Reminiscences
of the Henry Maynard family,
by their cousin,
H. M. King.

Parts II + III.
1861 — 1910.
Reminiscences.

Part II.

Having given my recollections of this most dear family during the years of early childhood, I think it may be as well to touch on the principles on which their dear Mother desired to bring them up. These principles were clear & decided, & they were also unusual. Other influences unavoidably came in, & yet they never could greatly modify the firmly fixed lines laid down by her steadfast will, wise judgment & loving heart, so that certain family characteristics remain common to them all. She aimed high, & she was wonderfully successful, every one adopting her principles, in slightly varying degrees.

The chief of these principles may be stated thus: Unworldliness, Simplicity of life, Industry, Cheerfulness, Independence of the judgment of others, willing Obedience, & Contentment,—in fact that to be Good was to be Happy. She never stated these things in formal words, but every day one could see they were the leading points in her training.
Perhaps the principle in most obvious daily use was a careful readiness in everything they did, whether writing, hand printing, drawing, making card boxes, down to sharpening a pencil, everything must be neatly done; lines must be straight, columns of figures perpendicular, & she did not consider the eye & hand trained to a right standard of correctness, until they could divide a line into three, & even draw a circle by hand. For 2 or 3 years she laid aside Thursday afternoons to spend with her 4 younger children, letting them learn & practice various little handicrafts under her tuition & inspection, & this was so greatly enjoyed by them all, that Dora, who was always the least favourable to the routine of lessons with the governess & decidedly clever with her hands, was heard to say, “If I had to arrange the week, I can’t quite make up my mind whether I would have 4 Thursdays + 3 Sundays in it, or 3 Thursdays + 4 Sundays.”

Constant & indeed unremitting industry was looked for from each child. If there was a thing dear Auntie hated with her whole heart it was idling & loitering, th
languid voice & discontented air. If the question was asked "What are you doing?", the child must be ready with a prompt reply at every hour of the day, & certainly in no home I have ever seen was time less wasted & better spent, & laziness, pottering, teasing, & undecided action were never tolerated. Later, these words were printed on the schoolroom walls, the handiwork of Gaizy, who took up that art very early in life;—

"O righteous doom! that they who make Pleasure their only end, Ordering their whole life for its sake, thus that whereunto they tend. While they who bid Duty lead, Content to follow, they Of Duty only taking heed, said Pleasure by the way." (French)

But let me dry & describe the more directly religious teaching; though this is not easy. I remember Auntie once saying to me that she thought it a great mistake to teach very young children that their hearts were sinful, that there was no good thing in them, & that they had not any power of themselves to please God, &
then, as soon as they pass to the secular world, to let the whole atmosphere change & to call them "good." It may be a lesson on Geography or Music, it may be only obedience during a walk with Nurse, & we say, "There's a good child!" I point out how nice it is to have lessons well learned & conduct excellent. "Surely this is very bewildering," said Auntie, "yet so many of my children keep up this high standard for others to gather. I think as soon as they can understand & ought to make it clear that the earthly moral goodness of their daily lives is a happy, pleasant, sweet thing, if they may enjoy it with all their hearts & take real delight in pleasing Parents, Teachers & Friends, but that towards the holy God this is not good enough. He wants every thing He has made to be very good, quite quite good all through, & no one is born like that, & so no one is able really to please Him until they see the distinction between the natural & spiritual life, between earthly & heavenly goodness." Her face was full of love & pity as she added, "Set the little dears enjoy their little earthly goodness, & never let us teach them drab & hymns expressive of deep contrition & abasement of spirit, for they cannot possibly feel it, & that is untruth."
Let me now recall this wise Mother's plans for keeping Sunday. She was not in favour of taking them to church till they could understand something of what was going on, but she would leave an outlined text to be painted or pricked round; there was a sort of picture-book to illustrate Scripture history, and the Egyptian portion of this was greatly loved, and many of the carvings and hieroglyphics carefully traced on transparent paper by those little hands, and offered as a gift to Father at tea-time. Also I have seen pictures and texts folded in paper and laid in the hall addressed to Cook, to James, and so on. The point in Auntie's mind was, I think, that a part of Sunday morning should be spent in preparing a nice gift for someone else.

