

JOHN STOW COMMEMORATION SERVICE

THE annual service in commemoration of John Stow was held at the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft, on Wednesday, 2nd June, 1943, at 12 o'clock noon, and was conducted by the Rt. Rev. Henry Montgomery-Campbell, M.C., M.A., Lord Bishop of Kensington (Rector), assisted by the Rev. S. A. Eley and the Rev. Claud Gliddon. The Lesson was read by Major N. G. Brett-James, M.A., B.Litt., F.S.A., Chairman of Council of the Society, and the Address was given by the Rev. S. A. Eley, Secretary of the London Diocesan Fund. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attended in State, and were received by the Alderman of the Ward, the Clergy and the Churchwardens. In the course of the service the usual procession was made to Stow's Tomb and the Lord Mayor performed the customary ceremony of placing a new quill pen in the hand of John Stow's effigy.

After the service the Lord Bishop of Kensington, the Rev. S. A. Eley and the Chairman of Council lunched with the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House.

THE ADDRESS

BY THE REV. S. A. ELEY,
Secretary of London Diocesan Fund
2nd June, 1943

In the three hundred and fifty years since John Stow's *Survey* was published by the Printer to the Honourable City of London, such changes have taken place as would cause our learned author to rub his eyes in amazement.

This city of ours, for, having been educated at the City's own school I claim with pride a share in it, has had to face two major disasters in that three hundred and fifty years. In 1666 the Great Fire swept away much of what Stow so minutely describes, and but a few of those 100 odd churches still stood intact when the smoke finally died down. Fortunately, however, some precious treasures remained, scarcely any, however, within the ancient walls of the City proper, for only one-sixth of the buildings were spared.

From those ruins another City of London arose, a city which we, two hundred and fifty years later, had grown to love and in which we had a tremendous pride. True, it lacked that coherence and orderliness which Christopher Wren's masterly

plan would have given it, but I daresay most of us found a peculiar charm and a curious fascination in that very lack of order and in the element of the unexpected.

From time to time out-of-date buildings were replaced by large more-modern blocks, but still a large part of Wren's London stood fast.

But on 7th September, 1940, and at the end of December, and again the next May, we stood at our windows on the hills around London or gathered in the nearer streets and watched the sky grow red again. Next day, like Pepys and Evelyn, we made our way through the ruins and once again mourned our lost treasures. Churches and ancient Inns of Court, some of which had survived the Great Fire, picturesque city inns and the stately Halls of the great Companies, few had been spared this time.

But the greatness of our nation, the magnificence of our City have not been built by brooding on disasters but by letting the disaster stimulate us to ever greater effort. Almost before the smell of fire had disappeared, Pepys stands with his fellow gossips at Gresham College and discusses the plans for a speedy rebuilding of the City. To-day a combination of circumstances may make the recovery a slower process, but already we are busy replanning, ready for the day when once more we can turn the genius of man away from destruction to construction. Church and State alike wait eagerly for that day which now seems nearer than we ever dared to hope as we watched those grim fires of 1940 to 1941.

So I think we should be faithful to the spirit of John Stow, that great lover of London, if to-day as we commemorate his genius we gave our minds to reconstruction, pledging ourselves to make of this London a still finer thing than ever.

Now we shall succeed in our task only if we are guided by certain deep spiritual principles.

We shall need, first of all, vision. We shall need to have clearly before us a purpose which shall unify all our plans and inspire our counsels.

A mighty change had taken place in London between the time of John Stow and the *Blitz* of 1940. For him, the City of London was a place where people lived their lives, integrated around their homes within the City walls or what he calls the suburbs just outside. You remember how just outside the Cripplegate stood St. Giles' Church, and still its ruins stand,

but John Stow included this area in suburbia, and very pleasant it sounds too, "Then have ye a fair pool of sweet water near to the Church of St. Giles." To-day I believe there is a static water-tank of not so sweet water.

The citizens of London worked and played, slept and worshipped and lived and died within its walls. They had a genuine interest in all that concerned its ancient traditions and its civic life. It was the home of merchant and apprentice, craftsman and artist.

By 1939 the City had become almost exclusively a workshop—a place where people worked by day and from which they fled at night save only when some banquet detained the more fortunate or some pressing business compelled overtime to be worked. The arts and crafts had largely deserted the City proper and it had become mainly the clearing house for all the financial interests of the world in combination with great warehouses and shipping companies whose interest were closely allied. Save for comparatively few, the thousands who thronged its streets by day had no real stake in it. Of their citizenship as Londoners in the narrowest sense they had no consciousness. For the many the City meant work and work only, except, again, for a minority who used its churches and valued its cultural and artistic amenities.

