

Obituary Memoirs.

THE LATE REV. W. H. MASSIE,

THE SOCIETY'S FIRST ECCLESIASTICAL SECRETARY.

GRE yet the Chester Archæological Society has completed the first volume of its printed *Journal*, it is the painful duty of the Council to record the death of the original founder and chief supporter of the Society,—the REV. WILLIAM HENRY MASSIE.* That mournful event took place at his residence, St. Mary's Rectory, Chester, on the night of Saturday, January 5th, 1856. During the previous month he had been labouring under a severe and debilitating illness, which excited the warm and anxious sympathy of all classes of his fellow-citizens. High and low, rich and poor, daily thronged the Rectory gates, solicitous to hear of some favourable change in their beloved friend's state. But the skill of the earthly physician was vain,—the prayers of a whole city were, in like manner, vain,—for the sands of a life well and profitably spent ebbed rapidly away; and when death at length put an end to his sufferings, all felt that there had passed from a sphere of happy usefulness on earth, one of whom truly it may be said, that—

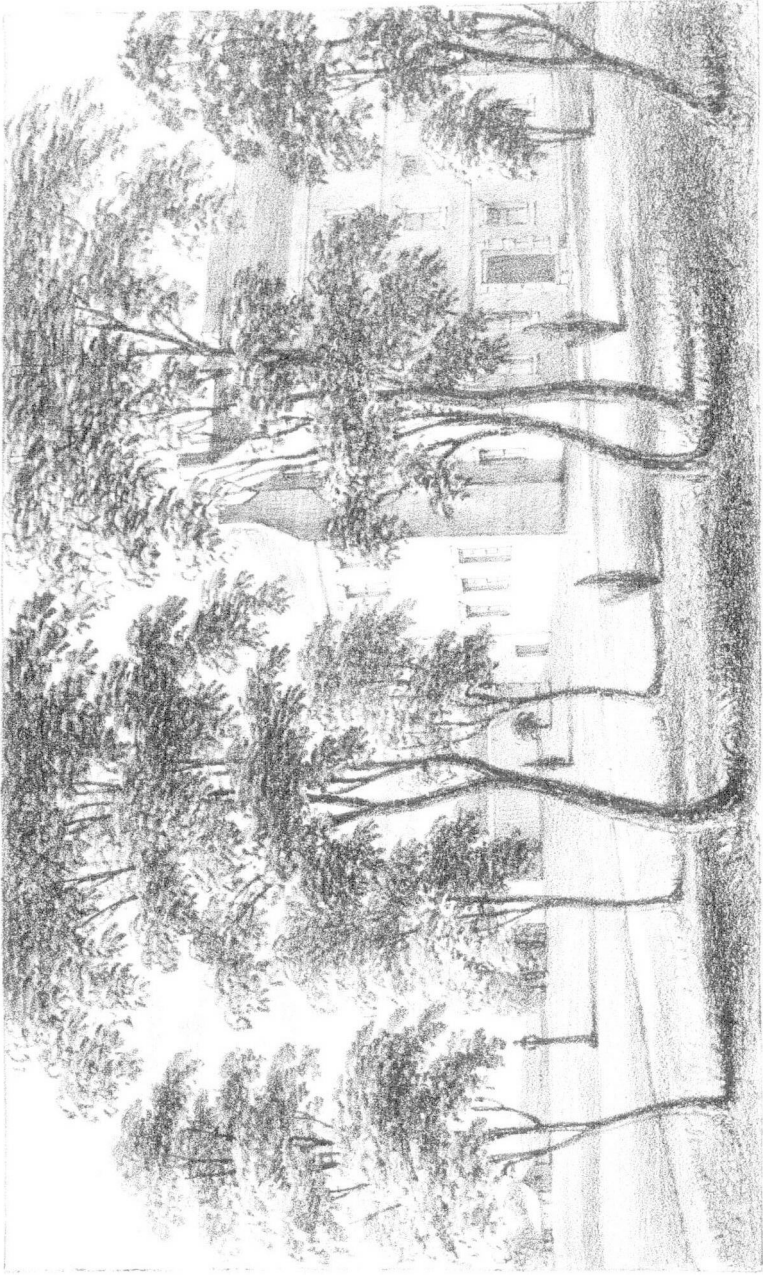
“take him for all in all,
We scarce shall look upon his like again!”

The Massies of Coddington, to which branch of a most venerable Cheshire family the subject of this memoir belonged, were seated at Coddington at least as early as A.D. 1400. The first proved representative of the Coddington family, in the reign of Richard II., was Hugh Massie, who is

* The photographic portrait which forms the frontispiece to the present volume is a reduced copy of the one taken only a few weeks before Mr. Massie's death by Captain Inglefield, Royal Artillery, who was at that time on duty at Chester Castle. The likeness is an admirable one, and we are indebted to the kindness of the Rev. H. I. Blackburne, Vicar of Rostherne, an old Curate of Mr. Massie's, for the permission to transfer it to our pages.

believed to have been a son of Sir John Massey, of Tatton, and consequently descended in an almost direct male line from that puissant Norman, Hamon de Masci, Baron of Dunham. This Hugh Massie appears to have settled at Coddington, in consequence of his marriage with Agnes, daughter and heiress of Nicholas Bold, of that place, who held the three manors of Coddington, Eggerley, and Bechin, under the mesne lord, Sir Philip le Boteler. William Massie, son and heir of this Hugh, in 1440, purchased these adjoining estates from Sir Philip le Boteler. At his death, Eggerley passed to his eldest son Morgan, who continued the direct line of the Massies of Eggerley. The second son, John Massie, inherited Coddington and Bechin, and the former estate has continued to be vested in his descendants for more than four hundred years. The late Rev. Richard Massie, Rector of Eccleston, and father of our deceased friend, held possession of the property for more than half a century; and upon his death, in 1854, it descended to Richard Massie, Esq. his eldest son, its present proprietor.

Of this family was Major-General Edward Massie, a celebrated military character of the 17th century. Early in his career he served as a Royalist in the expedition against Scotland, and, on the breaking out of the civil war, joined for a short time the King's standard at York. Not known, or, at all events, properly appreciated there, he took up arms for the Parliament, and being made Lieutenant-colonel under the Earl of Stamford, was by him appointed Governor of Gloucester city. Here he was besieged by the King in person, but without success; indeed, Massie's stubborn defence of that city was considered at the time to be one of the most signal instances of bravery during the entire war. The siege being raised by the opportune arrival of the Earl of Essex, the city was preserved, and Colonel Massie received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, besides being promoted to the rank of Major-General. At Ledbury and Evesham, Massie behaved with more than ordinary bravery, with his own hands contributing to the successes there achieved by the Roundhead forces. Massie strongly opposed, with the whole weight of his influence, the designs of Cromwell upon the King's life, and in retaliation for that step was, with numerous others, committed to prison by the Protector. He escaped thence into Holland, and uniting himself to the fortunes of his young prince, Charles II., ever afterwards proved himself a loyal and distinguished servant of the Crown. At Worcester he received a dangerous wound, and fled for some distance in company with the King. Near Bromsgrove they parted, and Massie, unable to proceed on account of his wounds, resigned himself as a prisoner, at Broadgate, to the Countess of Stamford. When Sir George Booth afterwards succeeded in taking Chester for the King, Massie, by the same arrangement, made an attempt upon Gloucester. This time unsuccessful, he was again a prisoner; but in the depth of the night, his ancient



T. Bailey del. et lit.

OVERLEIGH HALL, CHESTER.

good fortune befriended him, and he once more made his escape. The General died and was buried at Abbey Leix, in Ireland.

Roger Massie, elder brother of the General, carried down the line, and his descendant, in the fourth generation, was the Rev. Richard Massie, M.A. lord of the manor of Coddington, appointed Rector of Aldford in 1811, and of St. Bridget's, Chester, in 1810. In his 25th year, viz. on the 6th of October, 1796, Mr. Massie united himself in marriage with Hester Lee, eldest daughter of Edward Townshend, Esq. of Wincham, in this county, and by that lady, who now survives him, had 22 children, of whom the eldest son and heir is the present Richard Massie, Esq. of Pulford. The second son is Thomas Leche Massie, Esq., a Post Captain in the Royal Navy, who in the pursuit of his honourable and gallant profession, has "done the State some service," as the pages of O'Byrne's *Naval Biographical Dictionary* sufficiently declare; in fact, his services have been rewarded with a "Good Service Pension," of which he is now in the enjoyment. The third son is the Rev. Edward Massie, now resident at Gawsorth, Cheshire; while his next younger brother is the one of whom it is here our grateful yet melancholy duty to speak.

William Henry Massie was born in the house No. 3, Stanley Place, Chester, now the residence of Captain T. L. Massie, in the year 1806, while his father was Curate of St. Bridget's Church, Chester. The particulars of that event are thus recorded in the parish registers of the Holy Trinity Church, Chester:—

"William Henry, son of the Rev. Richard Massie, and Hester Lee his wife, born November 12, 1806, baptized 17th October, 1807."

Eleven months had therefore elapsed between the date of his birth and his reception into that Church in which he, in after years, shone with such modest distinction. Of his early childhood we are not competent to speak, save that it was spent beneath the parental roof, and in the happy enjoyment of robust health.

Overleigh Hall was the scene of his first school-boy life,—a mansion* which stood in close proximity to the site of the present Grosvenor Gateway, at the junction of the Wrexham and Handbridge roads, Chester. This hall was long the seat of the Cowpers of Overleigh, a family which for nearly four centuries graced with becoming rank, reputation, and ability, the highest official positions within the city. Not to multiply instances, the names of Sheriff John Cowper, the intrepid friend and supporter of George Marsh, the Protestant martyr,—Thomas Cowper, Mayor of Chester,

* Overleigh Hall was a red brick building, the walls of its chief rooms being richly panelled in oak. The arms of the Cowper family occupied their old position over the lofty fire-places down to the very period of their demolition. Our sketch is copied from a small water colour drawing in the possession of Mr. T. Topham.

the loyal subject and friend of the unfortunate Charles I.,—and William Cowper, Mayor of Chester in 1741, the indefatigable Cheshire antiquary, are enough for our purpose. The original Overleigh Hall was demolished during the Civil War; but about 1662, the mansion, of which an illustration accompanies this notice, was erected by Thomas Cowper, son and heir of that loyal alderman who, side by side with King Charles and Sir Francis Gamul, witnessed the defeat of the Royalist forces from the leads of the Phoenix Tower. The male line of the Cowpers ceased in 1788, by the death of Thomas Cowper, Recorder of Chester, and Overleigh Hall thereupon passed to the Cholmondeleys of Vale Royal, representatives of the family in the female line.

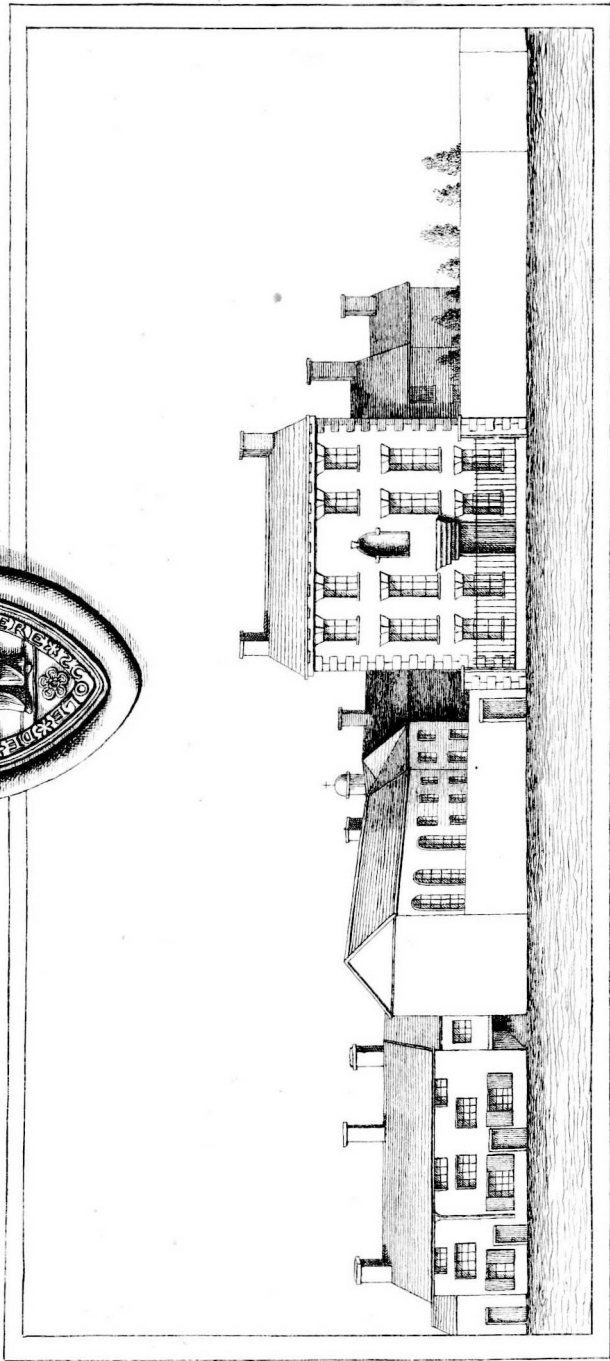
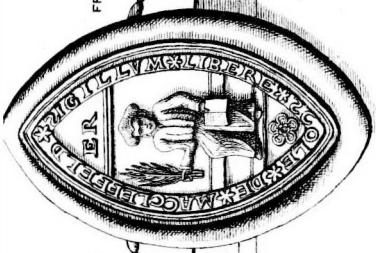
In the beginning of the present century, the old hall of Overleigh was occupied as a school, under the able presidency of Mr. Smedley. Thither went William Henry Massie, in or about 1812, to improve an education which had been well commenced under the paternal roof. Ever dotingly fond of history, and of local history in particular, we can imagine how his young, yet watchful eye, dwelt on the wainscotted rooms, the ornamented ceilings, and generally characteristic interior of Overleigh Hall; the more so, when some romantic tale, some spirited incident in the history of the Cowper family, was related in his hearing by his well-informed tutor. He used often to say, that the new scenes he had visited, the strange places he had explored, and the tales he had heard in his earliest youth, had made a deeper impression, and were more easily remembered, than were the far more striking and circumstantial events of his later years. Hence it was that our Society was so often indebted to his well-stored memory for the clearing up of doubts, and the recollection of occurrences, which others, his local contemporaries, had long since forgotten.

