



BROMSGROVE SCHOOL

COMMEMORATION,

TUESDAY, JULY 27. 1915.

(PRINTED BY REQUEST.)

It was enjoined by Sir Thomas Cookes, in an indenture dated June 22nd, 1693, that an annual Sermon should be preached in the Parish Church to "the Trustees, School-masters, and Boys."

With the Compliments of
the Hon. Sec. of the
Old Bromsgrovian Club.

OLD BROMSGROVIAN

ROLL OF HONOUR.

- REAR-ADMIRAL W. J. GROGAN
- CAPTAIN EUSTACE JOTHAM 51st Sikhs, F.F.
(Awarded the Victoria Cross.)
- CAPTAIN WYNNE OWEN 38th Dogras.
- LIEUTENANT P. MALCOLM KERWOOD .. 8th Worcesters.
(Temporary Captain)
- LIEUTENANT L. HENRY MASSY 5th Royal Munster Fusiliers.
- LIEUTENANT HENRY D'ESTERRE HEAD 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers.
- 2ND LIEUTENANT RALPH L. SPRECKLEY 2nd Connaught Rangers.
(Awarded the Military Cross.)
- 2ND LIEUTENANT WALTER H. FOX .. 4th South Staffordshires.
- PRIVATE PERCY P. BIGWOOD 3rd Auckland Regiment.
- PRIVATE IAN M. JONES 20th Royal Fusiliers.
- PRIVATE ALAN J. STEUART Canadian R.E.

July 27th, 1915.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

Sentences, Exhortation, Confession, &c.

Special Psalms cxxi., cxxii.

1st Lesson—Ecclesiasticus xlv. 1—16 (read by Mr. H. Millington, M.A.).

Te Deum.

2nd Lesson—Rev. xxi. 1—8 (read by the Vicar of Bromsgrove).

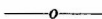
Benedictus. Service to the end of the Third Collect.

SCHOOL PRAYER.

(In use in the Chapel for Old Bromsgrovians at the front.)

O Almighty God, who art wiser than the children of men and overrulest all things to their good, hold, we beseech Thee, in Thy keeping, all who have gone forth to battle from this School. Be with them in the hour of danger, strengthen them in the hour of weakness, sustain and comfort them in the hour of sickness or of death. Grant that they may be true to their calling and true always to Thee, and make both them and us to be strong to do our duty in Thy service, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Hymn—"O God, our help in ages past."



BIDDING PRAYER.

(According to the pattern given in the 55th Canon.)

Let us pray for Christ's holy Catholic Church, that is, for the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the whole world, and especially for the Church of England; and herein for the King's most Excellent Majesty our sovereign lord George, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the seas, King, defender of the faith, over all persons, in all causes as well ecclesiastical as temporal, throughout his dominions supreme; also for our gracious Queen Mary, Alexandra the Queen Mother, Edward Prince of Wales, and all the Royal Family. Let us also pray for the Ministers of God's Holy Word and Sacraments, as well Archbishops and Bishops, as other Pastors and Curates; for the King's most honourable Council; for the High Court of Parliament; and for all the Nobility and Magistrates of this realm; that all and every of these, in their several callings, may serve truly and diligently to the glory of God and the edifying and well governing of his people, remembering the account that they must make. Also let us pray for the whole Commons of the realm, that they may live in true faith and fear of God, in dutiful obedience to the King, and in brotherly charity one to another. And, that there may never be wanting a succession of persons duly qualified for the service of God in Church and State, let us implore his blessing on all places of religious and useful learning, particularly on our Public Schools; and, here in Bromsgrove, for the Trustees, the Masters, and our whole Society, that in this and in all places specially set apart for God's honour and service, true religion and sound learning may for ever flourish.

To these our prayers we shall add unfeigned praises for mercies already received; for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life, particularly for

the advantages afforded in this place by the munificence of founders and benefactors, such as were His most excellent Majesty King Edward VI., Sir Thomas Cookes, Baronet, and many others in their several degrees. But, above all, for the inestimable love of God in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. Finally let us praise God for all those who are departed out of this life in the faith of Christ, and particularly for them who in this time of war have shown that greater love which lays down life for a friend : for—

RALPH LESINGHAM SPRECKLEY.

