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A table of contents for The Churchman can be found here:

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brewhouse, and the separate guest-houses for pilgrims of

noble, middle-class, or humble rank.

The massive central tower of the cathedral is a landmark for miles around, though the cathedral itself lies in a hollow in the valley of the river Stour. The "Bell Harry" Tower, as it is now called, replaced in 1495 the "Angyll Stepyll," which was so named from the gilded figure of an angel which surmounted it and could be seen by pilgrims from a great distance. The bell of this tower still rings the curfew every night, and the "ghostly mass" in the early morning hours, though the service for the "souls of the dead" ceased to be held centuries ago. The watchman still parades the precincts and cathedral every night, proclaiming the hour and the state of the weather, and assuring those who lie awake that "all's well." The monastery was protected not only by its own walls, but on the north and east sides also by the city wall, which was of tremendous strength, being in parts from six to seven feet thick, and rising some twenty feet above the ground; for Canterbury was in ancient days "Cant-warabyrig," i.e., the stronghold of the men of Kent. The walls enclosed an area of nearly two miles, and were provided with twenty-one turrets, or watch-towers, and with six gates, of which only one—the West Gate, rebuilt by Archbishop Sudbury in 1380-now remains. The five other gates, called the "Newing Gate," or New Gate; the North Gate; "Werth," or Worth Gate; "Burgate," or Borough Gate; and "Riding," or Road Gate, were all destroyed by the barbarous indifference of the citizens in the last century. The exact date of the oldest part of the walls is not known, but there was probably a rampart of some kind round the city as early as the period of the Roman occupation of Britain.

F. W. FARRAR.

ART. II.—THE FUNERAL HYMN OF PRUDENTIUS.

A free rendering of the hymn, "Jam mæsta quiesce querela" (Prudentius, "Cathemerinon," X.), written about 390. The Latin is given almost complete in Trench's "Sacred Latin Poetry." In the rendering an approach to the cheerful rhythm of the Latin is attempted.

Now hush'd be the accents of mourning, Ye mothers, your tears all be dried; Our lost treasures shall yet be returning— To live, and for ever, they died.

So the sere grain lies low in its prison, Yet soon wears its emerald again, To repeat, in young beauty arisen, The tale of the last harvest-plain. Now take him, kind Earth, to thy keeping, Fold warm to thy motherly breast These dear human limbs, soundly sleeping, These fair noble relics, at rest.

Here once had a spirit its dwelling; The Spirit of God was its spring;

This heart once with high thought was swelling, And Christ was its Life and its King.

Aye, take to thy keeping our burthen; Its Maker remembers it there;

He will claim it again, His own guerdon, Fair likeness of Him, the All-fair.

Come once the bright season to fulness When the Lord all our longings shall crown, Earth must yield from her clasp, in its wholeness, The body that here we lay down.

Let Time make our treasure its fuel, Turn to ashes each bone, if it must; Let him work till he leaves of our jewel But a handful of vanishing dust;

Let the wild stormy winds, in their flying,
With that dust do the worst that they can;
'Tis not perishing, this, 'tis not dying;
This kills not the true form, the man!

But, Lord, while the body Thou'rt taking

To fashion it fairer once more,

Where, ah, where, is the pure spirit waking? Whither now, at Thy word, will it soar?

It will hie it to Abraham's bosom, By Lazarus its rest it will claim, In the bower whose ethereal blossom The sinner beheld from the flame.

We remember Thy promise, great Saviour, When Thy death did our victory win: "To-day, in My footsteps, for ever, Pass thou to thy Paradise in."

To Thy faithful, secure in Thy pardon,
Lies open the pathway of gold;
We are free now to tread the green garden
We lost to the serpent of old.

Thither now let Thy voice, blessed Master,
The soul that has serv'd Thee recall,
To her own native land, whence she cast her,
An exile, afar, in the Fall.

Meanwhile the dear spot we will cover With green leaves, and violets in bloom, And the stone and the name shower over With dewdrops of breathing perfume.

H. C. G. MOULE.



A T a moment like the present, when, for the first time after the lapse of a quarter of a century, the claims of Christian parents to recognised religious teaching for their children are admitted by those in power, it seems a fitting opportunity to present to the readers of THE CHURCHMAN a few ideas respecting Scriptural teaching, its difficulties, and the efforts that are

being made to overcome them.

As there have been no School Boards or "Codes" to repress teachers in Secondary Schools, religious teaching has been maintained in most of these without a struggle, a matter which has been productive of more or less good, according to the character of the teacher and the influences of the home. Thus, it has been no uncommon thing even for the child of Agnostic parents to obtain distinction in Scripture, considered as an examination subject, and the parents have doubtless felt a natural exultation in their child's achievement. Few things, on the other hand, are more painful to the religious-minded teacher or pupil than to note the glib readiness of a child both to study the Bible and to answer questions at examination times when that sacred book is regarded like any other text-book, as something to be "got up" with credit, if possible, but, in any case, so as to "satisfy the examiner."

A friend of the writer's, the head-mistress of a large secondary school, stated, after some years' experience, that she felt as if the teaching of Scripture on present lines was "little short of sacrilege." All earnest-minded teachers at one time or another have had a similar impression. The late Mr. Thring, of Uppingham, is said to have regarded it as a matter of congratulation that throughout his head-mastership not one of his boys had obtained the mark of distinction for Scripture in the University Local Examinations. The reason is not difficult to discover. An examiner is led to suppose that a particular text and commentary have been studied by certain examinees. He finds that a diligent student, whose study of the book has been commendably thorough, ought to have