To proceed with our narrative. Party spirit ran high at this time in Chester; and as his reverend father was a warm supporter of the House of Eaton, doubtless the "chivalrous cause of the yellows" was as warmly espoused by the light-hearted schoolboy. Be that as it may, amid the chances and changes of the third part of a century, his respect for the Grosvenor family, and their uniform friendship and regard for him, ceased only with his life. But of this more anon.

In process of time, or about 1822, William Massie bade adieu to Overleigh Hall, and immediately entered upon more important studies in the Free Grammar School of Macclesfield. Of an ancient foundation was Macclesfield School. Exactly 355 years ago, while Henry VII. swayed the sceptre of England, Sir John Percyvale, Knight,—who had served the office of Lord Mayor of London in 1498,—out of respect to the town "fast by the which" he was born, by his last will and testament founded, and endowed with some £10 a-year, the Free Grammar School of Macclesfield. In 1552, King Edward VI. still further endowed this infant

SEAL OF MACCLESFIELD

FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



MACCLESFIELD OLD SCHOOL,
CIRCA 1775.

seminary, vested its management in trustees, and, setting aside altogether the claims of the worthy founder, caused the school to be called after his own royal name. The seal of the trustees, which is still in existence, will show that discipline was here rigidly enforced, and that the scholars were ruled, not indeed with a rod of iron, but with the more scholastic and primitive one of birch!

In 1750, the old School was sold, and larger premises purchased in Back Street, which had previously belonged to the late Sir Peter Davenport, Knight. Five years before, in the ever memorable 1745, and while this Jacobite knight held possession of the mansion, tradition declares that the Pretender, in passing through Macclesfield, slept a night in the house, and held his court there to receive all such friends as were not afraid to acknowledge the claims of the royal house of Stuart. Sir Peter, his host, who was related by marriage to the Leghs of Adlington, survived this visit only a very few months, his death being recorded in 1746.

Despite the changes which have been wrought in Macclesfield, and notwithstanding the School itself has migrated to newer and far nobler quarters, the old house which once afforded a welcome lodging to a prince,* still holds its head erect. It stands in one of the less frequented streets of the town, is a high and exceedingly capacious brick building, and, a century ago, occupied, with the school-rooms, three sides of a quadrangle. Albeit a 'dingy, dreary old pile,' as a reverend friend of ours has, no doubt correctly enough, termed it, yet the old Free School, as will be seen from our engraving, was, in its halcyon days, not without some slight architectural pretensions.† Close to the house is a small paved court, in which stands the principal school-room, built also of brick,—one or two class-rooms—and several little cells for studies, now rude and dilapidated, but in Mr. Massie's youthful days, no doubt cheerful little tenements. In an inner court stands the boys' dining room; and beyond this, separated by a high wall, stretches the School Field, in which generation after generation of Macclesfield Free Scholars have gambolled and played.

Of the succession of masters who, during something like three centuries and a half, presided over this useful establishment, but little is known, save that that eminent scholar and poet, John Brownsword, was head master of the School in the reign of Elizabeth. "He was," says Webb, in his *Vale Royal*, "a school-master of great fame for learning, and singular method of

* Another house in Macclesfield, we are fully aware, disputes with this one the dubious honour of having lodged the Pretender; but the evidence of tradition seems to be all in favour of the old Free School.

† The accompanying engraving is a reduced fac-simile of the original drawing, which forms the frontispiece to an early Minute Book of the Governors of the School, and may be considered a pretty correct representation of Macclesfield School a hundred years ago.

teaching, who, living many years, brought up most of the gentry of this shire." Acts of Parliament were at different times obtained for the better management of the School, and, early in the present century, it had attained a celebrity never equalled since the palmiest days of Brownsverd. The Rev. David Davies, D.D. was at this period Head Master of the School; and though his notions as to the meaning of a *free* education were but loose and distorted, he was universally acknowledged to possess, in no ordinary degree, the true genius and tact of a first-class preceptor.

To Macclesfield School, then, went William Henry Massie, at an age when the budding faculties of the boy were slowly and silently ripening into maturity. There, 'neath the fostering care of Dr. Davies, assisted by masters in every department of knowledge, did the youthful Cestrian pursue his arduous studies,—there did the lessons of piety and truthfulness, perseverance and high principle, taught him in infancy, “grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength.”

His career at Macclesfield, so far as we are aware, was not marked by any circumstances of peculiar interest. Diligent in his studies, and of a naturally active and retentive memory, he was often ahead of even his older school-fellows; yet there, at his desk, just as in after years in his parish, and among his antiquarian brethren, he was ever ready, nay anxious, to lend a helping hand where assistance was required. Many of his school-mates, who reaped the benefit of that timely aid, still live to remember this graceful trait in his early formed character. But while, in school, thus laudably attentive to his studies, and thoughtful toward those of less brilliant capacity,—in the intervals of play, on the old School green, few boys were then equal to young William Massie. Blessed with vigorous health, and with a spirit superior to every difficulty, he was soon acknowledged to be ‘king of the school’ in most out door amusements.

Twenty or thirty years afterwards, when with snow-white locks and furrowed brow, he revisited those scenes of his boyhood's delight, he still fondly remembered the days he had spent, and the games he had played on that soul-stirring green. The Rev. T. B. Cornish, the present Head Master, who accompanied him on that occasion through every room of the School, and saw him peer with moistened eye into every cranny and crevice of the venerated house, thus shortly dwells upon the scene:—“Since I have been Head Master, Mr. Massie once paid me a passing visit, in order to inspect the old scenes of his youth; and I spent a pleasant half-hour with him, in looking through every part of the old School building, and in watching the interest which men of taste and feeling always evince in re-visiting the haunts of their earlier days.”

The old house is no longer the local centre of learning; neither the class-rooms, the dormitories, nor indeed anything about it, save the old School green, are now what they were in those bygone times. At the end

of the green, some few hundred yards from the site of the old buildings, stands the *New Free School*, and second master's house, a very handsome structure, erected in 1856, by Messrs. Bellhouse, of Manchester, and publicly opened in Midsummer of that year, when it was honoured by the presence of the amiable Bishop of Chester. Macclesfield School, at this moment, in an architectural as well as a scholastic point of view, is a credit to the town; and never, we are assured, during its lengthened existence, were the bounteous provisions of this royal foundation more freely and fairly administered than now.

Early in 1826, William Massie took leave of the old School, to do battle with life in a more extended sphere. His elder brother, Thomas, having previously selected the Navy for his profession, the hope of future distinction equally burned within the breast of the Macclesfield schoolboy. The East India service appeared just then to present a fair field for his aspirations, and his reverend father having had the offer made to him of a cadetship, he was, at the age of twenty, on November 12, 1826, gazetted to the 39th Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry. The hour of parting from all his warm heart fondly cherished passed gloomily by; and the buoyant young ensign was soon ploughing the mighty deep on his voyage towards India. Then, at short intervals, came those letters to his family, so full of hope for himself, and of dutiful affection for those he had left behind him in dear old Chester,—letters which deserve, and are some of them not unlikely, to be given to the world.

He was now in Bengal, and on duty with his regiment, 'neath a burning sun, and in a climate at all times most trying to Europeans. Dysentery and fever were raging around him, prostrating alike both officers and men; but still, amidst all, his proud heart never quailed, though scores of his countrymen were falling before him. Constantly hovering about the sick beds of his poor sepoy, —there, in that tropical region, attending and soothing the last pangs of his comrades, he gleaned the first fruits of that solid experience, afterwards so valuable to him in his parochial labours.

In 1827-8, while serving with his detachment on an inland station, we find him gradually developing an antiquarian spirit; and in the listless hours of absence from the sterner calls of duty, intently surveying and carefully sketching the ancient monuments of Buddhism, in the very centre of India. Alone, or accompanied by some young brother officer, of the like passion with himself, he climbs the mountain steeps near the village of Bhilsa, and the not far distant hill of Sanchee; and there, among the tombs of a people long forgotten, and with the genuine touch of an original artist, makes drawings in coffee of the quaint bas-reliefs and the still quaint sculpture then present to his view. An agitating moment this for our friend, a turning point in his chequered career! It was his first descent into the antiquarian mine; but the ore then produced was sufficient to

excite, and slowly to confirm this intellectual taste ; and from that time forward, whether 'on India's coral strand,' on the richer fields of Belgium or France, or in the nearer and dearer abiding-places of Cheshire, archæological pursuits bore a charm to him wholly irresistible.

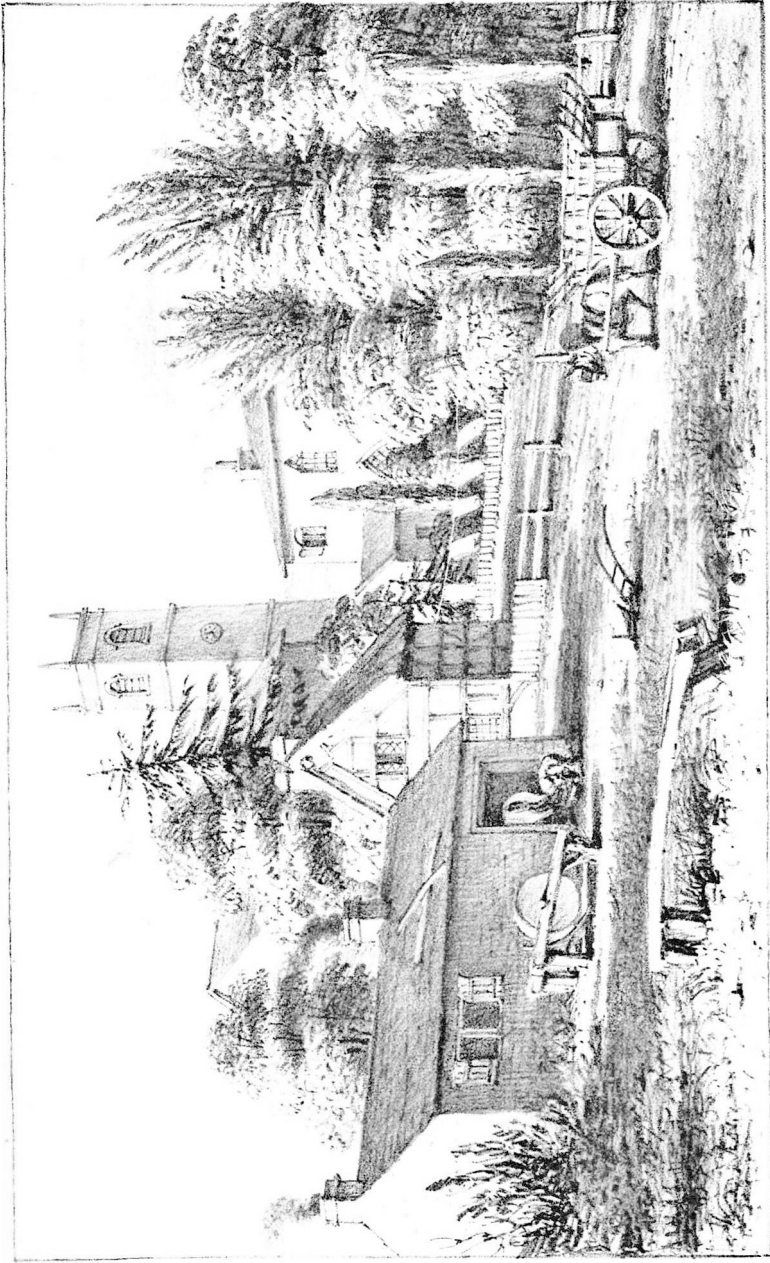
But while prosecuting studies, it may be, in some degree, alien to his profession, he never neglected or shrank from his duty ; for in all those qualities which elevate and adorn the true British soldier, he was acknowledged to be a credit alike to his name, and to the uniform he wore.

His third summer in Bengal found him stretched on a bed of sickness, and that, too, a sickness of more than ordinary virulence. That formerly strong and vigorous frame, which until now had been a stranger to every kind of disease, was bowed down to the very earth by inflammation of the liver, and its attendant fever ! Though it pleased God, in His mercy, to preserve him at that time from the jaws of the grave, he was left in a state of such grievous bodily debility, that his physicians recommended an immediate return home. Accordingly we find him, after a residence in India of rather less than four years, applying for and obtaining the required sick leave.

