

St Mary's, St Luke's and Great St Bart's: High church in London, then and now

Tim Burnett

When Tom suggested that I might talk about the Anglo-Catholic Parishes of St Gabriel's Warwick Square in Pimlico, and All Saints Notting Hill in North Kensington, as depicted by Barbara as St Mary's in *Excellent Women* and as St Luke's in *A Glass of Blessings*, and as they are today, I felt alarmed and inadequate to the task. It was a good choice of subject since *A Glass of Blessings* is the most "churchy" of Barbara's novels, but there are many here today who know a great deal more about Anglo-Catholicism than I; Eleonore Biber to name but one. Nevertheless, as one who lives in London and who attends an Anglo-Catholic church, albeit one that belongs to a different strand of Anglo-Catholicism, Tom was kind enough to think that I might have something to contribute. When I speak of a different strand of Anglo-Catholicism it is because on Wikipedia there is a list of Anglo-Catholic churches in London, and Great St Bartholomew's is on it, but in the column headed "Reasons for inclusion" there are only a series of question marks – like many aspects of Barbara's beloved Church of England these things are hard to pin down. Is St Bart's High Church, or is it Broad Church? These are holy mysteries.

I propose that in each case we look first at the church depicted by Barbara, then at the archetype as it is today, and then compare the two. Of course, as is well known, Barbara did not stick narrowly to the details of any one particular church when describing the parishes that feature in her novels. For instance, one of the striking features of All Saints Notting Hill is that it was intended to have a spire, but never received one since the funds for it could never be raised. Indeed, the founder [name] of the church went bankrupt as a result of his pious endeavours. Nevertheless, in *A Glass of Blessings*, Mary Beamish can see the spire of St Luke's in the far distance from her bedroom window. The telephone that rings in the vestry at the beginning of the novel came from Freddie Hood's church, while Bill Coleman, with his Hillman Husky, was based on a neighbour in Barnes.

What do we know about St Luke's? On the first page of the novel we learn that there is a telephone in the vestry, that the lunchtime service is described as a Mass, and that the incumbent, Father Thames, has wealthy, elderly female friends who invite him out to luncheon or to dinner. After the service Father Thames talks in a rather too loud social voice to various individuals. We learn that as well as Father Thames the parish has Father Bode who is mild and dumpy, with a round spectacled face and a slightly common voice. He is always sub-deacon at High Mass. They are to be joined by an assistant priest, Father Ransome. Father Thames tries to get Wilmet to join a study group. "We are hoping to go *very* thoroughly into the South India business this autumn ...". Neither Father Thames nor Father Bode is married, so Wilmet supposes that the new assistant

priest will be a celibate. Later we are given a description of the parish church. “It was dark and warm inside the church and there was a strong smell of incense. I began to wonder idly whether it was the cheaper brands that smelt stronger, like shag tobacco or inferior tea, but I was sure that Father Thames would have only the very best. I noticed a few professional details, candles burning before the rather brightly coloured statue of our patron saint, a violet stole flung carelessly over one of the confessionals which had curtains of purple brocade. This one had Father Thames’s name above it; those of the assistant priests looked somehow inferior, perhaps because the curtains were not of such good quality material – there could surely not be all that much difference in the quality of the spiritual advice.” Wilmet then goes into the little courtyard to read the parish magazine, and turns first to Father Thames’s letter, “which was, as so often, troubled and confused. Spiritual and material matters jostled each other in a most inartistic manner, so that the effect was almost comic. In one sentence we were urged not to forget that All Saints’ Day was a day of obligation and that it was therefore our duty to hear Mass, while in the next, without even a new paragraph, we were plunged into a domestic rigmarole about unfurnished rooms or a flat (‘not necessarily self-contained’) for the new assistant priest.” Further on “an agitated postscript had been added. ‘Oh dear me, Mrs Greenhill, our housekeeper, has just come into my study and told me that she will have to leave – she has been finding the work too much, and then there is her fibrositis’” Father Thames was based on the remarkably named Father Twisaday, described by Barbara as “an elderly dried-up celibate, irritable and tetchy” whose sermon “urging us to keep Ascension Day as a day of obligation, was quite good. Then he remembered a notice about a meeting in the Albert Hall and began talking about that, all mixed up.” Father Ransome is based on one of the other celebrants, Sean MacAteer, of whom Barbara wrote “He has charm, wrinkles his nose when he smiles. Such a display of charm is surprising, even a little shocking.”