We must deplore this fate which has befallen London in common with the other great industrial centres of the country, and we must at once admit that any substantial restoration of the old conditions is to-day impossible; but that does not remove the responsibility for seeing that in our plans everything possible is done to restore to those who work within the City some consciousness of their citizenship. I hope that room will be found for many more people to live in the City or very near it, near enough to find it possible to say "the City is my home. I work, I play, I worship there." We have suffered grievously from dividing life into watertight compartments and by insane specialisation; and if a new City arises in which men and women can find a more integrated life, our disasters will not have been in vain.

We shall need great courage. There will have to be a boldness in tackling our many problems if the results are to be in any way successful. There is no place in the world, I think, where tradition is so strong as in the City—a tradition rooted in a great and glorious past and finding expression in countless picturesque

ways. Tradition is a grand thing: it gives depth and stability in a largely shallow and shifting world, and if we carelessly throw tradition to the winds we shall live to rue it. It has dangers, however, and any society which fails to use its traditions as an inspiration to progress will gradually become an interesting but useless relic.

True citizenship is rooted in the tradition of mutual service. The City of London has a noble tradition of service, and it is this tradition which should inspire your plans for a new London. Thus you will be forced to recognise a wide responsibility for those who though they work in the City must live and worship elsewhere. You will not grudge it if some of the resources which have been in the past confined within the narrow limits of the Corporation's boundaries are used to provide for the spiritual life and cultural interests of those who have a claim upon those resources by reason of their common citizenship. You have already used your revenues to provide and maintain open spaces for the workers of London who live in the suburbs.

There remains one quality without which all our planning will be waste of time. You may say to your scientific investigator or planner—make me a plan for a new City of London and he will produce an admirable blue-print. You can ask an architect to build you a church and he will produce a model of technical correctness, or a man to plan a garden for you and he will give you a paragon of neat symmetry and design, but a garden and a church and still more a city is something which lives. It must have a soul. As you read Stow's *Survey* you cannot but be conscious of this. It is a record not of a mass of buildings—bricks and mortar only—but of an organic whole—of something alive. To Pepys it is the same. For him London lives, and we must make London live again. We used to say, and indeed we continue to say, "I love London," and we can say it because London has a personality; it seems to have a kind of spiritual inner life. Now I think we must sadly admit that before the War this had largely disappeared. An ever-growing emphasis on the material and secular interests of life, coupled with a fantastic growth in London, had well-nigh destroyed this sense of a corporate spirit.

The City of London owes its greatness not chiefly to the magnitude of its commercial and industrial operations but to the centuries old association of Church and City in a common life of citizenship. "Except the Lord build the house their

labour is but lost that build it." *Domine dirige nos*—Lord God direct us.

It lies within our power to-day to make it possible for John Stow if he were to revisit his London in thirty years' time to say, "In spite of all the changes, although scarcely any building now stands of all those I catalogued so lovingly, the heart of London is the same."

To make this possible, Church and civic authorities must work hand in hand to make of London, in its wider sense, an organic whole of true citizenship with this ancient City at the very heart of it all, a centre from which shall come the inspiration to mutual service and respect. Somehow we must make London a place where man can live and not merely exist, a place where all the needs and aspirations of body, mind and soul can find rich satisfaction in a City renowned throughout the world, not merely for the cleanness of its streets and the pleasant conditions of the labour and bodily recreations of its inhabitants, nor solely for the comprehensiveness of its educational and cultural amenities, but also for the joyous citizenship on earth of those who realise that their true citizenship is in heaven.

DR. BURNEY'S CONNECTION WITH THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA

By CAPTAIN C. G. T. DEAN, Captain of Invalids

WHEN the Royal Hospital was founded no provision was made for an organ; such an instrument being then regarded as an expensive luxury. Shortly after the establishment opened, however, Captain Matthew Ingram, the first Major and Lieutenant-Governor, presented an organ made by the celebrated craftsman, Renatus Harris. Indeed its handsome carved case and gilded pipes may still be seen in the gallery of the Chapel, though the remainder of the instrument has been replaced by a modern organ.

This gift led to an organist being appointed, at a salary of £20 per annum, but without apartments, as all the accommodation had already been allocated to other members of the staff. This office was filled on the 1st August, 1693, probably at the instance of Queen Mary, by Peter Dumas, a recently