He returned to England in 1830, a mere wreck of his former self,—a complete shadow, so to speak, of the hardy young man who, in 1826, exchanged Macclesfield School for an Indian cadetship. When he parted from his comrades in that far off land, he little dreamed he was bidding them a last farewell ; but so it was ordained by an Allwise Providence. His family and friends, observing the fearful havoc a few years had made with his youthful frame, were unanimous in opposing his return to India ; and even William Massie himself was beginning to feel that he had mistaken his vocation. His father had for a long series of years been a diligent and consistent servant of God in the ministry of His Church ; and thitherward the young invalid was impelled by the fond advice of his friends, and by the 'still small voice' of the monitor from within. Having once decided upon this serious step, Mr. Massie threw up his appointment in India, and forthwith devoted his time and abilities to the preparation for that sacred office which was his manifest destiny.

Dublin University was the chosen theatre of his preliminary studies for the ministry, and there he matriculated in 1832. His career at Trinity College was not unworthy of the man ; for we find him attaining the University Prizes both for Classics and Ethics, as well as being elected King's Prizeman for his "Essay on the Evidences of Christianity." Whilst reading at Dublin, as we learned from his own mouth, he was not asleep to the glorious antiquities of the sister kingdom, many of which, in the intervals of leisure, he visited and studied with no common interest.

Follow him thence to his own native city, and see him in the spring of 1834, ordained to the sacred office of a Deacon, by Dr. Sumner, the present



GOOSTREY CHAPEL AND PARSONAGE.

From the Smithy.

Archbishop of Canterbury, at that time presiding over the See of Chester. He was now twenty eight, but in outward appearance and shaken constitution at least a dozen years older. Just six years previously, his second sister, Hester Susanna, had been married to the Rev. John Armitstead, M.A., then as now the respected Vicar of Sandbach, in this county. From him William Massie obtained his title to holy orders, being licensed to Goostrey, a small curacy suffragan to the mother church of Sandbach. Of this quiet little nook in a secluded part of Cheshire, a few historic notes may here be appropriately introduced.

Goostrey, or as it was anciently spelt, Gostre,* in the Hundred of Northwich, is a township washed by a small running brook, and is situate seven miles N.N.E. from Sandbach. At the time of the Domesday Survey it was jointly held by the feudal barons of Halton and Montalt. From them it early passed by grant to the Abbey of St. Werburgh at Chester, and continued to be a portion of the immense revenues of that abbey until the general dissolution of monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. The Abbot of Chester had a manor-house in Goostrey, as well as in the adjoining township of Barnshaw, and to his annual court, for something like a period of 400 years, all the tenants of the chapelry did suit and service. The monks were empowered by a charter from one Michael de Gostre "to embank a lake for the use of their Mill at Goostrey, and also to serve them as a vivary or fishpond." There is still a mill at Goostrey; and in all probability it occupies the site of the one built for "my lord the abbot" in the 13th century. The manor-house itself is supposed by Dr. Ormerod to have stood within the space of "the present chapel yard, which exhibits vestiges of a fortified parallelogram. The east and north sides face almost precipitously to a deep dingle below, and the other sides appear to have been strengthened by a deep fosse, which is now almost wholly filled up on the south, but may be traced along a deeply sunken highway on the west." When the royal hurricane of desolation swept over the religious houses of this country, Goostrey and Barnshaw shared the general fate, becoming vested in the family of the Mainwarings of Carincham, from whom they passed by sale to their namesakes of Peover, who are the present lords of these united manors.

Goostrey Chapel had an existence prior to A.D. 1265, as appears by a license yet preserved in the *Chartulary of St. Werburgh*, authorising Abbot Thomas de Capenhurst to found a chantry at Barnshaw. Originally the

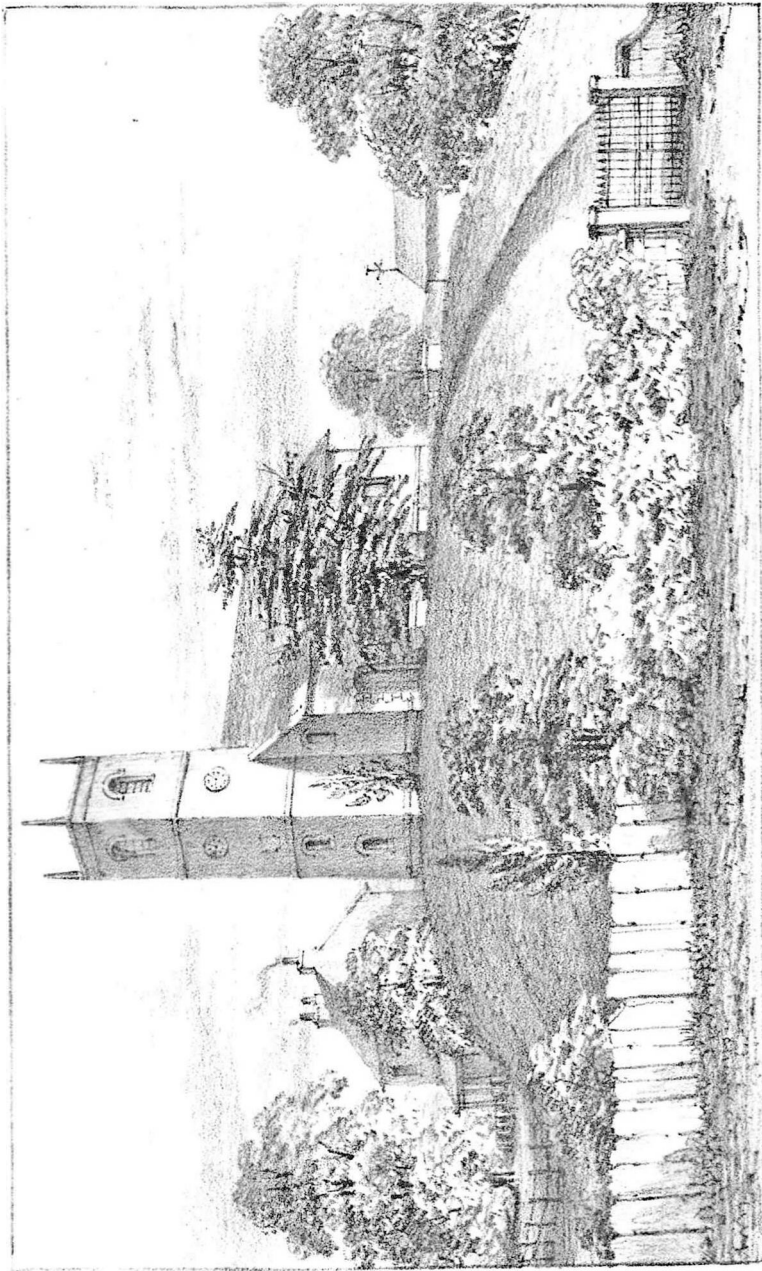
* Goostrey is of doubtful etymology. In some parts of England *Goosetree* and *Goslings* are terms applied to the blossoms of the willow; and perhaps *our* Goostrey may derive its name from the profusion of willows at one time clothing the banks of its little stream. Curiously enough, there is a *Gosling Green*, watered by the same brook, some three or four miles from Goostrey.

parishioners of Goostrey had to bury their dead at the mother church of Sandbach; but in consideration of the distance between the two places, and "the danger from inundations," from the River Dane, as we suppose, a license was, in 1350, obtained for a cemetery to be attached to the chapel of ease at Goostrey.

Though the greater number of English churches since the Conquest have been constructed of stone, the minor fanes of our more secluded villages, especially those in the vicinity of large forests, were not unfrequently built up of wood. Such was the case with Marton, Eccleston, Lower Peover, and Siddington, in this county, and such was also the case with the chapel of ease at Goostrey. There are those yet living who remember the pretty little fabric of timber, in which, 65 years ago, the churchmen of Goostrey were wont to assemble, and to approach the Throne of Grace with their united offerings of prayer and praise. How different is the prospect now! In 1792, it was suddenly discovered that the building, where the parishioners of Goostrey had worshipped for many a long century, was quite unfitted to its sacred purpose. In a spirit of vandalism too prevalent at that period, the venerable fabric was condemned to destruction, while in its place arose an edifice of brick, which has little to commend itself either to the architect or antiquary. Mr. Massie himself, in his interesting paper on the "Timber Churches of Cheshire," thus facetiously treats of it at page 302 of the Chester Archæological Society's *Journal*:—"My old cure at Goostrey had a 'black and white' chapel, from about A.D. 1200 to 1790, which, at the last *interesting* era in the history of national architecture, was supplanted, at a cost of £1,700, by a brick nave and tower, from a design by the village brick-setter, with flat ceiling adorned with a pretty circle of red and green christmas in the centre; and four substantial milestones at each angle of the square steeple, wherein three bells rang to the tune of 'three blind mice' on many a happy occasion, as I hope they do still. On enquiry, I found that the bitter cold of the thin walls had there brought about the abandonment of the old 'wooden walls' of England: if so, I can affirm that the remedy is, in this respect, as bad as the disease."

We have given two engravings of the exterior of Goostrey Chapel,* and would have gladly done the like with the interior of a building which was so long the scene of our deceased friend's ministrations; but we have deferred to the better judgment of a lady correspondent, who assures us that "the interior of the chapel is not worth delineating, possessing not

* We must not omit thankfully to acknowledge, though it be but in general terms, the assistance rendered to us by several kind friends in the compilation of this memoir. To Mrs. C. Gresley, of Lichfield, we owe an especial debt of gratitude for the readiness with which she contributed from her folio the three pencil drawings of Goostrey which accompany the present paper.



W. G. B. 1875

GOOSTREY CHAPEL AND PARSONAGE.

one solitary feature of interest." Another fair correspondent follows in the same strain:—"As for the inside of the church, it is so completely devoid of architectural beauty,—an oblong straight church, with pews, a gallery at one end, and a ceiling better suited to a meeting-house than to an ecclesiastical building,—that I am sure a sketch of it would not be appreciated, nor would Mr. Massie himself have wished it to be perpetuated in the Archæological Society's *Journal*." Such being the case, we will here simply observe, on the authority of Dr. Ormerod, that the old font belonging to the chapel is of octagonal form, ornamented with quatrefoils in panels round the upper parts, and with shields round the base, the bearings of which latter are now defaced. There are monuments to the Baskervilles and Gleggs of Withington, the Booths of Twemlow, and other families of the neighbourhood.

To return to our subject:—Mr., or as we must now call him, the Rev. W. H. Massie, is duly ordained to the curacy of Goostrey, and at once addresses himself to the active discharge of his ministerial functions. He proceeds to his new home, with a mind fully conscious of the responsibilities that await him, but yet hopefully relying on the friendly co-operation of his future parishioners. The village of Goostrey is very soon reached, and there, in that usually quiet retreat, a crowd is assembled, it may be to meet their newly-appointed pastor,—“to give him a welcome, and bid him God speed.” The heart of William Massie beats high at the thought! Still nearer he draws to the motley group, and there, in the midst, fast bound to a stake on a huge pile of faggots, he sees to his amazement a figure dressed out in full clerical costume. They, the people of Goostrey, the flock over whom he is constituted the shepherd, are, with one accord, actually burning him in effigy! A people whom he had never seen, and who had never before set eyes upon him, were hailing his coming with marked indignity! It appears that at the time when the curacy became vacant, the parishioners had, in their own minds, selected one they deemed to be the most fit and proper minister to officiate amongst them. The patron, on his part, had made choice of another, and hence it was that the whole chapelry was up in arms to receive his nominee with one shout of defiance! In very truth this was a greeting fit to damp the courage of an ordinary man, but such, we are proud to know, was not William Massie! He felt he had himself done nothing to provoke such a manifestation; so, with that knowledge of human nature acquired during his honourable career as a soldier, he at once set to work to bring the rebels of his fold back again to their allegiance. It is gratifying to know that in this, as in most other matters he took in hand, he was eminently successful. In far less time than it takes some young clergymen to make a common acquaintance by a single parochial call, Mr. Massie well knew, and was personally known to every resident in the chapelry; he had found his way, not alone into the cheerful dwellings

of the rich, but also into the humbler cottages of the poor. With him the distinctions between poverty and wealth were wholly cast aside. The poor labourer or mechanic, with virtue on his side, was to him a better man and a worthier companion than one rolling in riches, but without reputation. What the world calls pride was a morbid sentiment foreign to his mind. His meekness and self-denial soon won upon the hearts of his Goostrey flock,—the men who had ignorantly gathered, but a few months before, round his burning effigy, were now warmest in his praise. The rebellion once rampant had ceased to exist,—the spirit of opposition had yielded to that of love!

Mr. Massie spent the first year of his clerical life beneath the roof of his brother-in-law, the Rev. John Armitstead, at the Hermitage,* in the adjoining chapelry of Church Hulme. In 1835, having completed the full term of his diaconate, he was again in Chester Cathedral, where, reverently kneeling at the altar of St. Werburgh, he received from his Bishop the sacred order of the priesthood. After a few days spent at home with his venerated parents, he returned to Goostrey, and busied himself, as heretofore, with the spiritual welfare of those committed to his charge. A sense of duty, as there no longer existed any necessity for doing so, would not permit him to reside away from his parishioners; so with mingled feelings of joy and regret he parted from his affectionate friends at the Hermitage, and furnished for himself the little Parsonage at Goostrey.

