

FATHER WAINRIGHT

A RECORD

BY

LUCY MENZIES

With a Foreword by

A. F. WINNINGTON INGRAM

formerly Bishop of London

*Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by*

—ROBERT BROWNING

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All royalties from the sale of this book go to St. Peter's,
London Docks, which was seriously damaged by bombing

THE man who is sent down by God from these heights into the world is full of truth and rich in all virtues. And he seeks not his own but the glory of Him who sent him. And hence he is just and truthful in all things and he possesses a rich and generous ground which is set in the richness of God : and therefore he must always spend himself on those who have need of him : for the living fount of the Holy Ghost, which is his wealth, can never be spent.

And he is a living and willing instrument of God, with which God works whatsoever He wills and howsoever He wills ; and those works he reckons not as his own, but gives all the glory to God. And so he remains willing to do in the virtues all that God commands, and strong and courageous in suffering and enduring all that God allows to befall him.

And by this he possesses a universal life, for he is ready alike for contemplation and for action, and is perfectly in both of them at once.

RUYSBROECK, *The Sparkling Stone*

FOREWORD

By

THE RIGHT REV. A. F. WINNINGTON INGRAM, D.D.
FORMERLY BISHOP OF LONDON

The late Bishop Winnington Ingram was a great friend of Fr. Wainright and having asked to see the manuscript of this book with a view to writing a foreword to it, the MS. was sent to him.

But before it reached him, he had been taken seriously ill. Anxious, with his usual thoughtfulness and courtesy, not to delay publication, he asked his nephew to read it to him. But as he was already very weak, he interrupted the reading to dictate the following paragraphs—the last thing he did, as he died three days later.

UNFORTUNATELY the manuscript of this book arrived when I was in bed, unable to read or write anything. But I had the first chapters read to me and I feel sure that the rest is as charmingly written.

When I became Bishop of London in 1901, I found two priests under a cloud, Fr. Stanton and Fr. Wainright. The former was delighted by my going to call on him at St. Alban's, Holborn (I think he had been put on the mat by about four bishops previously!) and I offered him a prebendal stall before he died. But he said, "My train is slowing down into the station. . . ."

Fr. Wainright's cloud was incense and reservation. Of course, as Bishop of Stepney I had had to carry out the

orders of my chief and I remember a cheeky little choirboy, no doubt put up to it by his superiors, asking "Can you tell me, Bishop, why, if incense is ordered in Heaven, it is forbidden on earth?"

Fr. Wainright and I soon settled the questions of incense and reservation and then, the ban being lifted, the Father and I drove triumphant through a joyous crowd as a sign of reconciliation with the Church.

From that day to the day of his death, Fr. Wainright was one of my dearest friends.

One other joyous occasion I remember, where I put my foot very badly into it to the universal joy of everyone. Forgetting to look at the Father I said, "I have known that cassock for forty years!" Whereas the "mothers" had just given him the new one he was wearing that very morning!

It was always a joy to go to St. Peter's. Fr. Wainright was indeed a happy saint, like St. Francis.

His name will live forever as a fragrant memory.

A. F. WINNINGTON INGRAM
Bishop

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THIS record of the life and work of Fr. Wainright has been compiled from his own writings and the reminiscences of his friends.

We are fortunate in having in his own words an account of his early years, and as he wrote a monthly letter to the *St. Peter's Parish Magazine* from 1884 till two years before his death, there is an abundance of good and authentic material to draw upon. The Rev. A. H. Luetchford, vicar of St. Peter's when the book was being written, most generously put all this material at my disposal; for that and for all his help I am deeply grateful.

The writing of this record was first suggested by a priest long associated with the Dock district who knew Fr. Wainright: he believed the story of the Father's life and work to be one which should not be lost, and the book owes him a very great deal besides its origin. Fr. Geoffrey Curtis, C.R., was also associated with the project from the beginning.

I owe much to Mr. Henry Cairncross, the anonymous editor of *Ritual Notes*. He seems to have practised anonymity all his life, for though he edited and largely wrote the excellent *St. Peter's Magazine* for many years, his name seldom appears. But it is to the *Magazine* and therefore to Henry Cairncross and his successor, the late Walter Jones, that we owe our knowledge of the parish and its many organizations. So engrossing are they that I have had constantly to remind myself that this is a life of Fr. Wainright; the history of St. Peter's, London Docks, would require a volume to itself.

Fr. Wainright's relations have supplied the family history. As he always shunned the camera we are fortunate in having illustrations from snapshots. Mrs. Darby has kindly lent those from which the frontispiece and the picture in old age are taken: the likeness in middle life we owe to Mrs. Conolly, reproduced from the wedding group of his friend and nephew Henry Conolly.

Other friends of Fr. Wainright's who have helped and are not otherwise mentioned are Mr. George Devonshire, one of the Father's "own rearing"; Mr. W. A. Hook, for many years organist of St. Peter's; Mrs. Bull, sister-in-law of Fr. H. P. Bull, S.S.J.E.; Miss Cook, niece of Fr. Dulley; Lady Katharine Drummond; the Misses Gilborn; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knight, and many more.

In Wapping itself my thanks are due to Miss Lloyd-Holland, my kind hostess, who piloted me about the parish and beyond; and to various old friends of the Father who told me many happy stories about him and whose devotion to his memory has been an inspiration and a delight.

As to the book generally I am aware that the word *Father* occurs too often. But it is a term belonging peculiarly to St. Peter's. For when Charles Lowder founded that church and parish, he conceived of his people as one large family and himself as Father of the family. He and his assistants were called by that name long before it came into general use. Fr. Wainright thought it had a great deal to do with the way he and his colleagues were welcomed into the homes of the people—"however much," he goes on jokingly, "it savoured of priestcraft and sacerdotalism and all the terrible things connected with these words!"

I should also like to explain my reason for placing Evelyn Underhill's estimate of Fr. Wainright at the end of the book. The best should always come last; the whole book leads up to it and the reader will appreciate it more

after reading what goes before. Evelyn Underhill so often spoke and wrote of Fr. Wainright as an example of the consecrated life that it is to her I owe much of what I know of him as well as of the life he lived.

L. M.

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frontispiece

**Fr. Wainright speaking to his people
at his Jubilee Celebrations, 1923**

(photograph by Alfieri Pictures Services)

facing page 112

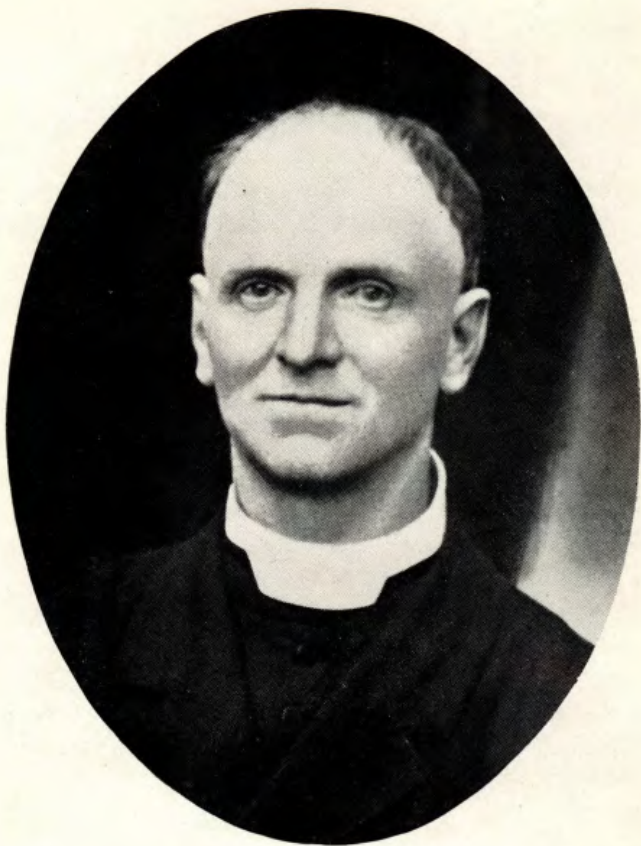
Vicar of St. Peter's

facing page 113

The last years



*Fr. Wainright speaking to his people
at his Jubilee celebrations 1923*



Vicar of St Peter's



The last years

INTRODUCTION

A YOUNG man not long ordained found himself in the neighbourhood of the London Docks and went into the church of St. Peter's. The caretaker spoke to him and mentioned the name of Fr. Wainright.

"Who is Fr. Wainright?" asked the visitor.

This record is an attempt to give an answer to that question.

The Father's life and work as parish priest and evangelist for fifty-six years in that difficult Dock area is one of the glories of the Church of England and should not be allowed to sink into oblivion. In many ways, allowing for differences in time and nationality, he is to England what the Curé d'Ars is to France. There are striking resemblances between the two men, brought up so differently. The Curé d'Ars sprang from the French peasantry; Fr. Wainright's ancestors had served in the Army for generations. The Curé d'Ars received what little education he had from his parish priest; Fr. Wainright was the product of the English public-school and university system. But though they began differently they soon pursued parallel paths.

Both began the day early by celebrating the Sacred Mysteries and after that by a long period of rapt devotion before the altar: that was the power which enabled both to live ascetic lives far into old age. Neither cared anything for his appearance; nothing was too shabby for the *man*; but in his priestly office, nothing too splendid for the

minister of God. Both fed, clothed and rescued the poor. Both worked hard, subsisted on the minimum of food, never had a moment for themselves—except that early morning hour of communion with God. Neither ever refused a request for service day or night. A doctor who once attended the Curé d’Ars said of his incredibly austere life, “Science cannot explain how he remained alive.” The secret for him as for Fr. Wainright was “that while they were giving they did not for a moment cease to receive.”¹ Human love and pity were transformed in them into a channel of the celestial charity itself. It was said of the Curé d’Ars and can equally be said of Fr. Wainright, *Grace poured through him.*

He wanted to walk faithfully in the footsteps of his great predecessor, Charles Lowder. He did that. But he did much more. For fifty-six years he was the selfless servant of the people of Dockside. He wanted to share their lives and so he lived hard. He knew what it was to be hungry. During the dock strike in the early 'eighties, he refused to eat any “dinner,” because hundreds of his people had to go dinnerless. Later on, when he found that having a midday meal interfered with seeing his people in hospital, he gave it up altogether. And he knew what it was to be insufficiently clad, for he cultivated the habit of giving away even the clothes he had on. A friend—it was Bishop Paget—meeting him once in Hyde Park noticed that though he wore an overcoat, there was no coat underneath it. It had just been given away.

Fr. Wainright was in all things absolutely simple and faithful and childlike. He loved his people, young and old, and they loved him. He lost himself, gave himself, for them. There have been others. But he is the superlative example of a parish priest who lived entirely for his people and had

¹ Henri Gheon, *Secret of the Curé d’Ars.*

no thought for anything else. And it was all built on love of his Lord and His Church.

What his friends remember chiefly are his gentle persuasiveness and his urge for the winning of souls; his quietness and naturalness; his inflexible sense of direction. What he meant to do, that he would do. One of his parishioners speaks of his difficult lads—"But he tamed them! Quietly!" From his military forebears he inherited the power of commanding obedience. He was always the quiet gentleman, in his world but not of it. He was never affected by his environment as some priests are. Wapping was drab and depressing then. But he never sought refuge from it—as his great predecessor sometimes did. Nor was his saintliness the least obtrusive or conventional. Away from his parish there was nothing to distinguish him in appearance from a Victorian country clergyman of the best type.

Fr. Wainright's title to greatness lies in the supernatural zeal with which he overcame his environment, and which enabled his long life of self-giving to the same people. He worked at St. Peter's for fifty-six years without ever taking a holiday. There have been mission priests, like Fr. Dolling, whose methods may have had more originality and dramatic appeal, who took their people body and soul, as Fr. Wainright did, and bore them all in their hearts, with a special place for those whom no one else would touch. But in his long life of quiet self-giving to sinner and saint, in such conditions and surroundings, Fr. Wainright stands alone.

He that is near Me is near the Fire. These reputed words of Our Lord form a fitting epitaph for Fr. Wainright.

"To go on working year after year, to be constant in visiting and teaching, to persevere in season and out of season though he cannot perceive any tangible result, to be content to battle on steadily and cheerfully, leaving to others who will come after him the privilege of reaping, the

fruit of his labours—for all this he needs zeal and perseverance. *The Good Shepherd goes after the sheep until he finds it*—the persevering zeal of an unwearied love.”¹

That is a quotation from a great priest’s summary of a life of supernatural zeal. Fr. Wainright fulfilled it.

“If there ever was a saint, he was one,” said one of his people. This record is an attempt to make it clear to the Church of England that there has been a saint in her midst.

¹ Canon B. W. Randolph, *The Threshold of the Sanctuary*.

I

PARENTAGE AND YOUTH

And especially the age of them that willingly and freely offer their lives to God, passingly is rewarded and wonderfully is thanked

THE LADY JULIAN

LINCOLN STANHOPE WAINRIGHT was the youngest son of Major Henry Maxwell Wainright and Louisa Letitia his wife.

The Wainright family was an old military one, all male members of which went into the Army as a matter of course. Henry's father, the Rev. Francis Marcus Wainright, was no exception. But though as a youth he went into the Army, he later transferred to the Navy in which he served under Nelson. Later still he felt the call to serve Christ in His Church. He took Holy Orders and became rector of Trim in Ireland (Co. Meath). The duties of his parish evidently not satisfying his desire to be of use to those amongst whom he lived, he became a magistrate and after the Rebellion of 1798 was thanked by Parliament for his services.

His first wife was a daughter of Sir John Maxwell of Co. Down, and their son Henry was born at Trim on 17th March 1792. The mother died when the boy was still very young but his father married again, and that not only once! It was perhaps not so unusual in those patriarchal days that he had altogether four wives and twenty-two children. A contemporary portrait shows that like all the Wainrights he had a big nose. That, as well as many of the vigorous

and philanthropic qualities of his indomitable ancestor, his grandson Lincoln inherited.

Henry Wainright had a distinguished career. As an ensign in the 47th Foot (now the Loyal Regiment) he went with the 2nd Battalion to Gibraltar in 1808 and moved with it to the Peninsula. He took part in the siege of Cadiz (1810), the battle of Barrosa (1811), and the storming of Tarifa, when he was in command of the Grenadier Company covering the guns. In 1814 the Regiment was moved to India and took part in an expedition to the Persian Gulf when Captain Wainright commanded the Marines. He served in the Burmese War as personal A.D.C. to Lt.-Gen. Sir Willoughby Cotton, was awarded a medal and twice mentioned in general orders. He gained a high reputation in the Army; *The Times* notice of his death mentions his gallantry, coolness and judgement and how he won the highest encomiums of his brigadier.

On the 10th June 1828, when he was thirty-six and she was eighteen, he married Louisa Letitia Prescott, eldest daughter of Charles Elton Prescott of Theobald's Park, Hertford.¹ "Harry" Wainright, as he was affectionately called by his brother officers, took his young bride to East Holmwood in Surrey where they lived in a large house standing in its own grounds. Louisa presented her husband with twelve children of whom two sons died in infancy.

Harry Wainright's military career was cut short in a strange way. The Duke of Wellington, determined to put an end to duelling in the Army (partly in response to public opinion, partly to the influence of the Prince Consort), let it be known that anyone acting as principal or second in a

¹ Charles Prescott was the second son of Thomas Prescott, brother of the first Baron Prescott (created 1794). Thomas Prescott's wife (Fr. Wainright's grandmother) was a daughter of Sir Charles Frederick and the Hon. Lucy Boscawen, daughter of Viscount Falmouth.

duel would be obliged to leave the service. Not long after, Harry Wainright was asked to be second to one of his brother officers in the duel which brought duelling in the British Army to an end.² Though he must have realized what the penalty would be, he felt he could not refuse the request of his friend. But he was heartbroken when, owing to the Duke's edict, he had to retire from the Army. He was given the rank of major and went to live with his wife and growing family at Albury Cottage near Guildford. There, on 4th June 1847, the youngest child was born. He was baptized by the Rev. John Hooper, rector of Albury, on 27th July 1847, when the names given him were Lincoln Stanhope, Lord Stanhope being his godfather.

Living on a pension with ten children to feed and clothe and educate was not easy. There is a dignified letter from Louisa Wainright to the governors of Christ's Hospital, requesting a presentation for her second son, Willoughby. She writes :

We have ten children, the eldest alone provided for, Major Wainright having obtained a cadetship for him. . . . We have nine children at home: six girls and three boys, the eldest of whom is four and a half, the youngest (Lincoln) seven months.

She goes on to point out that one of her ancestors, Sir John Frederick, had, when Lord Mayor of London, rebuilt the Great Hall of Christ's Hospital, burned down in the Great Fire of London, entirely at his own cost. She hopes that this fact may obtain for her second son the advantages of an education in that Institution. Her request was granted. But her husband, who never recovered from having to leave the Army, became increasingly ill and died on 19th Nov-

² For a detailed account of the duel see Lewis Melville, *Famous Duels*. (London, Jarrolds, 1929.)

ember 1849 when only fifty-seven years old. He was buried in the family vault in the churchyard of St. Mary Magdalene, South Holmwood, and a tablet was erected to his memory by his brothers-in-arms—"a token of their regard for an esteemed friend and a gallant soldier."

His widow being herself a good linguist and anxious that her children too should have an opportunity to learn foreign tongues (partly also no doubt for reasons of economy) took her large family over to France. They lived at Boulogne for nearly four years, so that even the youngest child grew up speaking French. Their mother died there on 9th October, 1854, only forty-four years old.

At the consequent break-up of the home, Lincoln, who was then seven years of age, was welcomed into the family of his eldest sister Louisa. She was much older than he was and had many years earlier married the Rev. Marmaduke Conolly, then at Christchurch, Oxford. There were several Conolly children; one of them, Henry Gambier, although some years younger than his little uncle, became and remained his greatest friend. The Conolly home was his home from that time.

As Marmaduke Conolly was an ardent supporter of the Oxford Movement, the boy was at once in the very centre of that movement and was to be much influenced by his host, thought at that time to be "Very High indeed!"

In due time young Wainright went to Marlborough College. Bishop Luke Paget remembered hearing Dean Bradley, then headmaster, speak of Wainright's first appearance as that of a "rather fascinating little boy, small and quaintly dressed, who found his way to people's hearts and disposed them to be kind to him." "It was just something of that," the Bishop goes on, "which lived on in him when in course of time the love of Christ laid firm hold on him and the priesthood claimed him and he gave himself heart

and soul for more than fifty years to the work which was his life."¹

A friend who was with him at Marlborough remembered that no matter how he was ragged for it, Wainright always said his prayers morning and evening, though he was afterwards immediately ready to join in any lark that was going.

In 1858 he listened to Frederick Temple, the young headmaster of Rugby—"He preached to us lads in our college chapel. He was then the schoolmaster but in later years it was the priest who came out noticeably and made his words weighty and helpful." He and the schoolboy were to meet again when, as Bishop of London, Frederick Temple was "kind and helpful."

Marlborough was spartan in those days. Winter and summer the boys washed outside under the pump—"Very good for us! Made us hardy!" Fr. Wainright would declare as an old man.

After leaving Marlborough he went for a short time to a tutor. His wife informed her husband's "young gentlemen" that they must use the back stairs when they came in muddy from a game or country ramble. Young Wainright absolutely refused to do so! Another thing he objected to was being given common yellow soap to wash with. There was trouble over that too, the youth threatening to leave if things were not altered—which they were. He used to laugh at these stories in later life, amused at his own fastidiousness.

He would have liked to go into the Army. But his eldest brother, who was in the Indian Army, died in India, and Admiral Gambier, the guardian of the Wainright family, refused to allow the youngest son to follow the same profession. The Admiral would have liked him to go into the Navy, but the lad was not attracted that way. Though at the time he regretted not being allowed to go into the Army

¹ Henry Luke Paget, in the *Guardian* of 15th February 1929.

he used to say, "After all, I *have* done a bit of fighting in the Church!"

From his tutor's Wainright went up to Wadham College, Oxford. His little Latin prayer book still exists with the inscription on the fly-leaf, *Lincoln S. Wainright, Wadham College, Oxon, October 1869.*

We do not know much about his appearance at this time except that he was short, slim and fair. The adjective several people apply to him is "dapper." Miss Emma King, daughter of the Rev. Bryan King, wrote: "Mr. Wainright was very smart and careful of his dress in these Oxford days." His niece, Mrs. Conolly, tells us that his greatest ambition was to get the latest in socks and ties like his brother Harry who was known as "a man about town." Wainright was devoted to Harry; "I used to get exactly what Harry had," he would say regretfully, "only to be told the next time we met that I was hopelessly out of date! So at last I gave it up!"

He was still fastidious about his food; it is remembered that when he dined in his rooms he would send the cutlets back if they appeared without their frills.

He was fond of horses and of riding then and indeed always, though after he went to Wapping he "had not much opportunity." Always attracted by a good fire—the one luxury he allowed himself—he remembered how at Oxford he and his friends used to put sugar on the fire to make it burn—"Only wish I had it now!" he wrote many years later thinking of his hungry people.

It was after he had made up his mind to take Holy Orders—influenced no doubt by the Oxford Movement in whose orbit he lived in the Conolly household—that he met Charles Lowder. From that time he determined to go to St. Peter's, London Docks. All his vacations were spent down there. Wapping fascinated him. It was very different then. Great

four-masted ships lay in the docks. Citizens of all the countries in the world jostled each other in its alleys; the scent of spices stored in the great warehouses mingled with the fumes of the surrounding factories. But even these strange scents were dear to the young student.

Few of us think of London as first of all a great port. But such it is. Such was its origin. London was the chief port of Britain before it became its capital. The Docks are not far from the centre of the city. Wapping lies only two miles below London Bridge. Charles Lowder wrote of the Dock district:

It contains one of the main supplies of London's wealth and commerce. The extensive basins, the immense warehouses which contain the treasures of every quarter of the globe—wool, cotton, tea, coffee, tobacco, skins, ivory; the miles of vaults filled with wines and spirits; the thousands of persons employed, clerks, customs officers, labourers, lightermen, and sailors, make the Docks a world of itself. Then of course the commerce brings a vast amount of traffic into our streets. . . . Waggon laden with merchandise, heavy casks of sugar and wine, bales of cotton and wool, tea-chests and bags of coffee to be dispensed throughout the metropolis, the country, the world!¹

Wapping itself is an island. Its streets and alleys lie between the Dock basins and the river and are connected with the mainland by drawbridges. It has the characteristics of an island, more perhaps in Fr. Wainright's day than now; then everybody knew everybody else; it was an entity, a little kingdom with its own customs and habits.

