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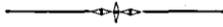
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work, how precious it may be! To be "great in the kingdom of heaven," in position, in influence, in gifts, in opportunity—you covet it earnestly and murmur that it is beyond your reach. To make another great in the kingdom of heaven, by sympathy, by help, by instruction, by self-sacrifice, by imparting to him your little store that he may use it unacknowledged for the common Lord—is this not within the reach of all of us, and will it not bring its exceeding great reward? The crown to be given at that day, the day of "the revelation of the righteous judgment of God,"¹ is "a crown of righteousness."² All its glory is the reflected brightness of the "Sun of righteousness,"³ whose rays, like a perfect mirror, it receives and gives back. But in nothing shall its *righteousness* be more apparent than in the exact proportion of its brilliancy to the work of righteousness that has gained it. The cup of cold water shall not then lose its reward. "Each," however humble, "shall receive his own reward, according to his own," however uncommemorated, "work."

T. T. PEROWNE.



ART. III.—SUSSEX—NOTES OF SCENERY, ARCHÆOLOGY, AND HISTORY.

PART II.

IN a former paper I endeavoured to attract the reader's attention to the value of the associations connected with the scenery, the archæology, and the general history of Sussex. I now propose to add a few remarks on some of the great deeds which have been done, and some of the most remarkable events which have occurred, during the development of South-Saxon life.

There is an excellent adage which was addressed to the Spartans of old: "Spartam nactus es: hanc orna:"⁴ "Sparta is the lot of your inheritance; see that you adorn it." This is a good motto for anyone who tries to direct the thoughts of his readers to the claims of local history, and to the inspiring memories of local greatness. In this case I wish to remind the men of Sussex that they are not only citizens of Chichester or burgesses of Hastings, or Lewes, or Brighton; but that they are the present representatives of the old English race of the South-Saxons, and are bound to discharge their own task

¹ Romans ii. 5.

² 2 Tim. iv. 8.

³ Malachi iv. 2.

⁴ "Erasmii Adagiorum Epitome," p. 542, ed. 1663.

honestly, so as to transmit its credit and responsibility uninjured to their sons. Let them make much use and profit of all that they can learn about the great deeds that have been done in this historic county, in the midst of which the lot of their inheritance is cast.

“The county of Sussex,” says Mr. Freeman—“the county which contains the hill of Senlac and the hill of Lewes—the spot,” as he elsewhere says, “where England fell with Harold, and the spot where she rose again with Simon—has witnessed greater events than any other shire in England.”¹ The events to which the historian here refers are, as all know, two famous battles—two battles which, more than any other, were decisive turning-points in English history. I should like to prefix a third and earlier great deed of a spiritual character and a more purely local interest—the conversion of the South-Saxons by St. Wilfrid of York. Taking things altogether, and weighing one thing with another, these are the three greatest deeds that have been done in Sussex. The final establishment of Christianity in the place of the old heathen worship, which the Saxons had brought from the shores of the Baltic; the great battle which decided that the English race should be moulded for its eventful career under the stern hand of Norman rule; and the struggle of the Barons, which led to the first development of our Parliamentary system—these are the three topics which must take precedence in the consideration of our present subject. They stand out high and clear, like mountain-peaks above a level land. But, even while studying them with deepest interest, we must bear in mind that many other deeds of humbler agents, all unknown to history, will doubtless be found recorded to their honour in the Book of God—deeds of steadfast endurance, as well as of action—and that in less known cases than the labours of the Missionary Bishop,

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war.²

I. The Missionary visit of St. Wilfrid, with all the blessings which followed in its train, is the brightest spot in the annals of Sussex through the dreary records of a thousand years. That long stretch of time may be divided, as I pointed out in my previous paper, into the Roman, the heathen Saxon, and the Christian Saxon periods; filling respectively, in round numbers, 400, 200, and again 400 years. The still earlier inhabitants have left little more than their earth-mounds as

¹ “English Towns and Districts,” p. 374; and *Guardian* newspaper for August 8, 1883, p. 1174.

² Milton; Sonnet xvii., p. 183, ed. Mark Pattison.

landmarks on the hills. The imperial presence of the Romans can be traced in the outer walls of Pevensey and the pavements of Bignor, and in the remains of the firm, straight lines of roads which they laid down for the marches of their legions. The Saxons landed on the coast near Chichester less than thirty years after the landing of the Jutes in Kent. For two centuries after that time—up to the second coming of St. Wilfrid in 681—the land was given over to the worship of the old Teutonic gods; and for all that time “darkness” covered “the earth and gross darkness the people.”¹ It was nearly three generations after the arrival of St. Augustine in Kent that Sussex at last received the Gospel. For the last of these divisions of time the history is hard to trace, as the balance of power seemed to sway, now to this side, now to that, and the territory was sometimes independent and sometimes reduced under the over-lords of Mercia and Wessex. But all the while the county retained a unity which it has never lost; for, as Mr. Stephens reminds us, “Sussex is the one instance in England where the boundaries of kingdom, sub-kingdom, shire, and diocese have coincided from the very earliest times.”²

