the nuns. Thus we have evidence of the very early age at which education began, early even

for a Kindergarten; and also of young boys being educated by women. After no inconsiderable experience of educational affairs, I am myself convinced that this latter principle calls for still further development, and that the lowest forms of grammar-schools for boys would with great advantage be put into the hands of women well educated in the subjects taught in the upper forms of such schools.

I must now turn to another subject, the poetic imagination of our earliest Christian forefathers. And though it may be quite familiar to you, I cannot but relate the story of Ca dmon, as told by Bede, Caedmon the agricultural labourer, who became a monk in Hilda's monastery. I shall use King Alfred's translation of Bede, as well as the original.

In this Abbess's minster (that is King Alfred's rendering of the Latin monasterium, showing the meaning and derivation of the word minster: minster was used for a church, in the north, in Edward the Confessor's time; and so, in the middle ages, was monasterium) was a certain brother extraordinarily magnified and honoured with a Divine gift; for he was wont to make fitting songs which conduced to religion and piety; so that whatever he learned, through clerks, of the holy writings, that he, after a little

space, would adorn with the greatest sweetness and feeling, and bring forth in the English tongue. By his songs the minds of many men were ofttimes kindled to contempt of the world and to yearning for the heavenly life. And others also of the English race, after him, sought to make religious poems; yet none might do like him; for it was not by men or through men that he learned the art of making songs; but he was divinely aided, and through God's grace he received the gift of song. Hence it came that he never could make aught of leasing or of idle poems, but only those which made for religion, and which it became his pious tongue to sing. The man was set in worldly life until he was of mature age, and he had never learned anything of poems. Thus it happened sometimes in a convivial gathering—a "beership" King Alfred calls it—when for the sake of jollity all were called to sing in turn, when he saw the harp coming near him, he would rise in the middle of the feast, and—for shame, as King Alfred adds—would go out and go home.

One night when he had done this, and had left the place of meeting, and gone to the neat-stall—so King Alfred translates it, showing that the beasts of burden and draught in his days were ordinarily oxen—the care of which that

night had been committed to him, at a suitable hour he composed himself to sleep. And there stood by him in a dream one who greeted him, and called him by his name; "Caedmon," said he, "sing me something." But he answered, "I cannot sing anything; and therefore it was that I left the company and retired to this place, because I could not sing." But he who spoke with him said, "Still, you have to sing to me." "What," said he, "must I sing?" Quoth he, "Sing me the beginning of things created." When he received this reply, forthwith began he to sing, to the praise of God the Creator, verses of which he had never heard—of which, says Bede, who put the vernacular into Latin, this is the sense, or, as the King says, this is the order:—

"Now must we praise
Heaven's kingdom's wonder,
Creator's might
And his mind's thought.
Glorious Father of men
As of every wonder
Ever Lord
Formed the beginning.
He first framed
For the children of earth
The heaven as a roof
Holy Creator.

Then mid earth
Mankind's wonder
Ever Lord.
After produced
The earth for men
Lord Almighty."

I may make an excursus here, to remark how very much we have lost by Bede's determination to give this opening song in a Latin form. He himself apologizes for it, in a sentence which King Alfred naturally omits, as out of place in an English version:—

"This (Bede says) is the sense, but not the actual order of the words which he in his sleep sang. For indeed (he continues) songs, however perfectly composed, cannot be translated word for word into another language, without loss of beauty and dignity."

If Bede had given us the actual words of Caedmon, we should have had a passage of Northumbrian English earlier than any piece of Anglo-Saxon we now possess. The earliest passage we now have is that cut in runes on the great shaft of the Bewcastle Cross, setting forth in archaic letters and archaic forms that—

"This slender beacon of victory Hwaetred, Wothgar, and Olwfwolthu set up in memory

of Alcfrith once king and son of Oswy, in the first year of Ecgfrith king of this realm." That is, in the year 670. Probably Caedmon's first song was dreamed and sung a year or two before that.

By a curious accident, however, we have this opening song of Caedmon in a very early form, 150 years earlier than King Alfred's retranslation from the Latin. In our beautifully written Cambridge manuscript of Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, written while Bede was still alive, there is, in a small hand, at the top of the back of the last leaf, this very song, in very early Northumbrian. The hand is much smaller than that of the rest of the manuscript, but so far as I can judge the letters are the same, and the same scribe wrote the one and the other. The differences, as it seems to me, are just those which a careful scribe would make, to show that the song on the back of the leaf is not part of the original MS. of Bede, which ends in a rather crowded way at the very bottom of the other side of the leaf.

