

S. John in Bedwardine.

WORCESTER.

PARISH MAGAZINE (New Issue).

PRICE TWO PENCE.

"I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us go into the House of the Lord.'"

Psalm cxxii., 1.



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|---------------------------|-----|-----|---|
| Vicar... | ... | ... | The Rev. C. T. POWELL, M.A. |
| Assistant Curate | ... | ... | The Rev. F. E. Benison, M.A., 64, Bromyard Road. |
| Churchwardens | .. | { | Mr. Edgar Mann, Vicar's Warden, Ivy Lodge, Comer Road |
| | | { | Mr. J. W. Noake, Parish Warden, 95, Bromyard Road. |
| Organist and Choir Master | | | Mr. G. Austin, Bridge Street. |
| Sexton | ... | ... | Mr. Albert Smith, 7, Bozward Street. |
| Clerk... | ... | ... | Mr. W. H. Thomas, 17, Bromyard Road. |
| District Nurse... | ... | ... | Miss 67, St. John's. |

AT CROWN EAST CHAPEL.

Chapel Wardens: Mr. Lewis and Mr. F. J. Tarrant. Sexton: Mr. W. Hunt.

For information as to Services, etc., see Back of Cover

S. John's Magazine.

NOTES.

FULL LIST OF SERVICES FOR HOLY WEEK AND EASTER.

ST. JOHN'S.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday in Holy Week :—

- 7.30 a.m. : Holy Communion.
- 10.30 a.m. : Matins and Ante-Communion.
- 7.30 p.m. : Evensong and Address.

GOOD FRIDAY.

- 9.0 a.m. : Children's Service.
- 10.0 a.m. : Matins, Ante-Communion, and Sermon.
- 12.0 to 3.0 p.m. : Devotion of the Three Hours, conducted by the Vicar.
- 6.30 p.m. : Evensong and Sermon.

EASTER EVE.

- 10.0 a.m. : Matins and Ante-Communion.
- 7.0 p.m. : Evensong.

EASTER DAY.

- 5.45, 7.0., 8.15, 10.0, & 12.15 : Holy Communion.
- 11.0 a.m. : Matins and Sermon.
- 6.30 p.m. : Evensong and Sermon.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY AFTER EASTER.

- 8.0 & 11.0 a.m. : Holy Communion.
- 10.30 a.m. : Matins.
- 6.0 p.m. : Evensong.

AT CROWN EAST.

GOOD FRIDAY.

- 11.0 a.m. : Matins, Ante-Communion, and Sermon.

EASTER DAY.

- 11.0 a.m. : Matins.
- 11.30 a.m. : Holy Communion.
- 6.30 p.m. : Evensong and Sermon.

There will also be a Celebration of the Holy Communion at 8.0 a.m. if a Priest can possibly be found to take it.

EASTER VESTRY AND ANNUAL PARISH MEETING.

The combined Vestry and Parish Meetings will be held in the Girls' School Classroom on Thursday, April 24, at 7.30 p.m., to elect the Churchwardens for the coming year. The Annual Parish Meeting will follow immediately after. The closing date for enrolling new members on the Electoral Roll is April 9.

DANCE.

We wish to remind our young friends in the parish that a Dance will be held in the Infants' School on Thursday, April 24, at 7.30 p.m. The last dance was so very much enjoyed by all present that we can promise a very enjoyable evening to all. Tickets, price 1/6, can be obtained from Mr. A. J. Morton, or Members of the Committee. Secure your tickets before they are all gone.

The CHURCH MONTHLY

York and Its Minster.

By Henry Walker.

(Illustrated from Photographs supplied by the Author.)

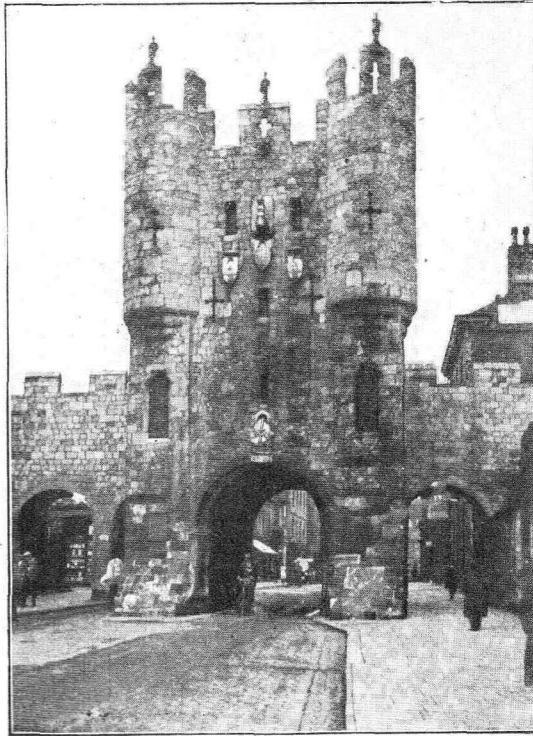
WHEN the Romans invaded Britain, they built themselves a city on the banks of the Yorkshire Ouse, and called it Eboracum. It became their seat of govern-