It was young Wainright's ambition to work at St. Peter's. The place, the church, the vicar all attracted him; possibly too the spice of danger. It was no safe job being a missionary

¹ Charles Lowder, *Twenty-one Years in St. George's Mission*, pp. 30 sqq.

even when he began to go there after Lowder and his companions had made their brave beginning. The missionaries were still apt to be stoned; the drawbridges were convenient to throw people over. As Fr. Wainright said later, "If one was not liked, it was quite possible that a flower-pot might fall, of course quite by accident, on one's head." But that did not daunt him; his mind was made up. Lowder, however, thought he was too young to begin work in such a difficult parish and so he went as curate to St. Peter's, Devizes, being ordained deacon in Salisbury Cathedral on 5th March 1871 by George, Bishop of Salisbury, and priested by the same prelate on 27th May 1872.

When Dean Bradley, his old headmaster, met Wainright and heard that he was bent on going to St. Peter's, he said, "Well! Go if you will! But you must understand you will never get promotion down there!"

That, however, the young priest never desired, neither then nor ever after in his long life. St. Peter's, London Docks, was his first and last love. He worshipped Fr. Lowder with an awe and devotion which made him attempt the impossible as his chief did. To Lowder "the impossible" simply did not exist. His assistant priests—a term he preferred to the word curate—were neither allowed to use the word nor recognize the existence of "the impossible."

II

ASSISTANT PRIEST AT ST. PETER'S LONDON DOCKS

Such ever was love's way; to rise, it stoops
ROBERT BROWNING

IN the autumn of 1872, the vicar of St. Peter's, Devizes, the Rev. H. Grindle, told his curate that owing to financial difficulties he was sorry he could no longer keep him. Young Wainright protested that his salary did not matter as he had some money of his own and would like to stay on. But the vicar felt he could not accept his offer.

By that time Mr. Bryan King, the well-known vicar of St. George's-in-the-East, who was really the founder of St. George's Mission, was vicar of the neighbouring parish of Avebury. Thinking highly of Lincoln Wainright and knowing there was soon to be a vacancy on the staff of St. Peter's, London Docks, he told Fr. Lowder that Wainright would soon be free. Lowder's parents lived near Devizes, and it was arranged that the next time he came to see them he should also see young Wainright.

I looked forward with some trepidation to his visit and did not dare to expect to survive the ordeal. The fateful day duly came and with it Fr. Lowder. He came to luncheon with me at my lodgings. He did not say much and after lunch went to see my vicar saying he would write later.

To be on the staff of St. Peter's in those days was looked on as a great privilege, so great that I hardly dared to hope

it would ever fall to my lot. Even the thought of such a possibility seemed presumption. At last I received a letter from Fr. Lowder offering me the curacy and asking me to come and see him about it.

In those days one travelled to Wapping by boat, the railway between Wapping and Aldgate not yet being built. As the boat steamed down the river and even more as it approached Tunnel Pier, fearful misgivings assailed the young priest about his future home. The great wharves and tremendous walls of the warehouses seemed to be shutting out the world he knew, hemming him in. And when he landed and walked along the cobbled alleys between their high walls, he confesses that for the moment his heart sank within him.

In Old Gravel Lane (now Wapping Lane) he found Fr. Lowder talking to another member of the staff, Fr. Biscoe. Both were clad in cassocks and long black cloaks and seemed to the young curate "very stern and austere." And when Fr. Lowder took him into St. Peter's, beautiful in its Christmas array of blue and white, he says, "It was far beyond what, ritualist as I was, I had been accustomed to. Altogether I felt overawed and alarmed at what I was about to undertake. However, the die was cast and soon the day of my coming was settled."

On the Monday after Low Sunday in 1873 Lincoln Wainright took up his residence in Wapping where he was to spend the rest of his life. St. Peter's clergy house was then in Calvert Street (now Watts Street) and he writes of it as "Our happy home with the Father, so much loved and venerated—if a little feared also—as our head."

When he arrived Fr. Lowder was away for a short holiday and the rest of the staff were out visiting. Fr. Wainright found himself at once in charge and responsible for Evensong.

He was shown his room where he found a good fire (always a joy to him) and then surveyed the furniture. It consisted of a bed with a broken spring, five chests of drawers all more or less dilapidated, a table and one or two chairs. The broken spring he only discovered when he went to bed—"Then it became necessary to arrange one's weary limbs in such a way that the spring did not obtrude itself too prominently." He concluded that was part of the mortification of the flesh which the clergy house—as contrasted with his comfortable rooms at Devizes—was meant to produce. The floor too was rather on a slant which he says "seemed peculiar to my less mortified ways but this being recognized one soon became used to it." The least unserviceable of the chests of drawers was chosen, the rest sent elsewhere, and the basket chair he had brought with him was duly installed. In this room which he grew to love he lived for eleven years, till the new clergy house was built.

Having unpacked, he went down to tea in the refectory. There the assistant schoolmaster, who also acted as organist, awaited him and gave him some information about the life of the clergy house. Later he sallied forth to the Commercial Road to buy, of all things—smelling salts :

Not because of anything they were intended to efface but because I always feel there is a certain safety in having smelling salts in your pocket—to say nothing of their value in restoring to activity those prostrate through an injudicious use of the products of hops and malt. I have at various times been able to help the police in their efforts to restore suspended animation. You just hold the head of the sufferer firmly under one arm and with the free hand apply the salts till they work the required results.

Having duly noted the long cloaks of the clergy on his first visit, Fr. Wainright, who was then very particular

about his dress, had provided himself with one equally long. He writes:

In those early days the cut of your coat, its length and the kind of collar you wore were all-important if you were to be considered orthodox and of sound High Church views. I remember that, staying at Salisbury Theological College for my Ordination, I was duly inspected by the students to see if my coat and collar were such as would not lower our position in the eyes of the outside world. I successfully passed the ordeal. But a highly decorated black stole, made by the wife of a former tutor, I found would not be tolerated by the Bishop of Salisbury. Nothing was allowed but something wholly black and entirely unornamented. Even a cross was not permissible.

The correct form of coat was very long, almost reaching down to the heels and buttoned up to the throat. Fr. Linklater, who never could resist caricaturing, thus depicted me some years ago.

But to return to the Commercial Road expedition to buy smelling salts. The chemist, who knew all about the St. George's Riots and was evidently out to make an impression on the young curate, assured him that the rioters were all ready to begin again if provocation were given. And so Fr. Wainright returned somewhat depressed to sing his first Evensong in St. Peter's. The choir had already assembled when he arrived and he found it was the duty of the priest who sang the Office to take the precentor's part and intone the opening verses—"What the effect of my first effort was on the congregation," he writes, "I cannot say. But I know that terror seized me."

In the evening when Fr. Biscoe returned from visiting in the parish he instructed the newcomer in his duties as sacristan. It was all new to him and he made many mistakes in that and in the ritual part of the services, greatly to the

joy of the acolytes and especially of two irrepressible youths who afterwards, however, became his staunch allies.

My first assisting as sub-deacon at the High Celebration proved an agony. I was to preach as well. I was greatly exercised as to whether I could at the proper moment, through my alb, get at my sermon duly written, which was in my cassock pocket; also as to whether, having found it, I should be able to read it, my writing having always been a bit indistinct, even to myself.

In a few days Fr. Lowder returned from his holiday, and life at the clergy house settled down to its normal routine.

But soon two things happened which nearly brought Fr. Wainright's career at St. Peter's to an end. The first was a matter of health. Every evening he was attacked by such violent nose-bleeding that he had to spend most of the night sitting up, lest he should be choked. He says characteristically—for he was always on the look out for the good side of every misfortune—"There was always a nice fire." But at last he had to see a doctor and the doctor's verdict was that he must at once give up his curacy and go away. He had only just attained his heart's desire and it was heart-breaking to think he must forfeit it so soon. Unwilling to accept the doctor's verdict, he went to consult a surgeon who had treated him in his Oxford days. He prescribed a bottle of medicine half of which the patient took—"it was rather like drinking sharp knives!" But it cured him and so that difficulty was overcome.

The other was harder to surmount. Fr. Lowder thought his new assistant too young to hear confessions. But it seemed to Fr. Wainright that he could not do his work thoroughly if he were not free in that matter. And so for a time his future hung in the balance.

As I look back and think of all the terrible mistakes I must have made, I feel sorry that Fr. Lowder did not enforce his first decision.

I mention the first of these two things as showing how no one need give up work just because at the start it seems to affect his health. And the second because I feel very strongly that it would be far wiser if some age limit were fixed when a priest might begin to hear confessions.

Both these difficulties surmounted, my work began in good earnest and to my great joy has been allowed to go on. . . .

One of the trustees, Mr. John Knight, meeting the new curate about this time went home and exclaimed to his wife, "I have just met the new curate! He is *so* happy!"

The clergy house in those days was a semi-religious house. Fr. Lowder's idea was to help to fit his young priests for their work by the recitation together of the Daily Offices and the observance of such a rule as was possible for secular clergy. He knew it was impossible for secular clergy to keep the strict rule binding on religious, but felt it desirable that they should do so as far as possible. The result, according to Fr. Wainright, was the creation of a religious atmosphere in which it was helpful to dwell.

For himself, he felt it a great and strengthening change. Hitherto he had lived as a bachelor in lodgings, from which it was expected he would go to a home of his own. From that environment he found himself suddenly in totally new surroundings; austerity in food and mode of life was the new order of things.

The community at the clergy house said Prime at 7.30, Terce at 9.15, Sext at 12.15, None at 5.15, and Compline about 10 p.m., after which those having finished their work were supposed to go to their rooms for the night. As junior, Fr. Wainright rang the bell which hung outside the little

oratory in Calvert Street for the Offices. In those days there were generally only two Celebrations, 6.45 and 8. On Fridays and Fast-days there was reading during the main meals, each taking it in turn to read.

Fr. Wainright's whole being responded with delight to this ordered way of living—"it gave an uplifting to my daily life." All thoughts of being a bachelor vanished; swallowed up in the ideal of celibacy.

During Fr. Lowder's lifetime, such was the rule at the clergy house. After his death the life as he had established it was virtually abolished. That always seemed to Fr. Wainright a real loss and though he made several efforts to revive it, various reasons always caused it to lapse. But he himself kept that kind of rule all his life.

When he went to the clergy house the domestic staff consisted of a housekeeper, a housemaid and a boy generally alluded to as "The Terror." The housekeeper had few ideas; bacon for breakfast and rice pudding for supper with a plain midday meal of meat and pudding, the pudding not being always a certainty. On Fridays and Fast-days dry bread and cocoa sufficed, fish and rice pudding for the main meal. The housekeeper fully entered into Fr. Lowder's views about the rigid diet. It suited her for, as Fr. Wainright says, "She was wont to retire all afternoon; she was not young and she certainly was portly." The junior clergy stood in awe of her.

So things went on for more than seven years. For the young priest they were years of increasing devotion to his vicar, increasing love for his people; years in which he grew ever nearer his Pattern, learning to dispense with superfluities, even to rejoice in the lack of necessities that he might have more to give away to the awful poverty around him. He was in the way of becoming a channel through which the Divine Charity could flow out on the

poor and sad and sick around him—and on the sinners, for whom, like his Master, he always had a weakness.

He and the other inmates of the clergy house lived happily together under the inspiring leadership of Fr. Lowder. That whole island parish—not only the members of St. Peter's—was one great family, the vicar the father of the family. Lowder had conceived of his parish as a family from the first though the title came about in a natural way. He was devoted to children, and during the terrible ordeal of cholera which swept the Dock area in 1867, Lowder and his clergy and Sisters were everywhere in the forefront of the battle. More than once, finding a child stricken by the disease whom it was urgent to get into hospital as quickly as possible, he wrapped it in his cloak and carried it there in his arms. The people seeing him do this, with no thought of the danger to himself, all his thought for the child, began to call him “the Father.” The title stuck to him and was ultimately used also for his assistants.¹

All was going on happily when, on 9th September 1880, a telegram arrived to say that Fr. Lowder had died. The shock was tremendous. The Father had been away for his holiday. Delighting in the solitude and majesty of mountains, he found in climbing his surest restorative. He had been abroad for some weeks in the best of spirits. He had been gladly expected home in the next few days. And now he was dead!

As the news spread through the parish on that bright sunny afternoon, not only grief but consternation filled the minds of all. All were so used to him; his presence was felt so much as a real stay that his sudden withdrawal seemed like the collapse of everything.

But the result was not this. His work at St. Peter's was of too sound a character to depend even on the presence of

¹ See pages 52 sqq.

him who amid so many difficulties and anxieties had, under the Providence of God, built it up. The test of all good work is whether it continues after the removal of him who founded it. The object of every worker should be to bring souls, not to the worker himself, but to the God who sent him. And this was what Fr. Lowder toiled for day and night and taught his workers to toil for also.

But that does not mean that our hearts ached the less. He had made the parish so much of a family that all felt it, even those whose religious convictions kept them apart from us as regards union in worship. In prayer, then as often now, we were happily at one.

The body was brought home and rested in St. Peter's for the Solemn Requiem which preceded the burial at Chislehurst. The following Sunday it fell to Fr. Wainright to preach. He took for his text "Weep not!" But it was with difficulty he restrained himself from tears; as soon as the ascription had been murmured he made a dash for the vestry. A few days later he was the celebrant at the remarkable Requiem of the Father. He writes:

The wonderful stillness as the procession left the densely packed church for the bridge in Old Gravel Lane was one that could be felt. There were hundreds of people lining the lane. Round the bier were grouped priests representing all shades of opinion, but all at one in their respect and veneration for him who never spoke unkindly of others or showed want of respect for those whose religious convictions kept them apart from us. And when one remembers that twenty-four years before the crowd had tried to throw him over that bridge, one sees that it was the ultimate triumph of the right.

And so we laid him to rest in the lovely churchyard at Chislehurst and year by year we have gone to lay flowers on his grave and say a prayer for his soul. It is a yearly inspiration for striving still to carry on all the work he left

us to do. Surely his prayers have helped us in the many "impossibilities" which have had to be surmounted since and seem as though they would never end. But that seemed God's Will for the work here. The Cross has ever been prominent in all that concerns it; it is the Lord's own mark on all His work and on all those who try to do it for His sake. And it has its blessings as well as its sorrows, as it makes us companions of the Master.

Fr. Wainright was then Fr. Lowder's curate and he remained Fr. Lowder's curate to the end. He never came to regard the parish or anything in it as his; the church, the schools, the people, the children, all were Fr. Lowder's. He forgot all about himself. The words *me* and *mine* faded from his vocabulary. We have come a long way already from the undergraduate who was fussy about his socks and ties at Oxford; from the curate who arrived at St. Peter's bringing, in true Oxford fashion, a deep basket chair for his own use.

What he said of the people about the death of Fr. Lowder was even more true of himself. The Father's death was a tremendous shock to him. In a sense he never recovered from it. It showed itself in an invincible loyalty to everything his chief had ever done or said. He became inflexible in regard to change. "Father Lowder never did it!" was enough for him and he was not to be moved."¹ And this inflexibility showed itself in everything he did or allowed others to do. Though he allowed his assistant priests great freedom, they must never invade preserves sacred to the memory of the Founder. This devotion to the memory of his predecessor had many good results. The services at St. Peter's remain to this day substantially as Lowder established them, dignified and beautiful services with splendid ceremonial, adhering faithfully to the Prayer Book.

¹ Henry Luke Paget, in the *Guardian*, 15th February 1929.

But his determination that nothing the Father had not done should ever be done, led with the years to strange extravagances. One can study at St. Peter's the growth of legend. But there are also many true stories. It is true, for instance, that one of his staff, not caring for the common steel spoons and forks provided and having his own family plate, brought it to the clergy house. The vicar, who never had a midday meal, happened to look in.

"What's all this?" he asked. "The Father never had it! Take it away!"

One other tale may be quoted as illustrating both the "inflexibility" and the characteristic dry humour of Fr. Wainright. A lady asked him if she might be allowed to pay for the thorough cleaning of all the windows of the church and especially for the removal of the cobwebs. Fr. Wainright looked at her in horrified astonishment.

"Good gracious! No!" he exclaimed. "Those cobwebs were there in Fr. Lowder's time!"

September 9th, the anniversary of Fr. Lowder's death, became one of the great days in the parish. There was always a Solemn Requiem at St. Peter's, and in the afternoon, as many as could would accompany Fr. Wainright to Chislehurst to lay flowers on the grave and hold a short service in the church. Any child in the parish would tell a visitor to St. Peter's who asked what the commotion was about, surprised that he did not know, "Why! it's the Father's Day!" And in the church, wreaths of white flowers would adorn his empty stall.

III

VICAR OF ST. PETER'S

It is a most curious fact that though the life of man has moved, yet the picture of the ideal Ruler as a Shepherd still appeals

LESLIE OWEN

FR. WAINRIGHT was now thirty-three. The appointment of a new vicar was in the hands of the trustees, but though Fr. Wainright was beloved by them all and though he was the senior curate, they feared his insatiable capacity for work would be too much for him if uncontrolled; they also thought he was too young to succeed the venerable and stately Lowder. And so they elected the Rev. R. J. Suckling, a friend of the late vicar, well known and liked by his people. It was not to be for long. Two years later when Fr. Mackonochie of St. Alban's, Holborn, was attacked by the Protestant party, Archbishop Tait thought he saw a way out for Mackonochie if he would exchange parishes with Fr. Suckling. This was done and soon Fr. Mackonochie wrote thus of his senior curate,

There is one in the parish of whom I want to say a word. He seems to be everywhere at once, or if not quite that, to be always where he is wanted. Who knows everything, thinks for everybody (except for himself) full of joy, full of sternness when needful. Yet always delighting in giving joy to others, especially if it makes himself uncomfortable; who,

if left to himself, would neither eat, drink, nor sleep; with shabby clothes while clothing others. . . .

I need not name him. He learnt his lesson I suspect from Fr. Lowder. It is of course Fr. Wainwright that I mean. You know that his heart is with you. I doubt whether he could leave you of his own accord, for the whole world.

In less than a year, Fr. Mackonochie, singled out all his life for persecution in those unhappy days, was forced to resign. He was a broken man and went humbly back to St. Alban's as curate.

It happened during his short time at St. Peter's that he heard his senior curate had not had a holiday for years. The vicar at once ordered him away for a month. But two days later Henry Cairncross was walking in Old Gravel Lane when whom should he meet but Fr. Wainwright (known among the young men of his flock, presumably because of his slight build, as "The Little Dear.")

"Why, Father!" young Cairncross exclaimed, "I thought you had gone away for a month!"

"Yes!" Fr. Wainwright answered, "but I couldn't breathe the horrid air. And they didn't seem to have any fleas, so I had to get back to *this* lovely air"—at that moment reeking with fumes from a factory.

The fact was he could no longer be happy anywhere else. He could not sleep in pure country air. He, who loved country scents and sounds and sights, could not now bear to be parted from the church and people for whose sakes he voluntarily immured himself within the high walls of Wapping. He writes in many of his letters about "the salubrious air of Old Gravel Lane"; he recommends the well-to-do who send him money for his poor to take their holiday some year in Wapping. "If you need change of air," he would write, "I can't imagine why you don't try the air here!"

In January 1884 the trustees¹ elected him vicar of St. Peter's.

He was instituted on January 16th by John, Bishop of London, and inducted to the benefice three days later by the rector of Wapping.

He was now thirty-seven. Though he had worked in the parish for eleven years under three vicars, in his heart he was still and always remained "Fr. Lowder's curate."

He began his new charge under the happiest circumstances. He had five devoted assistant priests,² a sympathetic body of trustees, a band of Sisters of the community of the Holy Cross and a large body of keen lay-workers. His chief problem as always at St. Peter's was financial. Fr. Lowder's schools had to be kept up, so had all the other organizations, and the vicar at once set himself to what was to be his daily task, raising money by appealing to the friends of the Mission. This he did by his monthly letter to the parish magazine, as well as by appeals in the daily papers.

From the very beginning, St. George's Mission, out of which St. Peter's grew, had attracted much attention, not only in London but all over England and in many places abroad. The mission was Fr. Lowder's creation; it was the first home mission in England and there was great enthusiasm about it. To say that it was the fashion is not quite fair. It went deeper than that. But the rich and what the Victorians called "the flower of the aristocracy" did drive down to St. Peter's in their sumptuous carriages and pairs.

¹ T. Charrington, J. B. Knight, D. T. Morgan and C. K. Anderson, succeeded by C. B. Skinner. When Mr. Charrington died in 1894, he was succeeded by Lister Beck who acted as auditor and treasurer for many years. Mr. Morgan and Mr. Skinner were succeeded by their sons. The Trust expired in 1906 when the Patronage became vested in the Bishop of London.

² Benjamin Dullea, Charles Worlledge, A. A. K. Legge, E. T. M. Walker, T. P. Massiah.

The services attracted them on Sundays, and on weekdays the Father would conduct them round the many organizations actively at work in the parish. He showed them the awful need, the desperate poverty, and enlisted their sympathy and support. There is a natural note of anxiety in his first letter as vicar :

To be free to do our work without the constant anxiety as to where funds are to come from, takes away from its burden. After all it is only the difficulty of maintaining our work which forms any burden at all. May all those who helped us in the old days continue to support us still.

The distress at this time owing to want of work is exceptionally great. This causes more sickness as want of food and clothing necessarily brings such. The weekly rent and the incessant struggle to provide for it adds to the trouble. And when death comes the further anxiety is how to find the means for the funeral.

Think of this as you sit down to your own comfortable meal, fresh from your no less comfortable bed. Remember those who, after a night spent on a miserable apology for such, have not only hunger to contend with but often sickness also. The frequent knocks at the clergy house door generally usher in someone who needs money to pay the rent because the brokers are coming to take away the home; or who want food, or boots for the little ones. And it is sad to turn to the money bag and find its contents too low to afford any help.

