

College, Bromley, Kent, an Institution founded in the year 1666, by John Warner, Bishop of Rochester, "for the residence and support of twenty widows of loyal and orthodox clergymen" to each of whom he assigned £20 per annum, and £50 to a chaplain. This endowment has been augmented by many subsequent benefactions, for in 1767 the Reverend William Hetherington bequeathed £2000 Old South Sea Annuities to purchase coal and candles for the establishment, other bequests have also been left at different times, including £5000 by Dr. Zachary Pearce, Bishop of Rochester in 1774 for the augmentation of the pensions. There are forty-two houses in the college, which form a handsome pile of buildings surrounding two quadrangular areas, and in one of these a link with the eighteenth century, Mrs. Howell Jones, resided in sweet seclusion. Widows came, and widows went to their last earthly resting-place, but she remained, and came to be looked upon as a permanent fixture. She was born nine years before the battle of Trafalgar, and was married on the second anniversary of the battle of Waterloo 1817. After her ninetieth birthday she did not leave her house, and the last nine or ten years of her life, she

remained in her bedroom, not on account of infirmity but because she dreaded the stairs. Up to the last her remarkably strong will asserted itself, and though nearly blind and partially deaf, she issued her commands and insisted on being obeyed. When younger she must have been beautiful, for widows at Bromley say, when eighty years of age she had a round happy face scarcely wrinkled, and would when in the humour entertain friends merrily with stories of the "good old days when George III. was King."

A remarkable old lady Mrs. Sara Gilbert is still living in the 102nd year of her age. She was born within the parish of St. Chad and lived all her life in Lichfield of Johnsonian fame. She married in 1828 Mr. John Gilbert, maltster, and was left a widow in 1857, with one daughter and two sons, all of whom survive. Of these Lieutenant-Colonel John Gilbert is well known as the donor of the Johnson House, and as first honorary freeman of the town. Mrs. Gilbert is a highly educated and cultured person, and Lichfield is justly proud of both her and her son.\*

\* Since the above was written both mother and son have died.

*(To be continued)*



## The Cranberry

By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D.

**H**OW the presence of the little wild-fruits that gleam like jewels among the heather, brightens the gloomy appearance of our moorlands! The wanderer brings back from the waste desolate places, where the grey mists always linger, and the wind has a sad, wailing music round the lonely heights, the memory of these wild-fruits among its most delightful treasures. On bare peaty soil the wild rasp grows in great abundance, and is one of the easiest plants to diffuse. Its seeds are carried by birds to favourable localities, where it covers the black soil with its bright verdure.

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In such places it is too exposed to severe influences to attain its proper proportions, and speedily perishes. But on the green, patches that are laid like soft carpets among the brown heather, and that are surrounded by the ruins of lowly cottages whose old inhabitants are far away in the colonies, it flourishes with vigour, and flowers and fruits in tangled thickets. Like the nettle it indicates the spot where human dwellings have been, and seems to keep itself closely associated with man's presence in the wilds of Nature. Its fruit, which has a special relish in waste places far from cultivation, is very grateful to



the hungry palate. Higher up the mountain side, where the ground is boggy and covered with springy moss, a near relative of the rasp grows in great profusion. The leaf of the cloudberry is like a large currant leaf, and it usually puts forth only two or three leaves which creep closely to the ground, and barely rise above the moorish vegetation. Common where it occurs, it is not often that it produces its fruit, which is very like a rasp or mulberry, of a rich orange colour when ripe. The flower, too, is large and white, and has a fine appearance on the barren shoulders of the mountain. It seldom descends to lower elevations than two thousand feet, being a true child of the mists. On Norwegian fields it is exceedingly abundant, and its fruit forms a delightful preserve which gives a tartish relish to all kinds of cooked meat. The peasants make large quantities of this jam, and you learn to appreciate it thoroughly in the hot northern summer. It is the badge of the Clan Macfarlane, growing as it does on the hill-sides of Loch Sloy, where the clan used to hold its meetings, summoned for foray or war.