ment, where Roman Emperors ruled the then known world. They walled it in, erected defensive works, and the traveller who visits York, which rose out of the ruins of Eboracum, may still see the walls whose foundations were laid by the Romans, and numerous other relics, including a Multangular Tower, which formed part of the Roman stronghold. Upon the withdrawal of the Roman legionaries, York began to rear its head, the earliest buildings being erected within the walls, and although the city has extended far beyond their limits, the oldest buildings existing to-day are to be found inside the walled enclosure.

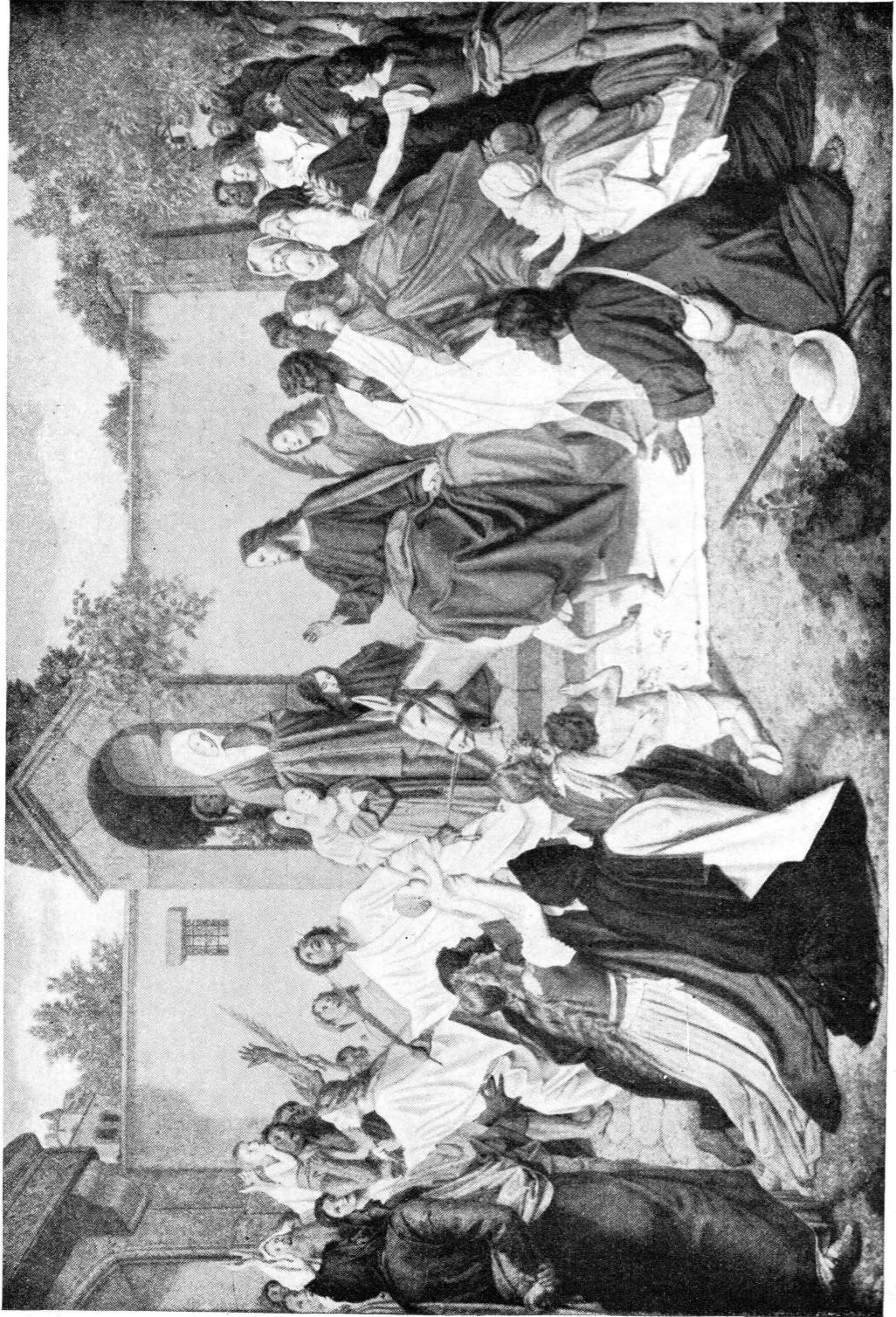
Of these the great Minster Church of St. Peter takes foremost place. Its towers dominate the city, and are visible for miles across the wide-stretching Plain of York. It had a humble beginning, and has had a very chequered career. In the seventh century, Edwin, King of Northumbria, who had been bap-