But it is our business now to fix our thoughts upon St. Wilfrid. On his first coming, as he was returning from Gaul after his consecration, he was shipwrecked within reach of the wreckers of Sussex; and as the barbarous people showed him no little unkindness, he had some difficulty in escaping with his life. Some fifteen years after that visit he was brought again within these limits by one of the many chances of his chequered career. Then he requited the old inhospitality as a Christian should do—by ministering to both the spiritual and temporal wants of the people. It seems that through a great famine they were actually starving—despairingly flinging themselves by companies from rocks into the sea. It also appears that they did not understand even the art of fishing, beyond the landsman’s skill of catching eels in their sluggish pools and streams. They were instructed in this very elementary industry—of deep-sea fishing, as we must presume—by the exiled Bishop whose life they had sought to take not many years before. Hence their gratitude, and that of the South-Saxon King. Hence, too, the foundation of the Sussex Bishopric at Selsey, where it remained till the change was made to Chichester, in conformity with the new rule of seating Bishops in towns rather than villages, which was adopted after the Conquest.

¹ Isai. lx. 2.

² “Memorials of the South-Saxon See of Chichester,” p. 22.

We see, then, that at least one great thing had been done here between the landing of the Saxons and the landing of the Normans—a great thing, in which we have the deepest interest up to the present day. And it is connected with the famous name of Wilfrid, Archbishop of York, who became, in God's providence, the Apostle of Sussex and the first Bishop of Selsey. From him, though with a change of seat, you can trace the long line of our Bishops in direct descent through twelve centuries, down to our venerated Diocesan, Bishop Richard of Chichester, whom God long preserve. He is, I believe, the seventieth Bishop of Chichester and the ninety-second in succession from St. Wilfrid of York.

It is not necessary to suppose, from the delay in their conversion, that our forefathers were more stupid and bigoted than the rest of the English people; though I fear that that little anecdote about the fishing would not tell much in their favour if they were tried before a jury of the fishermen of Brighton. But their local seclusion, or isolation, was largely responsible for the lateness of their being gathered in to Christ. All along the north of the land there lay the vast dim forest of the Andredswald, "the mickle wood that we call Andred," says the old chronicle. There was then no connexion between Kent and Sussex; and the tide of conversion, which began at Canterbury, never flowed in our direction at all; but streamed on, through Rochester and London, far away to Northumbria, and back into the Midlands. Then at last, by God's good providence, it came to pass that distant York sent us our first great Bishop and Evangelist; and thus the South-Saxons owed their late conversion to a side-issue in great ecclesiastical movements, and to one of the most famous leaders of his age.

II. We need say no more of great deeds done in this county and diocese till we come to the momentous crisis of the Norman Conquest, towards the close of A.D. 1066. Our shores are connected with the successive steps of that invasion at every stage. In that singular historic record, the Bayeux Tapestry, you find at the one end, "Harold Dux Anglorum et sui milites equitant ad Bosham;" and there you see him advancing to a decidedly conventional church, which nevertheless represents, without at all resembling, the existing church of that historic village. You see him riding, with hawk on fist and hound in front, just before he started on his ill-starred voyage to Normandy. As we draw near to the other end of the web, we read how "Willelmus Dux in magno navigio mare transivit, et venit ad Pevensæ (*sic*);" and how "hic exeunt caballi de navibus, et hic milites festinaverunt Hastings

ut cibum raperentur (*sic*)."¹ You see the Norman riding, and the troops landing, and horsemen galloping to Hastings in search of food for the army. Face to face you see the mighty leaders on whose prowess and skill depended, under God, the decision of the future of our land. For the Norman chieftain we may remember the awestricken words of the old chronicle: "He was a very stern and a wrathful man, so that none durst do anything against his will, and he kept in prison those earls who acted against his pleasure." "The rich complained and the poor murmured, but he was so sturdy that he recked nought of them."² Or as Mr. Green more vividly translates it, "Stark man he was, and great awe men had of him." "Stark he was to men that withstood him." But "if William was 'stark' to rebel and baron, men noted that he was 'mild to those that loved God.'"³ A different picture has impressed itself on the mind of the Laureate, as representing the character of Harold:

He is broad and honest,
Breathing an easy gladness:
Peace-lover is our Harold for the sake
Of England's wholeness.⁴