Wilmet attends a social evening at the church hall which gives her a chance to assess the different strands in the life of the parish. “I noticed the lay people had arranged themselves in little groups, each clearly distinguishable from the others. As a kind of centrepiece there was old Mrs Beamish. She was surrounded by various elderly ladies in yellowish-brown fur coats... Mary Beamish, wearing a woollen dress of a rather unbecomingly harsh shade of blue, was hovering near her mother. Near this group I saw Mrs Greenhill, the clergy’s late housekeeper, in close conversation with her friend and crony Mrs Spooner the little verger... I also noticed two well-dressed middle-aged women with a young girl...All three were chinless, with large aristocratic noses. Near them stood a thin woman with purple hair and a surprised expression, as if she had not expected that it would turn out to be quite that colour. She was rather surprisingly in conversation with a group of nuns from the convent in the parish. It must not be supposed that there were no men present, but my first overwhelming impression was that,

as at so many church gatherings, the women outnumbered the men... The largest male group was that dominated by Mr Coleman, the good looking fair haired master of ceremonies, with his cronies, some of whom I recognised as fellow servers, but one of whom ... I guessed to be Mr Bason, the new housekeeper at the clergy house. The two churchwardens and the secretary and treasurer of the PCC were together in a corner, looking rather important. In the middle of the room stood the three clergy.

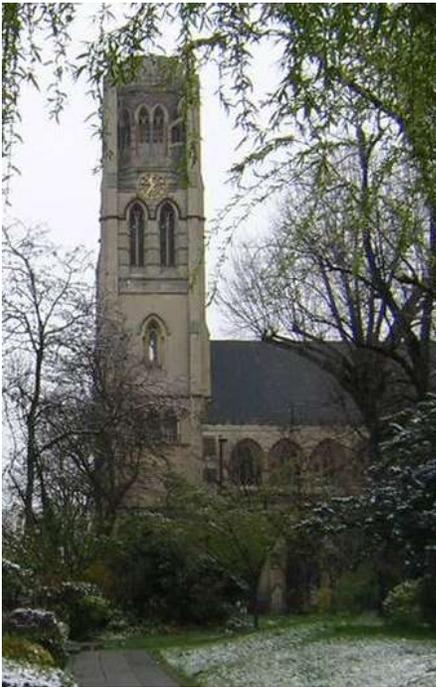
Barbara does not usually adduce doctrinal matters as a reason for her characters to go over to Rome, but in *A Glass of Blessings* Father Thames says of Father Sainsbury, he of the unbelievably dull sermons, "Between ourselves, you know ... I'm not at all sure how long Father Sainsbury will be with us... I suppose you read that letter of his in the *Church Times* last week?" Wilmet plays for time. "The one about –" "South India – exactly. He is taking an extreme view, and I am rather afraid that he may influence Ransome."

Ceremonial is important at St Luke's. Mr Coleman, the Master of Ceremonies, says to Wilmet "I don't know if you noticed ... but Bob nearly forgot to remove the Paschal Candle and I didn't spot it for some time. Just imagine, me not noticing a thing like that!" Wilmet replies, rather frivolously, "I'm afraid I never remember exactly when it should be removed... I always think it looks so pretty there with the flowers round it that I wish it could stay." "But that would be liturgically incorrect, Mrs Forsyth", replies Mr Coleman seriously. "It should be removed after the Gospel on Ascension Day." Later in the same passage Wilmet asks Mr Coleman, who has been disparaging Father Thames's collection of antiquities, "Don't you like the statues we have in church?" "Oh yes, Mrs Forsyth," he replies "but they're bright and new. The ladies keep them dusted and cleaned."

When Julian Malory, Vicar of St Mary's in *Excellent Women*, comes to St Luke's to preach at the Corpus Christi evening service, he reminds Wilmet "a little of our own Father Ransome, though perhaps it was nothing more subtle than the angle of his biretta." The procession round the church with lighted candles reminded her "of a scene from an Italian opera – *Tosca*, I suppose. There was something daring and Romish about the whole thing which added to one's enjoyment. It should have been followed", she felt, "by a reception in some magnificent palazzo, where we would drink splendid Italian wines with names like Asti Spumante, Lachryma Christi and Soave di Verona. That it seemed to go equally well with the tea and sandwiches and cakes in the church hall was perhaps a tribute to the true catholicity of the Church of England." At the same event Sir Denbigh Grote, commenting on the crowd of women surrounding Julian Malory, wonders "whether it would really be proper to admit women to holy Orders. Is it likely that a woman would be surrounded by men at a parish gathering and would it be seemly if she were?" Miss Prideaux supposes that "one visualizes rather plain-looking middle-aged and elderly woman taking Orders", to which Sir Denbigh asks "Surrounded by men