WILLIAM JOHN GROGAN.

EUSTACE JOTHAM,

LIONEL HENRY MASSY,

WYNNE OWEN,

ALAN JOHN STEUART,

IAN MONTGOMERY JONES,

HENRY D'ESTERRE HEAD,

PERCY PARTRIDGE BIGWOOD,

WALTER HENRY FOX,

PHILIP MALCOLM KERWOOD.

and pray that we may have grace to direct our lives after their unselfish example ; that, this life ended, we may be made partakers with them of the glorious resurrection in the life everlasting ; through Jesus Christ our blessed Lord and Saviour.

Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses. As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation ; but deliver us from evil : For thine is the kingdom, The power and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen.

SIR THOMAS COOKES' SERMON.

(Preacher, The Headmaster.)

“ Therefore let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race which is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Perfecter of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross.”—Hebrews xii. 1.

Just a hundred years ago, on the 1st of May, 1815, the Rev. Robert Cottam stood in this church preaching to the school the Founder's annual sermon. Five weeks earlier Napoleon had re-entered Paris, seven weeks later Waterloo was fought and won, and the cloud of war which for twenty years had lain heavy over the lives of men, rolled, as it seemed, finally away. Since then a century of stupendous change has passed, when the very face of civilisation has been altered. But the human heart has not changed. The work which Christ left His Church to do is still undone ; because of greed, and of the lust of power, and of the worship of prosperity and force, the nations of the world are again at war, and the clouds hang blacker and more heavy than a hundred years ago. Under them now, as then, true to that long tradition, we gather to return thanks to Almighty God for those by whose liberality we have this opportunity to be here brought up in godliness and learning. Never in the long history of the School can Commemoration have had so real a meaning. We

have been wont to think of benefactors as being mainly those to whom we owe houses and lands and endowments and material things ; now we know, once and for ever, burned in upon us by our personal loss, that our great benefit is to breathe the same air, and live the life, and enter into the accumulated heritage of those who have preferred death to life and scorned to live for self. No longer is it something remote, belonging to the shadowy past, which brings us here, it is something of the present, belonging to ourselves, a strangely-mingled festival of sorrow and proud joy. Those of whom we more especially are thinking to-day were, some of them, no better than ourselves ; like ourselves, they may have been worshipping at the shrine of false gods, misunderstanding the message of Christ, rendering Him lip-service, borrowing, and, to their great blessing, making their own His moral teaching, but not worshipping Him with the heart ; deeming that progress meant to realise oneself, and that the Kingdom of God was wholly of this world. Then the sudden upheaval came ; the call was on them ; the lips which had spoken of self-development learned again the language of an earlier creed : not self, but others, not happiness, but duty. So they went and fought and died, as others are doing and will do ; not asking themselves whether they liked it, nor thinking highly of themselves because they did it ; but just going, as some of you in your turn will go, because needs they must ; for the only true way to develop oneself is by the sacrifice of self, and there come moments when we all know it. For us, who are yet too young, or who, through age or infirmity or duty are held back from bearing an active part in this great struggle, there must always be a sense of loss so long as life shall last. For out of the fiery trial these our brothers will come other than when they entered in ; other at least in this one thing, that for a time to have subdued everything to the one over-mastering claim of duty is for that time to have found their souls, to have known what our Lord told us : that only they can save their life who lose it. Once again men have learned that for the joy which is set before us, the joy of service, we can endure the cross. Stripped of metaphor, the cross means for us just the deliberate effort every day to shun the evil and to choose the good. It means a strong discipline, it means prayer a reality and not a form ; the aim of life will be no longer to get on, but to be of use, not to get good, but to be good and to do good, and to endure hardness. Who doubts now that this is the better way ? The scales have fallen from our eyes. But to do it is hard, and to make it easier God has set before us the joy of going on a crusade, with Christ for our Master. For faith is a matter not of the brain but of the heart ; to love God and to love our neighbour is to fulfil the royal law. We who have been doubting it, and who have been seeking selfishly our own, we can do so surely no more. For we are compassed about by a great cloud of witnesses : witnesses whom we have had among us so very lately, but whom here we shall see no more. They, though they perhaps talked nothing to us of religion, and had their faults and sins no less than we, are saying to us with a distinctness which no one can fail to hear : " it is better to lose one's life than to save it. Seek not your own ! " The other world is now, even to the youngest, no unsubstantial shadow land ; for there they stand, those whom we have lately known, of clearer vision and more single eye than when on earth—a great cloud of witnesses, who, for the joy of service which was set before them, endured the cross and have blotted out the frailties of life in the simple surrender of themselves to death. Some of them intensely loved the School.