The Parsonage, as it then existed, was a neat but unpretending house, occupying the brow of the chapel hill. A white stuccoed cottage, with a sloping garden in front, and a verandah running partially round two of its sides, small, yet comfortable rooms, plainly and very inexpensively furnished—such was the modest little Parsonage at Goostrey some 20 years ago! It has been considerably altered and enlarged since then; but the view now before us represents the house as it was when the shadow of William Henry Massie rested upon its walls.

Duly installed into his new abode, the mind of the young incumbent is still actively engaged in magnifying his office, and, like a faithful parish priest, he marks out for himself, once for all, a regular course of parochial visitation. Constantly, as week after week rolled away, might his form be seen moving noiselessly about from one extremity of his scattered district to another,—now visiting the sick, or relieving the destitute of his flock,—

* The Hermitage is beautifully situate in a deep and rich vale on the banks of the river Dane, and, although belonging ecclesiastically to Holmes Chapel, is in point of fact in the township of Cranage. As its name imports, it was originally a hermit's cell, and was at that time connected with the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem. A small rent-charge from this property is paid in aid of the Blue Coat School at Cranage.



COOSTREY PARSONAGE

As it existed, when traversed by the late Rev. W.H. Messis.

here encouraging the young, there cheering the aged,—now praising the good, there reproofing the evil. But why need *we* attempt to describe the path, or to herald forth the praises of this “good shepherd,” when our venerable Bishop; in a recent Visitation Charge, has himself, all undesignedly, performed the grateful task? Had he painted the glowing picture from the life, he could not have produced a truer portrait of our lamented friend! “The Good Shepherd’s path,” observes his Lordship, “is, where his heart is, by the still waters. Mark where the minister of the Gospel is faithful to his office, labouring to fulfil its duties with singleness of heart and fervency of zeal; training the young, comforting the aged, lightening, as his heavenly Master loved to lighten, the burdens of all who travail and are heavy laden on life’s rough way; teaching his people the sincere word of truth; not dazzling their imaginations with a vain display of ceremonial pageantry, nor disturbing their minds with the endless subtleties of unprofitable controversy, but instructing them in wholesome doctrine out of the Holy Scriptures; and endeavouring, both by precept and example, to maintain charity, peace, and love among all Christian people, but specially among such as are committed to his own charge! Mark where the Christian minister, faithful to his Ordination vows, thus pursues the path of duty, and keeps the even tenor of his way,—there you will see also the hearts of his people drawn to him with responsive affection and grateful attachment. His flock will know and will follow his voice. It need not always be the voice of eloquence, so it be but the voice of kindness and truth.” A faithful epitome this, albeit a purely accidental one, of Mr. Massie’s eminently pious career!

Year after year rolled on, and our friend was still at Goostrey,—his flock unwilling to lose him, and he himself as little desirous to go away. Two years prior to his becoming resident there, viz. in 1832, his reverend father had been presented by his early friend, the first Marquis of Westminster, to the living of Eccleston, near Chester. His second brother, too, had won his way to the rank of Commander in the Royal Navy, from which he was, in 1841, as a well-earned reward for his services, elevated to Post rank. Others of his brethren were also rising in life; but the Incumbent of Goostrey was still contented and happy in his small village cure. It was not in his nature, however, to be idle, and a new sphere of exertion was now gradually unfolding itself to his mind.

Moving so incessantly about in his parish, he was oftentimes struck with the distance at which many of his people resided from the chapel at Goostrey,—a distance so great as, in some instances, virtually to preclude them from anything like regular attendance at Divine worship. To remedy this defect,—to provide, in short, a fold for the spiritually destitute of his flock, was a labour of love worthy of Mr. Massie, and one which, as we shall see, he was not slow to embark in.

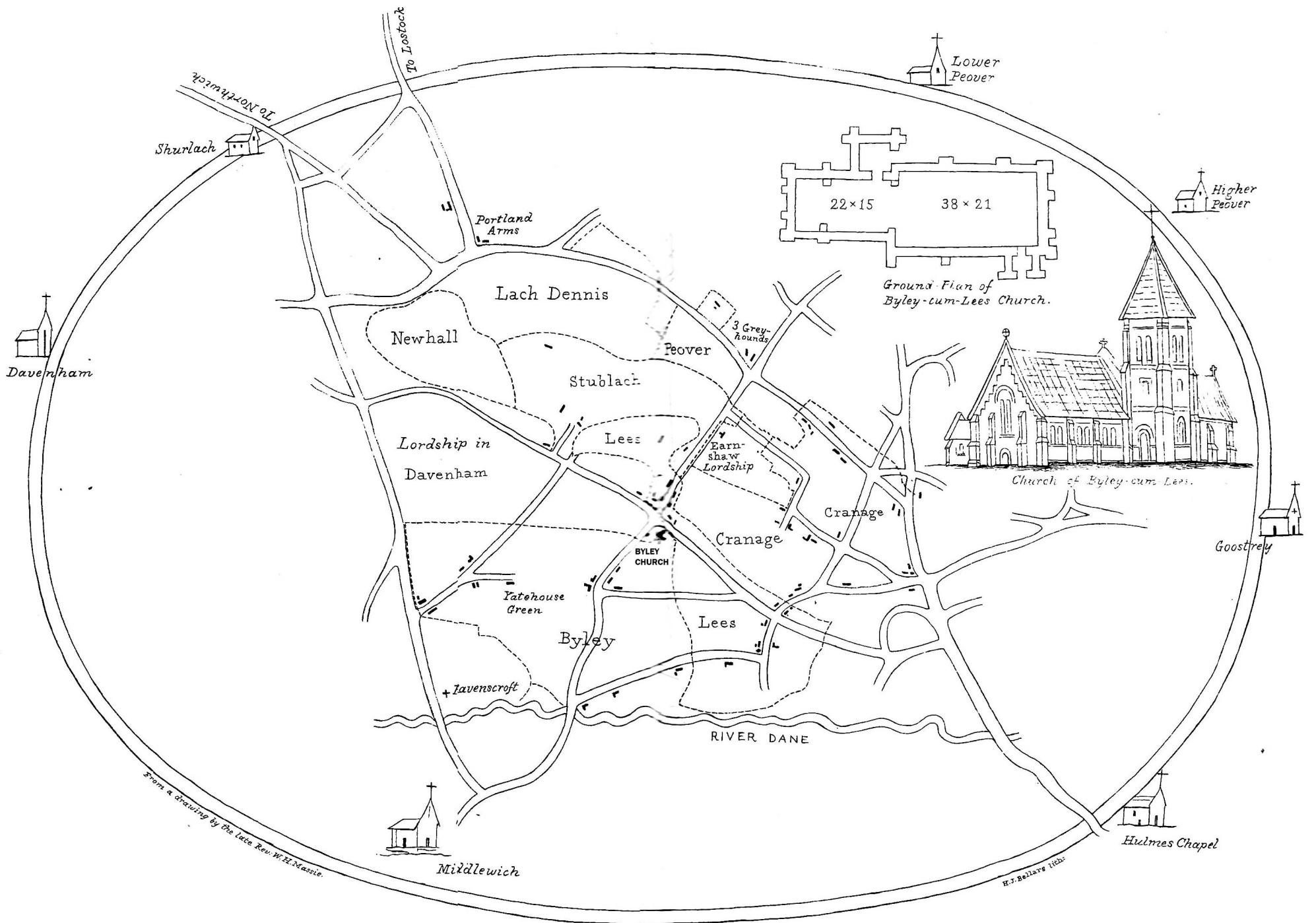
The township of Lees, about three miles from Middlewich, had from time immemorial belonged to the chapelry of Goostrey. Perfectly isolated by its position from that chapelry, lying indeed some three miles away, it occupied the centre of an extensive tract, which for an equal distance in every direction, was wholly without any authorised means of grace. True, Mr. Massie had caused a school to be erected there some years before, beneath the roof of which, in the warm summer evenings, he used to celebrate Divine service and expound the Word of God; but this was not enough to satisfy our friend.

He first enlisted the sympathies of the Vicars of Middlewich and Sandbach, as well as the other ruling powers; and having obtained the promise of a site from Sir C. P. Shakerley, representative in the female line of the Amsons of Lees, he prepared boldly to face his self-imposed task. He drew out and lithographed with his own hands a plan of the district, embracing Byley and Stublach in Middlewich parish, Drakelow in Davenham, Earnshaw and Cranage in Holmes Chapel, Lees in Goostrey, and a small portion of Peover. These were to be formed into a separate ecclesiastical district, under the name of Byley-cum-Lees, in the centre of which he proposed that a Church should be erected, to accommodate a population of 600 souls. An oval ring around the printed plan was made to pass through the seven nearest churches, thereby shewing at once to the eye the great need that existed for the erection of a church within those limits. A ground plan, and rough outline elevation of the proposed church ornamented one corner of the sketch.

Thus prepared, Mr. Massie set resolutely to work with his subscription list, *five shillings* being the first donation he received towards a work which was to cost near a thousand pounds to bring it to completion! His heart and soul, however, were in his work, and in a short space of time, thanks to the respect and love felt for him by friends and relations, the paltry five shillings had increased to almost as many hundred pounds!

The land was now prepared for building, Mr. Massie himself superintending the workmen, and acting throughout in the three-fold capacity of architect, builder, and clerk of the works! The sum of £290 was obtained towards the work from the various Church Building Societies; and amongst the other leading contributors were the ever charitable Queen Dowager, Dr. Brandreth, J. F. France, Esq. of Bostock, Egerton Leigh, sen. Esq., Major Egerton Leigh, the Venerable Archdeacon Wood, Lord de Tabley, the Revds. E. Royds, T. France, J. Darcey, J. Thorneycroft, and G. Greenall, L. Armitstead, Esq., T. Booth, Esq., Mrs. Tipping, Randle Wilbraham, jun. Esq., C. K. Mainwaring, Esq., the Rev. W. H. Massie, &c. &c.

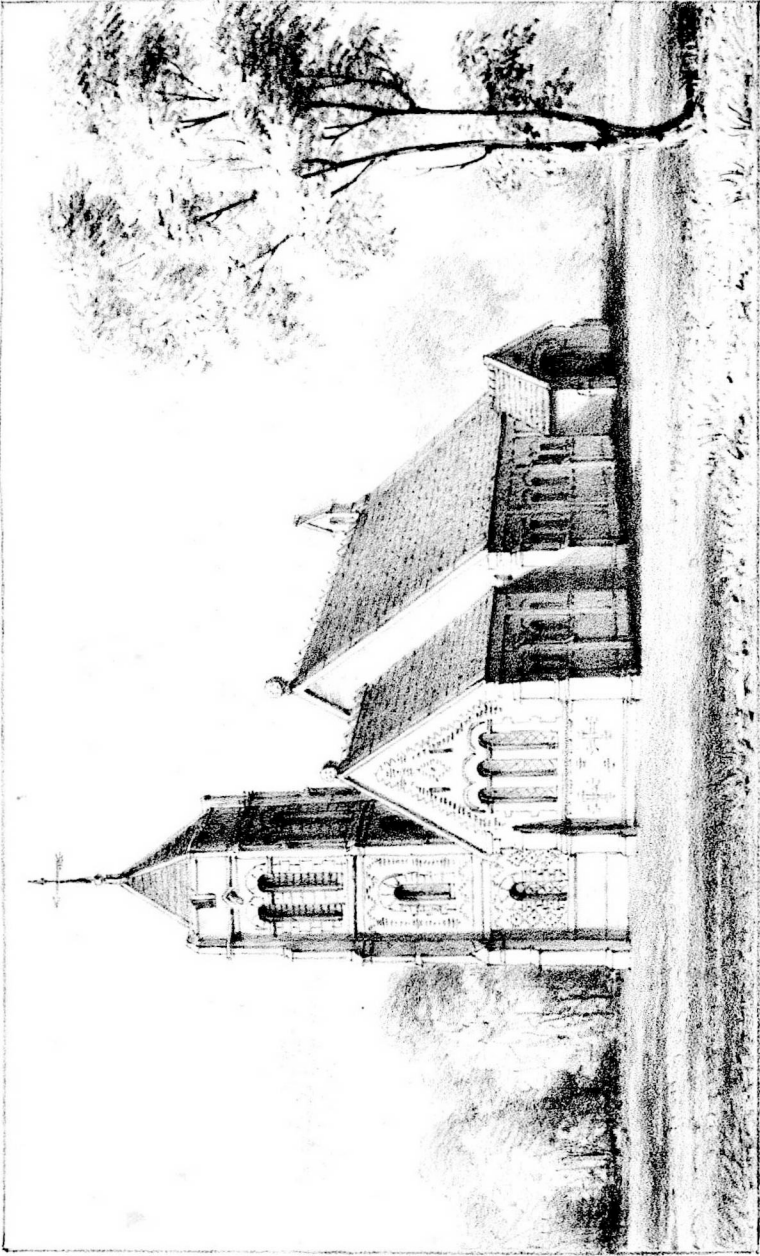
And now came the day for the laying of the first stone,—the 29th of July, 1846. It was a day to be had in remembrance in Byley-cum-Lees, for then was to be commenced the erection of an edifice consecrated to the



MAP OF BYLEY-CUM-LEES AND THE DISTRICT ROUND.