of the same type or perhaps not surrounded at all?" He then goes on to ask Mary Beamish what she thinks. "Oh, I don't think women should be admitted to Holy Orders", says Mary. "Perhaps I'm old-fashioned, but it wouldn't seem right to me." She then sets about organising tea for Sir Denbigh and Miss Prideaux. Very little of doctrine or dogma there, and indeed when Wilmet asks Mary of Father Ransome "You don't think he is still toying with the idea of Rome?" Mary replies "No. I think he has been put off it by being with his friend at the time when he went over." The embarrassment and the dreadful tea, was Wilmet's reaction, and the prospect of those long walks over Exmoor..

Celibacy is an important issue. Mary Beamish, shortly before revealing to Wilmet that Father Ransome has proposed to her, exclaims "I mean, it would be unthinkable to have a married priest at St Luke's", and goes on to say "But you couldn't have a married priest living at the clergy house. Surely the idea of a clergy house is that the priests should be celibate."



On the first Sunday in Lent I made a pilgrimage to All Saints Notting Hill. The church is large and impressive, but has an odd appearance owing to the missing spire. Once inside the church, there on the board listing previous incumbents was indeed the name of the redoubtable Father Twisaday.

All Saints is not shy about proclaiming its allegiance. On the inside of the cover of the service sheet which I was handed is written "All Saints Notting Hill / Church of England Diocese of London / A Forward in Faith Parish "with a Vision for Unity and Truth" / Under the Episcopal Care of the Bishop of Fulham / Served by priests of the Society of the Holy Cross / Patron: Society for the Maintenance of the Faith" Further down the page we are invited to pray for "the Holy Father, Pope Benedict, Archbishop Rowan and our own Bishop John for all week to discern their future place in the Church".

Let us deconstruct this text. "Forward in Faith" is an organisation representing that wing of Anglo-Catholicism which objects strongly to the ordination of women as priests, let alone bishops, and is not too keen on gays either. They are headed up by John Broadhurst, Suffragan Bishop of Fulham in the Diocese of London, who performs Episcopal functions for those parishes which do not wish to be compromised by bishops who may have ordained women at some point. The Society of the Holy Cross (whose members put SSC after their name) was founded at the House of Charity, Soho, London,

in 1855. It “has always had as one of its fundamental purposes to further the Catholic Faith and also to strive earnestly for reunion with the Holy See”.

The Vicar, Father John Brownsell SSC, was a splendidly Pymian figure with a large stomach under his chasuble, on top of which he could rest his joined hands, and an upper class accent. There was a nun present who led the prayers and who also had quite a posh accent. That was about all that remained of Barbara Pym’s St Luke’s. The congregation was about 80% black, including the assistant priest, and it was clear that the parish was not well endowed. There were very few if any gentlefolk, even of the distressed variety. The incense was wispy and thin, nothing like the thick, billowing clouds to which we are accustomed at Great St Bartholomew’s. It being Lent the paintings and statues were covered up, all except for one in a rather inaccessible position over a door. There were stations of the cross round the walls, and the Blessed Sacrament was reserved, but apart from that it didn’t strike me that the appearance of the church was aggressively catholic. The service was based on Common Worship, and apart from the inclusion of him whom Mrs Morris would have described as “that old Pope” in the Eucharistic Prayer, together with Rowan our Archbishop, Richard our bishop and John his assistant, there did not seem to me to be any point at which the text strayed from Anglican doctrine – there was no suggestion, for instance, that giving thanks to the Lord our God would avail unto salvation – it was merely “right”. The Prayer of Humble Access was in the time honoured words of the BCP. In the words of consecration, however, the celebrant said “Do this in memory of me”. I have learnt, in the course of my researches, that this is the touchstone of the traditional Catholic position. According to them “remembrance” risks implying “memorialism”, or rejection of the real presence of Christ’s Body and Blood in the consecrated elements. The real sting, however, came in the tail. When Father John gave out the notices he said that “Our bishops (presumably meaning those that adhere to Forward in Faith) have asked for a **Day of Prayer** to consider the future for traditional Catholic parishes such as ours in the light of the Pope’s invitation to us to enter into full communion with the Catholic Church”. Each Monday evening in Lent there was to be Mass at 8pm followed by “an opportunity to consider together what this might mean for us at All Saints”. How saddened Barbara would have been. As Tom movingly put it in a message to me: I know that Barbara, like me, loved the essential Englishness of the C of E, the language of the prayer book and the hymns and its wonderful, unique, quirky history, and wrote about “going over to Rome” in the same hushed, regretful tone used when discussing divorce and suicide. Tom then adds a quatrain not known to me (perhaps he composed it himself):

Now we on earth have union with Lambeth, not with Rome,
Although the wags and cynics may question our true home;
But Folk Masses and Bingo can’t possibly depose
The works of Byrd and Tallis, or Cranmer’s stately prose.