tised by Paulinus, a Roman missionary, erected a wooden church for Christian worship. Later he built one of stone, which was ruthlessly demolished by Penda, the Pagan. It was restored by Wilfrid, the third Archbishop, in 669. Shortly afterwards it was destroyed by fire, when it was again rebuilt by Archbishop Albert (768-782). During the Norman invasion the Minster again suffered from fire, and was rebuilt by Archbishop Thomas (1070-1100). In the reign of Stephen another disastrous fire occurred, the damage being repaired by Archbishop Roger (1145-1181). Early in the thirteenth century began the building of the Minster as we see it to-day. In 1215 the South Transept was completed by Archbishop Walter de Gray. The North Transept was then built by John le Romaine, Treasurer of the Minster; his son, Archbishop le Romaine (1286-1289) laid

the foundations of the Nave, which, with the West Front was completed by Archbishop Melton, whilst Archbishop Thoresby (1352-1373) added the Choir. The whole edifice was completed in 1472, the work of construction having lasted for more than two centuries. Viewed from the Walls,



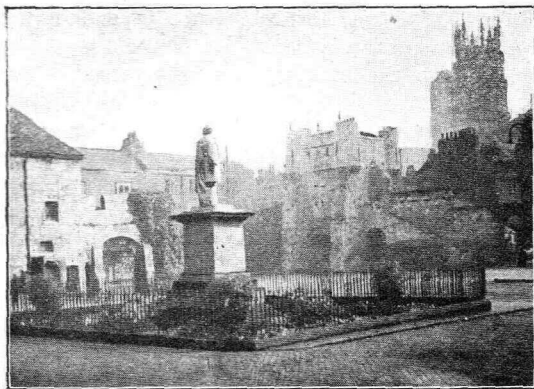
MICKLEGATE BAR, YORK.



From the Painting by

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

[E. Deger.]



STATUE OF WILLIAM ETTY, YORK.

between Bootham Bar and Monk Bar, some idea may be gained of the external grandeur of the Minster, and a tribute of admiration paid to the builders who counted no sacrifice too great in their efforts to raise a Temple fit for the worship of God.

It is not possible in the space at command to give a detailed description of the Minster; it cannot fail to impress the beholder with its beauty, and may safely be left to speak for itself.

York Minster has seen stirring times—Edward IV. and Richard III. were crowned within its walls, whilst Henry III. married Margaret, the daughter of the King of Scotland, and Edward III. married Philippa, niece of John of Hainault, in the Minster.

In 1829, a shoemaker, a religious maniac, set fire to the Choir, which was totally destroyed, the cost of the restoration amounting to £65,000. In 1840 another conflagration broke out, owing to the carelessness of a workman, when the south-west tower and roof of the Nave were destroyed.

Of the many treasures belonging to the Minster, probably the most interesting is the Horn of Ulphus, which is to be seen in the Vestry. It was made out of an elephant's tusk, twenty-nine inches in length, and is curiously carved, and was at one time enriched with gold ornamentation. Several of the estates of the Minster are held by virtue of the Chapter being in possession of the Horn of Ulphus. It appears that Ulphus, the son-in-law

of Canute, had some trouble with his two sons about their inheritance, so determining to mete out equal treatment to them, he took the Horn to the Minster, filled it with wine, and, kneeling before the high altar, drank it off, and vowed that his lands and revenues should henceforth be dedicated to God and St. Peter for ever. After the Reformation, the Horn was stolen, but it was recovered by Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliamentary Forces, whose son, Lord Fairfax, returned it to the Minster in 1675.

One other sacred building in York, the Abbey of St. Mary, is deserving of special notice, although it is now only beautiful in ruins, and carefully preserved in the charming grounds of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society. The existing ruins are those of the Church, built by Simon de Warwick, Abbot (1259-1299), together with the protecting walls of the Abbey, the Gate House, the Hospitium, or Guest House, the Watergate, and the vestibule of the Chapter House, now used as a mediæval architectural museum.