When old enough to go to church, it was to be considered a treat, if there was restlessness or attention they were forbidden to go the next Sunday, because you see, you are too young still. This happened only once or twice, for the children were wonderfully trained to attention and to listen. They were told to try to catch just a little bit of the sermon to bring away; I remember the old square pew lined with baize and George sitting on a hassock at his Mother's feet, saying pitiously in a whisper, "Can't catch a bit, Mandy, can't catch a bit!" I also recollect
little Dora giving as her "bit" the words "Look unto me."
"Why, that's a text!" said the eldest Gary, & she replied,
"And how can I know that's a text & that isn't, until
I have learned it?"
Perhaps the most distinctive feature of the Colfield
Sunday was the saying of hymns in the evening, all in
turn, beginning with the youngest, & going right up to
dear Uncle himself, & I remember all the dear little
voices when at 4 years old they began repeating, "A little
lark, I see you there so very, very high," or,
"Turn, turn, they hastily foot aside, nor crush that help-
less born," & later went on to, "I love to listen when
winds blow high," or, "Of Jesse's right song three to battle
were gone," & other narrative pieces. Auntie selected the
verses & never encouraged the least expression of faith &
love, or anything of an emotional nature. Gary & Dora
brought back Revival hymns from Belstead, & were de-
lighted with their expressions of feeling. The strong personal
love to the Saviour, the telling of His tender compassion &
of pardon through the blood of the Cross, these hymns are
new & glorious to them, especially to Gary, but they were
quietly checked & discouraged, & the young minds were
brought back to the thoughts of reverence & duty toward
God, that side of religion which belonged to the Protestant,
Puritan, + Huguenot attitude of both parents, + of their ancestors. In reciting, all the children (except Consie) had clear voices for their age, + all had splendid memories, + as they grew on, used to pride themselves on learning long pieces, sometimes prose as well as poetry. After the "saying," came "singing," + that was chiefly led by dear Josephine, whose clear pronunciation made it a treat to listen to the old + well-known hymns.

Auntie never gave a child a Bible for a private possession until it was fully 12 years old. There was a "Bible Narrative" which was carefully read, there were plenty of text-books, + single Gospels such as St. Mark, + later the New Testament. Later, when they were grown up or nearly so, each daughter would read aloud the same chapter in a different language, - French + German of course, but Greek, Latin + Italian were also attempted.

In the Nursery + School-room all teasing + quarrelling were suppressed on the instant, even to an impatient word. At one time I considered this absolutely perfect, but now I am not so sure. Children must learn "for-bearing one another, + forgiving one another," + almost no opportunity was allowed for this. The little ones ought to look for sympathy from those a little older, + be
comforted & cuddled & forgiven & kissed, but somehow the anxious Mother so ruled every detail that real spontaneous feeling & action had little or no opportunity. Splendidly independent, industrious & trustworthy characters were formed, but there was a sense of superiority & a scorn of idleness & of the baseness of wrong-doing, that made them not easy to mix with other children & the gentler charities & kind excuses had to be learned later. It was I think in dealing with the poor & the sick in the village that they learned the sympathy which eminently distinguished them, but one did not feel that until they were near 16 or 18.

They were a bright intelligent party, uniformly cheerful & uncomplaining, & their interests were permitted a varied field. They had books & flaxers, a beautiful binocular microscope, & a good telescope. They had rassels & paints, a clay figure, an aquarium & a printing-press, & a whole room set aside for a carpenters bench & a turning-lathe & the best of tools; Doris & George worked there at spare times for some years, & produced some pretty work, but the others had nothing to do with it. The casts, the modelling-clay & the colours down-stairs, were always the chief attraction to Gabrielle & Constance.
Reminiscences.