In *Excellent Women*, a less churchy novel than *A Glass of Blessings*, Mildred lives in a “shabby part of London, so very much the ‘wrong’ side of Victoria Station, so definitely *not* Belgravia”. Rocky Napier believes “it may have a certain *Stimmung*. If you live in an unfashionable district you have to find at least that to make it tolerable.” “There were two churches in the district, but [Mildred] had chosen St Mary’s rather than All Souls’, not only because it was nearer, but because it was ‘High’. [She] could just see the church spire through the trees in the square. Now, when they were leafless, it looked beautiful, springing up among the peeling stucco fronts of the houses, prickly, Victorian-gothic, hideous inside, I suppose, but very dear to me.” As Mildred, the Vicar, Father Julian Malory, and his sister go into the vicarage, Julian hangs up his biretta on a peg. Later on we learn that Julian “isn’t married and as he’s about forty [Mildred dares] say he won’t now. [She] seemed to have spent so much time lately in talking about the celibacy of the clergy in general and Julian Malory in particular that [she] was a little tired of the subject.” Helena Napier imagines “that clergymen need wives to help them with their parish work”, but she supposes “most of his congregation are devout elderly women with nothing much to do, so that’s all right. Holy fowl, you know.” When Mildred tells Rocky Napier about the church he exclaims “High Mass – with music and incense? Oh, I should like that. I hope it is the *best* quality incense? I believe it varies... And have you dozens of glamorous acolytes?” “Well”, hesitates Mildred, remembering Teddy Lemon, our Master of Ceremonies, with his rough curly hair and anxious face, and his troop of well-drilled, tough-looking little boys, “they are very nice good boys, but perhaps you should go to a Kensington church if you want to see glamorous acolytes.” The parish has a deaconess, Sister Blatt, stout and rosy in her grey uniform, with a blunt no-nonsense manner, a Curate, Father Greatorex, and it also runs a choir and a boys’ club. Mrs Morris, Mildred’s Welsh cleaning woman, is not as ecstatic about the Anglo-Catholic parish as is Rocky Napier. Speaking of the Vicar’s celibacy she opines that “it isn’t natural for a man not to be married... Strong passions, isn’t it. Eating meat, you know, it says that in the Bible. Not that we get much of it now. If he was a *real* Father like Father Bogart, [the priest of the Roman Catholic Church in their district] you could understand it.” “Has something upset you?” Mildred asks. “Something about Father Malory?” “Oh, miss [replies Mrs Morris], it’s that old black thing he wears on his head in church... Like a little hat, it is.” Mrs Morris’s “sister Gladys and her husband, been staying with us they have. I took them to church Sunday evening and they didn’t like it at all, nor the incense, said it was Roman Catholic or something and we’d all be kissing the Pope’s toe before you could say knife... It isn’t like the church I went to as a girl, where Mr Lewis was vicar. He didn’t have incense or wear that old black hat.”

While decorating the church for Whit-Sunday, Mildred finds herself in the vestry, “a gloomy untidy place, containing two rows of chairs, a grand piano and a cupboard full of discarded copies of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* – we used the *English Hymnal*, of

course, observes Mildred hastily. In comes the Vicar, Julian, exclaiming “Well, well, here we all are” in a rather more clerical tone than usual. It’s very good of you all to come along and help, and I’m especially grateful to all those who have brought flowers. Lady Farmer,” he mentioned the only titled member remaining in our congregation, “has most kindly sent these magnificent lilies from her country home.” As a result of the excellent women’s work the “church looked as beautiful as its Victorian interior would allow... The altar was striking and unusual... The next morning [they] were all singing *Hail Thee Festival Day*, as the procession wound round the church, and the smell of incense and flowers mingled pleasantly with the sunshine and birdsong outside.”