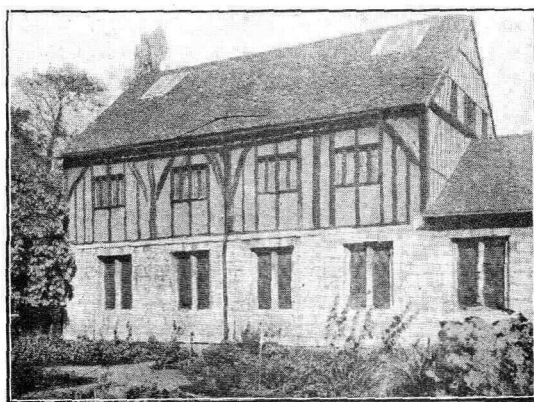
The museums, within the grounds, contain many relics of Ancient Eboracum, including the finest collection of Roman Pottery in the kingdom. The Multangular Tower, to which reference has already been made, also stands in the grounds, near the

ruins of the Hospital of St. Leonard.

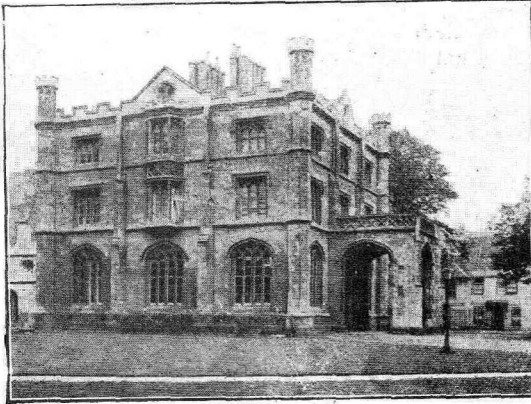
The walls of York extend for a distance of three miles, and it is possible to make the circuit on foot,



YORK MINSTER.



GUEST HOUSE, ST. MARY'S ABBEY, YORK.



THE DEANERY, YORK.

with a slight break here and there. The visitor will find the walk of the greatest interest, and will be rewarded with many delightful views of the city, with the great Minster soaring boldly in the midst. Four of the Gateways, or Bars, still remain, spanning the busy streets of the city, and all possess historic interest. Micklegate Bar will ever be famous, or infamous, as the place where it was customary to exhibit the heads of traitors on its towering turrets, the last exhibition being after the battle of Culloden, in 1746. Walmgate Bar is the only defensive gateway in England still in possession of its Barbican, Monk Bar is reputed to be the most perfect specimen of a mediæval gateway still in existence in this country, whilst Bootham Bar still retains its portcullis intact.

What tales these old gateways could tell of the life of the Middle Ages, and of the horrors of Civil War, were they vocal!

At the eastern end of the Minster there is a very interesting old building, known as St. William's College. Its half-timbered front overlooks the roadway, and an ancient gateway gives access to a quaint courtyard, which cannot fail to delight the eye of the antiquary or artist.

It was erected as a residence for priests of the Minster, letters patent having been granted for the purpose by Henry VI.

During his residence in York, in 1642, Charles I.

set up the Royal Printing Press in one of the apartments of the College.

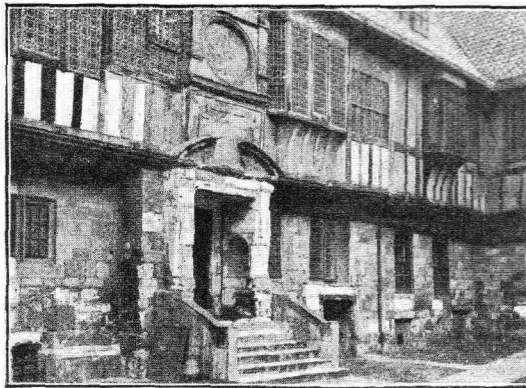
Although the building has long ceased to be used for its original purpose, it is still partially utilised for ecclesiastical gatherings, but, owing to its age and quaintness, it has become one of the "show-places" of York.

It is interesting to note that the Palace of the Cæsars was in Bedern Street, a short distance from St. William's College. There Severus gave his dying charge to his sons, the infamous Caracalla and the unfortunate Geta. There, too, Papinian, the famous Roman lawyer, discharged the high functions of the prætorian prefect; there Constantius died, and Constantine the Great was invested with imperial purple by the Roman legions, and there the first Christian Emperor was born.

There are fourteen ancient parish churches in York, most of which possess some architectural

or other feature of interest. St. Olave's, the oldest, dates back to the middle of the eleventh century. St. Martin-le-Grand has a reredos of stone with an ornate carving of The Last Supper. St. Michael's bell rings the Curfew, and the day of the month, St. Denys' has stained glass of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and a Norman doorway, and St. Margaret's is famed for its elaborate Norman

Porch, which came from the Hospital of St. Nicholas, near Walmgate Bar, at the Dissolution.