The wild strawberry with its little white flowers and carmine berries loves to adorn the banks of upland woods, bordering the moorland, where the ground is precipitous and bare. It binds up with its trailing wreaths the loose soil and forms a beautiful sward. We know what a welcome feast it provides in the romantic places which it frequents, and how the beauties of the scenery are enhanced by the enjoyments of the palate. The crowberry is not much prized as a fruit. Its black berry has a hard seed in its interior, and its juice is watery without much flavour. It suits the taste of the grouse better than that of human beings, but the bush is very picturesque, growing in dense clusters of narrow leaves among boulders, and hanging in long wreaths on broken banks. Black is an extremely rare colour among blossoms, but it not seldom appears in fruits, and the berry of the crowberry is exceedingly black and glossy, and when crowded by its own abundance is apt to become irregular in size and shape. The higher up one ascends the mountain-side the more profuse and irregular is the fruit. Of course the blackberry everywhere

forms the carpet of the open pine-woods, and the sheltered banks of streams. Its fruiting is very conspicuous. The bushes continue barren for years, and all at once it bears some summer a most luxuriant crop, almost every sprig being laden with berries. Hardy as it looks it is easily blighted by early frosts, embrowning its top and side-shoots, and giving it a very woe-begone appearance. The conditions favourable for its fertilisation seem to be seldom present on the lower grounds. But on the heights beyond the reach of damp hoar-frost, notwithstanding the increased coldness, it seems to yield flowers and fruit with great regularity and profusion. A great supply of berries may be gathered at a considerable elevation, while the bushes down in the valley are nipped and blighted. A finer form of the blackberry is the whortleberry, which not seldom grows side by side, and contrasts with it its hardy and paler green foliage and more straggling habit. It is an uncommon species, being mostly confined to subalpine regions, and covering large tracts where it occurs. It is extremely plentiful at the foot of the Cairngorm mountains. Its berries are so like those of the blackberry that they can hardly be distinguished apart, but their taste is sweeter, and they do not discolour the dress or the hands and lips by their juice, as does the common species. A very beautiful shrub is the bear-berry, with a grand Latin name, *Arctostaphyllum uva-ursi*. Its long glossy wreaths fall gracefully down the edges of heathy knolls and grassy banks, and trail often for long distances over the moorish soil. The fruit is not edible, being a dry and mealy berry without any taste. All these fruits of the moorland may often be found together in the same mountain region; and their varied beauties and uses make a ramble in the romantic places where they are found exceedingly enjoyable.

But the most charming, perhaps, of our moorland fruits is the cranberry. Occurring in the utmost profusion in some districts, it is very rare and local, or altogether unknown in others. The region in Scotland which it has made peculiarly its own are the fir-woods and the open moorlands at Aviemore, along the banks of the Spey, at the foot of



the great Cairngorm range. There it covers the ground everywhere to the exclusion of all other vegetation, and seems thoroughly adapted to the dryness of the climate, and the bleakness of the northern exposure. To this charming plant the natives give the name of cranberry. This, however, is a misnomer, for the true cranberry is a long trailing, delicate plant, found in boggy places among mosses, and producing transparent, red-currant-like berries. It is of comparatively rare occurrence in Scotland, and differs entirely in habit and appearance from the plant that has assumed its name in the Highlands of Inverness. This is a small, upright shrub, like a sprig of box-wood, with strong, wiry evergreen leaves. It is admirably adapted to its situation growing by long, creeping roots as well as by seeds, and is proof in its structure and substance against drought and storm. It takes as firm a hold of the soil as the heather itself, among which it grows. At the top of its stem among its glossy leaves, it puts forth an exquisite cluster of bell-shaped blossoms, tiny in size, of a waxy texture, and of a delicate white colour, tinged like a sea-shell with a faint crimson blush. It is a lovely little flower, which in course of time passes into a group of glossy scarlet berries, generally with three or four individuals in the cluster. This fruit goes through different stages of colour, and it ripens from a pure white to a rose hue, deepening to a most vivid scarlet. It is most prolific, almost every sprig being laden with fruit. You can gather a basketful in a very short time, within a small area. The children and the poor women of the district collect immense quantities of it, and send it to the larger towns, where it is sold for making tarts and preserves. It makes a delightful jam, with a keen, somewhat bitter flavour, and is a most excellent tonic.

