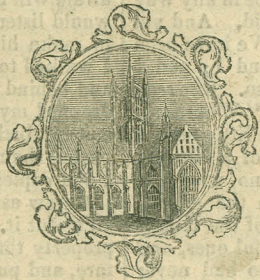


THE
Church of England

UNDER THE
SUPERINTENDENCE
OF
CLERGYMEN



OF THE UNITED
CHURCH OF ENGLAND
AND
IRELAND.

"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

JULY 2, 1864.

HEMPSTED.

HEMPSTED, also written Hempstead, lies between Great Sampford and Bumpsted Helion, in the county of Essex. The name is written Hamsted in Domesday, and is compounded of two Saxon words, both signifying "a house."

The village consists of a small number of straggling houses; and the inhabitants are generally employed in the labours of husbandry. The distance from Saffron Walden is six miles, and from London forty-four miles.

Hempsted was held, under Edward the Confessor, by a thane named Wisgar. At the survey of Domesday it belonged to Richard Fitz-Gislebert, whose under-tenant was Robert de Watevil.

The church stands on a hill nearly in the centre of the parish. It is in the early-English style of architecture, and has a nave, north and south aisles, chancel, and a handsome tower. A building of brick has been erected on its northern side, over the vault belonging to the Harvey family, a portion of which contains some handsome monuments. The first and oldest of these monuments is of black and white marble, forming a niche, in which is placed a well-carved bust of the celebrated Dr. William Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, and whose remains are deposited beneath.

Mr. Aubrey, in his *Miscellanies*, relates the following anecdote concerning Dr. Harvey: "When the doctor, travelling with several others to Padua, went to Dover, he showed his pass, as the rest did, to the governor there; who told him he must not go, and kept him prisoner. The doctor desired to know the reason. None would he assign, but it was his will to have it so. The packet-boat hoisted sail that evening, very fair, and the doctor's companions in it. A terrible storm ensued; and all were drowned. The next day the sad news came to Dover. The doctor was unknown by name; but the night before, the governor had a perfect vision, in a dream, of Dr. Harvey, who came to pass over to Calais, and that he had a warning to stop him. This the governor told the doctor next day."

No. 1672.

The considerable number of leaden coffins of the shape of the human body, which seem never to have been inclosed in wood, give a singular appearance to the vault.

The notorious Turpin is said to have been born in this parish.

Hempsted in 1851 contained 827 and in 1861 797 inhabitants.

LULLINGTON.

CHAP. VIII.

CLEMENTINE CAVENDISH'S JOURNAL.

"When will the din of earth grate harshly on our ears?
When we have once heard plain the music of the spheres."

"Only the waters which in perfect stillness lie
Give back an undistorted image of the sky."

TRENCH.

AUG. 11th.—Sunday night is come round again. What a pleasant happy Sunday it has been! How different to this day six weeks, when we had that first conversation in the summer-house!

Evelyn and I have been sitting there again this evening. We have had a long happy talk of the bible and of heaven.

I could not have believed some weeks ago that such things would interest me—that, indeed, they concerned me much; but now I feel differently. The thought that God is love—love to all, love to those who all their lives have forgotten him, and scarcely thought of his goodness and kindness—seems so wonderful, so different to what I had imagined before.

There seems such a difference in loving back, and obeying because you love, to that dread and fear of punishment which was my chief idea of religion a little time ago.

And Evelyn's religion seems all trust and love; such a sure belief that God will do just what is best and right, and just the love and confidence that she feels towards her mother, only greater. And now, just as Evelyn told us that night, now that I feel God's love to me, and my own imperfect desire to please him and do his will, the

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