On one such occasion when a woman came to ask how she could get coal, the money bag was empty. The Father simply took up his own coal scuttle and emptied its contents into her pail.

In contrast to the depression on the material side, the vicar was filled with joy at the first Easter Communion after he became vicar; there were nearly a hundred more communicants than in the previous year.

It was a sight not soon to be forgotten to see the church well filled at 6.30 and at 8 a.m. with large congregations of which men and boys formed a great part.

This, with all the love and good feeling of our people, makes the bright side of what is a thoroughly happy life and one not to be exchanged for any so-called "more desirable position." Go where you may, you could not want more than the love of those around you, and that has always been the proud possession of the clergy of St. Peter's, London Docks.

God is good, and when hope has almost died away, the happy sight of a cheque from some friend in the outside world of wealth and luxury gladdens one with the feeling that once more help can be given and that cruel word NO need not be spoken.

Then with the last day of each month comes the exceeding wonder as to where the £60 is to be obtained for which the teachers are looking as the reward of their four weeks' toil. Then there are rates and taxes and gas—to say nothing of extra expenses just entailed by some of our visitors walking off with a portion of our property and so necessitating new outlay in the way of patent locks to our sitting-rooms.

But for all his incessant fight against poverty, Fr. Wainright never lost his light-hearted courageous outlook. "It doesn't do to sit down and tear your hair," he wrote. He kept the schools for years entirely by his own efforts. He refused to contemplate any interference by Government or County Council, and though the difficulty of collecting money to keep them going was enormous, he faced it gladly *because* the children were being taught the Faith as he wished them to be taught. And they made an open door for the clergy into the parents' hearts:

What greater help in winning the hearts of the parents than to win their children's love? A man or woman can't hold out long if the children side with you. With their little

one on your knee, you can hold your own in any house. . . .

So don't vex our hearts by asking us to give up our schools, or force us into doing so by withholding your powerful aid!

People say that *relief* destroys the relation between the priest and his people; turns him into a relieving officer.

And what else *is* he than a relieving officer? One to relieve their bodies as well as their souls? One whose part it should be not only to help them for Eternity, but also, after the example of his Master, to try to smooth their passage through this world?

Don't suppose a priest has done his duty when he has preached his Sunday sermon or said his daily office or paid a few pastoral visits. No! the Master Himself did not disdain to feed the multitude who had been listening to His teaching. And I think that one of the best parts of St. George's Mission has ever been that Fr. Lowder dealt with his people as with a *family*, making them free to come whenever they wanted. May the day never come when the clergy house shall cease to be open at all hours to those who seek for help.

Interpreting the teaching of Christ in this literal way, the church became the centre of every activity in the parish. Everything came to the people *through* the church—education, medical help (both doctor and nurse were connected with the church), food, clothing, music, art, handicrafts, recreation, excursions, holidays—all those as well as the regular thorough training in the Faith. Trades unions really began at St. Peter's; the Church of England Workingmen's Society, which was founded there, did then what trades unions do now. This fact, that Mother Church cared for all the needs of her children, is constantly overlooked and forgotten. The State does all this now and it appears as a new departure. But the Church has taught the State all these things—even how to govern!

It is illuminating to remember that the emblem of St. Peter's is the Good Shepherd and that Fr. Wainright always observed Good Shepherd Sunday with special affection. And it is tempting to draw an allegory of his life on these lines. Like the Palestinian shepherd of this and every age, he too was always young in spirit. He too was always at heart something of a warrior—for his flock. He had a consuming zeal for the salvation of souls, all souls, the goats as well as the sheep. That was one of his most marked characteristics. His flock went in and out and found the pastures he piped them to, all except the wayward, and those were his special care; he knew them specially well because he had to go after them and seek them until he found them and brought them back. It has been said "the hall-mark of a good shepherd is that he is single-minded and large-hearted."¹ That is true of Fr. Wainright, who led his flock faithfully to the One Door—the Great Shepherd of the Sheep.

He cared for all the needs of his flock; his free meals for children and for the sick and aged anticipated subsequent State measures. Employers believed in him and were influenced by his churchmanship. It is difficult for us in our day of Unemployment Benefit, Old Age Pensions and so on to realize the poverty, the many deaths caused through insufficient nourishment. But Fr. Wainright had it daily beaten in on his soul. Many of his flock died because through long under-nourishment they had not the strength to withstand illness. And so his own sparse meals became a reproach to him; his shabby clothing seemed to him too luxurious when so many of his people went in rags, his children barefoot.

Nevertheless, he did contrive to bring happiness into their

¹ From an address by the Right Rev. Leslie Owen, Bishop of Lincoln.

lives. Clubs for men and boys had been started by Fr. Lowder; they were for instruction as well as amusement; carpentry was taught in them as well as other handicrafts. There were no Government night schools then; for them too the Church paved the way. For sport and amusement there were the rowing club, the dancing class—for the Father approved of dancing, having enjoyed it himself at Oxford—the drum and fife band and even, as he proudly declares, the brass instruments:

For we have two horns which accompany our services on festivals. Yes! the wise builder will seek to utilize all that comes to his hand. There is nothing you cannot sooner or later make into a means of drawing your people to their Lord.

Come and judge for yourselves how far these things are useful and worthy of your support. To me it is more invigorating than any mountain or sea air could be, to see the brightness and happiness which can be extracted out of all these amusements. A visit to the clubs is the best freshener one can have after a long day's work with head and pen.

I often wonder why people waste pity on us clergy—"poor East Enders" they call us. I have been at public school and college, and happy as the remembrance of those may be, especially one's Oxford days, yet St. Peter's bears away the palm and throws the others into the shade. The only pain one ever has, the only trouble one ever feels, is that from which *your* cheque or *your* postal order may set us free—the question where the funds are to come from.

Let me close by a cheering word—that all things, thank God, for all is due let us ever remember to Him—all things are increasing; our communicants, our day schools, our Sunday schools and our crèche, for thanks to the loving generosity of Miss Tennant, we can now take our children from the cradle.¹

¹ The crèche was founded by Miss Laura Tennant, afterwards Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, and after her early death was sedulously looked after by the Tennant family.

Although that account of the Father's hopes and fears on taking up his great responsibilities is all about his work, it tells us a great deal about himself. He found Our Lord through His poor. He found the parents through their children. And there was nothing he disdained as a means for getting into touch with his people. Take the Rowing Club, for instance. He and his whole island parish were intensely interested in it. In 1885 the course was from Tunnel Pier to Greenwich, a distance of three and a half miles. A large party boarded the steamer *Ich Dien* to follow the four-oared race by four boats. Mrs. Gladstone, who took an interest in everything connected with St. Peter's, came down to present the prizes and was even persuaded into making an "effective speech."

Of course, Fr. Wainright saw the use of all that in two ways; the obvious way of excellent outdoor sport and fellowship for the lads and interest for the onlookers; the hidden way of what he called "spiritual angling":

Do not think our life here merely one of frivolity or amusement. No! Not so! But experience teaches the priest that spiritual angling is not far removed from that which this world's angler pursues.

We too seek for our fish in different kinds of waters; it may be in the genial society of the Club when night comes on and work is finished (for them, that is!). It may be in the dancing-room amongst those young ones as they pause to rest from the fatigues of the waltz or the polka; it may be among the young girls in their merry-making or the lads at their bagatelle and their cards at their respective club rooms; it may be in the chair at our suppers of the Rowing Club or any other of our festive entertainments. Or again, it may be in some business connected with one or other of all these—or it may be in taking our place with the mourners as we go to lay our dead in their last home.

Yes! and in other ways too many to enumerate we are

here to gain souls for Jesus. And it is our dearest joy and honest pride when one after another, slowly but surely, they give in and stand forward, not ashamed of owning themselves disciples of the Crucified.

Surely an attractive picture of the life of the Shepherd. And he was so welcome in all the enterprises of old and young: no one better company than the Father. Though he probably did not know St. Teresa's dictum, *To give Our Lord perfect service, Martha and Mary must combine*, he lived it. He lived perfectly in both worlds at once; or rather, he brought that other world in which he lived and moved and had his being into everything he did. His friends and even his gay young people were conscious of it, of something Other in him which conveyed the supernatural to them. It was natural in him. He did not leave that deepest part when he left the altar. It went with him throughout the day, sanctifying everything he did.

IV

HIS CHURCH

Souls—all human souls—are deeply interconnected. The Church at its best and deepest is just that—that interdependence of all the broken and meek, all the self-oblivion, all the reaching out to God and souls

FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL

It is not enough to win souls to the Catholic faith: they must catch from our lives something of the loveliness of Jesus Himself

LESLIE OWEN

AFTER ten stormy years in St. George's Mission, Charles Lowder had collected enough money from sympathetic friends to build the noble church of St. Peter's, London Docks, which then became an independent parish. From the beginning there were glorious services there. Oppressed with the hard lives of his people, the poverty, cold and hunger, Lowder was determined that in their church the people should have everything ceremonial could supply to surround their worship with light and life. His aim was

to make the ritual simple and dignified, as solemn and devotional as possible, that the people might learn from all the outward associations of this solemn service to worship their Lord present in His own appointed Sacrament, with reverent devotion, and to communicate with recollection and earnestness.¹

¹ Charles Lowder, *Twenty-one Years in St. George's Mission*, p. 52.

To Fr. Lowder, as to his successor, ritual was not merely an aesthetic embellishment but "the outward expression of an inward love." They felt that the hardships of the working classes at that time made it imperative that in the church they should find peace, beauty, everything possible to compensate for the dreariness of their lives. They felt that glorious services helped the clergy too to rise above the depressing influences among which their lives were spent. They valued ritual for its teaching power and they thought the poor had a special claim to services of "advanced character":

Festival seasons duly observed, processions, lights, incense, choral services, pictures and music. These accessories of worship are the rightful claim of the clergy and people of such a church as St. Peter's and they are appreciated by them. The people love and glory in their church. To many it is their only quiet retreat; all that they have to soothe them in the privations of a hard life. It is their home. It is God's, but it is also theirs and they feel a pride in its adornment.¹

The words are Lowder's but they express the outlook of his curate too.

Not long after Fr. Wainright became vicar he was sent for by the Bishop of London, Frederick Temple.

"Can you not modify the ritual practices?" the Bishop asked.

"I cannot give up anything that Fr. Lowder instituted!" was the characteristic reply. Whereat the Bishop smiled kindly and shook hands. He twice administered Confirmation in St. Peter's and Fr. Wainright records (1903) his kindness with gratitude. It was during his reign that every church in the diocese had to make a complete return of all

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 163.

church plate, etc., and on that duly sent back by him to St. Peter's for safe custody—a complete list of vestments, crucifixes, ciborium, pyx, etc.—no adverse comment was passed, so that all was ordered by Bishop Temple as bishop of the diocese to be kept and produced to any new incumbent. Fr. Wainright was grateful for his sympathy and thoughtfulness and says that, next to his own chief and Fr. Mackonochie, he knew no one more helpful in spiritual things.

Fr. Wainright did keep strictly to the practices laid down by the Founder; an instance of this is that he did not omit the recitation of the Commandments when singing or saying the Divine Liturgy.

It was about twenty years later that the Archbishop of Canterbury gave it as his opinion that the liturgical use of incense was not legal in the Church of England. He was careful to add that he had never said it was “an evil thing” as had been reported. But he asked the bishops to discontinue its use. Fr. Wainright felt that in loyalty to his predecessor he could not comply with the order. Incense had been in use in St. Peter's from the beginning and the clergy had taught their people that it was part of Catholic worship. Writing to his friend and trustee, John Knight, Fr. Wainright said, “I shall take no notice of threats!” But it followed that no diocesan or bishop of Stepney visited the parish till 1909 when Bishop Winnington Ingram removed the ban. It was said the ostracism was imposed reluctantly for all the bishops admired and loved Wainright. At the Jubilee Festival in 1906, Major Skinner, one of the trustees, read a letter he had received from Bishop Creighton at the time the use of incense was questioned. Major Skinner had written to say that he and his fellow trustees were in complete sympathy with their vicar and supported his action. Bishop Creighton replied, “I entirely agree with everything

you say." At that same festival when Fr. Wainright rose to speak he received a great ovation. He said:

We feel no inquietude about our position. We take our stand on principle. It is not a question of how much incense we should use. For my part I am perfectly content with a plain service. The question is whether incense should be used in the service of Holy Communion in accordance with Catholic usage and tradition. It is not the caring for incense in itself. But if it is part of the heritage of the Catholic Church, we have no right to surrender it.

That is an example of Fr. Wainright's "inflexibility." Some of his friends called it by the harder name of "obstinacy." He lost some valued supporters of St. Peter's by holding out on this point. But if he had not held out, the use of incense might have been lost to the Church of England. He was no doubt actuated in this as in so many other matters by his determination to give up nothing his predecessor had instituted. But beyond all that, he took his stand, as he says, on principle.

The festival of St. Peter was one of the great festivities of the church's year—"a great popular holiday to which young and old looked forward from one St. Peter's Day to another."¹ There were great services every day from the eve of St. Peter to the Octave of the Dedication. It was the custom for outside friends to come down on St. Peter's Day to a Sung Eucharist. After that the whole company would lunch together and Fr. Wainright would give an account of the year's work. For many years Lord Nelson was in the chair at the luncheon and many distinguished sympathizers made a point of being present—Lord Halifax, the Duke of Newcastle, the Countess of Cottenham, members of the Tennant family and others too numerous to

¹ *St. Peter's Parish Magazine*, August 1908.

mention. Of the clergy, Fr. Benson, S.S.J.E., was often there and in the early days Fr. Congreve; Fr. Noel whose catechizing of the children after the luncheon was for years a feature of the celebrations, Fr. Waggett, S.S.J.E., Fr. Stanton and so on. Miss Emily Conolly, the vicar's niece, acted for years as his hostess. On each day of the festival week some noted preacher spoke on a specified subject. And on the last evening of the week's festivities, the vicar invited all communicants above the age of eighteen to a social and dance; he would make a short welcoming speech and all would be over by midnight.

For these days thanksgiving overflowed; the question of finance was pushed into the background. But it was always there.

The Father was happy in having a beautiful church, complete in all its appointments and a commodious clergy house, planned by Fr. Lowder and dedicated as his memorial. The clergy house and the sisters' house¹ stand on either side of the two great arches leading into the church from what was Old Gravel Lane (now called Wapping Lane). The Father's own room was the spacious one above the arches. But it was very bare. In one corner, curtained off, was his truckle bed with its straw mattress, a great crucifix on the wall above it. Beside the door stood boxes and bales of clothing and comforts for his poor. His only luxuries were his fire, occasional cups of strong tea and, presumably as a stimulant, quantities of red pepper. He wanted to live as his people lived, to share their lives in all their hardness and poverty. "One cannot understand poverty unless one knows what it is to be poor," he would say.

He was most happy in his relations with his staff. His assistant priests stayed at St. Peter's for years, as absorbed in the work as he was himself. He thought it essential to

¹ The latter seriously damaged by bombing.

the prosperity of such work that the priests should win the love and confidence of those among whom they worked; constant change would have meant that this had to be done over and over again. He liked his assistants to do their work in their own way as they thought best. It was often not the way he would have done it, but that was how Fr. Lowder had trained him and it certainly welded the staff into a most happy family. The Father thought that happiness in communities of people was greatly protected by confession and communion.

The one shows us pretty plainly our own faults and leaves us little room for blaming others. While the other supplies the strength to take our lesson in good part and be wiser for the time to come. The salvation of souls is the object of every worker; once that is taken for granted everything else may be easily borne with.

To work for success is to fail. Experience again and again proves it. Whereas to work for God gives a sure feeling that in spite of all that seems contrary, what is done will never be lost.

What we have to do now is to consolidate what we have . . . to try to make our people value their privileges more. I think slowly they are doing so. For until people learn to use their church daily, their lives can never be brought up to any high standard. God can never be to them, as He should be, always before their eyes and until He is, how can their lives really be lifted up?

Though from his youth he had been accustomed to glorious services and though he delighted in surrounding the ritual of the Church with splendid ceremonial for the greater glory of God, no one could accuse Fr. Wainright of what the mystics called "ministering to Christ's head while neglecting His feet." No money given for the Mission was ever used for ritual or ceremonial; every penny given

for the poor was spent on food, clothing, rents, coal, or other necessities. The poor—Christ's poor—were his first thought. Ritual came a good way after.

Ritual is beautiful and right. But it is, after all, if it be worth anything, only the outward expression of the inward love of the Great Truths it sets forth.

We here are not likely to despise it. We have fought and suffered for it in days gone by. But we know that what we fought and suffered for was not the mere lights, vestments, incense—but the Truths which they set forth.

The services to the glory of God were as splendid as the clergy could make them; but their service to Christ's poor was constant and self-sacrificing to the uttermost.

Fr. Wainright never missed his own offering of the Holy Sacrifice nor the hour of devotion which followed it. *Then* he went out to find Christ in His poor. And they recognized in him something which flowed out to them and gave them courage. They did not know to call it the Divine Charity, but it was.

To understand his life, how he lived gallantly and light-heartedly in that ascetic routine for fifty-six years, let us look at the kind of day he led. Fr. Cyril Whitworth, S.S.J.E., writes of it:

It was my extraordinary good fortune to be closely connected with Fr. Wainright for some years owing to the fact that my school, Radley, had its mission in the parish, and during my years at Cambridge I stayed during the vacations in the clergy house.

It was this residence which gave me an insight into the life of the Father which can never be forgotten. He lived with the greatest regularity, saying the 6.45 Mass daily, except on Thursdays when he sang the children's Mass at 9.30.

His Mass was an experience never to be forgotten ; it took him at least fifty minutes to say. After the Consecration and after his own Communion, he would lie prostrate at the altar and be entirely lost in prayer. The congregation could do nothing except wait. This made the High Mass on Sundays, which he always sang, of great length ; many people found it a strain and busy people had to come at another hour. On Sunday evenings he occupied the pulpit and there poured out his soul to his people. He was rather inarticulate and we must have lost some great treasures. Yet there were people who declared that they gained great help just from seeing him in the pulpit and hearing his voice.

On weekdays he came in to breakfast about 8.30, which consisted of tea and toast. The morning was spent in his room dealing with the correspondence and the money for the schools. These came before anything else and indeed drained the church and parish organizations of financial help. These schools became, with the church, the whole of the Father's life.

He had no midday meal but would sometimes look into the dining-room while we were having ours and quietly smile, remarking that a midday meal always made you go to sleep!

He would be out about the parish till 5.30 or so, when he came in for his second meal of tea and toast.

Then began the really mysterious part of his day. He was very particular that no servant should sleep in the house for he said he did not want people who came to see him talked about. So during the evening the bell would ring, and he would go down and open the door and let in some very poor and disreputable-looking man, who was to be prepared for Confirmation and probably given some clothes. Sometimes I was instructed to take such people to a Confirmation being held in an East London church. I got a very cold reception from the vicars, for Fr. Wainright apparently never warned them of a candidate about to arrive.

Later in the evening began the visits to St. George's Hospital and the London Hospital and to other sick people. That kept him out till nearly midnight. But some time before that hour he came in for his one substantial meal. This had been put down in the dining-room fireplace where a big fire burned, before the housekeeper went home, and so had been there three or four hours before being eaten; it consisted of a rice pudding on most occasions, or sometimes a chop.

Such was his day. It was one of his great principles that he never slept out of the parish, and yet there were certain annual visits he paid in order to collect money for the schools. One of these was to All Saints, Clifton. He would travel back during the night, arriving at Paddington in the early hours, walk across London and say his 6.45 Mass as usual.

Another friend tells us that when anyone ventured to say that the Sunday Eucharist was rather long, he would reply, "Try to come when your mind will be less disturbed!" But he deplored the desire for shorter services, as well as a growing habit he noticed of people hurrying out of church before the priest had left the altar. He thought that when people complained they got little good from coming to church, it might be well to see whether by a little less hurry to get out and a little more effort to be in good time, they might not benefit greatly.

You have a great object lesson in all this. Go up the Strand any time the theatres are open and see how early the people congregate, waiting in the cold and the rain rather than lose the chance of a good place. . . .

It makes one sometimes almost doubt whether many who look on themselves as Catholics have really grasped what the Real Presence means, so eager are they on the one hand to be present, so impatient on the other to get through it all as quickly as possible.

Put Him and those things first in our lives, through Whom and by which alone we can get peace at the last.

Fr. Whitworth tells us that he and Fr. Wainright used to have long talks as to the Father's hopes for the future:

One of his great plans was to restore the saying of all the Offices in the clergy house oratory as in the days of Fr. Lowder. . . .

The only priest he ever spoke of outside St. Peter's was Fr. Benson. He often told me how he loved Cowley. I think in his earlier days he must have stayed there, and he said he would like to end his days there. Doubtless if it had not been for his unique call, he would have found his vocation with Fr. Benson. Indeed they had a great deal in common.

Fr. Wainright was at all times completely recollected. It was alarming for a raw undergraduate who might be having breakfast at the same time, to find the Father suddenly kneeling at the dining-room table! It was merely that he had heard the Sanctus bell from some later Mass then being said.

It was in his first year as vicar that Fr. Wainright achieved the building of a mortuary chapel, now known as the Chapel of the Resurrection. In that crowded parish with its many one-roomed dwellings such a chapel was a necessity. Otherwise the living often had to share the one room with the dead. Being a real Christian with "a wide-spreading love to all in common," the Father arranged that the chapel should be not only for members of St. Peter's, but for all parishioners, the only stipulation being that no service save that of the Church of England should be used.

This broad-minded outlook is very characteristic. Fr. Wainright did not minister only to his own people. All the people of that island parish were his. He was their friend. They could say anything to him. And though he entered

wholeheartedly into all their troubles which he shared with them, he also entered into their joys.

Strangers wondered sometimes, when he went out with his flock on the excursions he arranged for them, at the free and easy way he allowed them to treat him; good-humoured chaff given and returned. He was not in the least sacerdotal as some priests are; absolutely natural. But no one ever presumed on his friendly ways; he commanded respect.