Two peculiarities about this plant excite our curiosity. The first is that the largest and finest berries are always found on the smallest plants. The tall plants rush into stem and leaves, exhausting themselves in the production of these, and leaving no strength or substance for either bloom or fruit. They are thus selfish only for themselves, for the stem and foliage belong to the

life of the plant itself, whereas the blossom and fruit are borne for the sake of the other life that is to spring from it. You invariably find the tall, luxuriant plants that attract your notice and grow in some conspicuous place barren. But the little plants that scarcely rise above the ground, are laden with fruit. They put forth an inch or two of stem and a few stiff leaves, and hasten to crown their lowly lives with bloom and fruit. And it is a most touching sight to see these little brave plants, hanging down their heads, under the heavy burden of their scarlet berries. They cover their coral treasures with their glossy leaves, with a modest shyness; and often you do not see the fruity gems, or only catch a glimpse of the scarlet through the green, as they hide themselves close to the mossy ground. Every one who gathers cranberries must have noticed this peculiarity. The richest prizes are always found on the smallest and lowliest bushes. And it is not difficult to account for this. For in such situations the tiny plant seems more in danger of extinction than when growing luxuriantly in some sheltered spot, and therefore it hastens to produce blossom and fruit which belong to the species rather than the individual. The tall barren plant runs no risk of losing its selfish life, and therefore it can go to develop stem and leaf indefinitely; but the storms of the waste bear hard upon the humble plants that creep close to the soil, and seek shelter from mother earth, and therefore they rush to bear an abundance of fruit which will link their own lowly lives with generations to come that may grow in happier circumstances. The moral lesson is not difficult to read. Even in the humblest lives that think more of others than themselves the richest fruits are found.

The other remarkable peculiarity about the cranberry is its after-bloom. Not only does it flower early in the summer and produce the berry that ripens in the autumn, but throughout August and September you will observe mixed with the fruit-laden tufts quantities of sprigs crowned with their snowy wax-like blossoms. It is a very pretty sight, and suggestive of an overflowing opulence of life. There are climes where there



is a perpetual onward growth; where the fruit, instead of terminating a twig, occurs in the middle, and the green growth springs out of it and goes beyond it. This is the manner of growth in Australia where there is always summer to carry on and mature the growths that are made, and to produce fresh growths at the same time, and there is no winter in the year to interpose its season of rest and decay. This perpetual onward growth appears conspicuously in several of the Australian kinds of myrtle—such as the *Metrosideros* or bottle-brush tree. From the apex of the cones of our own larch occasionally extends a leafy shoot. The appearance in hot autumns of the blossom of the cranberry side by side with the ripe berry is an indication of the same onward mode of growth, the same perpetual summer of development. Indeed it is a beautiful symbol of what takes place on a great scale throughout the whole world of life, of the end always reverting to the beginning. A pine-apple which produces from its yellow ripeness a fresh green crown of leaves is just nature in miniature, promising and beginning the whole history over again in its completed maturity—the true phoenix of creation. Youth does not come and age begin. They are contemporaneous and concurrent. Throughout life they occur side by side. Everywhere we see youth and senility intermingled, and if youth is a beginning, so too is senility. Life working under the ribs of death, life rising out of death is the great mystery of the universe, and rejuvenescence is the most glorious principle of nature.

