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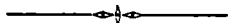
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A table of contents for *The Churchman* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_churchman_os.php

Reference may also be made to the Bishop of Worcester's sermon on Baptism in "The Church, the Ministry, the Sacraments," in which, after speaking of the Roman view, the Hypothetical view, and the view urged in this paper, he says of the last-named: "This is the view which I myself accept."



ART. IV.—THE NESTOR OF ENGLISH NATURALISTS.

THE Rev. Leonard Blomefield, better known to the scientific world as Leonard Jenyns, passed peacefully away, at the ripe age of ninety-three, on September 1, 1893, at his house in Bath. His long life, dedicated to the cause of natural history, and spent happily in the pursuit of it, demands more than a passing notice. We propose, therefore, to lay before our readers a short sketch of his career, which is at once full of interest and instruction.

His mother was the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Heberden, at whose house in Pall Mall he was born on May 25, 1800. Of his childhood and youth there is nothing remarkable to relate, except the early development of that love for science and natural history which was the ruling passion of his life. At school, first at Putney and afterwards at Eton, he seems to have been a quiet and retiring lad, not joining in the games and amusements of his companions, and loving nothing so much as a solitary ramble in the country. "I preferred," he wrote in after-life, "wandering by myself in the green lanes that skirted the playing and shooting fields at Eton, looking after stag-beetles (very common there) and watching birds and insects." His schoolfellows called him "Methodist" and "Dummy," from his precise, methodical and silent ways, so different to their own. At Eton, in a friend's library, he came across a copy of White's "Selborne," which at once arrested his attention. He not only read the charming volume, but actually copied out the whole of it, under the apprehension that he might never meet with the precious book again. During the holidays his whole time was engrossed in his favourite pursuits, and even when staying in London he would arrange with his father's head-keeper that all rare birds should be sent to him for skinning and dissection. At this time, and for many years afterwards, his health was unsatisfactory; he suffered much from severe headaches, which prevented him, both at Eton and Cambridge, from making the most of his educational advantages.

But at Cambridge he had the singular happiness to meet

Professor Henslow, who afterwards became his brother-in-law, and whose memoir he eventually wrote. To Henslow, Jenyns, like Darwin, owed much of his subsequent career. "He was the first," says Jenyns, "with whom I could ever associate in the pursuit of natural history, and, but for him, what little I have done for science would have been still less, and might have been nothing." The two men became fast friends, and made frequent expeditions into the Fens, or down the river, for the purpose of collecting shells, or plants, or insects, or other objects of natural history. "As regards myself," writes Jenyns in the "Memoir" of his friend, "I may truly say that some of the days thus spent in company with Henslow were not only among the most enjoyable of my life, but the most profitable in respect of all that I learnt from him, not merely on natural history subjects, but on others with which he was equally conversant."

On the very day of attaining the age of twenty-three Leonard Jenyns was ordained to the curacy of Swaffham-Bulbeck, a village of some seven hundred people, adjoining his father's estate of Bottisham Hall, and about ten miles from Cambridge. The Vicar of the parish was an absentee, who had never entered his church since the day on which he had read himself in; and he appointed young Jenyns without so much as an interview. The curacy, from its close proximity to Bottisham Hall, was a desirable one, while the neighbourhood—the Fens out of view, but within a walk, as also Newmarket Heath and the Devil's Ditch—afforded rich ground for natural history pursuits. Here for nearly thirty years, first as curate, and afterwards as Vicar, Jenyns lived the quiet, uneventful life of a country clergyman, happy in his parochial work, and happy in his scientific investigations. The parish, before his arrival, had been grossly neglected, and he was the first resident clergyman the people had ever known. It is therefore not to be wondered at that religion was at a very low ebb, and that the services of the church were almost entirely ignored. Jenyns at once set himself to work to remedy this lamentable state of things. In addition to systematic visiting, he built a new school-house, started a Sunday-school, founded coal and clothing-clubs, and, after some opposition on the part of the farmers, succeeded in establishing the allotment system in the parish. The result of his endeavours may be estimated from the testimony of his Bishop that the parish of Swaffham-Bulbeck was one of the best regulated in the diocese of Ely.