From a drawing by the late Rev. H. H. Nassie.

H. J. Bellars 1882



BYLEY-CUM-LEES CHURCH,
CHESHIRE.

service of Almighty God. . With prayer and praise, in the sight of those assembled, the workmen lowered the foundation stone ; after which loaves of bread were distributed under Mr. Massie's direction to the poor labourers around.

The good work rapidly progressed. Mr. Massie, as we have before stated, was himself the architect,—the design of the church in its every detail, externally and internally, being all his own. It is substantially a red brick building, with blue bricks introduced in patterns ; the window sills and facings are of white tiles or bricks, the buttresses only being constructed of white stone. In designing the church, Mr. Massie selected the Norman style of architecture ; and albeit a simple brick edifice, and the work of an amateur, we believe it would not disgrace a professional ecclesiologist. It consists of a nave 38 feet long by 21 feet wide, a chancel measuring 22 by 15 feet, a tower on the south side of the chancel, and a neat little porch at the north-west end. Standing close to the road between Middlewich and Knutsford, Byley Church has a picturesque and striking appearance when approached from the former town ; in fact, its general ecclesiastical character is such as cannot be claimed for any other modern brick church in the county.

Internally, the Church has a very chaste, symmetrical appearance, with an aisle up the centre, and open seats on either side. The chancel is elevated a few steps above the body of the church : the font, which is at the west end, was presented to the parishioners by Mr. Massie. The vestry occupies the base of the tower, and opens appropriately into the chancel. Altogether, to use the words of a correspondent, “ it is a very pretty church within, with nicely turned arches, and as much architectural decoration as the means would allow.” To the people of Byley it has been a most precious boon, and will be, as we hope, to them and their children's children

“ A house for prayer, and love, and full harmonious praise.”

On Thursday, the 14th of October, 1847, the consecration took place. The day was remarkably fine,—the glorious sunshine of heaven enlivened the little hamlet, blessing, as it were, the completion of the good work. The attendance of the clergy, gentry, and yeomen of the neighbourhood was numerous and encouraging, and as for the Church itself, it was full to overflowing, 300 persons being counted in an edifice built to hold but two-thirds of that number. Numbers of people stood beneath the windows in the churchyard, unable to gain admission. Upwards of £50 was collected on the occasion, which, with a few donations afterwards sent in, completely freed the little building from debt.

The erection of a church at Byley was Mr. Massie's great wish from the time he first settled at Goostrey : and it was completed only a very short

time before his removal from the neighbourhood. A few weeks afterwards the Rectory of St. Mary's-on-the-Hill, at Chester, became vacant by the cession of the Rev. Canon Eaton. This living, which is in the gift of the Marquis of Westminster, is the most valuable of all the poorly endowed rectories of Chester; and the noble patron, with his usual discrimination, and a lively recollection of early friendship, at once nominated the Rev. William Massie to the vacancy.

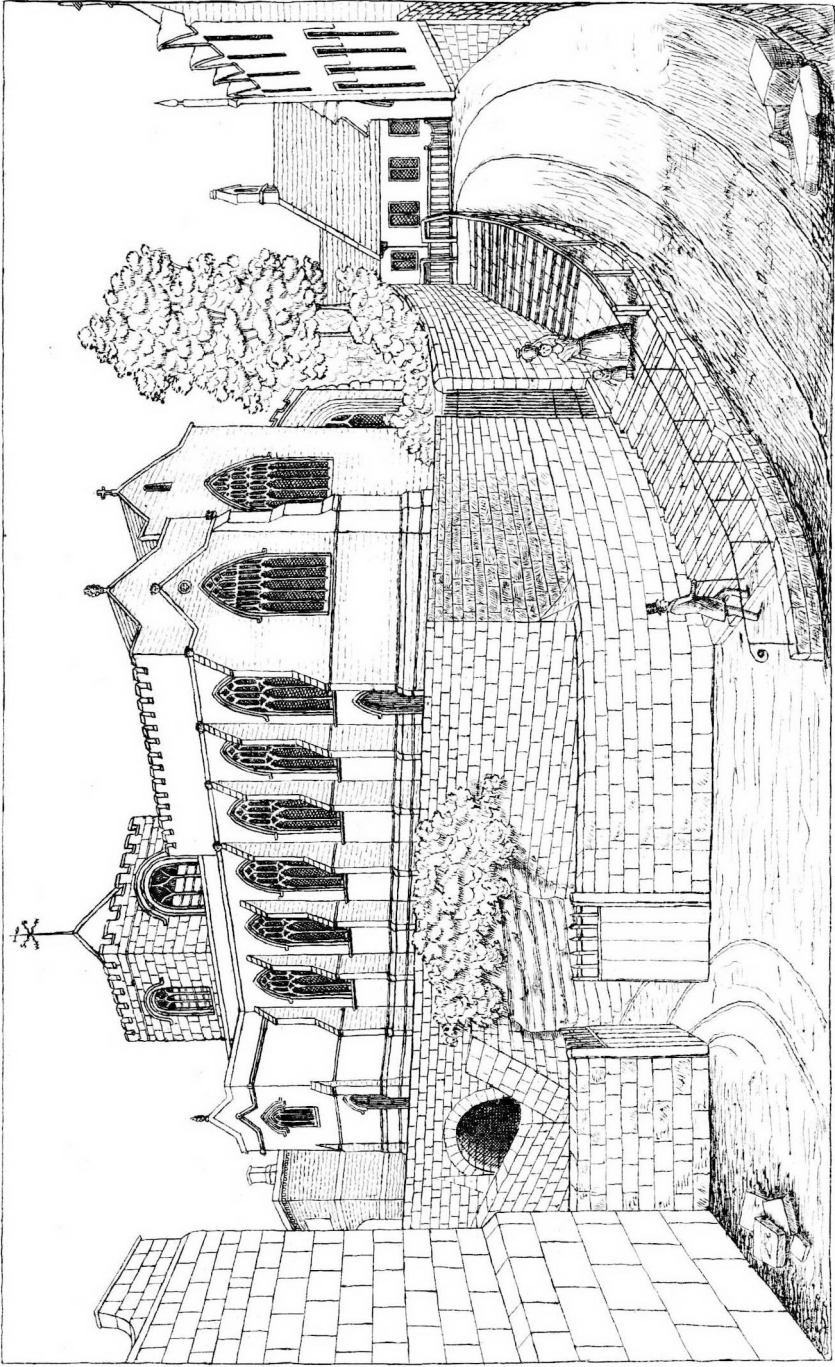
When it became known in Goostrey that their faithful pastor was about to bid them farewell, the one sole feeling of the parishioners appeared to be, that they were parting with one who had endeared himself to them all, as a warm temporal adviser and a sincere spiritual friend. Does any one enquire the secret of that success which attended him at Goostrey? Take for answer the following, from one who was long a near neighbour of Mr. Massie in his hamlet home:—"If there was one peculiarity about him more remarkable than another, it was his admirable tact and discretion. Unlike many well-meaning young clergymen of inferior judgment, who mark out a certain course to be pursued in their new parish, in spite of everything and everybody,—which results, in many cases, in turning friends into enemies, and bringing things, as we see in many parishes, to a dead lock,—he, on the contrary, consulted everybody's feelings; and though most decided upon matters of *principle*, never allowed puerile trifles to interfere with his general usefulness. The consequence was, that his opponents became, in many cases, his warmest supporters; in short, I believe it may be said of him, that he never made an enemy, and never lost a friend!"

We have now arrived at a point at which, owing to the limited space at our disposal, it will be necessary to cut our simple narrative short. This is the less to be regretted, seeing that the later events of Mr. Massie's life are already well known to the majority of our readers; in addition to which a memoir, on a much more extended scale, is known to be in preparation by a member of his family.

Settled down once more in the city of his birth, his active spirit was soon upon the alert for some new field for labour, some fresh opportunity for laudable exertion. Nor was that hope to remain long ungratified, as we shall presently see.

His first year at St. Mary's brought him into personal acquaintance with most of his parishioners; for having tested at Goostrey the importance of frequent house-to-house visitation, he lost no time in introducing it here. And with the happiest results,—for many a poor soul in the dark purlieus of Handbridge, mercifully rescued from sin and degradation, still gratefully dwells on the fruits of that intercourse, still blesses the memory of good William Massie!

Within twelve months of his removal to Chester, he was elected by the



H. J. Bellamy, 1876.

THE CHURCH OF SAINT MARY ON THE HILL,
CHESTER

Dean and Chapter to a Minor Canonry in the Cathedral. This appointment, while it added considerably to his daily duties, enabled him, at the same time, more fully to carry out his pious schemes of charity and benevolence. The money drawn by Mr. Massie from the revenues of the Church went not to enrich his own private purse,—his inclination rather led him to the opposite extreme,—for it seemed as if his “only desire was to spend and be spent in his Master’s service.” No child of poverty who sought the Rectory door was ever, with his consent, sent empty away.

In 1849, when the cholera swept like a scourge o’er the land, the Rector of St. Mary’s shone modestly conspicuous among his Chester brethren in facing the realities of that dread distemper. Wherever in his parish the plague spot appeared, there in the midst was the faithful pastor to be found, like the good Samaritan of old “pouring in oil and wine,” and in every possible way soothing the pangs of misery and despair, while leading the minds of his prostrate flock to the only true Source of health and safety. A medical gentleman, whose practice, at that time, led him much into St. Mary’s parish, has more than once declared to us that he never saw an equal to Mr. Massie in the house of sickness. Fearless in the midst of fear, he knelt at the infected couch, and often, with his own hands, performed those necessary duties for the dead and dying, from which even experienced nurses shrank with dismay! The *Chester Courant* thus glowingly sums up the valued career of this soldier of Christ:—

“As a clergyman, he was most active, earnest, and exemplary in the discharge of his pastoral ministrations; there was not a parishioner with whom he was not acquainted, and in whose welfare he did not take all the warm interest of a friend. Of the wants of the poor he was ever mindful, and constantly carried to their lowly dwellings, not only the consoling messages of Divine truth, but the welcome offerings of ready charity. In whatever family there was sickness or sorrow, he was always a cheering friend, and an affectionate adviser, who felt that he lived only for the sake of others; and whose sole desire was ‘to spend and be spent’ in doing his heavenly Master’s work, and in relieving the spiritual wants and temporal necessities of the people committed to his parochial charge. In the promotion of religious education he was persevering and judicious; and the satisfactory state of the schools in his parish is the best evidence of his solicitude for the little ones of his flock—the lambs of the Great Shepherd’s fold. As a preacher he was eminently earnest and practical, combining a convincing persuasiveness with the ‘simplicity of Christ.’”

These are the words of one who was long a warm friend of Mr. Massie’s, and we know them to be the words of sincerity and truth.

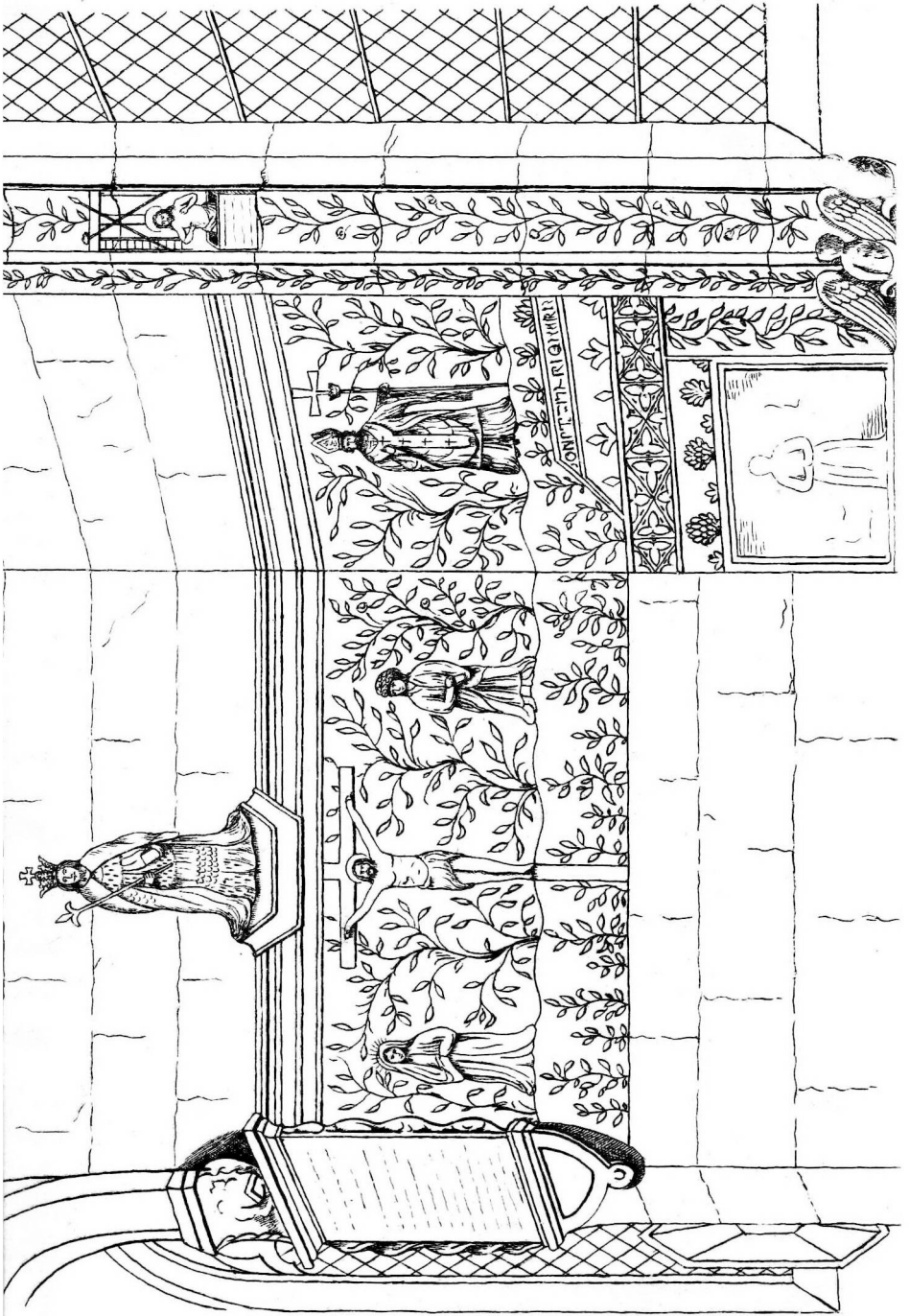
The Church of St. Mary’s is a venerable structure, presenting externally, however, no special marks of architectural beauty. The extreme east wall was rebuilt in the time of Mr. Massie’s predecessor, the Rev. Thomas Eaton, M.A., now Vicar of Eastham, and Canon of Chester Cathedral. To this latter gentleman is due several of the improvements noticeable in the