But in the case of the cranberry we ask in vain what comes of this after-blossom that appears in the days of slanting sunlight and waning warmth, when there are no insects to fertilise and no conditions to help on the produce, and to set the blossom into fruit? Do these after-blossoms fade and come to nought? What purpose does this post-mortem hopefulness serve in the economy of the plant? Is it born only to die, another striking example of the seeming wastefulness and cruelty of nature, whereby if she wishes a single oak she drops acorns without number? Whatever the physical reason may be, the moral design is evidently to impress us with

a sense of our indestructibility. Even in the lowest plants there is a vague sense of immortality, some gropings after a resurrection, and much more in us the crown and consummation of all God's work. If the autumn-flower of the cranberry die, it may not live and rise again in the fruit; and though in the lowly shrub what seemed like the prophetic stirrings of a new life may be only the last flickerings of a lamp that is going out, man's life is like a tree, as Philo beautifully says, "which is continually putting forth new shoots after the old ones, so that it never ceases growing young again and being in the flower of its strength." And this tree of life when it dies shall live again and bring forth blossom and fruit at the same time throughout an unending summer. "In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bore twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

In the pinewoods the leaves of the cranberry are often used by a species of gall-insect for its nest. On the underside there is a round convex protuberance of a brilliant crimson colour, the concave side of which is pure white. The substance of the leaf is here considerably thickened and roughened. This curious object, which has a very beautiful appearance, and shines like a jewel among the emerald foliage, is caused by the transformation of the sap of the plant by the bite of an insect. And the remarkable thing is that it closely resembles the normal parts of the plant. The white and crimson excrescence, which is a morbid product, is developed in full accordance with the type of the natural products. It has the colour and shape of the berry at various stages of its ripening, from the white to the crimson stage. The gall is in its own way as admirably constructed as the cranberry itself, although it is nothing more than a mass of extravasated sap, dried and consolidated by exposure to the atmosphere. The gall-insect does not carry on the whole operation from the beginning to the end; it simply punctures the leaf, and deposits in the wound its eggs, and leaves the plant to do the rest; so that there is no exercise of



animal instinct in the formation of this curious gall beyond the initial impulse. How then is the gall so regular, so beautiful in structure and appearance, and so admirably adapted for the purpose which it serves? The symmetry of all morbid products, of all disease, is a wide and yet unexplained subject. The phenomenon seems one of those blind, unconscious operations of nature, which irresistibly suggest the existence of a conscious Mind working through them.

The cranberry belongs to that large and increasing order of plants which are dependent for their growth upon the presence of a parasite at their roots. In this respect, it is like the heather, and most of the other heath vegetation, whose luxuriant development may be traced to this strange cause. If we carefully dig up one of the plants of the cranberry from the roots, we shall find the fine fibrils of these roots covered with a delicate web of flocculent, cotton-like substance, which is the mycelium or spawn of a fungus. Usually a fungus developing upon a growing plant hastens its decay, but in this instance the presence of the fungus is altogether beneficial. No doubt it feeds upon the organised material which the roots prepare from the soil, and so benefits itself, but not at the expense of the roots, for it helps these roots to digest their material, and form from it sap to feed their stem and foliage. The association is for mutual help, and so close and intimate and enduring is it, that neither host nor parasite could do without each other. Were either to be withdrawn, the remaining partner would soon perish in its loneliness and helplessness. And we see the wisdom of this association, this social partnership of plant life, for the soil of the moorlands where the cranberry, and such heath vegetation grows, is almost entirely peat, composed of the decayed remains of previous vegetation. It could not, therefore, in the form of crude peat be assimilated by the roots of the heath plants; it requires to be reduced from its highly organised state to a simpler condition. It needs to undergo such processes as are concerned in the digestion of our own food. The soil must be prepared by the fungus for

absorption into the living tissues of the plant, as the food must be prepared by the gastric juice in our stomach, which is not a mechanical or chemical process, but a living process caused by living cells which are on the descending scale. Having its food prepared for its assimilation in this extraordinary way, the cranberry flourishes with the utmost luxuriance, and seems to be one of the strongest and hardest plants of the moorland.