DOORWAY, ST. WILLIAM'S COLLEGE, YORK.



CHURCH OF THE ABBEY OF ST. MARY, YORK.



By Thomas Cobb.

With Illustrations specially drawn
by J. R. Burgess.

CHAPTER VII.

JIM Benham raised his head and looked at the letter once more. Leaning back in his chair, he glanced round the room, wondering whether he could be dreaming or suffering from some hallucination. The communication from the bank consisted of a single sheet of paper with printed words at the top and spaces beneath to be filled in by hand. There was no mistake about one thing. His own name and address were distinctly written :

Mr. James Benham,
Boundary Farm,
Wildbrook.

Below was a notification that "the following amount has been placed to the credit of your account":

£1000 os. od.

In continuation of this astounding announcement was the name of the person who had paid it in :

Arthur Richardson.

Who was Arthur Richardson? Jim felt confident that he had never known anybody of that name. Why should Arthur Richardson have placed a thousand pounds or for that matter a thousand pence to his credit at the Southminster Old Bank?

No doubt, Jim told himself, he would be able to learn more about it in the morning. The bank closed at noon on Saturdays, but he would walk over to Ashbridge directly after breakfast in the hope that Meredith might throw farther light on the subject.

A thousand pounds! Jim's anxieties were

relieved at one stroke! In the first place he would send Mr. Farington a cheque for the two quarters' arrears of rent. He would pay every debt that was owing. He would purchase the new poultry houses for which he had been longing, employ additional labour on his land, buy some more sheep. By and by as his prospects improved he might even gain his heart's desire!

Rising from his chair, followed by Sam, he went out to the garden bareheaded in the darkness, and on re-entering the house found Selina preparing supper. Before sitting down to the meal he must tell his mother the good news! Mrs. Benham was sitting up in bed with one of Miss Grimshaw's red and black shawls over her shoulders, Selina having just brought the bread and milk which always constituted her last meal. Afraid of over-exciting her, Jim sat down on the chair by her side and quietly explained what had happened. Tears filled her eyes as she listened.

"Oh, what a blessed relief!" she exclaimed, covering Jim's hand with her own. "You mustn't imagine that because I seldom say anything I am ignorant of all your anxiety for my sake, Jim. But," she added, "I wonder who can have sent the money!"

Going downstairs presently, he hastened over his supper, in his impatience to let Norah hear of his good fortune. As he had parted from her only a little while ago, she would be surprised to receive a visit from him this evening. She was sitting by the side of a small table in the drawing-room, reading by the light of a crimson-shaded lamp, and nearer to the fire Miss Grimshaw was busily knitting.

Although Jim would have preferred to announce the news to Norah alone, he could not bring himself to wait on the chance that she would accompany him to the door.

After shaking hands with them both, he remained standing on the hearthrug.

"Norah!" he cried. "If you were to try a hundred times you would not guess what has happened since I left you."

"Then I shall not try once," she answered. "You are not sufficiently encouraging, is he, Aunt Margaret?"

Taking the manager's communication from his breast pocket, he gave it to her in silence. Holding it in her hand, which he saw was trembling slightly, she seemed to be reading the words more than once, then slowly shook her head:

"What is it all about, Jim?" she asked.

"Don't you see?" he answered, leaning over her shoulder. "Though I don't wonder you are unable to take it in. Some unknown person has paid in a thousand pounds to my credit. A thousand pounds, Norah!"

"There now," exclaimed Miss Grimshaw. "I have dropped my stitch."

"How splendid!" murmured Norah.

"But who in the world can Arthur Richardson be?" demanded Jim.

"Really," said Miss Grimshaw, bending over her work, "I can't see that it matters as long as you have the money."

"Anyhow, I shall find out as soon as I get to the bank in the morning."

"You think that Mr. Meredith will be in a position to tell you?" suggested Norah.

"Richardson," said Miss Grimshaw, "is such a common name."

"Anyhow," cried Norah, "I shall call to see Mrs. Benham in the afternoon and then you must tell me what you hear at Ashbridge. The important thing is that all your difficulties ought to be at an end."

"Still," answered Jim, "I confess I should like to know where the money came from."

"Does that matter very much?" urged Norah. "It must have come from somebody who can spare it, somebody who wishes you to have the benefit of it."

A little later she accompanied him to the door.

"Good-night, Jim," she said.

"I don't feel much like sleeping," he replied, "till I have seen Meredith."