But while working assiduously among his people, Jenyns found abundant leisure for his scientific pursuits. In meteorology he had always been interested since as a boy at Eton he

had daily examined a barometer which hung up in Rogerson's shop-window near the bridge. He was now no sooner settled in his vicarage than he began, after the manner of Gilbert White at Selborne, to take regular meteorological observations. He was specially interested in the subject of fogs and creeping mists—so characteristic of the Fen-country; and the low-lying grass meadow in front of the vicarage afforded a favourable situation for his experiments. These Cambridge-shire observations were afterwards embodied in his well-known work on meteorology.

To Jenyns belongs the distinction of first recording the Fire-crested wren as occurring in this country. In the month of August, 1833, a cat killed a young bird of this species in the vicarage garden of Swaffham-Bulbeck; this specimen was soon afterwards exhibited at a meeting of the Zoological Society, and it is now in the University Museum at Cambridge. The monotony of clerical life was frequently broken by natural history excursions into the Fens, and sometimes into more distant parts of the county, for purposes of collection. In these delightful expeditions he was sometimes accompanied by such eminent naturalists as Charles Darwin and Dr. Buckland, and more often by his distinguished friend Professor Henslow, of Cambridge, in conjunction with whom he at one time contemplated bringing out a "*Fauna Cantabrigiensis*." This "*Fauna*," for various reasons, never appeared; but it was partly on these expeditions, undertaken with a view to it, that Jenyns got together those valuable collections, in almost every department of natural history, with which his name will ever be associated. His entomological cabinet, now in the museum of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, contains an almost unique collection of the insects of Cambridgeshire; while his large collection of British shells is especially rich in the number of land and fresh-water species which abound in the Fens. The Museum of Ipswich is fortunate in possessing his cabinet of British birds' eggs, together with a small collection of micro-mammalia, a branch of zoology to which he had paid considerable attention. But his herbarium of British plants is perhaps the most valuable and complete of his many collections. He was wont, after the manner of the earlier botanists, to make walking tours—or, as they would have termed them, "simpling expeditions"—into various parts of the country, with a view to discovering the rarer species; and in this way, in the course of years, he succeeded in getting together an almost perfect collection of British plants.

In addition to the engrossing occupation of collecting, Jenyns also found time for literary work. Besides writing numberless papers for various scientific societies, he under-

took, at the urgent request of Darwin, to describe "The Fishes of the Voyage of the *Beagle*," a work which was well received by the scientific world, and which, with his "Manual of British Vertebrate Animals," may be regarded as the most important of his many publications. It may well be a matter of surprise how Jenyns, with his weak health and constant headaches, and with the many interruptions inseparable from parochial duty, was able to accomplish so much in natural history. The explanation is to be found in those methodical habits which at school earned for him the name of "Methodist," and in that keen apprehension of the value of time which was so marked a feature in the character of his friend Darwin. Until past the age of four-score years, he was seldom in bed, except when incapacitated by illness, after six o'clock in the morning, while he had formed a habit of utilizing every spare minute, and of turning every odd moment to some good account. He was a conspicuous example of the truth of Dante's line that—

"Who knows most, him loss of time most grieves."

At length, after spending almost thirty years in the happy discharge of his ministerial duties amid the congenial surroundings of Swaffham-Bulbeck, the state of his wife's health compelled Jenyns to resign the living. He removed to Ventnor, and shortly afterwards to Bath, where, some years later, his wife died. Here he undertook the duties of the curacy of Woolley, and for a time those of the parish of Langridge, where he gave his services gratuitously. He afterwards, and until increasing infirmities compelled him to desist, regularly visited the patients at Bellott's Hospital, where he was accustomed to hold a short weekly service.

But it is in connection with the Natural History and Antiquarian Field Club which he founded in 1855, and of which he was the first President, that his name at Bath will ever be associated. In 1869 he presented to the Royal Literary Institute the magnificent gift of his own scientific library, together with his entire herbarium, consisting of more than forty folio volumes of phanerogamous plants, besides several smaller volumes of mosses and sea-weeds and fresh-water algæ. A special room was added to the Institute to receive these treasures, and is known as the Jenyns Library. He was further instrumental in causing a small observatory to be erected in the Institute gardens, from which meteorological observations are now regularly taken.