I have said that the cloudberry is the badge of the Macfarlanes, the common ling is the badge of the Macnabs and Macdonalds, and the purple bell-heather is the badge of the Menzieses. A very large number of the clan badges are moorland plants. The people inhabiting the wildest and bleakest part of the Highlands have for the most part chosen as their tokens or symbols, the plants which are native to these regions. They have thus by a mutual instinct become assimilated to the productions of the land in which they lived. The roots of all these moorland plants require the aid of an adventitious fungus to be always associated with them in order to change the peaty mould in which they grow into a suitable pabulum for their nourishment. They are not rooted in dead peat soil, the accumulation of the decay of past vegetation, but on the contrary in a living substance. The action of these roots is not mechanical or chemical, but organic and vital. Their functions are aided by the vital forms of another organism which helps them to change the dead inert materials of the soil in which they grow into organised food. And in this respect the remarkable peculiarity which the different plant badges of the clans have in common, may be applied to the clans themselves by a very striking analogy. What has enabled the people of the Highlands to maintain their existence upon their inhospitable moors? Is it not just this very principle of human symbiosis? Clanship has drawn the sparse and isolated inhabitants of the remote glens into closer partnership than would be possible in any other way. It has originated the proverbial saying, "Highlanders shoulder to shoulder." The individual members of a clan have always been united to each other, not only by ties



of consanguinity, as having sprung originally from the same stock, but also by ties of mutual service that have been stronger in many cases even than blood. We commonly call the union of the fungus which grows upon the root of the cranberry "parasitism;" and we say that the fungus is taking a mean advantage of its position for its own benefit. But the relationship has been proved beyond doubt to be mutually beneficial; the one could not live without the other. And so we call the dependence of one of the helpless and necessitous members of a clan upon the richer and stronger members "pauperism"; and we say that the poor clansman is sorning upon his prosperous kinsman. But the

relationship between them is profitable to both. The rich are the beneficiaries of the poor as much as the poor are the beneficiaries of the rich. The poor give back much for what they receive. They take from us material help, but they give us in return sympathy, cheerfulness, faith, and love, and a patient power to bear our own troubles. We become nobler men and women through this divine helpfulness. It is this human symbiosis, stronger among the clans than among other communities by reason of their closer relationship, that makes the remarkable revival of the old customs of clan association among us in recent years, so important and so fruitful of good.



## The Wisdom of James the Just

*Sunday Readings for September*

**By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon**

### FIRST SUNDAY

General note on the whole passage—Ch. ii. 1-13.

**I**F character is more than circumstances—if the real significance of life is to be found in the development of the moral capacities of our nature, then the possession of more or less of this world's riches is in itself a matter of no moment. Riches or poverty, like all other circumstances, may be used as agents in man's moral discipline, but of themselves they have no real value, any more than a graving tool has artistic merit; their value, like that of the graving tool, lies in the use to which they can be put. The mere possession of riches does not give a man any right or title to esteem: the lack of them offers no ground for contempt. There are only three grounds of respect which are legitimate—manhood, moral worth, and responsible office. Faith recognises these, and recognises no other. Those who have this faith will, therefore, show no fawning or servile attitude towards riches, no contemptuous disregard of the poor. Such a respect of persons is at variance with the postulates of enlightened faith.

"My brethren, hold not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ [the Lord] of glory with respect of persons."

Another suggested rendering puts the sentence in the form of a question—"My brethren, do ye in accepting persons, hold the faith of our Lord Jesus [the Lord] of glory." This form gives incisiveness to the expression of the thought, but the thought is in any case quite clear. "You are those who have identified yourselves, in thought, spirit, and life, with the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ. You are sharers of His perception of the true proportion of things. You recognise His glory, which was not a glory of this world's riches; for He had not where to lay His head. As those, therefore, who realise wherein true glory consists, be not foolish and attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable: ye cannot serve God and mammon: ye cannot hold the faith of Christ when you show by your actions that it is mammon that you really worship."

We must bear in mind that the picture which St. James gives is of a man who is simply a rich man. There are, as I have said, three grounds which justify our respect