Further, it is very greatly to be regretted, on philological grounds at least, and on many other grounds besides, that Bede does not give us any examples of the English of his time. Except some place-names, some of which are

of the highest interest and importance (one, indeed, not English, the surest guide we have to the difference between Pictish Gaelic and British Gaelic), there is, I believe, only one word of vernacular in Bede's *Ecclesiastical History of the English*. He is describing a miracle performed on a dumb man by Bishop John of Beverley, and when the Bishop had put him through the alphabet, he went next into words of one syllable, and began with "yes"—say "*gae*"—that is, yea—which, Bede explains, is the English word for *yes*. But we have happily, a little English hymn which Bede himself used to sing, and sang on his death-bed. A faithful disciple of his, Cuthbert by name, wrote an account of his death for the information of friends who did not witness that beautiful ending, and this account, in a manuscript of very early date, lies in that great treasure-house of Anglian and Scotic antiquity, the library at St. Gallen, on the south side of the Lake of Constance. The simple little hymn which Bede sang before his death was this—

"As to the journey
Each must take
No one is prudent
More than he should be
In considering

Ere he goes hence
What to his spirit
Of good or of evil
After the death day
Doomed may be."

To continue the story of Caedmon. When he rose from sleep, he had fast in his mind all that sleeping he had sung, and to these words he forthwith joined many words of song, worthy of God, after the same manner. Then in the morning he came to the steward—the town-reeve, King Alfred puts it—under whom he worked, and showed to him the gift he had received. He led him to the Abbess, and she summoned many of the more learned men,—all the most learned men and the learners, the King says, clearly with the idea that Hilda called in the teachers and the students of her educational establishment. In their presence he told the dream and sang the poem; and it seemed to them all that a grace from heaven had been given him of the Lord. Then they expounded to him a certain discourse of sacred history and godly love, and bade him, if he could, turn this into the melody of song. He undertook it, and went home, and coming back early in the morning brought what they had given him made into an excellent poem. Hilda

thereupon persuaded him to enter her monastery, and had him taught the story of th Scriptures; and he, thinking it over within himself, and like a clean animal ruminating, turned it all into the sweetest verse. He sang of the creation of the world, and the origin of the human race, and the whole history of Genesis; of the Exodus and the entry into the Land of Promise; of many other stories of Sacred Scripture; of the Lord's Incarnation, Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension; of the coming of the Holy Ghost, and the teaching of the Apostles. Also of the terror of the judgement to come, and the horror of hell-torment, and the sweetness of the kingdom of heaven, he made many songs; and many others of the divine benefits and judgements; in all of which his care was to draw men away from the love of wickedness, and move them to love and desire of good deeds.

As you know, we have a very remarkable poem in the later Anglo-Saxon of Wessex, describing the expulsion from heaven of the rebellious angels, and the creation of the race of men to take the place they had forfeited, a poem of Paradise Lost which Milton no doubt saw in the translation of Junius, and followed very closely. Junius ascribed it to Caedmon, or to a West Saxon development of Caedmon's

Northumbrian song. But in the list Bede gives of Caedmon's works there is no reference to any poem at all of this character, with this motive. On the other hand, in connection with what I said last week of Drithelme's vision of the torments of hell and the sweet joys of heaven, we are completely justified by Bede's list in tracing those details to Caedmon's work. And Caedmon's work, now lost, I am inclined—as I explained last week—to trace to the long-lost and recently found Revelation of Peter.

The most poetical and beautiful of the earliest Northumbrian sacred poems is beyond question the Dream of the Holy Rood. This, in its earliest form, is preserved for us in ancient runes, cut upon the shaft of the great cross at Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire. To enter at any fitting length into the circumstances of that wonderfully noble relic of our early forefathers would take much more than all our time. It is only necessary to say that many parts of the ornamentation of the great cross, which is over seventeen feet high, are nearly identical with the ornamentation of the other great cross I have mentioned this evening, at Bewcastle, on the north border of Cumberland. That cross bears an inscription in archaic runes to the effect that it was set up in the first year of King

Ecgfrid, that is, 670. Dumfriesshire and the south-west of what we call Scotland was annexed by this same Ecgfrid a few years after, and it only remained for a few years Anglian territory, the British inhabitants taking possession again on the defeat and death of Ecgfrid in 685. It never again was Anglian territory, in any such sense that an Anglian cross of remarkable dimensions with long inscriptions in Anglian runes could be set up there. Thus we are constrained to believe that the Anglian poem found on this cross was engraven on it just about 1,200 years ago. The boldness and skill of the runic characters, as also the beauty of the cross itself, are worthy of the poem.