So he went out and in among his people, ever ready to put his hand to anything needing to be done, ever seeing something more to be learnt about his work:

There are many sciences and I believe the science of being an incumbent is one by itself. I do not profess yet to have mastered it [1894] but I take it that to conceal one's own tastes is part of it. One must have no political opinions and one must be equally liberal as regards recreation. One thing I do insist on—that Vigils, Fast-days, Fridays, Lent and Advent are kept clear from festivities. This has always been the line pursued by Fr. Lowder and I think it imparts just that amount of bone and masculineness which is much needed in this somewhat boneless and effeminate age.

Not long before he died, Fr. Andrew, S.D.C., an old friend of Fr. Wainright, sent this picture of the impression St. Peter's Church and its vicar made on him as a young man:

My first contact with him was before I was ordained and before I had come to the full knowledge of the Catholic Faith. I was living then at the Oxford House with Mr. Winnington Ingram, who was not at that time even a canon. I was taken down to St. Peter's and the service was wholly new and very strange to me in those days. But I had the sense to know that the celebrant was a saint and I shall never forget the first Midnight Mass I went to in that crowded church.

The little figure of the priest, surrounded by the ritual of the Mass, was none the less manifestly clothed with humility.

It was a wonderful experience, walking down through the dark streets, over the bridge that spans the murky waters of the Docks, and then to come in to the brightly lighted church, fragrant with incense, and vibrant with an atmosphere of devotion which moved one to worship who had never known such worship before.

V

HIS METHODS OF EVANGELISM

Evangelism is useless unless it is the work of one devoted to God, willing and glad to suffer all things for God, penetrated by the attractiveness of God

EVELYN UNDERHILL

FATHER WAINRIGHT was a great evangelist but he used no methods that had not been used before by the Church. He preached in the streets, but so did St. Francis. He believed in outdoor processions, but there have always been outdoor processions. He was an assiduous visitor, but so was George Herbert. He spent many hours hearing confessions, but so did the Curé d'Ars. He was an ascetic, but so was St. Vincent de Paul.

He believed that nothing could take the place of personal influence, and he held with his friend Fr. Dolling that "the only way to win men in masses is to hook out individuals"—searching for the Christ in them, digging down to the good that lies in the hearts of all men. He would have agreed with Francis Thompson:

There is no expeditious road
To pack and label men for God
And save them by the barrel-load.

To Fr. Wainright the Catholic Church was the Living Body of Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. He relied on Christ present in His Church, still drawing men

to Him; drawing them in the Blessed Sacrament; healing them in Absolution. He taught men of Christ's Presence in His Church where two or three are gathered together in His Name; he taught them of the Pleading of the Sacrifice of Calvary at every Eucharist. With his friend Fr. Benson he believed, "Christianity is the only religion which does not only talk about life, but gives it!"

He believed that regular and systematic visiting was almost the most important part of a priest's work, that nothing could prosper without it.

You can't get to know your people otherwise, nor can you get at all those little undercurrents which there are in all parishes, and which do need to be got at and grappled with if the life and tone of the parish are to be healthy.

If the priest should begin his day at the altar, it is among his people that he should spend it. The strength he gains as he daily pleads the Holy Sacrifice should be for use among the sheep of the flock. Visiting is less and less thought of. And yet, for any who stop to think, it is the mainstay of all real work and without it all else is vain.

He was assiduous in visiting at all times and with infinite patience. He would spend hours teaching illiterate men to read, giving them a Bible and teaching them out of it. And he was a good listener. He never seemed in a hurry but always had time to hear the whole story. As Izaak Walton said of the ministry of George Herbert, "It is of some relief to a poor body to be heard with patience." Fr. Wainright's people appreciated his infinite patience. He bore them all continually in his heart. Even at the end, as he lay unconscious in his last illness, one who was with him heard him slowly murmuring to himself the names and numbers on his visiting list—"Mrs. Brown, 2; Mrs. Jones, 6; Mrs. White, 8," and so on. That was very like him.

Outdoor preaching and processions had been a feature of St. George's Mission from the very beginning. The first in importance was "the Way of the Cross" preached through the parish every Good Friday. In Lowder's day these processions had met with much opposition. It was at the first Station in Old Gravel Lane that the crowd had threatened to throw him over the bridge. It was to guard against such incidents, as well as against disturbances in church, that the Men's Defence League was formed, a body of spiritual and physical stalwarts ready to defend the clergy if any trouble threatened. Later on the women also banded themselves together in case some day the men might be elsewhere when needed.

We are fortunate in having from the Rev. J. A. Bouquet an account of a Good Friday procession in which he took part:

Some time in the nineties I went to St. Peter's on Good Friday to attend the Three Hours' Devotion. The preacher was Bishop Smyth of Lebombo. I got rather early to the service and a man came and sat down almost next to me. He was an unusual-looking person. He looked like a sailor or a fisherman for he wore a blue guernsey and had a red handkerchief round his neck. He was very devout and I took him for one of the bulwarks of the ark of St. Peter's.

After the service we spoke to one another and we kept together till the Open Air Service which followed the Three Hours. It was the custom for Fr. Wainright to preach the Stations of the Cross in the streets on Good Friday afternoon and a very moving act of worship it was.

In those days the Docks were full of great sailing ships and I have in my mind the picture of Fr. Wainright, standing in the little portable pulpit he used and in the background the tall masts and rigging of the ships. My friend with the blue guernsey was always beside the pulpit and helped to carry the Father's books.

After the service we all went to the clergy house for tea and hot cross buns. My friend and I sat next to one another. It was at tea that he began to speak to me about the priesthood and the example of Fr. Wainright's life and work among the poorest people. We walked together to Wapping Station and said good-bye.

I was young at the time; his words about the ministry impressed me very deeply and I regretted that I had not asked him where he lived. I wanted to keep in touch with him and send him some books. I had taken it for granted that he was well known to Fr. Wainright and I wrote to the Father to tell me something about the man. I did not know his name but I described his appearance. As his appearance was so striking and unusual I felt sure that the Father would know whom I meant.

He wrote a kind little reply—which I still possess—in answer to my letter. But he was sorry that the man I described was quite unknown to him and he had no remembrance of anyone like him standing by his pulpit or helping to carry his books.

I suppose you will say there is nothing extraordinary about the story. Perhaps not. But I can truthfully say that my acquaintance with that man, whom I never saw again, made a great impression on me at the time and helped me to decide to seek Holy Orders and to begin my ministry in Dockland.

I made no other inquiries about my unknown friend. But I keep the picture in my memory. A picture of a fine specimen of a seaman, standing beside the frail, spirit-like wisp of a little man in a very dilapidated rusty cassock—and think of him as St. Peter himself—or perhaps his Master, the Great Fisher of men.

The Rogation procession too was an annual one. From the earliest years of the Mission Rogationtide had always been carefully marked with the Solemn Blessing of the various bounds of the parish and the places where the

chief parochial activities were carried on. Fr. Wainright describes one such ceremony:

Had you spent the early part of Rogation Monday with us, you would have heard the church bell tolling at 4.45 a.m. and seen a little cluster of the faithful coming in to God's House to take their part in the Solemn Rogation procession. . . . Leaving the vestry at 5 o'clock, clergy and choir duly vested knelt for a few moments in prayer in front of the altar outside the chancel steps before starting on their most important work. Then, the officiant having said a Collect, the procession formed in the following order:

First came the crucifer with two acolytes; then the choir, followed by the assistant priests; the officiant, preceded by the second crucifer coming last. After this came such of the faithful who were able and thankful to avail themselves of the privilege afforded them.

And so once more the blessing of Almighty God was invoked upon our much loved parish and all its works.

If it be recognized that preaching the Gospel is not to be confined to the walls of the church, but that the streets afford as much scope now as they did in the time of our Master and His Apostles for proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation, shall it be denied that it is important that from time to time prayers should be made through the alleys of our densely populated streets?

There were always processions of the guilds and confraternities with their banners at the festival celebrations in what the parish called *Petertide*. The great procession of 1906, the jubilee year of St. George's Mission, must have been a wonderful sight. There had already been a week of celebrations from the eve of St. Peter to the jubilee of the Mission on July 6th. Rows of flags hung across Old Gravel Lane. At 11 o'clock the High Celebration began with a procession, the clergy in the splendid gold vestments, after which Fr. Benson preached. The great procession through

the parish began at 4 o'clock, arranged and marshalled by Henry Cairncross, the authority on such matters. The four hundred people who were to take part were early seated in their proper order in the church, the clergy and acolytes in the choir. Punctually at 4 o'clock all filed reverently out of the church, taking up their banners outside. When the actual march began, the pageant was seen to be a most impressive one. Thirty-six banners were carried; the acolytes were in groups, vested respectively in red, blue and violet cassocks; the girls in white carrying nosegays of flowers. The vicar in cope preceded by crucifer, thurifers and taperers, brought up the rear.

In the course of this procession round the parish, a memorial tablet to mark the site of Lowder's original Iron Chapel in Calvert Street was unveiled, and another on the wall of the clergy house to commemorate its dedication to his memory. "It was a glorious procession," writes Henry Cairncross, "I never saw Father Wainright so radiantly happy!"

The Father's hope was that such acts of devotion might stir those whom the usual church services had not yet attracted. Whether the processions stirred them or not, there is no doubt that he did. He brought many into the Church who were captured by his simplicity. He was so natural, so very great in his humility and love, so absolutely selfless, so unceasing in his labours for his people.

Though several special missions were preached in the parish, St. Peter's was an evangelistic church. It had a large staff of keen priests all absorbed in their work, their special clubs and groups, their incessant visiting, their individual efforts to bring in outsiders. So that missions as understood in other places were not so necessary at St. Peter's. And it does not appear that Fr. Wainright was specially interested in them. He was always more interested in "hooking out

individuals" than in trying to "save them by the barrel-load." But there was a great ten days' mission in his first year as vicar; another, a national mission, in 1916. He writes about it:

We seem here as elsewhere to lack the "religious bone" of the early days of the Catholic Revival. There is too little willingness to bear the Cross in any form whatsoever. And so our religion becomes formal and lacks fervour and real warmth; lacks the consequent power to make itself so evident in our daily lives as to be able to influence the lives of others.

St. Peter's was a pioneer in the more individual matter of retreats. Fr. Wainright's first retreat for men was held on Passion Sunday, 1886. Canon Scott Holland being ill, his place was taken by the Rev. C. O. Becker, St. Barnabas, Pimlico, who said it was one of the happiest Sundays he had ever spent. Similar retreats or quiet days for both men and women were held in succeeding years. Fr. Congreve often came to conduct them. It was because one such day could not for some reason be held at St. Peter's that it was transferred to St. Paul's Cathedral and was so greatly used and valued there that such days became part of the life of the cathedral.

Fr. Wainright always held watch-night services on the last night of the year as a counter-attraction to the many neighbouring public-houses so that his people could begin the New Year in the House of God, worshipping Him. On national holidays too he always arranged counter-attractions to the temptation of the public-house. One of his almost nightly activities was "hooking" people out of such places. He had great sympathy with all sinners, great compassion for those who gave way to "undue indulgence in the products of hops and malt." He was distressed for those

whose daily lives were a sad monotonous struggle for life. And so he readily forgave them their lapses and loved them all the more. He really did "love a man even in his sin, and that love was in him a likeness of the Divine Love, the summit of Love upon the earth."¹

¹ Dostoevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

VI

HIS PEOPLE

If ever anyone was concerned in the affairs of all the world, it was Jesus of Nazareth. . . . Those who have the highest vocations instead of being drawn away from mankind by the vocation, become the more intensely human as they become more intensely divine

R. M. BENSON

THE Wapping of to-day is not the Wapping of Fr. Wainright. He had been sad to lose the picturesque old wooden houses, their lace curtains at the windows, their aspidistras coming out to welcome the rain. But these homely little dwellings had to give place to enormous blocks of flats described by one visitor as "inhuman ant-heaps." By 1891 when this change had begun Fr. Wainright comments:

Outwardly the features which mark the parish have changed; much pulling down has taken place and an entirely different kind of building has replaced that which has gone. "What an improvement!" is the first thing people say. As a matter of fact the improvement is merely superficial and benefits a new set of inhabitants rather than the old. The style of building and the rent do not suit the poorer class of to-day, hence we find them more crowded together than was ever the case before.

It may be very desirable that people should like model dwellings and should overflow with gratitude to those who provide them. But we have to deal with facts and it is now a generally recognized fact that people prefer the ordinary

houses to these enormous blocks. Their original houses were far more private and realized far more the old idea that "every man's house is his castle."

The Father hoped that some of the little old dwellings might be spared, but that hope was vain. And though the blocks of flats are well built with good lines and pleasing perspective, they have little privacy, no gardens and a uniformity apt to pall.

But the river still flows by as it did in the Father's day. The scent of spices still fills the air near the Orient Wharf; the great tea warehouses still function; the masts of ships still reach up into the sky, and the island parish of Wapping is still wrapped in an air of romance. It still has the happy family feeling; people still greet each other in the streets by their Christian names—"We are thrown into intimate knowledge of each other in this our island home," as Fr. Wainright said. The church, though it has suffered gravely by bombing, is still the centre of the parish, and it was impressive to hear from Fr. Luetchford that the daily offering of the Holy Sacrifice, first instituted by Fr. Lowder in 1856, had never once been omitted.

Fr. Wainright was asked by two officials from the Board of Education in 1917 what effect he thought the schools had produced on the life of the parish. He ruminates over this:

That the parish has undergone a great change, just like the far-famed Ratcliffe Highway now merged in the comparatively quiet St. George's Street, is certainly true. That is all due to the manifold work of our great Founder, of which work the schools form so important a part. One soweth and another reapeth, for we are reaping now what at so great cost he sowed.

We never now have the great street rows which in those days were common. . . . Life in the East End was not monotonous in those days any more than it is now.

In a part now pulled down, a stone's throw from the new clergy house, was a crowded court, across which you could shake hands with those in the opposite rooms. Among the occupants was an old woman, a great pugilist, whose husband was a great friend of mine and gave me as a mark of his friendship a flying-fish he had caught off his ship, stuffed and brought home.

This old lady one day engaged in conflict with a much taller woman who used to hawk watercress. On this occasion she turned up her sleeves and she and the old lady set to in good earnest. I was out on my pastoral rounds and felt bound to interfere in such an unseemly occupation of my flock. The tall lady lived a little way off, so taking her by her two arms firmly, yet with an air of benevolence, I wheeled her backwards like a wheelbarrow till we arrived at her street door. Then, having pushed her well inside, I shut the door to keep out the neighbours, of course most interested in the proceedings. Having got her into one chair, I took another and doubtless delivered a fitting rebuke.

It was rather dark by that time and suddenly the door opened and a man, who turned out to be her husband, appeared. He was certainly an adept at kicking, probably played Rugby, and my leg felt something it had not experienced since Marlborough days. It appeared he was aiming at her, not at me. I told him he need not apologize as my leg was probably the stouter of the two. He sat down, and taking this as a kind of introduction, though rather a novel one, we got on very well together. "All is grist that comes to the mill" and anything that brings you into direct contact with your people—and this was certainly very direct!—is always useful.

Another of the things that formed part of the daily round was to take care of people who had had an attack of *delirium tremens*. I have often wondered why such confidence was placed in us that such strange matters were entrusted to us. I think the real reason was the title of *Father* by which all we assistant priests were called. Fr. Lowder was always

called *The Father* by us, but we too had the title prefixed to our names. This gave a parental character to our ministrations and seemed to embrace dealing with all kinds of situations.

Another of Fr. Wainright's services to his people—not only the members of St. Peter's—was making their wills for them. "Of course, whatever they want," he says, "we willingly do. It may be, and often is, the beginning of better things."

"Getting hold of people" was an art he practised most successfully. He found there were various stages to be worked through before he could really say the person had been "got hold of"; it often involved years of "patient waiting":

Patience is what a mission worker must strive after more than any other virtue. Without it, workers are worse than useless. Good, steady plodders are the kind of workers we want and, thank God, He has given us many such. High-steppers are all very well but don't do on rough roads. We have only rough roads to travel on and so want good stout material. Stout spiritually as well as physically. No mere lovers of ritualism, but lovers of the substantial spiritual help the Church affords; and that we have here, by God's mercy, in great abundance.

Enough has been said to show that when Fr. Wainright went to St. Peter's in 1873, it was a very uncivilized place. There was a shifting seafaring population and many Irish who in the beginning were hostile to St. Peter's and its Catholic claims. On more than one occasion Fr. Wainright's face was cut by stones flung at him as he preached the Cross through the streets on Good Friday.

John Knight's soap works were then near the church; many men and boys and some girls worked there. The rest

of the men were barge-builders, wharfingers or waterside labourers. Unemployment was constant and an accompanying sense of insecurity. If a man was out of work, he would get behind in his rent and face the prospect of losing his home and being turned out on the street with his wife and family. There were few sadder sights in the past than that of a casual labourer coming back in the winter from the dock gates having failed to be "taken on." Most of the men worked at the London Docks at fourpence an hour. The work was heavy and often a man might not get more than two or three days' work in the week. When his strength was gone he was laid aside. There was always a crowd of men at the dock gates clamouring to be taken on, many of them ill-fed and ill-clothed. There was nothing but the workhouse for those who failed in the battle of life. And this family of ten thousand depended on the church, on the vicar, as their one hope, their only friend. Fr. Wainright was often called the "Dockers' Padre"; he figured with Cardinal Manning in the great dock strike of 1888 as a mediator. The year 1885, too, was one of terrible distress; he was faced by an incessant need of funds and he writes:

Is a sum of £56 a week a very extravagant sum to spend on a family of close on ten thousand? With so many of them sick and ailing? Look at your own household expenses and I will ask further, Is the whole sum spent during the year, £2,954, a very large sum to keep going all the works we have?

As time goes on I trust our demands (not our work!) may grow less. All we want is time to settle down. For we have a future, I believe, in God's good Providence, in which we shall come less to you for funds. Only, Help us NOW!

Radley College and St. Mark's, Windsor, have "taken us up," never I hope to "lay us down." Here then is some income. And though Wellington College has had to resign its part of being one of our "Nursing Fathers," still it takes

an interest in us. To all of these three schools our heartfelt thanks are due.

So while we work on, will you, dear friends of the Father and supporters of his work, uphold our hands? And oh! Please send all you can and as quickly as you can!

It was because of the awful need to feed, clothe, teach and nurse his great family that Fr. Wainright became known—like St. Vincent de Paul whom he resembles in many ways—as an inveterate beggar. Although begging was always repugnant to him, the sufferings of his people made him bold. Though he longed to be out in his parish, among his people, he had to spend long hours chained to his desk thinking out new ways of raising money. For months on end he would have a weekly appeal in the *Church Times*; the editor was sympathetic and backed up his appeals by occasional leaders and paragraphs; other papers too printed his appeals. He would say, perhaps, that if only one hundred people would give £10 each, the sum would be raised! Or he would say he needed £60 by Saturday to pay the teachers their salaries. Often he said that his people were longing for the country, for the sight of trees and flowers and grass, would their kind friends just going off on their own holidays please remember!

And somehow he always contrived to keep things going. "Begging is just like climbing," he wrote: "if you go on long enough, you get to the top at last." He was comforted by reading that a bishop, newly appointed to some see, was a good beggar—"as something eminently qualifying him for the important position of a bishop! It is certainly cheering to feel that begging is advanced to the position of a virtue!"

But the hunger and cold and suffering weighed upon him. One afternoon he had three funerals to conduct. And he knew that each of these three people—his people—had died of want.

Collecting money was not sufficient. He contrived to get scraps for his poor by sending daily to the London Hospital and to various eating-houses for them; he sent a man with a barrow every afternoon to collect the sweepings from the great tea warehouses in Mincing Lane. The winter was the worst time.

I went to a house last night. It was icy cold. A sick man was lying asleep on the bed and on questioning his little boy I found there was no means of lighting a fire. Surely death must be hastened by such absence of bare necessities!

The children's dinners have now begun and we are trying to keep them on daily. When the children who *can* find a halfpenny are fed, we let in those who can't pay anything to clear up what is left.

Come down and see for yourselves! Such sad sights melt the heart and we find we *could* give up that proposed amusement, so as to put new life into the little ones of God's flock and save them one pang of hunger.

Such were some of the corporeal acts of mercy so much needed in that place at that time. Fr. Wainright toiled incessantly to make the wants of his people known, for many had as yet no sense of social responsibility. There was one incident which gave him much amusement. A lady came down in a carriage and pair, dressed in magnificent furs and looking like a millionaire. She told Fr. Wainright how much she had heard about him and his work and asked him to show her round the parish. He took immense pains to show her everything, especially concentrating on the schools and the cost of keeping them going. When they returned to the clergy house, she thanked him profusely and said she really must support the work as much as she could. And would he be so good as to accept this?

Then she handed him—half a crown!

Blessed by a naturally buoyant nature, though his work was hard and he lived hard, the Father was cheered by the growing response and affection of his people. And he was always hopeful; happy when from time to time he was allowed to see "the seed sown by the Founder ripening into corn for Paradise," but if not, content to wait. He had the great gift of turning his troubles into causes for thankfulness—as for instance after a long illness involving a serious operation at the end of 1889:

I cannot but be thankful since it has brought out the kindly interest of our people in whatever affects the mission. And I use the term *our* people as inclusive of all our parishioners, for they are those whom God has given us here, not only such as we have been permitted by Him to draw within the closer bonds of church fellowship and communion. For those still outside the fold are yet sheep that must be persevered with till, by His Grace, they enter the true pasture of His Church.

That so much loving thoughtfulness should have been shown may be taken to prove that the mission has taken hold of the hearts of the people. . . .

When one goes back to thirty-five years ago and remembers the threats and curses that met the self-denying exertions of our founder, may one not see the result of these labours in the altered feeling now? The kindly inquiries of all, whether Church people or not; the stopping, while passing the house, of the band of the Roman Catholic congregation of an adjoining parish, the offer of one unconnected with St. Peter's to put down tan to still the noise of the carts—all these and many other expressions of love, I shall ever treasure up as very dear—due to what he did by his life and death down here. Such kindnesses have a deeper meaning than goodwill towards an individual. They have made me feel that the Mission has a firm hold on the affections of the people.