interior of the edifice, as, for example, the restoration of the monuments of the three Randle Holmes, Cheshire antiquaries of note in the seventeenth century.

No sooner was Mr. Massie appointed to the living, than he at once set his heart on beautifying the church over which he was constituted the guardian. Witness his laudable attack on the high pews,—witness, too, the changes he effected in the chancel! In fact, it is impossible to turn either to the right hand or the left of that fine old structure, without acknowledging the sound taste of him who conceived and set forward the good work.

The south side of the church was restored about this time, and during the progress of that work a mural painting was discovered by Mr. Massie on the inner face of the wall, in a line with the pulpit. It was known, indeed, to be in existence some years before, but the learned churchwardens of that day would not suffer the venerated whitewash to be disturbed. Mr. Massie, however, met with better success; and with the full consent of the then wardens, carefully removed every inch of the plaster, unveiling to the sight a painting upon the wall of unusual interest. The subjects, so far as they have been laid bare, represent, in the principal compartment, the Crucifixion of Our Lord, the figures on either side of the Cross being, to all appearance, St. Mary, and “that other disciple whom Jesus loved.” On the right hand wall, an archbishop is depicted, in full eucharistic vestments, conspicuous among which are the mitre and chasuble, the tunic and alb, with the two special emblems of archiepiscopal dignity,—the purple crossed pall, and stately crozier. Underneath this high ecclesiastical personage, a small label may be seen, bearing traces of an inscription, now quite illegible. Immediately over the Saviour is the figure of a king, right royally robed, and who, judging from the open crown and other details, may be fairly set down as Henry VI. of England. The shape of the mitre, too, which is clearly of the 15th century, is quite in accordance with this supposition. The upright jamb of the adjoining window has not escaped the notice of our mediæval artist. He there presents us with a demi-figure of the Saviour, apparently issuing from the tomb, with, in the back-ground, the ladder, the “sponge filled with vinegar, and placed upon a reed,” the Tau Cross, and the spear, faithful emblems of His Passion. Altogether, it is a work which, at the time of its execution, must have reflected great credit on the limner, and been no slight ornament to the interior of the sacred edifice.

As stated at the commencement, Mr. Massie was the founder of the Chester Archæological Society. It is now just eight years ago that, owing mainly to his exertions, a small but influential party of gentlemen assembled at St. Mary’s Rectory, to establish “an Association for the improvement of architectural taste, the illustration and preservation of the remains of



antiquity in the city, county, and neighbourhood,—the recommending of plans for the restoration and improvement of buildings and other works,—the collecting of historic, archæological, and architectural information, documents, relics, and books—and the mutual suggestion and interchange of knowledge on these important subjects.”

In less than a year from its commencement, more than 120 members had been enrolled, numerous papers on antiquarian subjects read at the monthly meetings of the Society, and the first Part of its printed *Journal* sent to the press. To describe the progress of the Society from struggling infancy to staid maturity, is but to tell of great efforts put forth, daily sacrifices made, and difficulties encountered only to be overcome, by our venerated friend. Those only who know what a task it really is to hold together such a Society, to provide the necessary matter for its monthly meetings, and to keep alive the sympathies of often lukewarm friends, can fully appreciate either the extent or value of Mr. Massie's services. In very truth he was the mainspring, the life and soul of the Society. Out of 32 papers read, or lectures delivered to the members up to the period of his decease, more than one-third were the production of our Ecclesiastical Secretary alone! What better evidence could we have of his energy, ability, and good-will than this?

Of the many lectures he delivered before the Society, not the least interesting was that upon the “History of Seals,” so aptly illustrated as it was by local examples of his own collecting. This article, when printed in the Society's Transactions, created no small interest in the antiquarian world: applications came in from all parts of the kingdom, and from many Societies abroad, asking leave to purchase that portion of the *Journal*. Leading men of the Society of Antiquaries importuned the author to permit himself to be nominated an F.S.A., but with his usual modesty and disregard of fame, he withstood their tempting wiles.

Another paper of his upon the “Mural Paintings in Gawsworth Church, Cheshire,” read originally before the Chester Society, was published in a distinct form, illustrated with coloured facsimiles of the paintings, and sold for the benefit of the Gawsworth Church Restoration Fund. But perhaps his most interesting and valuable contribution to the Society was that eminently practical lecture on the “History of St. Mary's Parish, Chester,”—the first portion of which was delivered only about a week prior to his final illness. Save and except a very slight abstract, that splendid dissertation on “St. Mary's under the Romans” is, we lament to say, entirely lost to the city. It was admitted by all who heard it to be the best archæological lecture he ever delivered. Alas! how little did any of us suppose, as we dwelt on the lessons which then fell from his lips, and joyously laughed at those sallies of wit interspersed so cleverly through his remarks, that in less than two months we should be called upon to mourn his premature

decease, and in some cases to follow his remains to the grave! But we are slightly anticipating the thread of our narrative.

We have noticed Mr. Massie's zeal for the House of God, and his anxious desire to see everything therein "done decently and in order." Had we time, we might enlarge on his numerous additions to the strength and beauty of his ancient parish sanctuary,—how he restored the chancel, repaired and adorned the richly-toned organ, brought out from beyond their accumulated plaster the original oaken roofs,—and how, last not least, he decorated many of the church windows with appropriate designs in stained glass. His last effort in this direction, and one which was not quite accomplished at the period of his death, was the fine east window of the north aisle. England and her allies were engaged in a righteous war against Russia,—the battles of Alma and Inkermann had been fought,—and the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusileers had led the van on both those memorable days. The great proportion of those who fought and fell belonging to that regiment were men who, but a few months before, had attended Divine worship in St. Mary's Church. The Rector, who also officiated as Chaplain of the Garrison, naturally looked upon the "gallant 23rd" as his own peculiar people; and no sooner was it known in Chester that the men of the regiment had suffered so nobly in their country's cause, than he organised a subscription for erecting an obituary window to their memory. A large sum was immediately raised; and the result was that a design was selected of rare beauty, and most appropriate character. It was finished by the artist just before the Rector's death, but was not put up until after his spirit had rested from its labours.

As an instance of his regard for the "little things of the temple," we may refer to the old oak cover of the baptismal font. This was discovered several years ago, (we believe during the incumbency of the Rev. Rowland Hill,) buried under one of the pews in the vicinity of the font. Considered of no service, and perhaps too hard to be chopped up for fuel; it was consigned to a lumber-room in the Rectory-house. Here, in 1854, Mr. Massie fell in with it, and fancying he could distinguish, on its lower surface, some faint indications of a painting, he drew it from its hiding-place, and caused it to be carefully washed and varnished. In this instance, as usual, success attended him. The subject sought to be conveyed by the painter, who it is clear did not wield the pencil of a Rubens, was the first of the two only Sacraments of the Church,—the rite of Holy Baptism. Although, on the score of art, the discovery was not a very important one, the picture is not without interest to the student of ancient costume. The clergyman in the centre, with beard, moustache, and periwig, presents a striking contrast to the ecclesiastic of our day; while the hoods and tippets of the fair gossips in the picture stand out just as oddly beside the flowing wigs and high fronted shoes of their male companions. The font is of large proportions,

FROM AN OIL-PAINTING ON AN OLD

FONT-COVER

LATELY RESTORED AT



ST MARY'S CHURCH,

CHESTER, 1854.

but of a type calculated to raise a smile on the face of modern ecclesiologists. The date of the painting may reasonably be assigned to the latter part of the 17th, or beginning of the 18th century.

But all the while that these improvements were going on at St. Mary's, Mr. Massie was engaged on a greater and far more laborious work. Emboldened by the success he had met with at Byley, he addressed himself now to the task of erecting *two* entirely new Churches,—one at Saltney, and the other at Upton,—outlying districts at the northern and southern extremities of his widely-scattered parish. This was, in truth, an arduous undertaking! But our friend was blessed with a good stout heart, and rare stedfastness of purpose; having made up his mind, therefore, to carry out the work, he rested not, night or day, until it was completed. Mr. James Harrison, of Chester, one of the Secretaries of our Society, furnished the designs for both Churches; and Mr. Massie has often, in our hearing, acknowledged the zeal and ability with which his architect carried out his wishes and instructions. Upton Church was the first finished, and that was consecrated by the Lord Bishop of Chester on Wednesday, the 31st of May, 1854. The subscriptions for Saltney came in more slowly; but the first portion of that Church also was opened in due form on Tuesday, January 9th, 1855.

During the progress of the works scarce a day elapsed without Mr. Massie being personally on the spot, both at Upton and Saltney. We have ourselves often met him, at a very early hour before breakfast, on the Liverpool road, and even then he would be returning from his tour of inspection. With the activity and energy he ever displayed, one can, after all, scarcely wonder at his marvellous success! To secure an adequate endowment for these Churches, Mr. Massie readily sacrificed a large portion of his income; and though Upton still continues a chapel of ease to St. Mary's, Saltney and the adjoining township of Marlston-cum-Lache have been severed from that parish, and been formed into a separate and independent district.

This is not the place to discuss, without delicate reserve, the religious principles of our departed friend. Suffice it to say, that he was a Churchman in the best and truest sense of the word. Though "his trumpet blew no uncertain sound," he belonged not to the Germanising school upon the one hand, nor favoured the Romanising clique on the other. His was the true *via media*,—the churchmanship founded on Christ and His Apostles,—the churchmanship practised by Sutton, Herbert, and good old Jeremy Taylor; the doctrines he taught were the doctrines espoused by his own county man Wilson, the apostolic Bishop of Sodor and Man! More than this we cannot say,—to declare anything short of this would be sorely wronging his fondly cherished memory!

He was the author of a treatise on the "Parochial Visitation of the

Poor," forming one of the series of Parker's Parochial Tracts ; also of a few single Sermons on the Gunpowder Plot and other subjects.

It is now the middle of November, 1855. The path of duty leads Mr. Massie to his Upton district. On his way homewards, he was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, which by the time he reached the Rectory had wet him completely through to the skin. A poor man, one of his parishioners, was awaiting his return, and begged of him to go and visit his wife, who was dangerously ill. He went, and with his usual forgetfulness of self, remained at the sick bed some considerable time. He then returned home, and changed his apparel ; but it was now too late, the mischief had been done, the plague was upon him, and he never more quitted the Rectory-house alive. During the whole of his long and painful illness, he was the object of universal sympathy,—day after day hundreds of his fellow-citizens, of all classes, called at the Rectory to enquire the state of their beloved friend's health. None were more attentive in this respect than our amiable Bishop, and the then resident members of the noble House of Eaton. Still he grew gradually weaker and weaker, until near midnight on Saturday, January 5th, 1856, when his soul passed peacefully, happily away to another, a brighter, and a better world. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord ; even so, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labours !"

For much of what follows we are indebted to the columns of the *Chester Courant* :—

The mortal remains of the late respected Rector of St. Mary's were interred on Friday morning, January 11th, at the Chester Cemetery. It was the wish of our departed friend that his funeral should be as private and as simple as possible ; but, although no arrangements for a public ceremonial were announced, the spontaneous desire and determination of all classes to honour his memory could not be restrained, and the result was a demonstration of sorrow and respect which will never be forgotten. Before taking holy orders (as already stated in the present memoir,) Mr. W. H. Massie had been an officer in the army, and having, in his capacity of chaplain to the Chester garrison, won the esteem and affection of the soldiers, by his kind attention to their interests, and his nightly superintendence of their schools, the officers in command, on behalf of the men, asked and obtained permission for the attendance of the military on the occasion. Accordingly, at ten o'clock, the street leading from the Rectory to the Grosvenor-road was lined on each side by the soldiers, and the band of the First Royal Cheshire Militia, with drums muffled and covered with black cloth, took their station in front of the court-yard. Thence, to the solemn music of "The Dead March," and a funeral peal from the muffled bells of St. Mary's Church, the mournful procession, composed of clergy, magistrates, citizens, and soldiery, moved on towards the Cemetery.