After the runes on this cross had been deciphered, a long poem of 314 lines in the later Anglo-Saxon of Wessex was found in the old conventual library at Vercelli, in a manuscript of about the year 950. This manuscript contained all the stanzas which had been found upon the cross, and many more. But the language was naturally much later, the Wessex dialect, which is what we ordinarily call Anglo-Saxon, being later than the Northumbrian and the Mercian. Within the last two or three years we have been able to read one or two key-words on a part of the cross where the runes

had been supposed to be illegible, and we can now show that that higher part of the cross bore at least a portion of the opening stanza of the poem.

The idea of the poem is that the poet in a dream sees the Cross of Christ. As he gazes at it, it begins to quiver. Wounds show themselves upon it. At length it bursts into speech and tells of its sufferings. I can but give a few examples of its method.

We know of no one in those very early times who could have written such a poem, except Caedmon. And on the head of the cross the words "Caedmon made me" have been found in runes. Their presence has been denied; but they are there[1]. They may of course refer to the stone cross itself, Caedmon not being an uncommon name. But the earliest English manuscript of Caedmon's opening song, which I have described, has, written below the song, "Caedmon made this song." I think there is an evident connection between "Caedmon made me" and "Caedmon made this song."

"Methought I saw there
In mid air
A wondrous Tree
Of beams the brighest.

[1] My reading is †KEDMON MAE FAUOETHO.

All that beacon was
Glittering with gold.
Gems stood
Four at its corners.
Five like there were
Up at its shoulder.
All the angel host behold it.
That was no outcast's gallows
But holy spirits gazed upon it."

That represents the greater part of the first stanza; and it is the last line or two that we have lately added to the parts found upon the cross.

"Yet saw I plainly
Through its surface golden
How the foe had gashed it.
Red drops began to trickle
Bursting from its right side.
And as I lay and sighed
Gazing at the Healer's Tree,
Began to speak
That wood most blessed."

The rest is in the words spoken by the Holy Rood :—

"'Twas many a year ago
I yet remember it
When I was down hewed

At the wood's outskirt
By axes broken.
Bare me then men on their shoulders
And set me down on a hill
And fixed me upright.
There I durst not
Against the Mighty's word
Bow me nor break.
Though about me was quaking
The earth's bosom,
Yet I stood firm."

Then come lines which we read in the runes on the Ruthwell Cross :—

"Girded him then the youthful hero
That was God Almighty.
Strong and firm of mind
He mounted the lofty gallows
Fearless in the sight of men."

Probably the next lines also were there in runes ; much has perished :—

"I trembled when He embraced me
But dared not bow earthward
Fall to the earth's bosom.
Stand fast I must."

Then the runes join us again :—

"I raised the mighty King
The Lord of the heavens

I dared not fall down.
Us both they vilely treated
I was all stained with blood
Poured from His dear side.
Christ was on the Cross
And thither hastening
Came men from afar
Unto the noble one.
All that beheld I
With sorrow stricken.
The warriors left me there
Standing with blood drops streaming
With missiles all wounded.
They laid Him down limb-weary
They stood by His lifeless head
Beholding the Lord of Heaven."

Words of commendation or of comment would spoil that.

There is yet one more, among the many points which present themselves for consideration in Biscop's story, to which I must call your attention. He always went abroad for his ornaments. The Scotic, or Irish, Bishop and priests and monks had vacated their monastery of Lindisfarne, in or about the year of his first visit to Rome. They had taken with them a number of their Anglian sympathisers; so many, that by the side of the monastery which

they built for themselves in Ireland they built one for their English friends, at a place called Mageo, or, giving the *y* pronunciation of the *g*, Mayeo; and that monastery was known as Mayo of the English for many generations. Thus they had made a clean sweep of their belongings. They left behind them bare huts, of the rudest kind, such as we can see in Ireland still preserved from those early times. The life of Lindisfarne went on, under their Anglian successors, but there is no hint that the English had as legacy any kind of art. The English did produce there a noble work of art, commenced at least in Biscop's lifetime, the Lindisfarne Gospels[1], with its case of silver and gold

[1] A very curious and interesting connection between this magnificent manuscript and a church in Italy has recently been discovered. It was mentioned in the *Revue Bénédictine* in 1891 by the learned D. Morin, and it is set forth in one of the appendices (iv) to his edition (1893) of the Liber Comicus of Toledo (Anecdota Maredsolana, vol. i. p. 426). In the Calendar prefixed to the Lindisfarne Gospels, which is evidently not a Calendar constructed for the use of Lindisfarne, but is a copy of a Calendar from elsewhere, there are very few entries relating to the festivals of Saints. Two of these very few relate to St. Januarius, and that of course suggests the Church of Naples. Another entry relates to the "Dedication of the Basilica of Stephen" (see the same phrase on p. 61, note 1); and that was the earliest description of the Cathedral Church of Naples. We have seen that Biscop, during two of the earlier years of his life, taught