It is characteristic that the Father does not realize the depth

of affection for himself, what he meant to the people of the Docks. All the credit he gives to his predecessor. Fr. Lowder was the pioneer. But it was under the hand of his curate that the work came to flower—"In the living church with its glorious services, its flourishing schools, its innumerable clubs and confraternities, its guilds, its crèche, its army of lay-workers, its devoted priests and sisters."¹

The people of Wapping found the vicar's cheerfulness and boyish sense of humour infectious—"He always looked happy," said one of them. "No one ever saw him with a miserable look." Yet there was enough in such a place to depress a priest who did not draw his joy from hidden springs. He had a great care for his boys and men, and it is an interesting fact that the number of boys and men making their confessions and communions at St. Peter's was larger than that of women and girls. The Father's public-school training stood him in good stead, he could understand and sympathize with boys. Radley College gave him the means to supply them with clubs. There were no playing fields, but there was plenty of water. Hence the rowing club.

Once when he was paying a visit to Radley, his hostess took him for a walk in a green lane, thinking it would be a pleasant change after what she called his "dull streets!" Whether he was nettled by this slighting allusion to his beloved Wapping or not, he exclaimed "How dreadful it must be to live here!" There is a similar story of a friend who had retired to a small country parish and advised Fr. Wainright to do the same. "I should go mad in a week!" was his emphatic reply.

He was very patient with his people, very hopeful. And though he had a special fondness for erring sheep, it must not be thought that he was weak. Even in his giving,

¹ Fr. James Adderley, *Goodwill*, May 1898.

although he was always giving, he was never weak. He could be very stern with any who tried to take advantage of his abundant charity. And all requests for help were carefully gone into.

He could be very forgiving. One night on going home, when he opened his front door he saw a man creeping cat-like down the stairs from his own room, the mantelpiece clock under the visitor's arm. He tried to escape through the back entrance. But the Father stopped him and took him up to his room. There he gently rebuked him, made him put the clock back on the mantelpiece and gave him half a crown.

With that incident fresh in her mind, his housekeeper one evening at dusk saw someone creeping stealthily down the stair, a bundle under his arm. She was just about to give the alarm when she saw it was Fr. Wainright, trying to steal out unobserved carrying a blanket off his own bed to someone he had found without one.

He went into public life to champion the cause of his people, being several times returned at the top of the poll for the borough elections of his ward. All that he did about the election was to record his own vote against himself "so that I might feel the more pleased at being returned if so it was to be!"

Fr. Wainright had many good friends in the West End who were always ready to help in raising money for St. Peter's—garden parties, drawing-room meetings, all were gladly organized. The outstanding function in the early years was a concert at the house of the Countess of Cottenham, a social event to which fashionable London flocked, the Princess of Wales being a patroness. As a result a cheque for £210 was handed to the Father. Another friend of St. Peter's, Lady Katharine Drummond, who arranged a meeting at the house of a friend, writes, "We were a bit anxious

lest the servants should be annoyed by the extra work. But the moment the guests had gone, Fr. Wainright asked that the staff should come up. He thanked them and after that there was nothing they would not have done for him.

"I remember also, it was in Lent. A friend who had sent me ten shillings for the collection said it would 'buy a lot of fish.' 'Oh, no!' said the Father. '*That* is going to a man recovering from a long illness. What *he* needs is a good beef-steak!'"

His friends in the West End loved him just as much as his friends in the East End. And he moved just as easily among the wealthy of the West as among the poor of the East; just as easily as he moved through this world, his heart and soul in the next; for he "was perfectly in both of them at once."

He was very versatile; he could turn his hand to anything, and indeed that was very necessary:

Everything is required here. The share of work that has fallen to me has ranged from stoker to vicar. I have made wills, taken care of lunatics, acted as a kind of amateur policeman in breaking up street rows, escorting the belligerents to their homes and more than once putting them to bed as the only safe place.

I have presided over nigger troupes, cricket, football, boating clubs, gone on begging tours, besides the ordinary avocations of a parish priest. Indeed we seldom listen to any worker who says he or she cannot do what they are asked. For Fr. Lowder has left a tradition that the word *cannot* is not to be found in the vocabulary of any true worker.

Having discovered that their vicar liked them to do their work in their own way, his workers seldom asked for instructions. When a new worker, unaware of this system, asked what his work was, the vicar would reply, "Anything

that comes to hand!" If asked, "When do I leave off?" the answer was, "When you have finished! No eight-hour day here!" He thought this element of uncertainty made the work more interesting; you never knew where you might be required to go!—

Possibly to a police court, to get one more chance for one who had got into trouble, or off to a hospital in a cab with a case.

Though egotistically one has to parade one's own experiences, all my workers could write an account of what they have seen, more varied than that at which I have hinted. For it is an axiom here "One is as good as another." People sometimes say, when asked which of the clergy they would like to come, "I don't mind! Any of you will do!" thus beautifully nipping in the bud any sense of pride one might be feeling.

This wise, balanced doctrine of equality, coupled with the absolute humility and selflessness of their vicar, made St. Peter's, London Docks, one of the happiest of parishes.

And all the time there was the growing assurance that the mission was deepening its hold on the life of the parishioners, that one by one, after years of holding back, they were being drawn in. "That they be drawn in," writes the Father, "is all I care for, all I long for."

VII

HIS CHILDREN AND HIS SCHOOLS

Children and flowers were made by God to make this world
beautiful

CHARLES LOWDER

IN Wapping the children are the only flowers to be found on the streets. And when Charles Lowder founded St. George's Mission there, he felt that nothing in mission work was more important than the care of the children. It was, of course, the religious care he meant; the State was willing to take charge of their secular teaching. "But," said Lowder, "if they are to be fed with the pure milk of the Word, surely we must give it to them. The School Board can only provide milk and water."¹

Gradually he raised money for building schools and in 1872 had the satisfaction of seeing them dedicated by the bishop. A statue of the Good Shepherd was placed in a niche beneath the bell-cot, for the Good Shepherd was the special badge of the Mission, *I am the Good Shepherd* its motto. There is a chapel of that name in the church; the children were familiar with the figure and the doctrine. And as we know it was dear to Fr. Wainright.

The schools provided in the beginning for over six hundred children; the number grew to be over one thousand. The clergy attended daily to lead morning prayers and give religious instruction to the children and the pupil teachers.

¹ Charles Lowder, *Twenty-one Years in St. George's Mission*, p. 100.

That daily teaching was emphasized by services and catechizing in church. On Sundays the children attended a special Sung Eucharist in the morning; in the afternoon there was a children's service with catechizing. "My great point," said Fr. Lowder, "is to draw the affection of the young towards holy things." In this he was abundantly successful, partly because he had a great love for children.

So had his successor. His children and his schools were never far from his heart. And as he went about the parish the children flocked round him, drawn as if by a magnet. He loved the innocence of children and never himself lost the heart of a child. "To a priest nothing can be more precious than the little ones entrusted to his charge," he wrote. Both he and his predecessor would sweep the children with them along the streets, sheltered under their long cloaks. "It was an unforgettable sight," writes a friend, "to meet the Father walking up Old Gravel Lane with a crowd of little children running around him." On cold winter nights he would go out to search for neglected children in the streets. He would often bring back two little ones, one on each side, under the warm shelter of his cloak and put them to sleep in a room in the clergy house kept for that purpose, giving them a good breakfast in the morning. The student who tells us that, stayed one winter with a friend at the clergy house during their vacation: he recalls how they used to be sent out on icy days to tie wads of paper round the frozen feet of the barefoot children.

The sufferings of the children, their cold, their undernourishment, haunted Fr. Wainright. He found it difficult to eat his own sparse meals. "You can't understand hunger unless you go hungry," he said. And so he went hungry. The children knew instinctively that he was their friend. Sometimes he would take home some poor little mites with him into the clergy house and feed them with lumps of

sugar out of his bowl. And any Wapping child would tell you that a touch of his hand, or even of his tattered cloak, would cure a bruise or a cut finger.

The awful poverty and need were always a heavy burden. Yet his cheerfulness and his smile are things one hears of most from those who knew him. The fact remains that all his years at St. Peter's were weighted with financial anxiety. How to carry on the schools was the chief problem, one which involved raising over £2,000 every year.

There is a pleasant story about this. Walter Jones, his friend and churchwarden, was having breakfast with his wife one morning when the vicar "blew in," as he often did at that hour, to discuss ways and means. Walter Jones had to disclose the melancholy fact that at last the schools were absolutely on the rocks; he did not see how they could possibly carry them on any longer *without* accepting State aid. That, of course, was utterly against the vicar's principles; he thought it essential that the clergy should have control over the religious teaching of the children. Walter Jones knew that. But he wondered why there was no reply. Looking up sadly he saw that his vicar's whole serious attention was engaged in trying to fit the tea-cosy over the cat!

Walter Jones was himself a product of St. Peter's schools. At a meeting in South Kensington appealing for help for the schools, he wore his robes as Mayor of Stepney and spoke proudly of the fact that he had been educated entirely at St. Peter's schools. He was certainly a good example of their efficiency. He had become a server at the age of seven, and for thirty years served every morning unless prevented by illness or absence on holiday. He filled at one time or another every lay-office connected with the church from bell-ringer and stoker to churchwarden. In municipal affairs he was successively vestryman, councillor, mayor, deputy mayor, alderman and justice of the peace. For

many years he kept all the accounts of the parish, and after Henry Cairncross had initiated him into its mysteries edited the magazine. Beyond all that he was the vicar's right hand and his friend. That is one example of what St. Peter's schools could do though of course Walter Jones was a very exceptional man. But His Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, whatever they may have thought of the vicar's independence, approved of the schools. One year the report on the boys' school ended with the words "I do not think that in all the good work St. Peter's does, there is anything more lasting than what is done in this school."

The Education Act of 1902 brought Fr. Wainright into open opposition to the Ministry of Education. He feared it meant abandoning the children to an entirely secular education, and so he determined to carry on the schools entirely on his own, with no State grant whatever. One inspector said to him, "Why don't you come under the Act? You could take your children to church twelve times a year!"

"Yes! I know that well enough!" replied Fr. Wainright: "but now I can take them whenever I choose!"

The teaching of St. Peter's church and schools did in fact leave a permanent mark upon their children. There have been churches like St. Peter's which are real spiritual homes but whose people have not carried their religion away with them when they left their home. But a large proportion of St. Peter's children became living stones in other churches at home and abroad. Fr. Wainright's teaching went deep.

An old lady brought up in St. Peter's schools has given us her impressions of the vicar—"If ever there was a saint, *he* was! He loved them all! He was always giving. He taught my father to read and write, taking him for an hour in the afternoon."

The streak of obstinacy he derived from his soldier

ancestors often showed itself. Once in a stubborn way when he refused to put on a new cassock his curates provided, and would only get up when his worn and rusty one was brought back. His obstinacy showed to greater advantage in his absolute refusal to accept defeat in regard to his schools. There were times when his friends thought he should have come under the Government scheme. Even the Roman Catholics had done so. But the vicar felt an obligation to keep the schools as Fr. Lowder had left them, free from Government interference. He had the satisfaction of knowing that they were making a mark in the parish through the children, creating an atmosphere in which religion could live and flourish. The new Bill would doubtless advance the child's education in things of this life, but no provision was made nor stress laid on the life to come.

Not that we church people minimize the value of a sound secular education, but that we believe no education that is real and substantial and likely to help the child can be built on any foundation save a really religious one. My experience is—and I am connected with schools under State control—that religion cannot be said to have any real place in them at all.

But there was not only the spiritual and mental training of his children to look after; there was desperate need to feed their bodies. He provided what were practically free meals long before the State came to the help of the poor. Writing of the children's dinners he says:

It is no little matter to have been able, by the help of others, to feed 260 children every day. For the daily meal does mean a very great deal; it means staving off disease, so easily fallen prey to when the body is underfed.

Come and see for yourselves the eager little crowd in Calvert Street and look at their little faces, so terribly

anxious that the non-possession of the necessary halfpenny should not exclude them from the much-needed meal. And it is worth any amount of trouble in finding that small coin for all such destitute ones, to see their happy look when they are called in to sit down with their richer companions. To say No is always hard ; when the children are hungry it is terrible!

And on Sunday morning the privileged few who come to the Clergy House for their breakfast of currant bun (made larger by the kindly feeling of the baker) and warm milk, look supremely happy as they warm their little cold toes by the fire and set to with a good will to the food.

Here I must say a word of praise of our little ones. They cannot always remain quiet, but during the time we are saying grace, even with the large number we have at dinner, sometimes over 300, you might realize that strange feat as accomplished—"hearing a pin drop." Reverently their little fingers make the sign of the cross, the protection against greediness, the reminder of the dear Lord from whom that good meal has come.

To see the rough boys pushing in some ill-clad mite, or pleading for some shoeless child, or urging the claim of some little one on the ground that he or she has no mother or father, shows that even in the midst of their roughness there is a touch of kindness and generous feeling.

He goes on to thank the teachers who taught gladly at St. Peter's schools in spite of the fact that they could have got larger salaries at County Council schools, and that even the salaries they did get were often much in arrear.

But beyond training and feeding his large family, he wanted them to know the joy of religion ; he wanted to brighten the lives of the children. And so every spring he began to plot and plan how he could collect enough money to get them all away into the country. At first he aimed only at getting the children away for a day to Southend.

Then he became more adventurous and aspired to sending them away for a week, then two whole weeks. "6s. 8d. will keep a child in the country for ten days, 13s. 4d. will keep two children," and so on.

He always liked when possible to see them off himself; the planning of the holidays for others seemed to make the summer fly for him who had no holiday; the London heat was forgotten in the delight of knowing that, if only for a short time, his children would be well fed and well looked after.

There is nothing more enjoyable than to see a large party of East London children off for a week's trip—they do so enjoy it!

The walk to the station, accompanied by every other available child, occasionally with an extemporized band of tin kettles and anything that makes a good noise, all gives a brightness to the scene. And everyone, even to the railway porters, seems to rejoice that someone is going to be happy this bright weather.

Wealthy friends who had country houses would ask thirty or three hundred or even six hundred children down for a long day and entertain them with games and sumptuous meals. This meant a special train, more arrangements to make. And there was no secretary, not even a typewriter, in the clergy house; that would have cost too much when there were hungry children to feed. Fr. Wainright never got away from the necessity of raising money. But to see the children return tanned and well was a rich reward. It reminds one of Masfield's happy lines

He who gives a child a treat
Makes joy-bells ring in Heaven's street,
And he who gives a child a home
Builds palaces in Kingdom come.¹

¹ John Masfield, *The Everlasting Mercy*.

Fr. Wainright took his responsibilities very seriously. He confesses to a "kind of trembling" lest anything he should do or omit to do should blemish the work of his great predecessors. And so he asks for the prayers of his friends that he may be helped to follow, "though a very long distance behind," in their footsteps.

We find him in what he called a "ruminating mood" one September afternoon, sitting outside the clergy house waiting for the babies who attended the Sunday school to return. "We have a marvellous facility here," he writes, "in making the most of our pleasures. We talk of them beforehand, and camel-like we 'ruminate' on them afterwards." His babies had been for an outing in brakes, a long line of brakes, with *St. Peter's, London Docks*, inscribed on the side of each. The Father goes on :

I felt, waiting for them, rather like a hen who has sat on ducks' eggs and who sees her offspring embarking on the watery deep; half-fearing that some of the infants might have been lost, or broken their arms or legs, for the ways of East End babies are very wonderful.

Another day he and his schoolmaster, with the unlikely name of Screech, took thirty little lads of the very poorest out to tea. Their clothing, or rather the lack of it, was a problem. There were two pairs of boots and six caps between thirty boys; of the rest of their garments "the less said the better."

However, we were all thoroughly happy. Our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Robertson, entertained us to a good tea and what the boys still more enjoyed, a good roll on real grass.

These kind hosts were constantly having parties of *St. Peter's* children and their parents for long summer after-

noons in their garden. Their son, the Rev. Neville Robertson, sends us these reminiscences of Fr. Wainright :

I knew him fairly well during the last thirty years of his life. My father became Member of Parliament for South Hackney (1885-1906) and my mother was a close personal friend and admirer of Fr. Wainright.

I was myself prepared for Confirmation by him. This was possible by missing a term between my preparatory school and going to Eton in 1903.

I had sixteen lessons, two each week for eight weeks. The journey from Hackney was made by horse-tram and the latter part on foot. The old wood houses still stood in Old Gravel Lane and there was a permanent smell of beer when one had crossed over the bridge on to the island.

The uncarpeted stair of the clergy house and the equally bare room are indelibly impressed on my memory. There always seemed to be a number of very poor people waiting to see the Father, on a wooden seat outside the famous room. I felt sorry for them having to wait thirty minutes while Fr. Wainright instructed a little boy of thirteen. The whole of the talks were on the subject of the Holy Spirit, the headings of which I still possess.

So life went on for Fr. Wainright,

Swinging wicket set
Between

The Unseen and the seen,

from country outings with his boys and girls to teaching them in day school, training them in deeper things at the Children's Eucharist. They came to that service of their own accord. No one coerced them. But the church would be full and the Father touched to the heart by their little kneeling forms.

He tried to teach his children that God cared for their bodies as well as their souls; he knew, as St. Teresa had

said hundreds of years before, "In order to bear life everything is necessary"—especially when life was hemmed in by the wharves and warehouses of Wapping, when unemployment was rife, when there was never quite enough food or clothing to go round.

As Christ fed the five thousand at Capernaum, so we must relieve their daily wants. As He did not disdain the marriage festivities at Cana, so we would by our clubs and social gatherings make them realize that what He condemns is not healthy amusement but only that which is degrading and sinful.

He enjoyed teaching in the day schools so much, being with the children, that he used to go into the schools practically every day. And he taught in a vigorous and arresting way. One day when speaking about sin and the devil he noticed a good deal of restlessness among a row of little girls at the back. "Look!" he cried out suddenly, interrupting his description of the devil and pointing with his finger, "There he is! Running right along that row!"

He thought the relationship between Church and children essential and beyond all price :

The tie between priest and children brought up in church schools is never really broken. If I had to begin work in a new parish to-morrow and had to choose between a good school building and a handsome church, I should not hesitate for a moment to choose the former as being the surer way of planting firmly the Gospel of Our Lord.

I take this as the teaching of one to whom I owe all—Fr. Lowder—if I read that teaching aright. We once had no vestments, no glorious ritual, only one surplice between two priests. That did not hinder a daily Eucharist nor definite Catholic teaching. But I believe we never were without schools for our children. Please God we never shall be.

Before we leave this happy picture of the Father and his children here is one last story. One of his young mothers brought her baby girl to be baptized. She had been born deaf and dumb.

“What is her name to be?” asked the Father.

“Martha,” answered the mother.

“Call her Mary!” said Fr. Wainright, “and she will get better!”

She was christened Martha Mary. She did not get better in this world. But her mother tells how the child would watch for the coming of the old priest and when he came would walk along the street with him, her hand in his, her eyes fixed on his face.

VIII

VISITING THE SICK

St. Francis de Sales' love for humanity is no mere natural affection and sympathy. It finds its heart and soul in the divine love for a lost universe which only the Crucifixion could reveal

KENNETH KIRK

IT has been said that "the ache of the world's sorrow is keenest to the holiest of God's saints"¹ It was Fr. Wainright's daily lot; for in that crowded parish, under those conditions of poverty and undernourishment, the care of the sick was one of his most urgent labours. He put it in the very first place. In that way he got to know his sick people intimately; in that way too he practised what he calls "spiritual angling" and brought many straying sheep back into the fold.

He was a constant visitor at the London Hospital; one of his wealthy friends saw that he was made a governor there in order that he might visit his people at any hour of the day or night. And the night was his favourite time for visiting those seriously ill.

Writing of the "London" in 1892 he says:

We at St. Peter's owe it a debt we can never repay. By day and by night for more than nineteen years I have been frequent in my visits. Throughout that time I have visited not far short of two thousand cases. The care they have received, the skill with which they have been treated and the wonderful cures which by God's blessing have been effected, are beyond words to describe.

¹ Elizabeth Waterhouse, *Thoughts of a Tertiary.*

Think what a boon it is to have a place like this! When one can just put the sick into a cab and take them where good nursing, skilful treatment and kindness are at once to be obtained.

The stories about Fr. Wainright and the London Hospital are legion.

Bishop Paget tells one which he heard from a famous surgeon there. The Father had himself wheeled a sick man to the hospital in a wheelbarrow. The patient was not a very attractive specimen of humanity but Fr. Wainright said on handing him over: "Please take very great care of him. He is such a nice man and a very great friend of mine!"¹

When he called at the hospital, he would appear at the door of a ward and ask the nurse on duty whether there was anyone seriously ill. If the answer was Yes, he would take off his boots and carry them so as to walk quietly, making no sound. Thus he would appear at the bedside, noiselessly, and, like a visitor from another world, transform the whole situation, bringing with him a wonderful sense of peace and power. The patient might be a parishioner, might be someone he had met casually and helped to get a bed, might be a saint, might be a sinner; it did not matter—although, like his Master, he had a weakness for sinners.

If he had a friend dangerously ill in St. George's Hospital, close at hand, he would sometimes wait for the call, sitting outside on the steps of the clergy house. Not long before he died a policeman found him curled up, asleep on a doorstep near the hospital. "What's the matter, sir?" asked the policeman. "I'm quite comfortable, thank you," Fr. Wainwright replied: "I've got to be at the hospital again in an hour to see someone who is dying and I was afraid if I went home I might not wake up!" Sometimes when he did

¹ Henry Luke Paget, *op. cit.*, p. 166.

wait at the hospital for an expected call into the ward the sisters and nurses would comment on the little bowed figure sitting there on a hard bench through the watches of the night, his reward that of helping some soul "on to the further shore."

His favourite time to give communion to grave cases was just after midnight. But he was constantly in the wards at all hours, both at the London Hospital and St. George's.