For the story of the great battle, who dare venture to recount it after Mr. Freeman, unless we could do so by simply copying his narrative? I can only urge every reader to study that story for himself—in the charming abridgment, if he has no time to grapple with the five portly octavos; and I should especially congratulate any reader who happened some three years ago to enjoy the privilege of Mr. Freeman's personal guidance over the field of battle. Or he may read the tale in the Poet Laureate's "Harold," which I have repeatedly quoted; and which is full of refined historical skill and English feeling. It is profoundly interesting under such guidance to watch all the stages of that fateful battle; to trace the way the Norman followed in the early morning along the high ground to the north of Hastings; to mark how charge after charge failed to shake the firm array of the English on the opposite hill, through the stern struggle which lasted all that October day; till they were drawn from their strong position by the feigned flight of the Normans, and the struggle was closed, and the current of English history was altered, when the arrow which had been shot upwards that it might fall straight downwards more fatally, sank deep into the brain of the last old English King.

¹ "The Bayeux Tapestry Elucidated," by Dr. J. C. Bruce, 1856, pp. 23, 111, 113, with the plates. ² "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," *s.a.* 1087.

³ "History of the English People," vol. i., pp. 126-7.

⁴ "Harold," p. 28.

And then let us think of the ensuing night of sorrow, when the conquered English fled across the fosse, in which not a few of their pursuers perished, over those slopes which now form one of the pleasantest landscapes in England; and then, after years of promise and of waiting, let us watch the rise of the stately Abbey of St. Martin of the Battle, with its altar fixed upon the spot where Harold fell. Let us study the ruins if we have the opportunity. Let us mark how the very history of England, with all the changes of eventful centuries, is written on the several stages of those shattered, secularized, and partly reconstructed walls; and then, not contenting ourselves with what we can learn from the records of one day, or the sight of one locality, let us seek again the guidance of the accomplished historian to help us to look before and after; to trace the complicated causes which led to the Conquest, and the not less complicated issues which have followed in its train. Let us work out what he means when he condenses the annals of centuries into a single sentence: "It is the foreign conquest wrought under the guise of law which is the key to everything in English history."¹

III. And now turn we to Lewes—a town of many memories and old renown, still conspicuous among English habitations for its striking situation. On the one side are the remains of the twin keeps of its castle; on the other side the scanty fragments of the great Cluniac Priory of St. Pancras, which stood upon the plain below.² The battle of Lewes, of which we have now to speak, took place May 14th, 1264, when Henry III. was King, and the mail-clad Boniface of Savoy had succeeded (1245) the sainted Edmund Rich as Archbishop of Canterbury. We have now covered two centuries from the battle of Hastings or Senlac. The English people have again been welded into one. The tyranny of John had done much to complete the union; and the weakness of his son, the ruling sovereign, through his long reign, which lasted from 1216 to 1272, had done still more to confirm it. The leader of the English party, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, though a Frenchman by origin, became an Englishman at heart. The grievances of the people were mainly twofold: the intrusion of foreigners, of whom the Archbishop Boniface is a conspicuous example; and the Papal assumptions and exactions, which claimed to dispose of English benefices, and plundered English folk for the benefit of Italian strangers. The Barons had endeavoured to control the King by establishing something that bore a resemblance to what we know as a constitutional system and a

¹ "Short History of the Norman Conquest," p. 135.

² Compare Stephens's "Diocesan History of Chichester," p. 79.

responsible ministry, out of which there ultimately grew up our English Parliament with its varied and eventful history. For the story of the Barons' War, I may refer my readers to the work of a gentleman of Sussex, the late Mr. Blaauw.¹ The details of the battle can still be traced with great exactness. The army of the Barons came over the Westward Downs from Fletching in the morning. King Henry was at the Priory of St. Pancras. His greater son, Prince Edward, occupied the castle. The forces of De Montfort came along the slopes in three great divisions, of which the Londoners, on their left, were confronted by Prince Edward, and were driven back in headlong confusion, tempting the victor to a long pursuit, which in the issue proved fatal to his cause. The forces of the English right and centre forced their opponents down into the narrow streets of Lewes, and many a stout warrior was drowned in the sluggish waters of the Ouse.

But here let us pause for a moment to ask a question which is too often neglected by historians: What was the effect of all this stir and warfare on the humbler classes of the land? What happened to the hard-working peasantry when these irresistible forces were trampling over their fields, and beating the hope of the harvest beneath their horsehoofs into dust and blood?