and precious stones. But we must gather from Biscop's resort to the Continent for pictures and manuscripts, and from the complete silence as to other artistic sources nearer home, that the Scotic monks had not been doing work of that kind at all. The same conclusion is forced upon us very decisively by an episode in the history of Wilfrid which I have already described. Wilfrid was brought up at Lindisfarne, by the Scotic monks; and yet, when he first went to Rome and saw on the altar at St. Andrew's an evangeliarium in its beautiful case, he was so much struck by its beauty that it is clear the whole idea was new to him. We cannot but dismiss as groundless the idea that the Scotic monks had at that time among them the works of beauty which it is claimed for them that they were even then producing. And Wilfrid never forgot that first impression. For when he had built

the School at Canterbury till the Abbat Hadrian could take it himself. Now of Hadrian Bede says that he had dwelt in a monastery near Naples. It seems clear that he brought to England with him a copy of the Gospels with a Neapolitan Calendar, and that Biscop characteristically got possession of it, perhaps in recognition of the work he had done for Hadrian, and took it to the north, where it was used as the type from which the Lindisfarne writers copied the Calendar of their immortal codex. This appendix to the interesting Liber Comicus had escaped my notice, and I owe the reference to a well-known scholar, the Reverend F. E. Warren.

his noble church at Ripon he caused to be prepared for it a book of the Gospels, written in letters of gold on purple vellum, a thing unheard of in our days, his chaplain and biographer noted. It was, of course, in Romano-Byzantine style. The manuscript of Nero's poem was written in letters of gold, and was placed in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. The mother of Maximus gave him, about 235, a manuscript of Homer written in letters of gold on purple vellum. And manuscripts of that gorgeous character were produced in Byzantium for the Emperors for centuries after that.

For this noble manuscript, which was supposed—alas! erroneously—to have come to light two or three years ago[1], Wilfrid caused to be

[1] A splendid manuscript, written in letters of gold on purple vellum, sent back to England two or three years ago from Berlin, among other MSS. from the Hamilton Library which the Emperor of the Germans (who had purchased the collection) thought should remain here, was for some time believed to be this very codex of Wilfrid's. It was the book given by the Pope to Henry VIII; and as Wolsey was Archbishop of York, and had command of the northern service books and manuscript treasures, it was thought that he had procured it for the Pope. The present writer was allowed to examine it on several afternoons. The readings in test passages are not consistent with the theory; and the beautiful codex appears to be constructed of portions of three separate and distinct manuscripts, some parts being less skilful than others and showing differences of arrangement.

made a case of pure gold, enriched with jewels. This was 200 years before any mention of any ornamental case in the Irish annals. For these and many other converging reasons, I am inclined to deny the proposition that the distinctive art of our Anglian forefathers was learned from Irish monks. The metal-work we have of this time has nothing Irish about it. Of course so far as architecture is concerned, we were in early Christian times centuries ahead of them, and they never caught us up. And in the art of sculpturing great stone crosses of beautiful form, with beautiful designs, we were at least 200 years ahead of them in time, and in beauty of form or of design they never reached our very earliest standard. Our earliest great stone cross is dated in 670; the earliest they have is dated after 900. And no one claims that crosses, such as ours, were once in Ireland and have perished. I have to hold myself very hard by the head on this fruitful subject, so full of instruction and of proper pride to us, the artistic taste and skill of our earliest Christian ancestors.

I have now run through a small number of the subjects which rise naturally, in almost bewildering plenitude, and in tantalisingly fascinating form, in the first century of our

Christian life. I have kept off the beaten track of the history, of set purpose, and I have scarcely left Northumbria. Much that is characteristic of our forefathers I have omitted. I have said scarcely a word of their devotion to learning; not one word of the thoughtfulness and piety and faithfulness of the religious work of laymen; especially not one word of the devotion and success of the Anglo-Saxons as missionaries, carrying the good news they themselves so dearly welcomed and loved to nations that had not heard the word; laying down their lives joyfully in that cause. Nor have I even made reference to the practical teaching for our own missonary work which the conduct of our converted forefathers has for us. But what I have said has, I hope, made many fine characteristics stand out clearly. And as I began by claiming, I will end by asserting, that those characteristics are our characteristics still. Those who guide the fortunes of the English Church will do well to bear in mind that we have a history such as no other nation has, and that such as we were in early times such we are on the whole now. To state what the special characteristics to which I refer are, is beyond my purposes. I have intended the simple little stories I have related to you to tell you that.

And if I am wrong; if Englishmen now are not what Englishmen were then; if we have not the same tastes, if we have not the same characteristics in our relation to God and His service and His worship; then I do not think I am wrong in saying, that the sooner we bring ourselves to be in many respects like them, the better it will be for us and for the Church of England.

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