The now legendary story of the shirt happened at the "London." The Father was visiting a man about to be discharged who confided in him that he had no shirt to go out in. Fr. Wainright simply went behind a screen, took off his own shirt and gave it to the man. That happened not once but several times. Indeed, shirts often come into the story. The reason was the prevailing unemployment; the need to pawn everything that could be pawned to buy food. The Father writes (1909):

We have got so low now that not only do people want feeding up before they are fit for work, but in many cases boots and clothing, all they have being either in pawn or worn out.

Last night a man appeared with no shirt at all under his coat; happily I found one that had just been sent. So he came to my room and attired himself to his great satisfaction and comfort. This was about 10.30 p.m. when I found him waiting for me. . . . You will understand a shirt is necessary when the coat, such as it is, is taken off for work.

When some work-party asked what would be most useful, he eagerly replied:

Might I suggest shirts? men's and boys'. Not seldom, men come to my room for shirts, who unless that want is supplied would find it impossible to take work even if offered. No one can work with his coat on, so that a shirt in fair repair is essential.

It was no unusual thing for Fr. Wainright to leave the hospital, where he had ministered to the dying, early in the morning, just in time to get to St. Peter's for his early celebration. On many nights he was not in bed at all. Small and slight, this "little wisp of a man" must have had extraordinary staying power, must have been sustained by supernatural power, for to us his slight meals, his incessant work and his broken nights seem to spell impossible. But to him, trained in the art by his predecessor and perfected in it by long years of practice, nothing was impossible.

He found that in the summer months, when the weather was warm and when his wealthy friends were apt to be away on holiday, little money came in for his sick and poor. He often utters a reminder that the poor are hungry even in good weather!

Don't forget the sick and poor! Summer and winter alike they number many. . . . The sun may shine ever so bright, but it does not take away the need for food and for extra nourishment for the sick.

What a tremendous difference it makes when you are ill to have your wants supplied! One often asks with fear and trembling, "What has the doctor ordered?" For even the modest diet, milk and beef-tea, is not always easy to supply; nor do three dinners a week meet the case of the laid-by breadwinner who must be fed up if he is to regain his strength for work. . . . Herein, the upbuilding of the body laid low by disease or accident, lies a good part of our work. . . . Are we not servants of a Master Who would appear never to have forgotten that He has given us bodies as well as souls and that both require ministering to?

And it is a tremendous help towards going on to spiritual things if bodily wants can first be got out of the way.

Think of us week by week! The shilling or sixpence coming in . . . sends the priest to his flock with better heart and with more hope that the Gospel he has to declare will

be received by the soul he longs to capture for his Lord. I have from time to time taken one or two of our friends through some of our courts and into some of our rooms. It has been a wholesome lesson. . . .

But it was not only that he could give his people the wherewithal to buy necessities that made him so welcome a visitor. It was far more than that, his self-spending compassion, his individual interest in each one, the fact that he cared so deeply.

He found in one house the husband ill with pneumonia, the wife with two little children and expecting her third baby. He saw that would not do, and with few words and little delay took the husband in a hansom to the London Hospital. Then he went back to see the wife. Finding her anxious about where the rent was to come from, he paid it for some weeks ahead and saw she had wherewithal to buy food. So that the new baby arrived in peaceful circumstances to a mother with a quiet mind; the husband recovered and all was well.

“’E was a real man of God, ’e was! ’E was lovely! Always time to stop and talk to you, ’owever busy ’e was!”

That was a characteristic many have mentioned, that however busy he was, he was never too busy to pass the time of day with a cheery word. And if he saw anyone looking “down” he would stop and say “Hullo! What’s wrong?” and would insist on hearing all about it and generally find a way to put it right.

He never spoke about his night-visiting but the quiet streets gave him away by the echoing of his hob-nailed boots as he went from house to house. These boots must have been not only physically tiring, but something of a trial to one described in his youth as “dapper.” He never says so, but he does say:

The fancied requirements of youth are gone: older age is content with simpler equipment. I remember thinking shoes with buckles and black silk stockings *de rigueur*. Now one is only thankful if one's boots keep out the wet.

His friends were always telling him he ought not to work so hard, he should go away for a change or he would break down. He answers:

It is the lack of sufficient help for the work that breaks people down, not the air or the surroundings. To say NO to those who want help, to sit down and calculate—to calculate when you wake, when you sleep, when you walk, at all times and in all circumstances—that is what wears! not the work itself which is a privilege. . . .

So keep up your kind help! If a day or two of financial peace occurs, it being a thing unlooked for, it becomes more than equal to a six weeks' tour amid the English lakes or the Swiss mountains—to say nothing of the cheapness of the pleasure!

It was because no call for help was ever refused that there was so little time for sleep. It did not matter whether the call was from a member of St. Peter's or from someone quite unknown; that someone was in need was sufficient. The only favouritism shown was perhaps to the black sheep. One of his own people said to a visitor, "The Father loves best the very poor and the very rich, the very bad and the very good. The middlin' ones—and there ain't many here!—are well looked after by the other clergy!"

Nobody knows much about his dealings with his black sheep; how often he visited prisons or magistrates' courts. That was all locked away in his heart. He had a profound respect and reverence for human nature; he could see deep down the spark of good in those whom others called degraded. And he was so profoundly humble himself. That led him to recognize the temptations his poorer friends were

faced by; he realized how extreme poverty, hunger and cold destroyed all feelings save those of craving for food and warmth—especially when wife and children were suffering.

Can you wonder if the poor drink to drown their cares, to enable them to forget their constant miseries? Many don't, thank God. But never forget, even in the case of the drunkard, that there are as many cases where drink is caused by poverty as there are where poverty is caused by drink. The rich take their morphia or something stronger; the poor, with far greater excuse, their glass of spirits.

Well, dear people! by your gifts help us to brighten their lives by happier and healthier means, and by your prayers for us cause others to think of and aid our wants, at this time more severe than ever.

He did not only provide for his people in life. Those who have visited St. Peter's guild ground in the East London cemetery will not need to be reminded of the last of his acts of mercy. In a village their bodies would rest under the shadow of the cross above the church and their relatives would care for their resting-place. That might seem impossible in East London, but Fr. Wainright achieved the impossible. He provided the guild ground for his people where all that is mortal would rest under the shadow of a great crucifix and their friends could visit and tend their graves. It was one of his happiest moments to know one of his flock "safely landed on the Shore."

After fifty-six years of unceasing labour of life and love, the shepherd himself rests there in the midst of his flock, the Calvary over his grave shedding a blessing over the whole place.

A priest lives—for what? For the souls of his people. A priest has done his work when all his people are gathered in and not till then. And that will never be in his lifetime. Therefore his work is never done.

IX

HIS PREACHING

His likeness to Christ is the truth of a man, even as the perfect meaning of a flower is the truth of a flower. . . .
As Christ is the blossom of humanity, so the blossom of every man is the Christ perfected in him

GEORGE MACDONALD

FR. WAINRIGHT was one of the last of the early group of Tractarians who practised their faith in the poorest parts of our great cities. Like other Tractarians he preached the Cross, not only from the pulpit but in his life. He converted by the force of his gentle and winning personality and the very high sense of a saintly life that lay behind it. His services and sermons strongly combined the Catholic and evangelical elements. His sermons were very simple but full of fervour. With upraised hand "he stood as one who pleaded with men." However low they might have sunk, they were redeemed by the Precious Blood of Christ. He nearly always spoke of sin and redemption and of the plan of salvation. He appealed to men to come to the penitent form and confess Christ. Both at the weekday mission services to which the very roughest would come, and at the dignified High Mass on Sundays, Sankey and Moody hymns were used. His two favourites were "Hold the fort for I am coming," and "Shall we gather at the river?" "There is a river," he would say, "and it is good for us to have these pictures in our minds!"

His old friend Fr. Andrew, S.D.C., wrote of him :

He was a simple evangelical preacher. Though he was difficult to hear, yet the expression of his face was so beautiful that one felt it did not matter a bit what he was talking about. He himself was the message.

That, of course, was when he was old. Those who heard him in earlier life say that his preaching was simple, homely and direct ; familiar without loss of dignity and very human in its sympathy and understanding. Wherever he went to preach, crowds flocked to hear him. We are told of the wonder it was just to see him, his radiant smile, his sense of joy in the Lord. Bishop Paget writes of someone who got quite close to him when he was preaching and said it was "simply heavenly! for he lived in very close and constant communion with God."¹

From the year in which he became vicar—1884—Fr. Wainright was practically never away from his parish for more than a night, except on the two or three occasions when he was ill. If he could possibly avoid it, he never missed his early celebration nor the hour of devotion which followed it. His day could be described in Baron von Hügel's trilogy *God, Christ and the Poor*. From communion with God he went out to find Christ in His poor.

His faithfulness to his rule never to miss his early celebration at St. Peter's meant that he spent many nights in the train, walking either from Paddington or Euston to get back in time. He was a great walker, and having strong sabbatarian principles would never use a tram on Sunday.

He managed to live with very little sleep. A visitor to Wapping hearing tales of his travelling and sick-visiting through the night was mystified about it and asked a

¹ Henry Luke Paget, op. cit., p. 166.

smart-looking lad he was talking to "But does he never sleep?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" the lad answered, "he does sleep! He somnambulates home!"¹ And he did in fact achieve a trance-like condition in which he walked home. Yet if the police—the only people about in the small hours—should meet him, he would stop and chat with them. They all knew him and had the greatest respect for him, for in the early days he would go alone into alleys into which they ventured only in couples.

One of his friends tells us how Fr. Wainright contrived on several occasions to preach the harvest festival Evensong at Castle Eaton, an isolated village eight miles from Swindon, and yet to be back in St. Peter's for his early celebration:

This was in the days before motors, and he used to hire a cab at Swindon and get to us for Evensong. The cabman was told to call for him at 9 p.m. He ate very little at supper, and afterwards I had the privilege of long talks with him.

On arriving at Swindon station he would go to the cheerless waiting-room for a rest, having arranged with a porter to come for him in time for the midnight mail to London. From Paddington he always walked to St. Peter's and waited up for the first Mass of the day. He told me this was his general custom and that he had not up till then spent a whole night out of the parish. And he used to go far afield.²

Fr. Wainright collected a great deal of money for his parish by preaching to wealthy congregations elsewhere, and he was often asked to preach. Yet though he always needed money for his church and schools he would not accept anything from a doubtful source. He used to go to preach every year at a village called Pylle near Shepton Mallet in

¹ Fr. James Adderley, *Goodwill*, May 1898.

² From the Rev. C. M. R. Luckman.

Somerset, where a relative of his called MacConnell was rector. The Father preached twice and the church would be crowded, people standing not only in the porch and churchyard but even in the road.

One year an officer came in the morning and was so impressed that he came again at night. When he came in the evening he brought with him £40 in notes which he had won on the racecourse the day before.

At the end of the service he went into the vestry and offered the money to Fr. Wainright for his work in Wapping. But when told how the money had been obtained, the Father very courteously said he was sorry, but in the circumstances he felt unable to accept it.

When Fr. H. P. Bull was Superior of the Society of St. John the Evangelist he invited Fr. Wainright to come and preach for St. Peter's schools :

And he came, though people told me it was most unlikely he would leave his parish for a Sunday. But he had a great reverence for the Society, for Fr. Benson and the earlier Fathers.

He came on Saturday and it seemed that, true to report, he only lay on the top of the bed in our modest cells that night.

He preached at 11 a.m. at the High Mass and I do not suppose a third of the people in the church heard a word of what he said for his voice was by that time very weak.

But to see him in the pulpit was an inspiration—so frail and yet so vigorous; so inaudible but yet so enthusiastic, so smiling and friendly and happy, a saint all over. And we gave him a good collection to his heart's delight. But he was off home again in the afternoon.

Fr. Wainright and Fr. Andrew, S.D.C., used often to meet at the East London cemetery, where St. Peter's had its guild ground and where the S.D.C. did the chaplain's

work. They had many talks while waiting for a funeral to arrive. Fr. Andrew wrote:

How merry these conversations were, with memories of hunting and experiences amongst country folk whom he loved ardently. He always offered to help me if I wanted help and on one occasion, the other priests of the community being away, I was glad to accept this offer. He said that what would suit him best would be to sing the 11 o'clock Mass and to preach. He arrived in good time for the service, paying some visits en route, having walked the whole way from St. Peter's. He sang the Mass and preached, but when I told him that his breakfast would be awaiting him, he excused himself, saying he wanted to catch somebody and was sure he would do it on his way back. When he did have breakfast I do not know, but he certainly walked the whole way back. The walk from his church to ours and back was at the very least eight miles.

Another account of his preaching comes from Cape Town, from Fr. G. S. Dakers, S.S.J.E.:

I only saw Fr. Wainright once. It was years ago in the little church of SS. Philip and James, Plaistow, the centre of the parish work of the Fathers and Brothers of S.D.C. Fr. Wainright had come to preach at the Patronal Festival and I was one of the congregation. I cannot remember the details of the sermon but it was all about the love of Our Lord. I can see the saintly old priest, his face shining with love for God and God's children. I can hear his gentle voice as he said with a smile:

"Mrs. Brown says, 'I go to Fr. Peter for my confession,' and Mrs. Green says, 'I go to Fr. John for mine.'

"But they don't, you know!" the old preacher went on, "They only go to Jesus!"

I only saw him that once but I can never forget it—*They only go to Jesus!*

Fr. Wainright's old friend Bishop Paget, then of Stepney, who knew him through most of his long years at St. Peter's, was once asked to reply to the toast of The Preachers at the festival luncheon.

"No one who comes to St. Peter's ever lacks a good sermon," he said. "There is always a good sermon written on the face of Fr. Wainright!"

As he never wrote down his sermons, the following extracts from letters to his people at the chief seasons of the Church's year must serve to give some idea of his simple teaching.

ADVENT

Here is a New Year for you and me. Let us all try to do better this year. Let us come back to any good habit we have left off. Let us give up any bad habit we have fallen into. If we use the right means, God gives us in them all the help we need, all the strength we require. If we keep putting off, the time may go by for ever.

Now the King comes to us in all the beauty of His love and sympathy to help and to cheer us if we will.

Then it might be the Mighty Judge to determine our future according to what our life has been. Let us rouse ourselves, one and all! Let this year be a real awakening, a real earnest putting our shoulders to the wheel and living lives of true Christian manliness.

Immanuel, God with us, is one of the titles of Our Lord. If that be so, who can be against us?

CHRISTMAS

The joy of Christmas is one that nothing can dispel; not even earthly cares and sorrows can lessen the true Christmas joy; rather are they made less unbearable by the coming of Him into the world to share all troubles, as well as joys.

Can we in this place better please that dear Lord who at this time came to bring to men the Good News of Salvation, than by doing our best to help those schools wherein the children so dear to the Holy Child are taught the things He would have them know?

To receive gives only temporary satisfaction; to give that which lasts on into Eternity. Soon we shall welcome the Holy Child Who so freely gave Himself for our sakes—a pattern of the scale on which all gifts to God should be based.

Let Christmas be bright for our poor that Holy Day! The hungry cry for food, the cold and shivering for firing. It depends on you to help me to give it! A good fire becomes a necessity this bitter weather and on no day more than on the glad day of Our Lord's birth.

He had but sorry comfort in the stable at Bethlehem.

We can warm the Holy Babe now, in the person of His suffering poor.

LENT

A good Lent is not one which has for its sole object the bringing of the individual himself or herself nearer to Christ for his or her sake alone. A good Lent is one in which the individual learns to desire to bring others nearer also.

Selfishness—the advancement of that which concerns self—is nowhere more apt to creep in than during Lent—probably quite unconsciously. How many people, for instance, provide for their own spiritual edification during that Holy Season, by attending course upon course of Lenten addresses themselves—forgetful altogether of the fact that there are others depending on them for whom they make no such provision, though for them, as well as for ourselves, the Saviour died.

Lent calls to each one of us to take our stand by the Crucified and fixing our eyes on Him to view our whole life in the light of His Passion. Is the desire to aid others at whatever cost to ourselves in time, money, sympathy,

prayers, the object of *our* life as it was the object of His?

From the Manger at Bethlehem to the Cross on Calvary, He taught us ever to live for others. At one time He is at the Marriage Feast in Cana of Galilee, providing for the comfort of the guests there. At another time He is pouring comfort into the desolate home at Bethany, into the hearts of Martha and Mary. Again he is cheering the poor sinner's heart, though taken in the midst of her sin, by pouring once more into her life hope that had long since died out, by the unlooked for words of love—"Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more!"

You will not mind these few words, for I look on you all as friends. And I so long, if you will let me and He will enable me, to help you as you help me. I want you to feel *that*, as a privilege allowed you by Him, as the work in which your money is used is the privilege allowed us. So I am not a mere beggar and you are not mere befrienders; but you and I are doing our work together, each having from God our separate part to carry out.

Lent draws out our love for Him who was perfect Love, but whose love alas! we so often fail to understand and still more sadly fail to value. But who can kneel and gaze upon that Face, so bruised for our sakes; who can behold the pierced Hands and Feet and not feel the marvellous power of that Love which for our sakes kept Him on the Cross, kept Him, since had He so willed, He might indeed have come down?

Then, dear people, use this holy time well. Let us use it together, priest and people, that so we may all be drawn to live more closely to Him now, with Whom, of His infinite mercy, we hope to live forever hereafter.

May God bless these few words to you, to us all. May we be often found in His House, at the foot of His Cross.

PASSIONTIDE AND EASTER

Once more Holy Week is at hand and Passion Week as the gate leading to it. Both precede the glorious feast of

the Resurrection and are the road that leads to it. The hope of real Easter Joy depends on whether we travel along the Way of the Cross. No other road than that trodden by Our Lord can ever lead to the Risen Glory of the Risen Lord. Let us lay aside our wonted amusements and use frequently the many opportunities of coming to His House. Kneel often before the Crucifix that there we may get that knowledge of ourselves which shall bring us through Confession to the inexpressible comfort of true Absolution.

The closer we draw to the Cross, the nearer shall we come to Our Risen Lord. The more we try to enter into His Passion and to share it with Him, the more shall we be able to understand the great mystery of His Resurrection. God grant to us all so devoutly to spend Passiontide that our Easter Communion may be one of deep and true joy.

A good Easter is only reached through a devout Lent. The Cross must precede the Crown. The Battle must come before the Victory.

May we, by God's grace, so spend our Passiontide that not only may it bring us to a happy Easter here, but when the Passiontide of life is over, to the glorious Easter beyond, to the Shore where Jesus is standing, waiting to welcome those who have served Him faithfully in this life. God grant this for you and for me.

Yours ever affectionately in Him,

LINCOLN S. WAINRIGHT.

X

HIS FRIENDS

I love to think that Friendship will be part of the business of Eternity¹

THE great friend of Fr. Wainright's life was, of course, his predecessor, Charles Lowder. He had such a devotion to Lowder that all his life he remained in his own eyes "Fr. Lowder's curate":

One desire I have and one only. To be permitted by God to die in harness and to be buried among my own people. If remembered at all I should ever like to be remembered by that which is my proudest title, as Assistant Priest to that brave Soldier, Fr. Lowder, the Founder and First Vicar of St. Peter's, to whose generous love I owe the being allowed to work here at all.

This devotion to Lowder's memory coloured his whole life; to continue as Lowder had begun seemed to him the greatest service he could render God and His Church. The result certainly justified his aim; he built up living stones on the Founder's solid foundation.

Of his other friends, Fr. Benson the founder of Cowley was the one on whom he most relied. Fr. Benson had been associated with St. Peter's from the beginning and often came to preach at the big festivals in Fr. Wainright's time. They had a great deal in common, though the relationship

¹ I regret I have not been able to trace the source of this quotation.

was always that of disciple to master. Once when Fr. Benson was staying at Plaistow, he walked over to see Fr. Wainright. The thought of the meeting of those two, both of whom he knew intimately, used to remind Fr. Andrew of the beautiful della Robbia lunette of the meeting of St. Francis and St. Dominic.

Fr. Wainright once took some of his lads to Oxford for the afternoon. After showing them over his old college—Wadham—he took them to Cowley;

There Fr. Benson himself took us over the whole house, the garden, the beautiful church in which the Fathers now worship, so different from the old iron building in which so many of us learned so much of the Catholic faith in the late sixties.

To Fr. Wainright, as to so many others, Fr. Benson was “as a strong tower.”

Another intimate, who travelled the same difficult way at the same time, was Robert Dolling. Although we have no particulars of this friendship, there is a sad note by Fr. Wainright after attending his friend’s funeral:

Rich and poor, clergy and laity, schoolboys of all ranks, masters of a great public school, all mixed up together, all mourning the loss of one noble, single-hearted man.

But as I knelt there, not far from him whom I had known in all parts of his ministerial work and before too as a layman, I could not help thinking of the waste of it all. The coffin piled with costly flowers, the church filled with people, all made me wonder why people kill their clergy first and mourn over them when they have done so. Twice before I have assisted at great funerals,¹ great not as the world holds greatness, but in the greatness of the lives that had been laid down. Ever the same thought seemed to

¹ The others he was thinking of were, of course, Lowder and Mackonochie.

come. The money spent, the energy shown, the grief expended. Might not all of these have been put to better use by lifting the burden off the shoulders ere the weight became too crushing for the priest to bear . . .

The Church pleads for men to come and help her to win souls for Christ. And when she has found them, she drives them from her, those too who ask nothing but liberty to work.

Of his other friends, Bishop Luke Paget was one of the chief.

“My friendship with Fr. Wainright,” he wrote, “my affection and reverence for him, date from many years ago. He wrote to me two years before his death, and asked that when the time came, I should take some part in his funeral. He reminded me that when Fr. Waggett and I were at Christ Church Mission in Poplar, he used to come and help us.”

It was when Bishop Paget was preaching in a West London church on the text, *Having nothing, yet possessing all things*, that he could not keep Fr. Wainright out of his mind—“For here was a man who really had nothing; less in some ways than a monk; the minimum of sleep, never a holiday, the oldest of old clothes—and yet, *Possessing all things!* For beyond the happiness of his people, the welfare of their children, the health of their bodies and the welfare of their souls, he wanted nothing. If you dared to give him anything, before the day was out he would give it to someone else. . . .