Part III.

I have put down all I can remember of the infancy & childhood of this best-beloved family, & now I must go on to more grown up. She youngest girl, Constance, left Belshead at Christmas 1864, a little before she was 16, & she considers she paid her first really important visit to me in the autumn of 1866, when she was 17. I only know that she was a great joy & delight both to my mother & to her godmother Aunt Amelia Andrews, & that she & I had "mighty talks" without missing one day. It was on this wise. We had dinner at 6 oc., & after it mother & auntie stayed in the dining-room in their respective deep arm-chairs, so have a time of silence & repose, & Consie & I went to the drawing-room & sat over a little fire lighted for the purpose. I was in the arm-chair, & she sat on a large square footstool at my knee, holding up an Indian hand-screen made of stiff penguins' feathers & their heads in the centre, so that after long custom she used to say that the peculiar smell of roasting quills was intimately associated in her mind with earnest conversation & deep longings, & with the discussion of religious difficulties. Truly our hearts had delightful sympathy across the 18 years that separated us in age.
and that young receptive spirit was an untold refreshment to mine. In 1867, '8, '9, and in 1870, '71, she regularly paid us a fortnight's visit in the autumn, and nearly always in the spring as well, so the happy intercourse was a real, solid thing in both our lives.

She was full of little bits of adventure, and one time she made a very clever painting of the interior of the Simpfriedt Church, showing the ancient pews and the union old wooden pews, and another time she drew a cottage kitchen with the great pot hanging in the chimney. One visit again she walked over the Common to the brickfields, I learned how to make garden flower-pots on a potter's wheel, I will remember our setting off with aprons and camp stools, how I used to sit near by while Benson the owner or head-man of the brickfield taught her pot-making. She showed remarkable accuracy of eye, but her hands were hardly strong enough for such violent work.

Alas, I cannot remember the subjects of our grave talks, but she has told me since that she took very careful notes in a private book. I know we read "Anna!" which had been such an immense help to me when I was just about her age, and we read a book called "Bible-class Teachings", and also I was myself writing some papers which are afterwards printed, and I tried them first on her. Such are "What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord," and about

Queen Mary, University of London Archives, MAYNARD PP7/6/8/2
"the bullock unaccustomed to the yoke", but I kept no
record, & can only repeat that I gave my very best to
this beloved & interesting young cousin, & prayed for her daily.

The same remarks apply to the very dear Gussy, &
all enjoyed her visits, though she did not come nearly
so regularly, nor did she prove me with such hard questions.

It was in 1868 that I had a remarkable visit from
my best-beloved & oldest friend, Tiss. She had always
been religious & conscientious, & yet there seemed to me
to be a lack somewhere. In her dangerous illness in 1860
she showed no anxiety or fear, & when in health, she was
an earnest teacher of the Bible, & yet never at any time
did she speak of personal faith or prayer. I had believed
her to be a Christian since her Confirmation, with its wise
preparation under Canon Hoare of Tunbridge Wells, but now
I became very uneasy about my darling, when I compared
her with the living, loving, fighting, growing life I saw in
her sisters. Here she was, drawing near to 30, & always
wanting in the personal experience, whether penitence or
joyful assurance, or answers to prayer, or any other mani-
manifestation of the spiritual life within. For 8 years I had
felt this lack, though I could hardly acknowledge it
to myself, I had prayed every day that the cumber
of present trifles & minute particulars should not choke
the precious seed within. I remember that in 1867 I
heard Dr Vaughan of Brighton preach on the text, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." He said we can only ask believing for things God has promised, that all other petitions, no matter how earnest, were not among the definitely promised things, saying that the answer ultimately depended on the yielded will and the receptivity of the one prayed for. To be sure we should give us too much power over the soul of another, but we might pray that our requests may reach God; & He, while compelling no one, could strike with our dear ones & allure them into the right path. After hearing this sermon I went straight to my room & prayed with many tears, "O God, I have no promise for my beloved. This, that her spiritual good is the very dearest desire of my heart. I lay it before Thee. Consider it, O my God!" A year of such prayers not for one day omitted, & then the hard surface was broken up. She seemed to see that I, faulty as I was, & also her 3 younger sisters, possessed something she did not, & together we wept & pleaded. She gave up at last, & I shall never forget how with the deepest longings all the next day my heart followed her as she drove in the post chaise to Edenbridge on her way home. As though it happened yesterday is the picture indelibly stamped
on my brain of that beloved figure as it passed out of sight. She wrote I think that very evening, “Dear one, while I am still wandering on the dark mountains, continue to pray for me,” & then some 3 days later she entered into peace & joy, & confessed to her Mother & sisters that it was all like a whole new world to her.