Allegra Gray, the glamorous widow who comes to live in a flat at the vicarage, helps out at the inevitable jumble sale. “You will have to tell me what to do”, she [says], addressing [the vicar’s sister] Winifred and [Mildred], though I suppose jumble sales are the same the world over”. “Oh, we get a tough crowd”, [says] Winifred gaily. “This isn’t a very *nice* part, you know, not like Belgravia.”

When Rocky Napier departs for the country, Mildred is in a state of shock and grief, and goes into the church to try and find a little consolation. “I opened the door rather timidly and went in. I was relieved to see that there was nobody else and I sat down hopelessly and waited, I did not know for what. I did not feel that I could organise my thoughts but I hoped that if I sat there quietly I might draw some comfort from the atmosphere. Centuries of devotion leave their mark in a place, I knew, but then I remembered that it was barely seventy years since St Mary’s had been built; it seemed so bright and new and there were no canopied tombs of great families, no weeping cherubs, no urns, no worn inscriptions on the floor. Instead I could only read the brass tablets to past vicars and benefactors or contemplate the ugly stained glass of the east window. And yet, I thought after a while, wasn’t the atmosphere of good Victorian piety as comforting as any other? Ought I not to be as much consoled by the thought of our first vicar, Father Busby – Henry Bertram Busby and Maud Elizabeth, his wife – as by any seventeenth-century divine?”

On the third Sunday in Lent I attended the 10.30 am Parish Mass at St Gabriel’s, Warwick Square, St Mary’s in *Excellent Women*. Barbara, of course, lived just round the corner from the church. St Gabriel’s is a much more Pymian affair than poor All Saints. There was even an elderly lady in a long black fur coat with matching black fur beret. Everything was in immaculate order, and the congregation was overwhelmingly white and middle class – indeed, in places upper-middle class. When the banns of marriage were given out, among the names was Capel-Cure, an Essex land-owning family one of whose members was at Eton with me. Despite what Mildred keeps saying about the ugliness of its interior, the church is a fine one, very wide and light, and is adorned with several holy statues including a Shrine of Our Lady against one of the columns on the south side of the nave. The Vicar being away, the service was taken by a visiting priest,

the incumbent of a parish in Gloucester Road, a most urbane and humorous American. Indeed, when I told him that I worshipped at Great St Bartholomew's he thought that I meant St Bartholomew's on Park Lane in Manhattan. There were more servers than at All Saints, but the visiting priest was the only one taking part in the service. He did not wear a biretta, unlike the priests at All Saints. As at All Saints, the Mass stuck pretty closely to the text of Common Worship, but St Gabriel's, despite also being a Forward in Faith parish, appeared to be further from Rome. There was no mention of the Pope, and in the words of consecration the celebrant said "Do this in remembrance of me" rather than, as at All Saints, "Do this in memory of me". At the conclusion of the service, we did not say the Angelus, but instead sang "*Ave Regina Caelorum*" to the tune of Aberystwyth.

How do the contemporary parishes compare with those that inspired Barbara Pym? It is clear that All Saints has gone down in the world, socially speaking, while St Gabriel's has come up. In *Excellent Women* Mildred and Winifred are at pains to point out that their part of Pimlico is shabby, not very *nice*, and that the servers are tough-looking little boys. The houses have peeling stucco fronts. Since Barbara lived there this is presumably an accurate description. In her day it was St Gabriel's that had gone down in the world, since the houses with the peeling stucco fronts had been built by Cubitt on land owned by the Grosvenor estate as grand single family homes. Lady Farmer was the only titled member remaining in their congregation – the word remaining is significant. No longer is this description true. The house fronts have been painted, the church is in excellent order, the congregation is really rather grand. South Pimlico is now perfectly respectable. All Saints, on the other hand, as described by Barbara, was then the really rather grand parish. Father Thames owned a Faberge egg and could afford to buy a villa in Italy. At the parish social were well dressed middle aged women, chinless and with aristocratic noses. Numbered among the parishioners was no less a personage than Sir Denbigh Grote, former ambassador. Now it may be that Barbara really knew St Gabriel's, whereas she only visited All Saints, but even so it would seem that All Saints must have been more prosperous in her day. It is, of course, one of the nobler aspects of Anglo-Catholicism that its churches were very often built in deprived districts, as missionary churches, bringing beauty to those who access to very little. With the passage of time the demographic can, and sometimes does, change.