On reaching home he was surprised to find that Selina was still up. Mrs. Benham had asked her to tell Jim to go to her room again before he turned in for the night. He found his mother intensely excited.

"Jim," she exclaimed, "I have been wondering and wondering. I can't think of anything else. All kinds of ideas have been passing through my mind. I imagine first one person, then another. Do you think it could have been old Mr. Combermere?"

"He is supposed to be rather close-fisted,"

answered Jim. "It is difficult to suppose that he would part with a thousand pounds without the remotest prospect of getting it back."

"Whoever sent it can't want it back," Mrs. Benham insisted. "Mr. Combermere is very, very wealthy, and he has always liked you. I really cannot think of anybody who is more likely."

He tried to persuade her to think of something else, fearing she would pass a sleepless night, and sitting down on the edge of the bed, he began to talk of other things. But for his own part he sat up late and read the letter once or twice more before he at last turned out the gas. Even then he could not go to sleep. He turned restlessly from side to side, thinking one minute of various uses to which the money might be put, another of the identity of his mysterious friend.

It was past three before he fell asleep, and hearing the clock of Saint Stephen's, he remembered the last time he had been awake at the same hour. That was the night when Hopper occupied the spare room, and stole out in the darkness after (as Sergeant Doyle insisted) removing Mrs. Farington's jewels from the black leather case and secreting them about his person.

It was, perhaps, the diversion of his thoughts to the night of the robbery that at last enabled Jim to go to sleep, and his dreams were a curious medley of Hopper, the thousand pounds and the pearl necklace. On awakening later than usual on Saturday morning, he found it difficult to dissociate one from the other.

Having had his bath and shaved and dressed, he went downstairs and out to the orchard, telling himself what a revolution he would bring about on the farm. Presently he carried up his mother's tray as usual and heard without the least surprise that she had lain awake the greater part of the night.

"I am sure I have thought of every likely and unlikely person in the neighbourhood," she said. "After all it may be the very last one we should imagine. There is Miss Grimshaw, Jim!"

"Well," he answered with a laugh, "you will have to try again. Miss Grimshaw is certainly the very last."

"It could not have been Norah," exclaimed Mrs. Benham.

"What can have put such a wild idea into your head?" demanded Jim.

"The best plan is to think of everyone you know," said his mother, "and put aside those who appear quite out of the question. When Mr. Livermore, the solicitor at Ashbridge, made poor Mr. Lindsey's will, I heard all about it. Mr. Lindsey told me himself. He appointed two trustees, though I forget their names, who pay her the interest half-yearly. So that I don't

suppose she could put her hand on a thousand pounds or anything like it, however badly she wanted it."

Jim had heard about the terms of the late Mr. Lindsey's will a dozen times. It was true that Norah had offered to help him before her departure to London, but then there had been only the question of, perhaps, a hundred and fifty pounds. But Jim was trying to suspend his judgment till he saw Mr. Meredith. It was a beautiful morning when he left Boundary Farm, the sun shining, a fresh breeze fanning his face as he stood for a moment at the gate looking towards the Small House in the hope of seeing Norah. She often set out early on her bicycle to the vicarage in order to learn whether there was anything in particular that Mr. Vining wanted her to do. As he was a bachelor and had no curate, it was difficult to imagine what he would have done without his predecessor's daughter.

There was, however, no sign of her this Saturday morning, and Jim started on his way, walking with long strides and nodding more cheerfully than usual to one or two acquaintances. On reaching the five-barred gate of Redlands, he saw the gardener pushing the mowing machine and, watching him, Mr. Combermere stood holding Agatha's arm. He wore a long thick overcoat with the collar turned up to his ears.

"Ah, Benham!" he exclaimed, bringing Jim to a standstill. "A fine

morning! Where are you off to at five miles an hour, eh?"

"I am going to the bank," answered Jim, suddenly recollecting his mother's suggestion that Mr. Combermere might have been the donor.

"The bank!" said the old man. "He looks as if he had come into a fortune, doesn't he, Agatha?"



"WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT, JIM?" SHE ASKED. "DON'T YOU SEE?" HE ANSWERED. "A THOUSAND POUNDS, NORAH!"

"I hope you have, Mr. Benham," cried Agatha with one of her pleasant smiles.

"There's many a true word spoken in jest," said Jim, and overflowing with the subject, he was tempted to tell her of his recent good fortune.

"Congratulations!" answered Agatha enthusiastically. "How excited you must feel!"

"Well, I do," said Jim. "And tremendously anxious to learn whom I have to thank."