It is pity, but I had so many Bible pupils in the course of my long secluded life, that I can recall no special subjects discussed. I only know that the Hazlitt cousins were far away the dearest & most appreciative pupils I have ever had. Perhaps my recollections ought to end here, but I must say a few more words about Constance, who in 1872 took the great plunge into College life. We continued to love each other dearly, & I followed my dear one’s brilliant course with admiration, affection & pride; but nevertheless it is true that with her greatly widened spheres of thought & action, we could not hold our former intercourse. My life was ever contracting while hers was expanding. As soon as she mentioned modern religious thought & its difficulties, she gave me great shocks, & discussion was hardly possible, & I was full of fears for her, but when I found in the 3 years of her College life how many of her fellow students were soon to lose Christian faith, I credited her with being so bright & victorious a young believer, as to be beyond my reach to help. I sadly
acknowledge for some years about this time a wave of self-centredness swept over my soul, brought on by private anxieties and trials, that I became blind and incapable of discerning the wants and wishes of another soul, or to feel any sympathy with those in a different line of life from my own. It was long years afterwards that Consie told me that my oft-repeated caution, "Remember, to doubt is to sin," had done her a great deal of harm, shutting her out as it were from the presence of God, into a miserable loneliness. Modern thought awakes a hundred doubts, and how could she lay them out before God, if they were sins? She misunderstood was a sad thing to me, and it continued a good many years.

From 1872 to 1875 she was at Girtton, and finally took her degree with Honours. This year also brought us dear Dora’s dangerous illness. It was violent Typhoid fever, contracted while she was head of a ward in Winchester Hospital. In 1876 Constance went as an Assistant Mistress to the great School at Cheltenham under Miss Bate, and in 1877 she went up with her friend Miss Lumsden to St. Andrews to start the great School of St. Leonards, and in 1878 the beloved Aunt Louisa died. In 1880 Constance left St. Andrews, and entered as a student in the Slade School of Art, living with her brother George, who was then in business with his father and Harry. All forms of Art were dear to her gifted nature, and she proved a most promising and able pupil, but the Kingdom of Heaven was dearer yet,
+ the teaching instinct prevailed above all, & in 1882 when
+ the question of a College was started, which should prepare
+ girls for the degrees of the University of London, she entered
+ warmly into the subject. She was Secretary & Treasurer, but
+ when October came, she found herself installed as
+ the first Mistress of Westfield College. There she has laboured
+ for 28 years, with the manifest blessing of God upon her work,
+ & proving a lasting benefit, spiritual, moral, & intellectual, to a large number of students. There she is still,
+ not only winning their devoted love & confidence, but fitting
+ numbers of them to live noble lives, & in many cases to fill
+ posts of great importance & wide influence.

Here I close. The beloved Tiss was called Home in 1909.
Dora married long ago & has 4 grown up children, &
Dear Gary is the sole representative of that delightful
family at Hawkhurst. There she still labours faithfully
among the poor in the village.

H. M. King.
Wimbledon. 1910.