“You never knew exactly what or when he ate; when or how long he slept. He wore his cassock until it nearly fell to pieces; he spent nothing on himself, but at the same time he was, like so many of the best priests I have known, a very fine and polished gentleman. The manners of the clergy house were perfect and you would see on the mantelpiece, side by side with photographs of his dear dockers,

the portrait of a smart lady in Court dress or a dapper officer in a good regiment.

“He simply lived for his people and it was a joy to go down the street with him and see how they loved him. For their sake, he went a good deal into municipal life and carried his way in it. I remember well one who was Mayor of Stepney serving him at the altar. He was always happy, always gentle, always ready to give you of his best. . . . For all his shabby clothes and his humility and his thoughtlessness about himself, there was what for want of a better name I should call *distinction*—a little old gentleman at the last, but always a gentleman.

“I can well remember him, when I was Bishop of Stepney, running on ahead to get me a first-class ticket, or sending me all the way home to Clapton in the splendour of the local four-wheeler.

“So he lived and loved there for fifty-six years. He never was desirous—I don’t suppose he ever dreamed—of going anywhere else. It is all very well, perhaps, to speak of wider spheres and ampler opportunities and the ambiguous advantage of a ‘change.’ But it is not easy to think of a life better spent or of a happier death.”

After her husband had himself passed away, Mrs. Paget in her beautiful record of his life writes how once the Bishop “came across Fr. Wainright in Hyde Park, an incredible *rencontre* as he seldom stirred from his parish. He smiled paternally, a cheerful, toothless smile—for why spend money on teeth when there are better things so urgently needed for church, school and people? After an eager greeting and talk, the Bishop turned and watched the old priest disappear in the distance, with silent reverence—and sighed with envy as he went his way.”¹

¹ E. K. Paget, *Henry Luke Paget*, pp. 165 and 177. (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1939.) Some sentences also from an obituary article in the *Guardian*.

Of Fr. Wainright's other priest friends most had passed away long before he did. In any case, he was one who had none but friends, and the bond between members of the Catholic party in those early days was a close one. Fr. Waggett was often at St. Peter's, so was Fr. Stanton, H. F. B. Mackay, and others too numerous to mention.

Seeing that the Father rarely left his parish, most of his friends were in it. Of those his assistant priests were a team which pulled harmoniously together guided by the Father on a light rein. While it is invidious to single out any where all were so wholeheartedly with their vicar, Fr. Dulley who had come to St. Peter's only a year after Fr. Wainright himself, was deeply devoted to him and tried unobtrusively to look after him. (If he had realized he was being looked after, that would have been the end of it.) Fr. Dulley kept a watchful eye even on the vicar's toilet accessories. When the tooth-brush or sponge showed signs of being *in extremis*, he quietly replaced them. The vicar was far beyond such mundane matters and never inquired who his benefactor was, probably never realized there was a benefactor, just used the things. (Unless, like the Curé d'Ars, he thought the angels had been at work!¹)

Fr. Wainright was interested in the Guild of Perseverance organized by Fr. Dulley with its club and even its art chamber—"Occasionally, lost in wonder, I venture in," he writes, "my East End boots sinking into the soft carpet as though in apology for their existence." Fr. Dulley is remembered too for his humorous speeches at the festival luncheons and for his unfailing help in every sphere. He died suddenly after thirty-seven years at St. Peter's, in 1919.

A. A. K. Legge was a generous voluntary priest, generous

¹ In the depth of winter those who looked after the Curé d'Ars used to put hot-water bottles under his confessional, the Curé attributing the welcome warmth to the ministrations of the angels.

both in his work and in his many anonymous gifts to church and parish; he died in 1898. E. T. W. Walker had to resign after nine years owing to ill health. Charles Worlledge, precentor and choirmaster when Fr. Wainright became vicar, also had to resign owing to his health. It would seem that only the strongest were able to stand the strain. W. E. Smyth who left St. Peter's after two years to go as medical missionary to South Africa was later consecrated Bishop of Lebombo. Fr. Wainright used to speak of the reflected glory shed on St. Peter's by the fact that one of its former staff should have been raised to the purple. T. P. Massiah, who worked for five years at St. Peter's, is still remembered there.

It was in 1894 that Harold Arthur Pollock came as deacon. Being a Radley boy he was no stranger. He worked at St. Peter's for forty-five years, being the vicar's right hand, especially when his strength began to fail. Of the many priests who worked at St. Peter's, four, Fr. Lowder, Fr. Wainright, Fr. Dullely and Fr. Pollock, gave it their whole lives.

Of the others, A. C. Heurtley worked there for a short time before entering the novitiate at Cowley; W. H. Bashford, who laboured most successfully among the children and was greatly beloved by them, was delicate when he came and died after three years.

Of all Fr. Wainright's assistants, one only remains on the staff, in an honorary capacity, Fr. M. S. Courtauld.¹ He served as chaplain to the Forces in the 1914-18 war and he still retains his rooms in the parish. He writes of his vicar:

His whole life, as far as I knew it or knew about it, was one of absolute service to others and a manifestation of what the love of God can do.

I think *the* great thing about it, which strikes everyone

¹ Since this was printed, Fr. Courtauld has retired.

who had the honour to know him, was the absolute spontaneousness and naturalness of it all.

He just never thought about himself at all, or his effect on others; but just did what he knew to be God's Will and loved doing it.

Fr. Wainright had good friends and helpers in the Sisters of the Holy Cross. There were always four or five sisters working in the parish, entirely at their own charge. He describes their work as "simply invaluable."

John Burgess Knight, one of the Father's chief friends, was an original trustee of St. Peter's and remained so till 1905, when the patronage passed to the Bishop of London. Though he was blind, he was a constant strength to Fr. Wainright, backing him up in every way, being at every "Petertide" festival, at which for many years he took the chair; a great Christian and a great churchman. When he died in 1909 Fr. Wainright wrote:

When the history of the last fifty years of the Catholic Revival comes to be written John Knight will have an honoured place among the noble band of laymen who in days of fierce trial stood their ground manfully.

It is to such laymen as he that the victories the Catholic Church in England has won are largely due. And when to courage is added a stainless life, manly and beautiful in all its aspects, such a one does indeed contribute a real and felt power.

To us here his loss is a great one. Yet for his sake, we, to whom all these years he has been so true and generous a friend, rejoice to think how, with sight recovered, he gazes on "the King in His Beauty and sees the Land that is very far off."

His son, Charles Knight, who took his father's place as far as that was possible, was another good friend. He

beautified the church by many gifts and kept in close touch with Fr. Wainright to the end.

Of the lay-workers, who were so numerous that the vicar said they formed a congregation in themselves, it is not perhaps correct to speak as friends; they were rather members of the family of St. Peter's. We can only pick out a few. Walter Jones, "one of his own rearing," was the nearest. He was like a son to the vicar; he helped him in countless ways, and his unexpected death in 1921 was a blow from which the vicar never recovered. He wrote then:

To me, for the forty-eight years I have known him, he has always represented what a Catholic should be—"saying very little, doing very much." It is not what we seem to others to be, but what we are in the sight of God, that counts for our influence upon others.

And that was the source of the wonderful influence Walter Jones exercised over all. On the Bench, on the Stepney Borough Council over which he so often presided as Mayor, on the St. George's Board of Guardians on which he was ever felt to be one of the most important members, working with men of different religious and political opinions, he commanded the respect of all, the love of many.

To me personally, besides and beyond the wonderful help he was in all things, he was something more than that; he was what to a priest is one of his greatest helps—a layman who commanded my deep respect for his consistency and the way he put GOD FIRST in all things.

Another of the Father's supports was Henry Cairncross. He became a member of St. Peter's a few months after Fr. Wainright joined the staff and there worked with him, "having a finger in every pie," for over thirty years, when he went to live elsewhere. An authority on ritual and ceremonial he arranged and marshalled all the great processions and ceremonies. He and Walter Jones together made a

splendid combination which was to be found in every activity connected with the church, even to the dancing club which Fr. Wainright assured the doubtful was quite safe in their responsible hands—for dancing was still regarded with suspicion at the time he welcomed it to an honoured place among the clubs.

It would take volumes to enumerate all the workers at St. Peter's. We can only mention a few, the Paice family, father, mother and three brothers, one of whom was the architect of the clergy house, the other two deep in all parochial affairs; Mr. Churchwarden Gilborn and his family; the superintendent of the infant Sunday school, with the felicitous name of Miss Rose Budd; Miss Cartwright, F.R.C.O., who undertook the duties of organist when Walter Hook went off to the war. She too went into public life to fight for better conditions for those among whom she chose to live; she did a great work among the children and was a great social worker and a first-class musician. Other well-known names among the workers were Miss Lee; Miss Montefiore; Mr. Lister Beck, auditor and treasurer for many years; and a noble band of teachers headed by Miss Johnston, Miss Pitt, Mr. Screech and later Mrs. Bathurst.

But like a true follower of his Master, Fr. Wainright also had friends among publicans and sinners. One Wapping publican, who had gone to live elsewhere, fell ill and sent for Fr. Wainright. He went of course at once, but not knowing the house was looking about to see which door he should go in by, when a shabby old woman took him by the arm saying, "Now, dearie, I'll show you a way in where you won't be seen!" So she led him round to a side door and then was much surprised when the landlady greeted him as an old friend. Fr. Wainright asked her to give his guide a glass of beer. Speaking about it afterwards he said, "Now

I consider that was a very kind action on the old lady's part! She evidently thought I was a down-and-out parson who wanted a drink but did not want to be seen! *She* will get her reward!"

Fr. Wainright was rarely balked of his desire to give everything offered to him to some charitable use. But there was one house to which he went regularly to take the invalid mother her communion. There the family conspired to see that that morning he really did have a reasonable breakfast. As he came downstairs he would find on the dining-room table bacon and eggs and buttered toast. The feast being cooked there was nothing to be done but to enjoy it. And that he did, quite simply. There was no nonsense about him. He was always absolutely simple and natural with that beautiful inborn courtesy of which so many of his friends speak. It showed itself in many ways. However shabby he might be, he was always, as Bishop Paget said, the perfect gentleman, always carried with him an air of distinction.

So ends an attempt at the impossible—to describe Fr. Wainright's friendships. For he had none but friends. All the world was his friend.

XI

HIS JUBILEE: FAILING STRENGTH: LAST DAYS

The just man passeth away but his light remaineth
DOSTOEVSKY

IN February 1909 Fr. Wainright completed twenty-five years as vicar at St. Peter's. He feared then as he had feared from the beginning, that he might not be able to hold on much longer. That the work was a strain is evident, because all through the years he used to wonder how much longer he could go on. Partly, perhaps, because he was the youngest of a family of twelve, all the other members of which had long since died; partly because his life was not considered a "good" one by the insurance company with which he took out a life policy for the benefit of the parish.

But all the time the work flourished under his hands, the schools increased, the organizations multiplied. Though we are told there were, at the end of twenty-five years, signs that his strenuous life was weighing on him, he was to work on for twenty years more. Knowing his dislike of any personal gift, the people respected his wish that no gift should be offered to him. He asked instead that all should make a special effort to make their communions on the first Sunday in Lent as an act of Thanksgiving to God for His goodness during the past twenty-five years. And he invited the congregation to a musical evening at which he spoke of the great work his predecessors had done and of the

wonderful help the love of his people had been to him.

Then came the first World War. He was anxious to go out as a chaplain that he might keep in touch with his young men. But his age prevented it. That seafaring Dock area suffered heavily. But as always he found cause for thankfulness:

Like all sad things war has a bright side in uniting everyone in a common cause, and more than that, in helping to bring people back to the fact (which they seemed in some danger of forgetting) that there is such a Being as Almighty God. Men are once more finding their way back to their knees in acknowledged powerlessness and convinced need of His aid.

The great fact of War is upon us. It is a very solemn lesson from God and we must try to understand it. It is a message of Love in one of its most awful aspects. We must believe that God is Love. What can we do to help? We must keep on praying. Over and over again, pray to Jesus from your hearts for the troops and for your loved ones. . . .

Then followed a list of 104 names of men and lads from the parish who had joined the Forces. There was a daily intercession service when the names were read out. Some thought the daily reading of the list—which grew grievously longer—took too much time. He was distressed at the desire for shorter services then as at other times. “There is no short road to Heaven!” he would declare. “Only the Cross!” From the Front came letters saying how grateful the men were to know they were being remembered. From the Front too came gifts for the schools: one man wrote, “You are doing there what we are doing here, fighting the forces of evil.” That cheered the Father. He wished those at home would value the sacramental teaching of the Church as the men at the Front did. One young soldier writing to him about that teaching said, “It is

all we have got out here!" And the vicar reflects how the War has brought those engaged in it to the foot of the Cross. He pays a tribute to the Book of Common Prayer:

The Prayer Book of the Church of England, loyally used, has in it all that is needed. The Sacramental teaching on Confession and Absolution is clear and unmistakably plain. In my long priesthood I have never found it necessary to use anything else; indeed, when other arguments have failed, its clear outspoken words have prevailed.

We have sent out many of our young fellows; very many have made their confession and communion before they started on their new life . . . and have been given strength to stand firm against the temptations which beset a soldier's life. In all this the schools with their definite teaching have done their part.

Before Christmas 1915 Fr. Wainright had a bad illness. There was consternation in the parish; everyone was so used to having him everywhere that something seemed to have stopped. The children wrote him affectionate little notes and dropped them in the letter-box after reading the daily bulletin:

I hope you will be better by Christmas so that you can enjoy it! I send my best love to you. Your loving little boy.

Another wrote:

I go every morning to see how you got on during the night. It seems funny not seeing you in church!

When he was sufficiently recovered he was ordered away by his friend Mr. (afterwards Lord) Dawson, and he went to stay with his nephew Henry Conolly and his wife at Hove. He would only stay for two weeks; but he was rested and managed to carry on from then till his last illness in 1927.

The day he came back to Wapping, he had hardly got

inside the clergy house when there was a commotion outside. It was playtime at the boys' school, and one of the boys having heard that the vicar was back, they all rushed to "The Lane" to welcome him. He came to his window and was given rousing cheers—the Father of the family had come home and everyone in the island knew it before nightfall.

But it had been a bad illness and it was generally felt that the vicar should "go slow," a thing he found it difficult to do.

We catch a glimpse of him about this time through the eyes of a friend who found him waiting for a train at an underground station after a great Anglo-Catholic congress. His presence there had passed unnoticed, although, if the history of St. Peter's is taken into account in the story of the Catholic Revival in the Church of England, he was one of the most important people there. Anyway, this day he was sitting by himself at Mark Lane Station. He would have passed for an elderly country clergyman in his rusty cloak and his "gentle shepherd" hat which he must have had for years. He was tired. He did not want to speak of the congress. His whole interest was in St. Peter's and his people, and he asked his friend to come to the festival on St. Peter's Day.

In 1923 came his jubilee of service. It was a time of great happiness. And now there was no holding back his people and his friends from giving him some proof of their affection. Thousands of people from all over the world joined in a gift which did in fact delight him. Knowing that any money given him would at once be put into the parish and school account, yet that that too would give him great joy, the people insisted that some part of the gift should be something he could not at once give away.

On the day itself the Father appeared at his best; many

who saw him thought he had taken on a new lease of life. But he was already seventy-five. It was his happiness in the love of his friends that made him appear so well and so radiant.

His jubilee was kept during the Festival of St. Peter. At the sung celebration he was the celebrant, the preacher his old friend Fr. Waggett. At the luncheon there were many inspiring speeches and then after the Bishop of London, Dr. Winnington Ingram, had blessed the children at their service, the whole company went across to the court of St. Agatha's School. When the bishop in his purple cassock appeared with his arm linked in that of the hero of the day (both Marlburians) they were greeted with a tremendous ovation.

As chairman of the fund, Fr. Pollock told how he had received gifts ranging from 1d. to £100 from all over the world. He read out many letters, among them one from the King.

The record of the Rev. L. S. Wainright is not unknown to the King. His devoted services to the spiritual and bodily needs of the people among whom his life has been spent is of personal interest to His Majesty.

In making the presentation the bishop said that in all his years as bishop he had never had a more pleasant task than that day, in presenting something to the best-loved man in the world. His whole career had been a triumph of love. On behalf of the subscribers he asked Fr. Wainright to accept an illuminated address, a watch and a cheque for £1,000.

It was some minutes before Fr. Wainright could be heard, so tumultuously was he cheered. Then he simply thanked his friends for their kindness and characteristically spoke of the work of his predecessors which he had been privileged

to continue.¹ The address, beautifully illuminated by his friend Harry Manthorp, said that the gifts were intended to convey to him an expression of the affection, esteem and admiration of many people of diverse creeds who had united to show their appreciation of his love, unselfish labour and devotion to God's Church and people. His children gave him a picture of the Good Shepherd, presented on their behalf by Bishop Paget.

But the voyage was nearly over. The skipper, who had been at the helm of the good ship of St. Peter for so many years, was nearing his home port. His single-minded vision had never lost sight of that port. It is pleasing to indulge, as he so often did, in this simile of St. Peter's as a ship. On the natural plane, the docks and basins of its home port surrounded it, the masts of tall ships reached up all round into the heavens. On the supernatural plane the skipper had steadfastly, through half a century of battling against the elements and running before the wind in fair winds and summer seas, steered his ship and her company towards that haven where they fain would be, "Christ his most sure Pilot and Guide."

But his own earthly vessel was nearly worn out. We hear of it from Fr. H. P. Bull who was able to pay him a visit not long before his death :

That small shrunken figure remains in my mind; so humble and yet so alive with completely unselfish devotion; so grateful for any attention yet so reluctant to be a burden to anyone; so independent, not in guise of self-reliance but in perfection of oblation.

At Christmas 1924 he was very ill with bronchial pneumonia and he was never really himself again. For the next

¹ The frontispiece shows Fr. Wainright thanking his friends.

two years he struggled on, forcing himself to do what he could but distressed that he could no longer visit regularly at the hospitals. Hedged in by increasing limitations, he went on till the summer of 1927. On May 13th he celebrated for the last time. From that day he never left his room except when he was well enough to be carried down to the church. For nearly two years he was thus laid aside, years of great difficulty for those left to carry on, of whom Fr. Pollock had the chief burden to bear. He wrote of that time when no appeals could be made and consequently no money came in, "Financially the parish is bankrupt and heavily in debt. In December 1927 came an intimation from the Board of Education that the conditions under which the day schools were being carried on were such that they could give no recognition to them." We can imagine the vicar's distress at the thought that Fr. Lowder's schools were threatened. The fabric was in bad repair, and soon it was discovered that the fabric of the church too required attention. A sum of £6,000 was needed. From his bed the gallant fighter made his last stand :

I am too old and ill to send out an appeal so Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Halifax and Lord Phillimore have kindly undertaken it in my stead. God bless them and you for what I feel confident you are going to do. I long to know that the future of our schools is assured before I die.

His longing was satisfied. The appeal met with a great response. The schools were saved and Fr. Wainright was radiant. He had kept faith with his predecessor. From his bed he could hear the Sanctus bell from the church and could sometimes move across to the window to wave his hand to his people as they went home.

Throughout his long illness Fr. Pollock used to take him his communion soon after midnight: that was the hour at

which he had so often given it to the sick and he liked to receive it then.

On the evening of 6th February 1929 he slept peacefully away.

At ten o'clock the bell of St. Peter's began to toll. The people had been expecting the news and hurried to the church. The doors were open and they flocked in. One who was in Wapping the following day wrote an account of what he heard and saw. Written at the time, under the shock of personal grief, it gives some idea of what the passing of their vicar meant to his people.

Up the uncarpeted stairs, along a bleak corridor, and into a bare chamber of death, passed the saddest pilgrimage in all London to-day. There, in that dim room, in the heart of the grim streets by the Docks, lay the still figure of Fr. Wainright, most beloved of vicars and saintliest of men. He lay in his narrow bed, like a child fallen peacefully asleep. Over his head was a crucifix and by his side burned two tall candles.

His own people said their farewells to him to-day. Burly dockers, women from the tenements, children in ragged clothes, one by one they tip-toed into that room.

There were women, grey-haired now, who had known him all their lives; had seen him walking about the drab streets of Wapping for half a century, a brave little man with the kindest of smiles and the softest of voices. And now, at the age of eighty-two, he was dead.

There were old men who remember him stopping brawls in the streets when the police were powerless—who remember him sleeping on doorsteps in the early hour worn out by his labours. There were children who adored him.

One by one they knelt at his bedside in that bare room, that one comfortless room which was his home.

To-day in the world of river, docks and waterways, you felt as you spoke to the grief-stricken people of Wapping that a great calamity had befallen them.

The little grey priest of the Docks has ceased his labours at last. He lies, in his long sleep, in that bare room. And by his bedside are bunches of violets, placed there by children who have prayed for his soul.¹

For five days his body lay in the chapel of the Resurrection, that "reverent resting-place" he had built for his people.

An anonymous parishioner wrote to the *Daily Chronicle*:

Kindly make a note in your paper that throughout the time that the Docker's Father has been lying in the little chapel, working men, women and girls have taken their turn to watch over the body through the night—and worked next day.

I felt I must say, Dockland will be washed with tears at our great loss.

Another friend takes up the tale:

All over the world there are men and women who will mourn the death of Fr. Wainright because to thousands he became, in his fifty-six years of work in the Dock area, the dearest friend they ever had.

In the neighbourhood I found yesterday men and women who do not easily show emotion, unable to speak without tears in their eyes or a break in the voice, of the man who loved everybody and so was loved by all.

Nobody who has not spoken with the dockers and their wives and children can realize what Fr. Wainright meant to them. While he lived, no one was friendless, no one was uncomforted, no one knew the desolation of feeling that not a soul in the world cared whether they lived or died.

¹ This appeared in the *Evening News* of 7th February 1929, and is reprinted by kind permission of the editor.

So the Chapel of the Good Shepherd with its shining candles and its fragrant spring flowers was filled yesterday with men and women who hid tear-stained faces as they thanked God for the life and work of their "sweet saint" and prayed for his eternal rest.

When the day's work was done at factory and dock, men and women came to kneel in the chapel and the thoughts of the older men must have covered half a century of love and sacrifice.

They remembered Fr. Wainright as a young man and they remembered him as an old man who, within twenty-four hours of his death, had people at his bedside to whom he gave of his generous heart, the love and help they needed.