"A word of advice, Benham," exclaimed Mr. Combermere. "Let sleeping dogs lie. Your friend obviously wishes to remain unknown. The least you can do is to allow him to have his own way. It might be a mistake to be too inquisitive."

"Still," said Agatha, "it is only natural that Mr. Benham should want more information—if he can obtain it."

She seemed to understand his feeling better than Mr. Combermere. Last night, it is true, Jim had been conscious only of relief on seeing the end of his difficulties, but this morning, amidst his thankfulness, a sense of obligation grew stronger with every pace he took towards Ashbridge. Valuable as the assistance was, grateful as he felt for it, he was not entirely free from humiliation that it should be necessary.

CHAPTER VIII.

"**T**HEN," said Mr. Meredith, "you actually have no idea who has been improving the state of your account in this way?" The bank parlour seemed a different place from what it had been on his last visit, when he had entered it to ask for an overdraft. Mr. Meredith seemed different. He had shaken hands more warmly and invited Jim to sit down without appearing in the slightest hurry to get rid of him, though Saturday was a busy morning.

"I hoped you might be able to enlighten me," answered Jim.

"All I can tell you is," said the manager, "that we received a letter from this Arthur Richardson yesterday morning, on behalf of a client, enclosing a cheque, signed by himself, for a thousand pounds and requesting that it should be placed to your credit."

"But who is Arthur Richardson?" demanded Jim.

"He writes from Lincoln's Inn Fields," Mr. Meredith explained, "and on the notepaper of Dixon and Praed, a well known firm of solicitors."

"I have never heard their name," said Jim. "Do you imagine that Richardson is a partner?"

"I should say not. If he were his name would

be printed on the notepaper. He may be their managing clerk."

"The only plan will be to run up to London on Monday and see him," suggested Jim.

"What should you gain?" asked Meredith.

"I should learn the name of his client."

"Extremely unlikely," Meredith insisted. "If the donor had wished his name to be known Richardson would naturally have mentioned it. He obviously prefers to remain in the background and nothing can be more improbable than that his solicitor would give him away."

The bank manager's advice in fact closely agreed with that which Jim had just received from Mr. Combermere. Moreover, the vicar was prepared to endorse it. Jim met him on his way home close to the vicarage pond, from which Sergeant Doyle had retrieved Mrs. Farington's jewel case. Hearing that Jim had something to say, the vicar asked him to come to his study, where years ago, in Mr. Lindsey's time, he had spent many a happy hour with Norah.

Mr. Vining possessed a fund of sound common-sense. When Jim hinted at his sense of obligation to some person unknown, the vicar bluntly told him to put his pride in his pocket.

"You can't have everything your own way, Benham," he continued. "Perhaps, as much generosity is required to accept a favour as to grant one. Nothing could be more spontaneous than the conduct of this friend of yours. You will show more appreciation by lying low and saying nothing than by trying to discover his identity."

Still, Mr. Vining could not help feeling a little natural curiosity and the same afternoon made his way to Redlands, although he knew that Mr. Combermere always retired for a siesta after luncheon. Agatha at the piano in the drawing-room saw the vicar walking along the gravel path, and opening the French window, admitted him without troubling the parlourmaid.

Sitting by the fire, stroking the head of Mr. Combermere's old black spaniel, he discussed Jim Benham's good fortune.

"Then," suggested Agatha, "he did not succeed in gaining any further information at the bank?"

"Well, none of great importance," was the answer. "Still, he learnt that Arthur Richardson wrote on the notepaper of a quite eminent firm of solicitors: Dixon and Praed. I don't know whether you have heard of them."

"Dixon and Praed," repeated Agatha. "The names seem familiar. Perhaps I have seen it in the newspapers."

"Frequently, no doubt. Anyhow," said Mr. Vining, "the money is just what Jim wanted. It will be the making of him, though," the vicar

added with a smile, the fellow is a little scrupulous about making use of it. At least, he was till I talked to him,"

"It must have come from someone in this neighbourhood," suggested Agatha. "From someone who knew that he kept his account at the Old Bank."

"It is the only one at Ashbridge," said Mr. Vining. "Besides, even if Jim hadn't a banking account, the manager would have written to say one had been opened for him. I confess that I wondered whether Mr. Combermere could have had anything to do with it."

Agatha slowly shook her head.

"I really haven't the shadow of a doubt who it was," she exclaimed. "Norah Lindsey, of course! You heard how enthusiastically she spoke of him here the other afternoon."

Mr. Vining, however, would not hear of this. Apart from any other objection, he insisted, as Mrs. Benham had done, that it was quite out of the question.