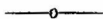
I should not find it easy to say all that has been written to me from the front about it. The pleasant dalliance of school life had its charm, the hours of ease, of intimate companionship, of friendly rivalry, and endless talk : these were a precious memory, but not a memory which braced to endurance and to death. Face to face with the grim facts of war, the false and sentimental fall away, and only what is true remains. The school where work is honoured, where there is a reverence for higher and for sacred things, where Christ is really King, so that in every task we seek what He would wish, and do it, sinking self in Him, that is the school whose memory strengthens and ennobles and uplifts. And that is the question which presses home in each of us : what are we doing to create or to preserve that fragrant atmosphere whose healthy sweetness lingers later in the mind ? The great cloud of witnesses is watching to see what we make of it all. Their mistakes are over, now they know how things should be, they long to see us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us.

Another century will pass. Every one of us here will long be mingled with the dust, but, so far as human knowledge can anticipate, the School will gather again to commemorate those who have gone before. We shall be quite unknown—at best a name here and there remembered because of some distinction won in public life, but just a name ; no warm and loving human touch. Yet none the less we shall be here, here in the witness we have handed on. What is it to be ? It is the way of our public schools as of our nation to think highly of ourselves. Well for us if to-day we think humbly of ourselves. Are we, of this nation, satisfied with our discipline ? Are we at home certain that we are doing our share ? Is the whole life of this school more unselfish, more full of a holy and uplifting purpose ? School and nation alike, are we getting back humbly to Christ, laying aside even our most cherished and secret sins, learning over again that we cannot pick and choose among the teaching of Jesus ? He, and He only, must be the author of our faith. He perfected Himself by suffering. It is the royal and the only road : a road no longer to be talked about for others, but to be trodden by ourselves. The future is in our hands ; we are reaping the past, for which others were responsible, we are sowing the future, and for good or ill it is our own. Out of all the misery of the present a cleaner and better England can only arise if we are true to the faith which bids us take the cross, whatever it be, and carry it after our Master. There they stand, that cloud of witnesses from among our friends, growing ever larger day by day, as the great cruel toll of war mounts up. There they stand, the eye no longer dimmed, the dross all purged away, knowing now what are the things which really matter. There they stand, not only these our loved ones, but all that long succession of the forgotten dead who have been before us at the School, watching, waiting, longing to see us better their example, and more than carry on their work. Perhaps they failed to know Christ here below, and now they know their error. For there He stands among them Who or the joy that was set before Him endured the cross and is set down at the right hand of God. That great, growing cloud of witnesses, so very near to-day ! Can we ever forget their presence ? ever neglect their inspiration ? ever sink back into shameful service of evil and of ourselves ? Our work is still to do ; to win England for Christ, by wholly devoting ourselves to Him ; not at one time and in

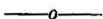
part, but always and in full ; a real and passionate devotion, as the only thing which matters :

“ What time they
Who have accomplished, the all-glorious dead,
Shine forth like stars, and point us out the way.”

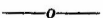
In these great times, when all the lesser things are dropping off, they call us to His service. God grant that as they compass us about, so near, so closely linked, we may be worthy of our calling !



Hymn for Absent Friends (to be sung kneeling)—“ Holy Father, in Thy mercy.”



THE BLESSING.



THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