But old men and young men, women and children talk of him and will for long remember him neither as a young man or an old man but simply as their dear saint.¹

The funeral was on Thursday, 14 February. Fr. Pollock was the celebrant and the Father's old friend Bishop Paget fulfilled the promise he had made two years earlier and preached the sermon. He chose as his text words he had long associated with Fr. Wainright, *As having nothing, yet possessing all things*.

An account of the funeral was written by a friend who was there. It lies before me, a yellowed cutting from a daily paper of 15 February 1929, but as the name of the paper is missing, no acknowledgment except our gratitude can be made.

In the bleak church where the only warmth was the warmth of affection, there was not room for all who wished to say their farewell. The wooden benches were closely filled and the floor was covered with kneeling men, women and children.

But it was in the streets outside St. Peter's that Fr.

¹Quoted by kind permission from the *Daily Chronicle*, 14th February 1929.

Wainright received the valediction he would most have desired.

The funeral procession was followed by hundreds of working-men and women, men who toil at the Docks, women who have learned to be good mothers in wretched homes, girls whose youth is spent in factories, little children who cry because the dear hand will no longer touch their heads in blessing.

On the coffin were tulips, daffodils, carnations. One wreath was from Emily Conolly, niece of Fr. Wainright; the other from the children of the day schools which were his life-long interest.

The procession made its way through dark, unlovely streets which were dear to Fr. Wainright. It passed closed shops and warehouses, factories and slum houses where every blind was drawn. It went through streets where, in the old days, a word from the Father would stop a brutal fight. Through Chinatown, where yellow men stood outside their shops in silent tribute; through Malay Street and Penang Street and Shadwell High Street into Commercial Road. All along the way, sailors and dockers and shopkeepers stood with their caps in their hands and many of them were not ashamed of the tears that rolled down their faces.

Dr. Paget, Bishop of Chester, who once worked in Stepney, clergy, members of religious orders and those who had once been Fr. Wainright's curates, followed him to the grave in the East London cemetery—but in that procession were mostly Fr. Wainright's own people, the poor whom he loved.

When there came the singing of "Rock of Ages" at the graveside, men who had not been in church for years, found that they remembered the words of the old hymn and they sang until their voices broke. It was left to a few to finish those words of child-like faith.

The grave was lined with hundreds of tulips. And then the people of Dockland came with their flowers; children

with their bunches of violets, men who had spent a week's pocket money on daffodils, women with wreaths they had made themselves of mimosa and tulips.

There, in the guild ground he had procured for his people, the shepherd was laid to rest as he had wished, among his flock.

As part of his memorial a Calvary was later erected above his grave with the inscription :

Of your charity
Pray for the repose of the soul of
LINCOLN STANHOPE WAINRIGHT, Priest
who laboured for God
at St. Peter's, London Docks, 1873-1929
He fell asleep in Christ, 6 February 1929
fortified with the Sacraments of the Church
R.I.P.

XII

THE FAMILY LIKENESS

The power and beauty of the Saints is, on the human side, simply the result of their faithful life of prayer and is something to which, in various degrees, every Christian worker can attain. Therefore we ought all to be a little bit like them: to have a sort of family likeness, to share the family point of view

EVELYN UNDERHILL

WHEN we glance casually at the life of Fr. Wainright it looks very simple and uneventful. But when we pause to examine it more closely, we find that the life he lived in all its simplicity answers to the most searching requirements of the masters of the spiritual life. We can even measure his life against the lives of the saints, for the way they point us to the heights is substantially the way Fr. Wainright walked.

It is unlikely that he read many books on the spiritual life. He had little time for reading. There was once talk in his hearing of how little the clergy read, of how much better their sermons would be if they read more. "People forget," he remarked, "perhaps they never knew—what a relief it would be to a parish priest to be able to give his spare time to reading." About the same time he heard of a bishop who admonished his clergy for not reading more, "I smiled inwardly," he comments, "a sad smile, and thought how delightful it would be—if only it were practicable!"

One of his friends, Fr. Andrew, tells us that he used to

carry a little worn book of meditations in his pocket, otherwise a volume of Isaac Williams or something of that sort. And he had a little old life of the Curé d'Ars which he read again and again.

We have seen how he resembled the Curé d'Ars. He also resembled St. Francis of Assisi. There was a Franciscan quality about him and his work; his complete selflessness, his utter disregard of anything as belonging to him, his joy, and his devotion to the Passion of his Lord. Like St. Francis he renounced the life of plenty in which he had been brought up; his youthful fastidiousness disappeared, he forgot about himself. Whether or no he learnt about poverty from St. Francis, they both learnt it from One who for our sakes became poor. We do not know exactly when this happened to Fr. Wainright; there was no one dramatic moment as in the life of St. Francis. It must have been after he went to St. Peter's and came directly under the influence of Charles Lowder, whose own life had been changed by reading the life of St. Vincent de Paul.

Fr. Wainright never ceases to thank his predecessor—he says again and again that he owes him everything,—and from the way his outlook changed after going to St. Peter's, we are entitled to infer that Lowder taught him the elements of that utter selflessness which he brought with the years to such perfection. As Baron von Hügel says, "Our religion begins to be our romance only on the day on which it becomes adult and quite real, that is, only on the day we wake up to self and determine to fight it."¹

His youthful vanities had been harmless enough; now it was as if they never had been. He gave himself body and soul to God for the people of the Docks. It was for their sakes he loved poverty. As Jacopone, the poet of the Franciscan movement, wrote:

¹ Von Hügel, *Selected Letters*, p. 352.

Poverty is to have nothing,
To desire nothing,
But to possess everything
In the spirit of liberty.

That is true of Fr. Wainright.¹

Another grace he shared with St. Francis was an inborn courtesy; he was as courteous to a charwoman as to a countess and he numbered many of both among his friends. Like St. Francis he had a great love of the country, of trees and grass and flowers. But though the *Poverello* did work in cities, he also wandered over the lovely Umbrian hills: Fr. Wainright immured himself within the high walls of Wapping. Yet even there he saw, like St. Francis, "the resplendent figure of Christ reflected in all"—in the poor, the outcast, the drunken men, the ragged mothers, the starving children whose hunger wrung his heart. He cast out devils and restored the sick, and he did it without a holiday or sufficient food or sleep, not in the sunshine of Italy, but in the dank mists of Wapping. In spite of all that, he too insisted on the joy of religion. St. Francis had said, "It is not fitting in God's service to show a gloomy face or a chilling look. Always show a face shining with holy joy!" Many who have written of Fr. Wainright have said just that—"His face was shining with joy!"

Like St. Francis he believed in repentance and penance, but that was a private matter between God and the soul. It was only when he was ill and someone went in to make his bed that it was seen the Father had thought he ought to do penance and so had removed the straw mattress from his truckle-bed.

Writing of Fr. Wainright, Evelyn Underhill, an authority

¹ His private income went to pay a big life policy for the parish, so that if anything happened to him, there would be something to tide over the interim. *Report*, 1896.

on the saints who does not hesitate to put him beside them, says, "Those who give themselves to God without reserve are woven into the Redeeming Body to provide more and more channels for God; they are able because of their consecration and self-oblivion to enter a troubled situation with a gift of peace and power. . . . 'Father's bin to see 'im so it's all right!' the people of Dockland used to say when Fr. Wainright had been at the death-bed of some apparently heathen, degraded, unrepentant soul, pacifying by his very presence."¹

But we must note the word *apparently*. For to him no soul was degraded, and after he had dealt with it in his firm but compassionate way, it is unlikely any soul was unrepentant. He had a unique power of influencing the down-and-outs because they saw he cared for them; and that holds good of criminals too. He had a genius for getting down to the spark of good he knew to be in all men. Some who knew him well by sight and even greeted him in passing would hold out against him and his influence for years. But when they came to any great need, when they came to die, it was "Send for Fr. Wainright!" And he always went. Day or night made no difference.

He got people into hospital, not only his own people, but friends of friends, people from the country; he got a wooden leg for one, a glass eye for another, a donkey for a third—the tale is unending. He asked for such strange collections of needs through the monthly magazine, and generally by the following month he would be able to report that the leg was in use, the eye was coming, the donkey was pulling its cart. "The leg did many things. Its owner and I became great friends over it. He was finally confirmed and became a communicant. So your kind gift was helpful spiritually as well as physically."

¹ Evelyn Underhill, *Light of Christ*, p. 75.

His own giving had in it something of the extravagance of the saints. How he would take off his boots, his shirt, and give them to a man who needed them more. His cloak and cassock were rusty; his hat faded; one meal of any substance sufficed him for the day, a few hours' sleep at night—and that not every night.

There was no vestige of narrowness about him; he did not require much of those he ministered to and sought to win. Many of the dying received their first and last communion at his hands, his great joy to know them "safely landed on the shore."

Only a few weeks before Fr. Andrew died he sent the following memories of his friend:

I believe there is a prohibition against affirming that a person is a saint until such a one is officially canonized. But I have no scruples in going against that prohibition and I would affirm most positively that Lincoln Wainright was an authentic saint of God.

There are three things which all saints have in common. They are humble, they are men of prayer, they are devoted to the Passion of their Lord. There is a fourth quality which Fr. Benson and Fr. Wainright had in a very marked degree, a holy joy. I believe that for fifty years Fr. Wainright never once slept out of his parish, and it can be a most depressing place. But never did I see him other than radiantly happy. He and Fr. Benson were perhaps the merriest men I ever met. They were both extraordinarily ascetic and indifferent to food. I remember going to St. Peter's for the Three Hours' Devotion on Good Friday and again on the following Saturday when Harold Pollock confided in me that Fr. Wainright had had nothing to eat since Maundy Thursday. I came back on Easter Sunday to the High Celebration. Fr. Wainright was the celebrant and I remember thinking in my crude way how hungry he must be. Not a bit of it! After the Mass he went over to Rotherhithe to

see someone. Some time later in the day he remembered to have some food.

He was the most Christian-minded man I ever knew. He would not allow one ever to criticize another. He was badly treated sometimes but if one tried to sympathize with him, or blame his opponent, he spoke of his experiences as if he positively enjoyed his bit of persecution and counted the author of it as a benefactor. He would counter one's criticisms with some story of the enemy's goodness for, as some people have a talent for hearing evil of others, he had an amazing genius for finding stories to their credit.

It may be mentioned in passing that in all Fr. Wainright's letters—and there are between five and six hundred of them—there is no suggestion of his ever having been badly treated by anybody. He did have a great power of seeing the bright side of everything, the good in everybody; he really had “a wide-spreading love to all in common.”

It is interesting to trace how closely Fr. Wainright's life follows the lines laid down by religious philosophers and ascetic writers, though he had not read their books. His life was simple with the simplicity of his Master whose teaching in the Gospels was all the guidance he required.

Like his fellow Tractarians he continually preached the Cross and urged his flock to follow in the footsteps of Christ. He himself walked that way; it is as true of him as of Brother Giles that all inconvenient moments had been left out of his day. With that in mind read what Gerlac Petersen, a contemporary of Thomas à Kempis, writes of the way to peace:

The path by which we arrive without hindrance at the peace of God is this, namely that we love the Cross of Our Lord by following in His footsteps, lest we place our peace and trust too much in outward things. Also, that we live

without choosing our own convenience and without avoiding what is inconvenient.¹

Writing of the Church's need for more devoted, adoring, sacrificial souls as the "only source of that invincible loving-kindness which will help us to show the beauty of Christ to others and so win them for God," Evelyn Underhill goes on to consider how this was done in our own times by Fr. Wainright:

It was done in the strength drawn from a constant communion with God; supported and expressed by the daily Eucharist and by the hour of absorbed devotion which followed it. . . . First the inward and secret life of oblation and adherence to God; and then, in its power the outward life of co-operation with God. To do great things for souls, you must become the agent and channel of a more than human love.²

Through the simple, cheerful presence of this selfless being, the love of God flowed out to his people, to bring light and courage and happiness into their struggling lives. He made no conditions, no reservations; just gave himself utterly, body and soul to God for His purposes. Did he, perhaps, know Fr. Benson's trenchant saying, "God can reveal Himself under all conditions but He cannot reveal Himself to a soul that makes any conditions"? He did apparently sit at the feet of Fr. Benson in his Oxford days. Perhaps that was where he began to learn the doctrine of abandonment, a doctrine he possibly never heard of by that name but which he practised to a degree given to few. The following words of de Caussade so exactly describe Fr. Wainright's practice that they might have been written about him:

¹ Gerlac Petersen, *The Fiery Soliloquy with God*, chap. xxvi.

² *Collected Papers of Evelyn Underhill*, pp. 125 sqq.

The great and solid foundation of the spiritual life is to give oneself to God, to be subject to His good pleasure for all things, both inward and outward. And then to forget oneself so utterly, that one regards oneself as a thing sold and delivered, to which one had no more right. Thus God's good pleasure becomes our joy; and His blessedness, His glory and His being, our universal good.¹

Again, in thinking of how he laid out his whole life for his people, how entirely he put himself in God's hands holding nothing back, we are inevitably reminded of St. Augustine's Eucharistic doctrine, how he taught his communicants, *You are the Body of Christ!*

In you and through you the method and work of the Incarnation must go forward. You are to be taken, consecrated, broken and made the means of grace; vehicles of the Eternal Charity.²

So Fr. Wainright laid his life on the altar, a means whereby the love and joy of Christ were conveyed to his people.

To those who ask about his life of prayer, the answer is clear. Prayer was his life. His faith was very simple; troubled neither by the problems of theologians nor by introspection about himself. He was nothing; God was everything. He accepted absolutely the universal law of suffering and sacrifice as revealed in the life of Christ. He knew that was the only way; again and again in his advice to his people he reiterates that truth. He loved God with all his being and so was always "communing with Him in his heart." And all in great peace. That deep inner tranquillity and peace was what counted, what made him

¹ de Caussade, *d'Abandon à la Providence Divine*, Book II, chap. ii, sec. 1.

² As paraphrased by Evelyn Underhill, *Mystery of Sacrifice*, p. xiv.

always equable, always ready, always the same, always in prayer. He had a good brain and a quick intelligence, but this inward peace was of more importance. The Maritains tell us why this was so:

The intelligence can only develop its highest powers in so far as it is protected and fortified by the peace given by prayer. The closer a soul approaches God by love, the simpler grows the gaze of the intelligence, the clearer her vision.¹

So he walked—"by the way of peace to the country of everlasting clearness." He had not much time to give to private prayer in its literal sense. His early morning hour was inviolate—except when someone was dying and needed him. He was recollected whatever he was doing, even during the lighter amusements of his people; that did not make him poor company, it made him radiant. He was so at home in both worlds that he did not have to move from one to the other, he really was "perfectly in both of them at once."

He never forgot that God was the doer of everything that was done; that none of the elaborate plans for the organization of a complicated parish were made by Lincoln Wainright; he was only the tool with which God worked. One of his great contemporaries, who would deeply have loved him, Baron von Hügel, puts that in few words:

Our prayer will gain in depth and aliveness if we continually think of God as the true inspirer of our most original-seeming thoughts and wishes—God, Who secretly initiates what He openly crowns.²

As one of his friends writes, "the Holy Spirit just taught him the way supernaturally. That and the love of Our

¹ Jacques and Raissa Maritain, *Prayer and Intelligence*, p. 5.

² Von Hügel, *Life of Prayer*, p. 24. (London, Dent, 1927.)

Lord as the Good Shepherd leading him on to his incessant quest for the lost sheep. I don't think he ever thought of the word *abandonment*! Love made him do it, naturally and supernaturally: he just followed the Good Shepherd faithfully."

It is tempting to dwell on his endearing qualities, his great love for his people, his good humour, his never-failing sense of fun, his courage and grit, and that final touch of distinction Bishop Paget emphasizes. Added to all that was his tremendous asceticism which gave him his unique power. But that was never obtruded.

To keep the balance, one looks for something to put on the debit side. But there is only his obstinacy to weigh against all the rest, and that, after all, he used in God's service, not his own.

Of his graces, his humility and his childlikeness linger in the mind. Small and slight in physical stature, he was small in his own eyes. He always had "a trembling feeling" lest he should prove unworthy of the great trust his predecessor had left him. That line of thought recalls something Bishop King wrote about a friend:

"You will remember that when Dante in the *Paradiso* describes the angels who are closest to the throne, they are always the *smallest* angels!"

And so we leave this most lovable and unassuming of beings, truly a citizen of both worlds, for while he lived and laboured here he said every day

Our Father which art in Heaven . . .

FATHER WAINRIGHT, 1847-1929

By EVELYN UNDERHILL¹

IN 1873, a dapper young clergyman, very correctly dressed, with well-brushed hat and black kid gloves, arrived at the clergy house of St. Peter's, London Docks. Fifty-six years later, on a bed as poor and comfortless as any ascetic could desire, a little old man lay dead in his bare and carpetless room; and in the words of one of his children, "Dockland was washed with tears," because this tiny but indomitable figure, shabby, untiring, spendthrift of love, would not serve them on earth any more.

There are two ruling factors in all the varied types of Christian holiness. One is the great stream of tradition which rises in the New Testament and in which all these lives are bathed. To that tradition, each adds something; and from it each takes inspiration, formation, power. The other factor is the social life within which the saint emerges; with its special incitements to heroic virtue, its special demands and needs. Thus the world of the sixth century asked for just what St. Benedict gave it; it was to the intellectual turmoil of the thirteenth that St. Thomas sacrificed his career; the world of the Counter-Reformation gave St. Ignatius his peculiar call. But the demand and the response may also be found in their perfection within a narrower sphere. St. Vincent de Paul is nowhere closer to his pattern than in the slums of Paris; hunting the rubbish heaps for

¹ When Evelyn Underhill was religious editor of the *Spectator* she arranged a series of articles on the saints called "Studies in Sanctity." And the last of the series she wrote herself. Here it is by kind permission of the editor of the *Spectator*.

abandoned babies, and serving poverty in its most repulsive disguises with reverent love. The Curé d'Ars fulfils his vocation in an obscure French village and among the simplest souls. Perhaps it was the inspiring force of these two lives, with their self-spending passion for the sinful and the abject which—more than any other factor—determined Father Wainright's particular place in the communion of saints. For in them he saw radiant charity triumphing in an environment very like his own.

Nineteenth-century Dockland was not conspicuously above the standards of seventeenth-century Paris; nor were its inhabitants much more promising material than the peasants of Ars. It was for this very reason that they made their overwhelming appeal. He served them for over half a century, without holidays and always in a poverty of life very near their own; for he had the saint's peculiar inability to keep anything for himself. The blankets from his bed had a way of disappearing; several times he gave away the shirt he was wearing, and once walked home without it through a bitter winter night, paying by an attack of pneumonia for this share in St. Martin's joy. Yet his life was not so deliberately, as inevitably, austere. Like St. Francis, he hardly noticed what he ate or wore. Coarse and ill-cooked food meant nothing to him. He had no midday meal; and supper was frequently postponed till nearly midnight, because he had no time for it before. His only passions were for strong tea and for quantities of red pepper; and this he always denied himself in Lent.

Every day developed naturally from its invariable beginning; a long period of rapt devotion before the altar, which nothing but an urgent summons to the dying was allowed to interrupt. The morning was usually absorbed by letters and interviews with the growing crowd who brought him their difficulties and sorrows. The afternoon was given to

the visiting of the sick, always one of his chief cares. He went with an untiring zest from house to house and hospital to hospital, often to those in distant parts of London which had patients from among his flock; and slept in the train between his visits to make up for the shortness of his nights. It was said of him that "if you want to know the Father well, you must be either a sick man or a drunkard." He had, and often used, the privilege of entry into the London Hospital at all times of the night; constantly appearing by the beds of the dying in the small hours to comfort or persuade, too much loved to be resisted even by the most disciplinarian members of the staff. So great was the local confidence in his protective presence that he became to his people a human *viaticum*; "The Father came to see 'im, and so it's all right!" was Dockland's particular judgment on its most delinquent dead.

It will be seen from all this that Fr. Wainright's conception of his office came a good deal nearer to the ideals of St. Luke than to those of the efficient head of a well-organized modern parish. The sick, the destitute, the outcasts and the sinful had always the first claim on his time and his love: direct personal contact with individuals, unlimited self-spending in their interests, was the pastoral method he thoroughly understood. He was always ready to leave the ninety-nine good churchgoers and start single-handed to rescue the one lost sheep.

There was much that was medieval in his outlook and the realistic temper of his religious life; and he would have been completely at home among those English mystics who wore printed above their hearts the Holy Name. . . . But a sweet little smile and gentle manner hid an iron will where the essentials of faith and practice were concerned, for he remained loyal at every point to the strict Tractarian tradition within which his vocation had developed and made few

concessions to modern ideas. Organized social work in the modern sense did not appeal much to him. Though he was for years a member of the Stepney Borough Council, where it was felt that he held a watching brief for the poor and unfortunate, he seldom intervened in the discussion of practical measures. Yet, by a curious paradox, his character and his presence did more for the true social salvation of Dockland than all the forces of law and order and social reform. He found it an ill-lit, insanitary, largely lawless area; where policemen went in couples and no one's property was safe. With the entire fearlessness of a person whose life is not his own, he went at all hours through its worst alleys, intervened in street rows, fraternized with the roughest inhabitants, and attracted the children who formed his constant bodyguard. At first he was ridiculed, then tolerated, then liked; at last, universally loved and revered.

And this was achieved by a person without striking qualities of intellect or manner, and with none of the "extraordinary" gifts so commonly attributed to the saints. He was an inarticulate preacher; people came to his sermons not so much to listen as to look at his face and be in his atmosphere. In practical matters his judgment, from a worldly point of view, was not always sound. But a compassion that was more than human seemed to reach out through his spirit from beyond the world, and move among derelict men as one that serveth.

For there is a kind of sanctity in which human love and pity are transfused and transmuted into the channel of the Celestial Charity itself: and it was Fr. Wainright's entire self-giving to that holy Energy which sent him out as its agent to the hospital and the slum. In his old age it was said of that fiery little soldier, St. Ignatius, that "he seemed to have become all love." The power which operates that transformation is still at work within the world of men.