

passing glory, but to have a place in 'a kingdom from hence.' Yes, perhaps it was to the worldly-minded 'foolish' to have made such a sacrifice. To surrender all these prospects, for a few hundred souls, and a benefice worth £400 a year! It is true he held at first, as well as Chenies, the rich and important living of Streatham, but it was not for long, as he resigned the latter, and determined to devote his labours to his little Buckinghamshire village, from which place nothing could induce him to depart; not even the offer, twice, of a bishopric.

The writer of this was, the other day, on a visit to Lord M——, who in the course of conversation informed him that *he* was once the bearer of one of these offers from Lord Melbourne, and that he can never forget the sweet humility with which Lord Wriothlesley Russell declined so responsible a position. He loved his poor people and they loved him. He read for them, he worked for them, he prayed for them, and it was no wonder that 'his lordship's' wish was the only law they knew. It is hard to write about Chenies and not speak of him. If we may compare small things with great, one might as well gaze upon St. Paul's Cathedral and not ask about Wren; or study the history of the abolition of slavery and not think of Wilberforce; or the independence of the United States and not remember Washington, as visit Chenies and not dwell upon the life-work of Lord

Wriothlesley Russell. Born in 1804, he was the eldest son of John, sixth Duke of Bedford, by his second marriage, with Lady Georgiana, fifth daughter of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon. By this it will be seen that he was half-brother to Lord John, afterwards Earl Russell, the famous statesman, and he was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Passing over the intervening years, and commencing to write about a period where, perhaps, many would end, let us take up the narrative at the year 1879, when the writer of these lines had an opportunity of closely examining this favoured place (Chenies) and its ways. It was now fifty years since the little village had welcomed its present rector and guide into its midst; and it was on this anniversary that the inhabitants determined to show their appreciation of the loving services and self-denial of its noble pastor. One bright, sunny afternoon, whilst he, all unconscious of their intention, was holding a Bible-class in one of the apartments adjoining the school, on a Sunday in July, many might be seen wending their way to the schoolroom, all bent on one object, viz., to celebrate the jubilee of his residence among them. Old and young alike joined in this work. The presentation took the form of a handsomely-designed picture-frame, carved from wood taken from St. George's Chapel, Windsor, over which place Lord Wriothlesley Russell had, at that time, presided as canon for nearly forty years.

The frame was interspersed with views, painted in rich colours, representing some of the best-known and most dearly-loved places connected with his home and ministry. The carving was in itself quite a study, and was executed by Mr. Nutt of Windsor, with peculiar taste and skill. A most suitable and pleasing inscription was let into the frame, setting forth the love and devotion which had prompted the offering. This was accompanied by a silver flower-stand, and a frame containing the signatures of all those who had joined in the work; every name in Chenies, from the oldest to the youngest inhabitant, had its place there. Those who were unable to write attached their mark or cross in token of their sympathy with the enterprise. This, then, was the gift these loving people desired to present to him, and as the spectators assembled, the most part on foot, the infirm procuring conveyances, the Christian veteran, still intent upon his Bible and his class, would occasionally raise his eyes (yet unaware of what was about to take place), and, as he looked through the window, would wonder where so many people were going at that usually quiet hour. At last the Bible-class was finished, the blessing pronounced, and, as he was about to take his departure, a messenger politely invited his lordship 'to step for a moment into the schoolroom.'

The scene must be left to be imagined as the old man entered the room, which was filled to

overflowing. The aged, the young, nay, the very infants in arms, were there to welcome his advent. A sense of bewilderment seemed to take possession of him, as surprise would hardly describe the feelings which appeared to pass through his mind. What could this large assembly mean, and without his knowledge! The smallest detail of village life was planned and executed by him! His fatherly guidance pervaded every home, and every work in that place. But to-day at least this was otherwise. However, he was not left long in suspense as to this happy family gathering, for we can call it by no other name. The two churchwardens advanced, and, in very suitable words, one of them announced to him the object of their presence. His heart was so full and his whole nature so touched by this act of kindness, that, for once at least, words seemed to fail him.

Delighted as he was with the gift, and struck with admiration at the beautiful design, still, that which charmed him most, so like himself, was the simple little frame containing all those loved names and signatures. Before the meeting separated, and that not till many an eye was moistened, the old man desired to grasp the hand of each one present, by no means a slight task, considering that some hundreds were there; and then, as if by instinct, his favourite hymn was struck up, the

words of which were so suitable to the occasion—

‘ Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,’ etc.