It proceeded along Grosvenor-road, which was densely crowded by an immense concourse, who were visibly affected by sorrow ; and not a sound was heard amidst that assembled throng but the wailing strains of the military music, the measured tread of the soldiery, and the bursting sobs of grief that struggled from the hearts of hundreds, whose emotions could only find relief in tears. On arriving at the gates of the Cemetery, the band halted, and between the lines of spectators formed by the citizens and soldiers who had joined in the procession, the corpse was carried on a bier into the chapel, preceded by the Rev. J. F. Hewson, the chaplain, senior curate to the deceased, reading the sublime sentences with which the office for the burial of the dead opens ; and followed by the mourners, clergy, and military officers. The Very Rev. the Dean of Chester, who from recent illness was unable to walk from the Rectory, joined the procession at the Cemetery, and, by the side of the Lord Bishop, followed his friend's remains to the grave. Several ladies who were personal friends and fellow-labourers with the late Rector in the good works of his parish, were also in the chapel ; and the grounds of the Cemetery were crowded with persons of all ranks and ages, anxious to pay a last tribute of respect to the faithful pastor they had so dearly loved. The appointed Psalm and Lesson having been read by the chaplain, the body was carried to its resting-place,—an unpretending grave on the level ground at the foot of the pathway from the chapel ; there, amidst symptoms of sincere mourning from attending thousands, it was committed to the earth “in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life.” The service was impressively read by Mr. Hewson, the solemn silence being alone broken by the prayers of the chaplain, the smothered sighs of manly sorrow, the sobs of affliction from softer hearts, the weeping of the little ones of his bereaved flock, and the warbling of a bird, which perched on a tree over the grave, and then took its upward flight towards heaven's gates, as denoting the glorious home whither the mourners should, in heart and mind, ascend for the Divine consolation that cheered and illumined the dying days of their departed minister and friend. The coffin was covered with black cloth ; a plain plate simply bearing the inscription of the name, the date of the death, and the age of the deceased, who, after 48 years of life spent in one consistent course of duty, piety, and benevolence, has entered into his rest. Many of the by-standers crowded round the grave, at the close of the service, to take a last fond look of the spot where the body sleeps till the morning of the resurrection ; the mourning crowds then departed to their homes.

On the following Sunday morning, St. Mary's church was attended by a numerous congregation, most of whom wore mourning dress : the pulpit and reading desk being draped with black cloth in token of respect for the late Rector's memory. The Rev. Henry Ireland Blackburne, M. A., Vicar

of Rostherne, lately Curate of St. Mary's, officiated, and preached an admirably appropriate and impressive sermon from Psalm xxiii. 4—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me." In a lucid and earnest style of scriptural exposition and practical application, the discourse ably illustrated the joy and happiness which true religion affords to all who are experimentally acquainted with its power and efficacy; and in delineating the peaceful hope with which the faithful Christian is sustained in the last struggles of mortality, the preacher proceeded to observe:—

“Nor let any one suppose that this an imaginary picture of the ‘joy and peace in believing’ which the faithful Christian feels, even when he knows the hand of death is upon him. Far otherwise; it is a picture drawn from the life—one which it is the pastor's privilege sometimes to behold in his ministrations by the bedside of the sick and dying. And the consolations I have alluded to were enjoyed in all their fulness in the last hours of your departed pastor. The text I have been considering was one which he delighted in having read to him continually as he lay upon his bed of sickness; and so fully did he realise in his own person the comfort contained in the Psalmist's words, that he has desired that they may be engraven on his tomb. I well know, dear friends, the anxiety, the alternate fluctuations of hope and fear that have existed within you, while he languished on his bed of sickness. I can well imagine with what earnestness and devotion your prayers, both in public and in private, have ascended to heaven in his behalf—that if possible he might be spared to his parish; and I well know that his death has caused deep and heartfelt sorrow to all those with whom he was in any way connected. And how could it be otherwise? A faithful shepherd has been taken from his flock; one, who in simplicity, truthfulness, and godly sincerity, preached to you the Gospel of peace; one to whom the welfare of each individual parishioner was as dear as his own life; one whose strength, whose time, whose talents were devoted to the cause of truth, and to the spiritual welfare of those committed to his charge; one, who in season and out of season, did not fail to warn the ungodly, to encourage the good, to cheer the desponding, to visit the sick, and to console the dying. When noisome pestilence stalked through his parish, and decimated his people, he was to be seen everywhere, fearless of infection, unmindful of himself; not only enlightening the soul with the consolations of religion, and mitigating the wants of the body, but sometimes, when panic had driven others from the bed of death, performing with his own hands the last sad offices for the departed. When heresy and false doctrine made their appearance, and false teachers endeavoured to undermine the true faith as it is in Jesus, faithfully and openly did he meet the adversary, and with firmness, tempered by charity, confute his errors, and warn his people against his deceitful arguments. While he could feel for the sorrows of his people, he could also, with unaffected sincerity, sympathise with their joys. In short, wherever, and under whatever circumstances the presence of Christ's minister was needed, there was he to be found, as well in the mansion of the rich as in the cottage of the poor. And such was his influence for good, such the force of his bright

example, such the effect of his simple but earnest teaching, such the pleasure which his presence caused, that of him it may without exaggeration be said—‘When the ear heard him, then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him.’ The old rejoiced as he sat in their houses and bid them prepare for eternity; and the little ones listened with interest, and smiled with pleasure as he told them of Jesus, the children’s friend, and bid them pray to Him and love Him. No wonder, then, that his loss is so deeply felt. But is it not a source of the greatest consolation to reflect, that religion was to him so great a comfort, so firm a foundation of hope, that even when about to leave the world, he could feel and say—‘Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me.’ ‘His body is buried in peace, but his soul liveth evermore.’”

The sermon was delivered with devout earnestness and pathos, and produced a deep impression, which was visibly manifested throughout the congregation.

During the afternoon service, the Rev. J. F. Hewson, Assistant Curate of St. Mary’s, preached with special allusion to the Rector’s death, from John xvii. 24. The church, as in the morning, was thronged by a congregation who sincerely sympathized with the statements of the preacher.

At Upton Church, which was also crowded by worshippers desirous of testifying their tribute of respect and grief on the melancholy occasion, the Rev. J. F. Hewson officiated in the morning, and the Rev. H. I. Blackburne in the afternoon.

On Sunday evening, St. Mary’s Church was crowded to excess; as soon as the doors were opened nearly every available corner was occupied; every seat was full; hundreds stood in the aisles; and the churchyard was thronged by hundreds more who were unable to gain admittance, but who still seemed unwilling to leave the building, as if desirous of joining, though to their own personal discomfort, in this manifestation of public feeling. The Evening Service is usually choral; but on this mournful occasion there were no chaunts; and the Rev. J. F. Hewson officiated at the reading desk. The choristers and lay clerks of the Cathedral, however, kindly attended, and sang with excellent effect the beautiful anthem “When the ear heard him, then it blessed him,” from the Book of Job xxix., the organ accompaniments being played with his usual taste and skill by Mr. Gunton. The Sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of Chester. The Right Rev. Prelate selected for his text the 14th chapter of the Revelation, and part of the 13th verse, “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.” He said:—

“There is always a solemnity in this peaceful hour of the Sabbath evening, when we meet together in the House of God to close the day with prayer and praise. But on this occasion the solemnity is deepened by the feeling of a still recent sorrow for the good and faithful minister of this Church, whose voice has been so often heard within its walls in tones of gentle affection, and in words of soberness and truth. It is a sorrow that

has touched all hearts—the hearts of all who knew him either in the common intercourse of social life, or in the ministration of his sacred office, or in the still wider ministration of his charity, or in the intimacy of private friendship, or in the still closer and dearer relations of kindred and of home. It is a deep and lasting sorrow; but a sorrow mitigated by every remembrance of the past life; cheered and brightened by every comfort and confidence of Christian hope. When I say that the sorrow is universal, I need not refer to the spontaneous demonstration of respect and regret, from all classes of the people, on the day of his funeral. It had been his own expressed wish—a wish in unison with the simplicity of his life and the modesty of his character—that his funeral should be a private one, but with this wish it was impossible strictly to comply. Many, very many, would have felt disappointment if they had not been present on the mournful occasion, to pay the last sad tribute of sorrow,—the friends who had been attached to him in private life, the members of his congregation, his brethren of the Clergy, the officers of the military force stationed here, and not the officers only, but, I may say, the private soldiers also, for, as their Chaplain, he had won their respect and good-will;—and, besides these, numbers of all classes, and especially of the poor, to whom his ear, his heart, his hand had been always open. They who witnessed the last sad ceremony will not soon forget its impressive circumstances;—the long procession, the solemn music of the military band, the large assemblage within the Cemetery, the soldiers in rank lining the pathway, the little children of his schools, the still and silent circle of spectators, the sun shining through the cold wintry air upon the lowly grave, the words of the Funeral Service, so touching to human sympathy, so cheering to Christian hope, coming with such tenderness of emotion from the lips of a fellow-minister, and awakening a responsive echo in the hearts of all. It was a tribute of respect honourable to the memory of the departed—honourable to the feelings of those assembled there to testify their sorrow. It is a tribute often paid, and justly paid, to the great and honourable when they die;—justly paid, for fitting honour is due to their exalted rank even in death, where human grandeur ends. Still more justly is such tribute paid when the great and noble have adorned their rank by the lustre of their personal character, and earned the gratitude of their country either by their public services or by their private beneficence and example. But there is something that comes home to every heart, when such a tribute of respect is paid to the memory of one who moved in a less elevated, less conspicuous, but, it may be, not less useful, not less happy sphere, as a minister of the Gospel of Peace, a servant and follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. Fitly was such tribute paid to our departed friend. In all the branches of pastoral duty he had been faithful, zealous, and exemplary,—a good shepherd, who knew his flock, and whose flock his voice well knew. His parishioners will recollect how great his desire and care was to preserve and adorn the fabric of his church, both in its outer structure and its interior arrangements—not by the introduction of any excess of fanciful decoration or superfluous embellishment, but by such suitable reparations and improvements as reverence for its sacred use required. They will recollect with what solemnity, what impressiveness, the beautiful Liturgy of our Church was always read,—not as if it were a mere prelude to the sermon, but as a homage of divine worship, an offering of prayer and praise, of repentant sorrow, of suppliant faith, of fervent gratitude, of reviving hope, to the

Throne of Grace and Mercy. And, that no part of the service and order of the Church might be incomplete, they will remember also with what impressiveness in every sermon he addressed to them the words of instruction and exhortation—with what simplicity, what earnestness, what tenderness, what sympathy,—not with fiery declamation, not with a laboured display of rhetoric, not with the spirit of the controversialist,—he strove to lead his people in humility and faith, through the grace of God's Holy Spirit, to the foot of the Cross, to the knowledge and love of the Saviour whom he himself loved. There he taught them to look for pardon, and for peace. On this foundation he taught them, and on this alone, to rest all hope; and he taught them, also, that this principle of Christian faith, if genuine and sincere, would, through God's grace, transform their minds, redeem their whole character, and enter into all the relations and business of life—restraining the hands from violence, dishonesty, and fraud; the breast from angry contentions and hatred; the tongue from falsehood and deceit, and the vile whispers of calumny; bringing all under subjection to the will of God, and keeping us “unspotted from the world.” He was the minister of his people, not only in the church and on Sunday, but out of the church and every day. How often have we all seen him traversing his parish, going from house to house, wherever there was want, or sickness, or sorrow, carrying charitable relief and spiritual consolation, gladdening with the cheerful smile of his own bright countenance, or soothing with the gentle tones of his kind voice the lonely and neglected dwellings of the poor. “When the ear heard him then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him—because he was the friend of the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and of him who had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing with joy.” A humble follower of his Heavenly Master, he “went about doing good.” The wide extent of his parish imposed a great weight of labour upon him in this respect, but to him it was a labour of love. There was, however, one disadvantage arising out of the great extent of his parish, which long occupied his anxious thoughts. He felt—painfully felt—that there were parts of his parish too far distant to admit of the regular attendance of the people who resided there at divine service in this the mother church. He felt, moreover, that, even if they had been able to come that distance, there was not accommodation in the mother church sufficient to receive them. With his characteristic energy and resolution, he set manfully about providing a remedy for this evil by the erection of two new churches,—one at Upton, where there is a scattered rural population; the other at Saltney, on the other side of the parish, where there has suddenly sprung up a thriving and industrious colony of artisans and mechanics. Aided in the latter of these objects by the kind and benevolent co-operation of the Rector of Hawarden,—aided in both by the kind liberality of many friends, some of whom I see present here, and no doubt there are many present here,—aided especially by the noble munificence of the noble patron of this living,—and making, on his own part, for the object great and willing sacrifices both of money and of time, he had at length, after great patience and perseverance, the great satisfaction of seeing both these churches completed and consecrated to the service of Almighty God. Whatever memorial the affection of his friends may raise to his name, these two churches will ever remain enduring monuments to generations yet unborn of his piety, his zeal, and his self-denial. There