Of late years, owing to his great age and increasing infirmities, Leonard Jenyns—or Leonard Blomefield, as he latterly signed himself, having changed his name on succeed-

ing to the Blomefield property in Norfolk in 1871—led a very retired life, and was seldom seen in public. He retained, however, till the last his interest in scientific and religious questions; and as lately as November, 1891, he read a paper before the Bath Field Club. For many years the great problem of the reconciliation of faith and science had formed the chief intellectual pursuit of the old naturalist, himself a firm believer in the doctrine of Evolution; but such was the strength of his conviction in the truth of revelation that the difficulties of the subject never for one moment unsettled his religious opinions. "Something," writes Prebendary Earle, for many years his near neighbour and intimate friend, "assured him that the Gospel was eternally true, something that was stronger than any scientific reasonings. He was not the man to relinquish a friend who had once proved true just because there were points about him that baffled his understanding." Towards the end his interest in this vast subject yielded to that of eschatology, with which his last work, written at the age of ninety-two, deals. It is entitled "The Life of the World to Come," and in this little pamphlet the venerable author throws out the suggestion that man's appointed place hereafter may be in "one of the countless worlds open to our view on a starry night"; and enlarges on the thought, entertained by John Ray and by many eminent thinkers, that the life of the world to come may be in some sense a continuation of the life here as regards interests and occupation. "If," said Frederic Maurice in his last illness, when told that he must never preach again—"if I may not preach here, I may preach in other worlds." On these words Blomefield loved to dwell, and to think that "similar fields of activity may possibly be opened out to those who, when living here, took pleasure in the study of the works of God as manifested on this earth."

It is curious to learn that, like Charles Darwin, Leonard Blomefield cared nothing for poetry; but, unlike Darwin, his aversion extended to what is commonly known as "light literature." He seldom or never read novels, but sought for mental recreation and diversion in the study of some subject apart from science and natural history. He was exceedingly fond of English etymology, and Prebendary Earle tells us that in the way of recreation he never remembers him to have taken to any book with such a relish as to Skeat's smaller Etymological Dictionary! "It is no exaggeration," he adds, "to say that for years it furnished Mr. Blomefield with a very favourite entertainment."

In concluding this brief record of a happy life, we cannot perhaps do better than quote the concluding words in which

the venerable naturalist himself sums up his past career: "Natural history, combined formerly with Church and parochial duties, has been a source of happiness to me through life. Science, books, and visiting the poor—the three occupations I took most pleasure in—were always at hand, and each attended to in its turn. So long as I was well in health, time never hung on hand. I trust the duties of a clergyman have not been forgotten amid the attractions of other pursuits. May I be judged to have led not otherwise than a good and useful life. Now in my eighty-eighth year the end cannot be far off." Six years later the end came, and while the mortal remains of Leonard Blomefield, the Father of the Linnean Society, and the Nestor of English Naturalists, quietly repose in Lansdown cemetery, it may be (as he loved to think) that his spirit, freed from earthly limitations, is still pursuing those problems of scientific inquiry the investigation of which was his delight and occupation on earth.

JOHN VAUGHAN.

ART. V.—COURTESY.

THERE is a danger to which we are all subjected by living in times when Christianity is almost universally professed, and when the line of demarcation between the Church and the world is imperceptible. That danger is, that after all our own Christianity may be merely of the conventional type, as that of so many under such circumstances must necessarily be. It is so easy to take up merely the outward appearance of religion, and to be interested about heaps of things connected with religion, and yet to have nothing of the reality of religion—indeed, no real religion at all. You may be interested in Church music, in Church decoration, in Church services, in religious controversies on one side or on the other, in efforts in support of missions or philanthropic movements, in ecclesiastical persons, and the like, and yet have no religion in your heart whatever. Our Lord Himself gave us a warning on this subject; it is one which sounds to us very harsh; but it is absolutely true, and necessary for our consideration again and again: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord! Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven. Many will say to Me in that day, Lord! Lord! have we not prophesied in Thy Name? and in Thy Name have cast out devils? and in Thy Name done many wonderful works? And then will I