It will be long ere the deep and touching impression made that day can pass from the minds of any who were present. The very room in which we were assembled seemed to be a living monument and testimony to his devoted life.

Chenies has been called a model village, and certainly this was a model school. In these days of education, when every parish is trying to hold its own in learning, and aiming to perfect its machinery, how apt we are to forget the efforts of those who began this good work! The undertaking at Chenies, like that in some other places, commenced in the Rectory kitchen, and went on increasing, till it not only culminated in that perfect little school-room, built by the individual sacrifice and personal effort of the noble rector, but was deemed of such high order as to find a place of commendation in the Blue Book, and to be held up as an example worthy of imitation by the whole country—according to the words of one of her Majesty’s inspectors, who was able to say, after examining Chenies school, ‘ I consider it not only the best school in Buckinghamshire, but one of the best in England.’

What a contrast this presented to the time when education was in its infancy there, when

a young aspirant after knowledge, returning home very full of the little he had acquired, essayed thus to catechize his father and show off his own progress in the study of geography :

‘ Father,’ said he, ‘ can you tell me the names of some of the most important rivers in England ?’

‘ Well,’ said the father, ‘ there’s the Chess’ (a stream flowing through Chenies), ‘ and the Colne’ (also a neighbouring brook), ‘ and the Thames, and—and—well, the others are not of much account.’

It is only by contrasts such as these that we can at all grasp the progress education has made. If the stranger were now to visit some of the cottages in Chenies, he would find that not only would the occupants be able to acquit themselves fairly in the well-known three ‘ R’s,’ but could even excite his surprise by a wonderful knowledge of general subjects; and most of them can read music from notes, and very keen critics they are of the rendering of the singing on Sundays in Church.

But before we take leave altogether of the Jubilee gathering that day in Chenies, let us not fail to notice one other feature, of much interest, connected with that happy assembly. It was to be found in a conspicuous part of the room, and consisted of twelve neatly-dressed little boys, their bright, happy faces attesting to the care bestowed upon them, and their intelligent coun-

tenances showing how keenly they had entered into the spirit of the day. They belonged to the well-known 'Boys' Home' in Chenies, founded and supported by his lordship for orphans, and many of these have since risen to positions of trust—some to comparative distinction. Their chief claim to an entrance into that 'Home' was that they were poor and friendless, and with little prospect before them but sorrow and want, and these very credentials were the best passport they could have to his lordship's loving heart. The 'Home' was carried on as much like a real home as was possible under the circumstances. It was placed under the guidance of a Christian mother. Besides attending the day-school regularly, these lads were taught to turn their hands to all useful work, in order that they might 'hold their own' in the battle of life. They were well fed and clothed, and each had his clean, comfortable bed in this cottage 'Home.' Some had what might be called 'a history' before they entered this retreat, and certainly many had the same after they left—but of how much happier a nature! Delicacy must, however, prevent the writer of these lines from pursuing the interesting career of some, or mentioning their names, beyond saying that several look back to their residence there as the turning point for good in their lives. To such a gathering as we have been witnessing, could there be anything better suited to complete the

joyful occasion than the presence of these grateful and happy orphans?

Another group we may mention was that of the widows of the 'Alms House,' a building dating from olden times, it having been founded by one of his lordship's ancestors some three centuries before, and containing then ten comfortable apartments for the reception of those who were aged, infirm, and poor. The building itself formed three sides of a quadrangle, and, like all houses of that date, was well-built and likely to last. With its pretty diamond-paned windows and quaint staircase, made of solid oak, this residence, bearing the stamp of age, was by no means an unfitting abode for its inhabitants.

The venerable institution and its occupants held a large share in the heart of the rector, who might constantly be seen wending his way thither, bearing his well-loved Bible under his arm, to minister to the spiritual wants of the aged poor.

The old 'Alms' House' stood some distance from the church, on the southern boundaries of the parish. The 'Boys' Home' also stood on the outskirts of the same, on the western side; but this day each institution seemed to vie with the other to do honour to the fiftieth year of his lordship's residence and labour amongst them. How well might the words of Job be quoted here, with regard to the one who was the centre of this gathering, though, in his humble-mindedness, he