We know that, if Sir Walter Scott may be trusted, during the reign of Henry's lion-hearted uncle, King Richard, at the end of the preceding century, those celebrated Saxon thralls, Gurth, the son of Beowulph, the swineherd, and Wamba, the son of Witless, the Jester, had good reasons for remembering the coming of the Normans as vividly as their master, Cerdic the Saxon. It is not so certain that the peasantry late on in the next century would know much about the merits of the strife between the Barons and the King. They probably resembled the depths of the sea, which are scarcely disturbed, as they tell us, by the raging of the storm upon their surface. Their interests were at present too far off to be felt, though the measures which the Barons had in hand would deeply affect those interests in the future. We can believe that they ploughed and sowed and reaped their grain, or tended their sheep, or snared the wild birds on the downs, scarcely more moved by the passing tempest of war than they would have been by a thunderstorm, which was just as little under their control. Or if ever they were forced to take note of what was passing, they would only be like those German peasants, "who had given their voices stormily for a German Parliament," and

¹ I may also refer to an instructive tale (one of a series) by Rev. A. D. Crane, called "The House of Walderne" (Waldron).

then proceeded to ask, with a doubtful look, "whether it were to consist of infantry or cavalry."¹

IV. To a great extent, however, their condition is mainly conjecture. But far beyond conjecture lie the proofs that God's servants were caring for His people, and building them houses of prayer in every combe and valley in the land. Again, he quote Mr. Freeman. "The county of Sussex in general," he says, "is one of the richest for the ecclesiastical inquirer. The village churches are small, but always picturesque; and there are several large parish churches of much merit."² Above all the parish churches ranks the cathedral; the work at first of Norman builders, though the fabric passes on through the Transition period into a beautiful example of the Early English grace and lightness. Consider also what we owe to the builders of Rye and Winchelsea, of Battle and Echingham, of Eastbourne and Seaford, of Alfriston and Poynings, of Old and New Shoreham, of Worth and Sompting and Bosham, of Boxgrove and Arundel, and many others. Add to these what I have referred to in my previous paper, the countless ancient village churches, still standing for the use of prayer and praise upon the weald or among the downs or in the forest. The erection of great religious houses also must be reckoned among great deeds when they were established, though most of them have long since passed away and perished. Such were Lewes, and Battle, and Michelham, and Robertsbridge, in the eastern division; such were Boxgrove, and Arundel, and others in the west. And if the county contains none of the ancient and famous public schools of England, let us gratefully acknowledge the great things done for education in our own days and the days of our fathers; not only in the erection of elementary schools, but in the foundation of colleges for our chief towns, and especially in that remarkable series of foundations, connected with the College of St. Nicholas, at Lancing. Can we not trace great deeds again in the hospitals with which all our towns are adorned, the outward symbols of the spirit of Christian charity, which arose out of the precepts, and still more the example, of our Lord? And amidst our differences of opinion and practice, we shall surely all agree to recognise the greatness of the sacrifices which have been made with the view of diffusing the religion of Christ. It must be admitted to have been a great deed, for example, that the church-people of Brighton raised £200,000 for church extension and endowment in the fifty years that followed the year 1828; and that in the archdeaconry

¹ "George Eliot's Essays," p. 261.

² "English Towns and Districts," p. 380.

of Lewes there has been raised for the same purposes the sum of £390,000 within the last six years alone, £320,000 of which were the offerings of voluntary contributions.¹ I speak only of facts with which I am intimately acquainted; and doubt not that a proportionate return could be made from the diocese at large. And when we consider further, and with a wider outlook, the great things that have been effected by the union of men belonging to all parties, and representing every phase of opinion, for the improvement and diffusion of education, the promotion of temperance, and the protection of purity, I feel that we may assuredly thank God and take courage; and believe that, in spite of all the rush and tumult of our hurrying lives, the spirit to do great things has by no means departed, and that we may look hopefully forward, with God's blessing, to a brightening future.

JOHN HANNAH.

ART. IV.—THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN.

(*Concluded from page 88.*)

OUR observations upon St. John's Gospel in the former papers have resulted in two entirely opposite lines of thought. It will be remembered that we began by seeking the key to the Gospel in the Divine Portraiture of our Lord which it presents. We have attempted to observe Him as the Eagle of Israel; and this Portrait has necessarily two sides. There is the Eagle stirring up the nest of nestlings that were determined not to rise, and there is the Eagle bearing upon His wings those who made some endeavour, however feeble, to learn His unearthly flight. Our Lord's dealings with the few among His own who received Him are constantly intertwined throughout this Gospel with the strife and contradiction of the many who received Him not. Unless we take up these two lines separately, the great contrast which they present is likely to escape us, more especially as the history of the rejection of the "Eagle of Israel" has less direct interest for as many as receive him, than His own teaching for themselves.

But in the Christian Faith all doctrine is based on history. And the Godhead of our Lord and Master is the very Rock on which His Church is built. Consequently, the story of His

¹ The remaining £70,000 consists of grants from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and from various Church societies, the contributions of which generally bear some relation to the amount from voluntary offerings in each case.