Celibacy of the clergy is an important theme in Barbara's novels, but this seems to be much less of an issue nowadays. The vicar of St Gabriel's, Father Luke Irvine-Capel SSC, is married to Ruth, a teacher, and they have two children, Benjamin and Anna. How pleased Mrs Morris would have been.

A major concern of Anglo-Catholics which features in the novels and continues today is that of the Apostolic Succession. This is not an end in itself but exists to authenticate the teaching and sacraments which it ministers. The sacrifice of Christ

represented in the Holy Eucharist, and His real and objective presence in the Blessed Sacrament, requires the priest to have the assurance of apostolic authority. For Forward in Faith nowadays, only males may be validly ordained to the priesthood and episcopate. For Anglo-Catholics in Barbara's day, the concern was the Church of South India. This, the largest Protestant church in India is the result of the union of churches of varying traditions, Anglican, Methodist, Congregational, Prebyterian and Reformed. It was inaugurated in September 1947. The church explicitly recognizes that Episcopal, Prebyterian and Congregational elements are all necessary for the church's life. Nowadays it is in limited communion with the Anglican church, and claims to have achieved reconciliation of the Anglican doctrine of apostolic succession with the views of other denominations. For Father Sainsbury in *A Glass of Blessings*, however, clearly the apostolic succession had been disrupted, and he went over to Rome.



A striking change between Barbara's attitude and our own lies in her reaction to Victorian architecture. For her the interior of St Gabriel's is "hideous", and the stained glass of the East window "ugly". We would consider the interior magnificent, while the East window by Kempe, one of the great Victorian stained glass designers, depicting Christ in Glory with Saints, is the glory of the church.

Masters of Ceremonies, who bulk so large in the novels, seem to have pretty much died out. I didn't manage to spot one. Indeed, the servers are thin on the ground today. Confessions are heard by appointment, but I was not able to spot an actual

confessional as such, let alone one with Father Thames or even Father Twisaday's name on it. Both St Gabriel's and All Saints, however, seem to have cells, or prayer groups, devoted to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham in Norfolk. In 1061 the Lady Richeldis, the Saxon Lady of the Manor of Walsingham, had a vision of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and as a result built a replica of the house where the Holy Family lived at Nazareth. The shrine was abolished at the Reformation, but in the 1920's the Anglican Vicar of Walsingham re-established it. It doesn't seem to have featured in Barbara's parishes of either St Mary's or St Luke's.

I don't know whether there is enough time left, but Tom suggested that I might also talk about the parish of Great St Bartholomew's where I attend church. It doesn't appear in Barbara's works, but it may be interesting as representing another strand of High Church Anglicanism. The church, and the neighbouring hospital, were founded by Rahere, a courtier to King Henry I, in 1123. The church is therefore that very rare thing, a Norman building that survived the Fire of London. It has appeared in numberless movies, among them "Another Country" and "Four Weddings and a Funeral". The Parish, being within the City of London, is non-residential, the congregation coming from all over London. They are overwhelmingly middle-class. The parish is very well endowed and funded, and the services are truly magnificent. There is a very good choir and a very talented organist. At the Solemn Eucharist there are always a celebrant, a deacon and a sub-deacon, in fine vestments. When I went there last Sunday there were about fifty in the congregation, and nine assorted servers, crucifers, thurifers etc. One of them is the Rector's son, so no celibacy there. The incense is of a high quality, and as it drifts up in the sunbeams that shine through the clerestory windows I find it very beautiful. The text of the service is in the stately language of the Book of Common Prayer, except that when parts of the service are sung to settings by the great composers (last Sunday it was Byrd's Mass for three voices) they are in Latin – as, indeed, is the Nicene Creed. We say the Angelus. There is reservation of the Sacrament, and the Rector hears confessions by appointment. There is no confessional as such, but there is a chair next to a prie-dieu with a crucifix fastened to the wall. A stole was draped over the chair. There is, however, no problem with women priests (the sub-deacon was a woman last Sunday) and the Rector got into terrible hot water with the Bishop of London for blessing the union of two gay priests in a service that was dangerously close to the marriage service. Luckily, since the Rector enjoys Parson's Freehold, all the Bishop could do was fulminate while in his sermon the Rector made little asides about how Prior Rahere had been in trouble with the authorities of his day. I get the impression that the strand of High Church Anglicanism to which the Rector adheres is that called "Affirming Catholicism", which accepts liberal theology and the ordination of women, and has progressive attitudes towards homosexuality. It is thus very different from All Saints and St Gabriel's, and I believe that we are very unlikely to feel the need to "go over to Rome".

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