are some of you who are aware of the constant personal attention and superintendence which he gave to the progress of the works while those churches were in the course of erection. I may, perhaps, be allowed to mention a little circumstance, possibly less generally known, but equally illustrative of his desire to economize the expenditure, and turn the contributions of the subscribers to the best account. The first intention was to make the sittings at Upton Church of deal, and an estimate of the expense had been procured. It happened that, at the time, he heard of a sale of oak wood; and, promptly seizing the opportunity, he purchased it on advantageous terms. He had the wood made into sittings for the Church, under his own inspection and superintendence, in the yard of his own Rectory-house; and the satisfactory result was, that the sittings were put up in oak for a sum less than the original estimate for the deal. I mention this as an illustration of the promptitude of his mind, the energy of his character, and the versatility of his talents, and still more to show that he was not, as some people are, content with sketching the more showy outlines of some extensive plan, and then leaving to others the trouble and responsibility of the execution; but that he entered into all the minutest details and kept a watchful eye over the whole progress of the undertaking, the whole management of the work, and the whole expenditure of the money. After he had succeeded in building these two churches, he indulged, I believe, in the hope—it may have been but a faint and incipient hope, but yet a hope—of accomplishing the erection of another for the population of Handbridge. He intimated this to his friend and curate some little time before his last illness, and even hinted at personal sacrifices which, in a spirit of self-denial, he was prepared to make in order to carry out the object. Now whether it would be practicable to raise sufficient money, at present at least, for the erection of a third church, and, not only for the erection of the church, but for the maintenance of a minister in it; that, let me say, is a weighty and serious question which will now be left for others to consider. I am not expressing an opinion on the point, whatever my wish may be. What I desire is, that the praise of good intention in this further object should follow the memory of the faithful servant of Christ whose loss we all so justly mourn. If the churches of his parish were his care, so were his schools, both within and beyond his parish. Many of you connected with this parish know the efficient state in which they have been maintained. They are models of good order and good management. He exercised a constant superintendence over them; his eye was always upon them. He attached great importance to them, regarding them as nurseries of the Church, trusting that the principles of piety implanted in the early season of youth would, by the blessing of God, prevail through all the progressive stages of after life, and that children when they grew up would still continue to be members of the Church, and good patterns to the generation next after them. I have sometimes seen him in his school, and have been pleased at witnessing the gentle playfulness of manner which he used to mix with the sterner tone of authority; I have seen him unbend himself among the little circle, and win the hearts and affections while he was training their understandings and their minds, thus setting an example of what teaching should always be, whether in the parish school or under the parental roof. The same activity of mind, the same energy of character, extended itself over all his pursuits and occupations, however varied they might be. Whether he was engaged, as he very often was, in labouring to

promote the interests of the great religious societies connected with our Church, or in fostering our own local society for the encouragement of antiquarian research, or in those leisure hours which he allowed himself from severer cares for social intercourse and private friendship, nothing ever ruffled the serenity of his temper, or clouded the openness of his cheerful countenance. He made himself many friends; he had not, he could not have, a single enemy. With the Curates by whom he was assisted in his works of labour and love he was always on terms of unreserved confidence and cordial harmony, and he always gave to them, and spoke of them, with the kindness of a friend and brother. His heart was in his duty; his life may be said to have been sacrificed to it. Many times I have entreated him to spare himself, and husband his strength, if it were only in the hope that he might, by God's blessing, economise his own usefulness, and so, it might be, extend his services over a larger period, with more substantial and effective results. But he generally turned aside the friendly remonstrance with a smile, expressive alike of settled purpose and hopeful trust. An officer bearing a high command in the regiment stationed here, and who generously appreciated his worth, told me the other day that, in answer to some friendly counsel of the same kind that he had given to our departed friend, he replied, 'My notion of duty is the notion which a soldier has,—that it is better to die in doing your duty, than to leave any part of it undone.' A noble sentiment, noble in a soldier on the field of battle in warfare against the enemies of his country; noble in a soldier of the Great Captain of our Salvation, in the spiritual warfare against the enemy of souls and the strongholds of sin. May the principle ever actuate the Christian minister. But, as regards the application of it, let me reverently add, that to over-tax and overstrain the powers of body and mind may, humanly speaking, have the sad effect of shortening a career of usefulness,—a caution, alas! which too few require. Our departed friend, however, slackened not his course. He had been performing, before he last returned to his own house, an act of ministerial duty. In the early part of the day before his last illness commenced he had been in unusually buoyant spirits, and he went on some mission of Christian kindness to the outlying hamlet of Upton. Either on his way or return, he got wet through by a heavy shower of rain. One of his parishioners, whose wife was lying dangerously ill, saw him, and begged him to visit her. Unwilling to deny the request,—unwilling to decline any call of duty,—he went, and remained for a considerable time, offering such consolation as the sad circumstances required. He then, and not till then, returned home and changed his dress, but soon felt the chill symptoms which indicate the approach of fever; and on the next day he was confined to his room, never to leave it again. During his long and anxious illness he suffered much; but he was calmly resigned to whatever might be the will of God, and he had many comforts. His attached sister watched by his side, with all the gentle tenderness and solicitude that an affection so pure and sacred can inspire. His medical attendants felt for him as one of their dearest friends. His domestics served him with the service of the heart. When I have made enquiry at the door, his servant never answered but with eyes filled with tears. Such tokens of fidelity and attachment must have been soothing to his mind. But he had still higher consolations than human affection can supply. The love of Christ possessed his soul, and in his last hours it shed a light of heavenly peace over his pale, placid

countenance. It seemed to those who watched by his bed-side as if he was permitted to experience a confidence and foretaste of approaching bliss. Once, when he awoke from a transient sleep, he said that he thought he had heard sweet music, and the voices of the heavenly choir. I would not speak of this presumptuously, but reverently and humbly. Whether it was a ray of comfort from above, or a reflection of the light of Christian hope within the recesses of his own heart, it proves where his heart, where his treasure was; it gives us, who are left to mourn his loss, a confidence that he is now where he will for ever hear the voices of the blessed, as they circle the Almighty's throne with hymns of triumph and songs of joy. There may we all meet him, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The sermon was delivered with that chaste and impressive elocution which characterises the addresses of the good Bishop, whose voice and manner emphatically indicated the feelings of his own heart, and whose discourse excited the deepest emotions among the crowded congregation. His Lordship closed the service with an appropriate prayer from the Order for the Burial of the Dead and the Apostolic Benediction.

Thus, in the full course of active usefulness, has fallen our departed friend, whose frequent exclamation, in answer to remonstrances against over-exertion, was "Better to wear out than rust out." Thus has he passed to his rest, lamented and honoured by all around.

A raised cruciform slab, emblematical of the faith in which he lived and died, has been placed in the Chester Cemetery, to mark the spot where the "man of God" lies. The inscription, which occupies both sides of the stone, runs as follows:—

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
WILLIAM HENRY MASSIE,
FOR THIRTEEN YEARS INCUMBENT OF GOOSTREY, IN THE COUNTY OF CHESTER,
AND EIGHT YEARS RECTOR OF ST. MARY'S, IN THIS CITY,
WHERE HE DIED JANUARY 5, 1856, AGED 49.
HE WAS A MAN GREATLY BELOVED.

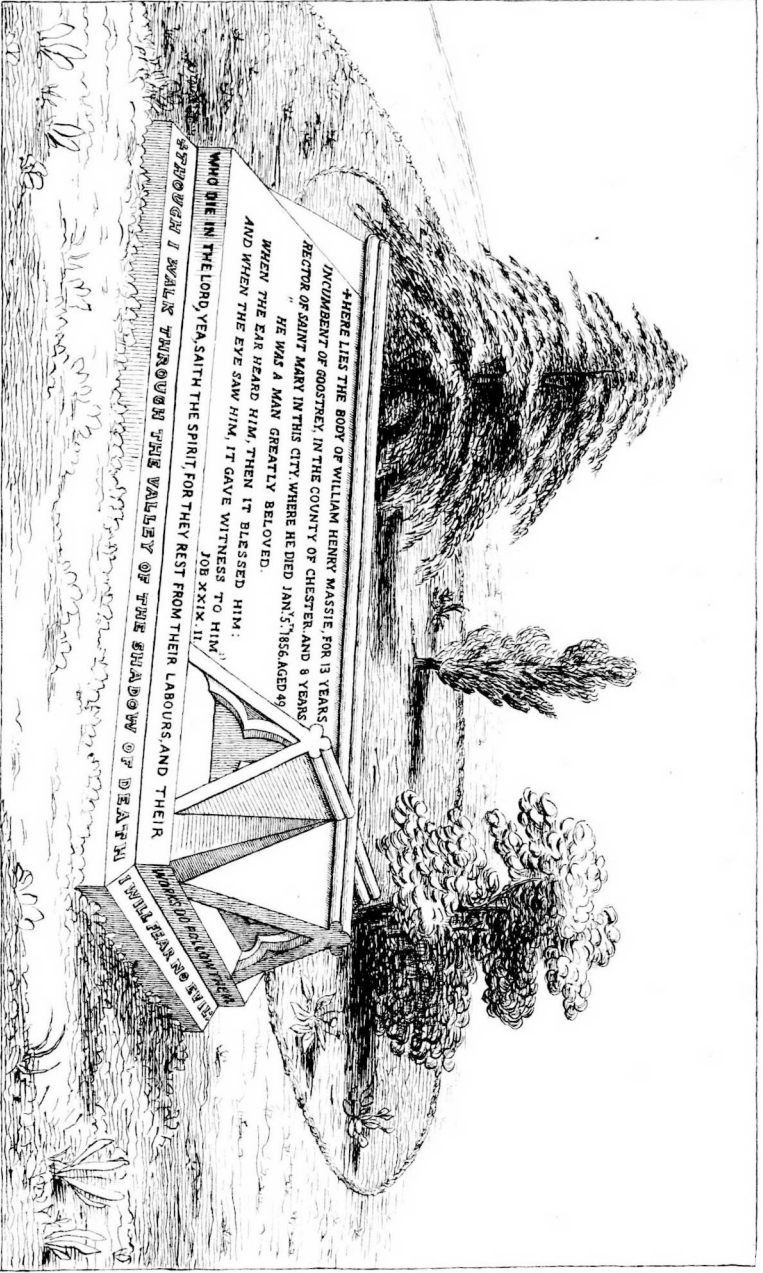
"WHEN THE EAR HEARD HIM, THEN IT BLESSED HIM, AND WHEN THE
EYE SAW HIM, IT GAVE WITNESS TO HIM."—JOB XXIX. 11.

"In early life he was a soldier, and spent four years in the East India Company's Service in Bengal, where he gave clear indications of the energy and ability which afterwards distinguished him in a higher service. Like the Good Centurion, who loved God's people, and built them a Synagogue, he has left a lasting monument of his zeal for God's house, and deep concern for the spiritual welfare of his flock in the Churches recently built, through his exertions, at Byley, Upton, and Saltney.

"Soldier of God, thy course was nobly run,
The fight well fought, the battle nobly won;
Useful and happy was thy brief campaign;
To thee 'to live was Christ, to die was gain.'"

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thy rod, and Thy staff, they comfort me."—Psalms xxiii. 4."



HERE LIES THE BODY OF WILLIAM HENRY MASSIE, FOR 13 YEARS
INCUMBENT OF GOODSTREY, IN THE COUNTY OF CHESTER, AND 8 YEARS
RECTOR OF SAINT MARY IN THIS CITY, WHERE HE DIED JAN^Y 5TH 1864, AGED 49
HE WAS A MAN GREATLY BELOVED.
WHEN THE EAR HEARD HIM, THEN IT BLESSED HIM;
AND WHEN THE EYE SAW HIM, IT GAVE WITNESS TO HIM.
JOB XXIX. 11.
WHO DIE IN THE LORD, SAY, THE SPIRIT FOR THEY REST FROM THEIR LABOURS AND THEIR

SHOULD I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH
I WILL FEAR NO EVIL

THE REV. W. H. MASSIE'S GRAVE
IN CHESTER CEMETERY.

W. H. B. 1864

W. H. B. 1864

It was not to be expected that one so good and so beloved should depart hence without leaving in the hearts of friends a desire to do permanent honour to his memory. Accordingly, on Monday, January 21st, 1856, an influential meeting was held in St. Mary's parochial school-room, Charles William Potts, Esq., the senior Churchwarden, in the chair. It was then and there determined that a subscription should be entered into for the purpose of enriching the fine East window of the chancel of St. Mary's Church with an appropriate subject in stained glass; and that obituary memorials should also be placed in the newly-erected Churches of Saltney and Upton. A large sum of money was immediately raised, and, after some consideration, the Committee selected a handsome design by Mr. Wailes, of Newcastle, representing "Christ sending forth His Disciples to preach the Gospel to every nation." The subject is treated in a beautifully chaste and artistic manner, and will retain a lasting interest as the appropriate record of the willing homage of an affectionate people to the memory of a pious, active, and faithful minister.