"Norah's money is strictly tied up," he said. "One of her trustees is Darbishire of Saint Luke's, Ashbridge, the other Renshaw of All Souls', Adam's Cross. Nothing would have induced them to let her alienate any of her capital."

Although Mr. Vining spent a very pleasant afternoon at Redlands, he left the house without arriving at a solution of the problem which continued to agitate Mrs. Benham's mind throughout the day. She usually dozed away the time between dinner and tea, but this afternoon she could not close her eyes. Her mind was abnormally alert, but it was not till half-past five that an idea occurred to her, an extremely startling idea, which yet she felt confident was justified.

Now she longed for a confidant. Jim had gone to speak to Collings about some cattle, which he hoped might be turned into his fields for a few weeks. Norah had not put in an appearance this afternoon. Perhaps, she would not come to-day!

She generally looked in on Saturday, Sunday being a busy day for her, and as the organist was away, she had volunteered to take his place. He had taught her to play during her father's incumbency, and she was glad of the opportunity to take the services.

Mrs. Benham thought she might be practising in the organ loft this evening, and was giving up the expectation of a visit from her, when she entered the room with Jim, who had met her a few yards from the gate.

"The fact is," she said, when he had kept her



"JIM, I KNOW WHO SENT YOU THAT THOUSAND POUNDS," SAID MRS. BENHAM.

in the road a few minutes, explaining his experiences during the day, "you are so ridiculously proud that you hate to allow anyone the gratification of doing you a good turn. Have you sent Mr. Farington a cheque yet?" she added.

"Not yet."

"But you are going to, Jim!" she urged.

"The first thing on Monday morning," he answered. "I should like to know where the money came from, but anyhow, I have made up my mind to follow the vicar's advice and use it to the best advantage."

Then they entered the garden, and going to the sitting-room at once perceived that Mrs. Benham was labouring under intense excitement. Instead

of lying flat on her back, she had raised herself on her elbow while there was a tell-tale flush on her cheeks.

Going to her side, Norah re-arranged her pillow.

"Hadn't you better lie down!" she said,

"My dear, I positively can't," cried Mrs. Benham. "I have never felt so excited in my life. Never! Of course, you have heard the extraordinary news."

"Everybody in the village seems to have heard," answered Norah. "And there is nobody who doesn't rejoice at Jim's good fortune."

Mrs. Benham shook her head with a doleful expression.

"Ah, Norah," she said, "the question is whether there is any cause for rejoicing after all."

"Why mother," cried Jim, "what has been happening since I went out?"

"A great deal," Mrs. Benham insisted. "A great deal has been going on in my mind. Jim, I know who sent you that thousand pounds."

"You—you know!" exclaimed Jim, with a start.

"Unfortunately, I do," she answered, while Norah turned to look up at his astonished face.

"It flashed upon me quite suddenly," Mrs. Benham continued, "not more than an hour ago. I think of all kinds of things while I lie here."

"Well, now, who was it?" demanded Jim, telling himself that she had been weaving romances as she frequently did.

"Very likely you will not believe me," she said. "Still, I haven't the shadow of a doubt in my own mind."

"Is it anybody I know, Mrs. Benham?" asked Norah.

"It is true you saw him, though only for a few minutes," cried Mrs. Benham. "The astonishing thing is that Jim did not think of him in the first place. It seems so simple now I know."

"But," urged Norah, bending over her, "you forget that we don't know yet. You have not told us. Don't you realise how tantalising you are? Please put us out of suspense."

"You remember," said Mrs. Benham, "the afternoon when Mrs. Farington's pearls were stolen in the train."

"What has that to do with my banking account?" demanded Jim.

"Wait a moment," Mrs. Benham continued. "What was that dreadful man's name?"

"Hopper," answered Jim. "John Hopper."

"Ah, yes, Hopper. I can see him now sitting in that chair by the door, with his head drooping forward as he tried to keep awake. And the jewel case stood on the floor by his side. Little did any of us imagine what was inside of it."

"What in the world can Hopper have to do with my thousand pounds?" muttered Jim.

"Don't be impatient," said his mother. "You must give me time to tell you in my own way. No doubt you saved Hopper's life. And though he was a thief that is no reason why he should not feel grateful. He said that he did. You repeated his very words. He told you that he hoped he might have a chance of paying you back."

Jim turned away from the sofa and going to the fireplace, stood on the hearthrug with his elbow resting on the mantel-shelf.

"You are surely not suggesting," said Norah, still by Mrs. Benham's side, "that it was Hopper who sent the money to the bank!"

"It was no one else," was the reply. "I feel perfectly certain. I have not a single doubt."

"How could he know that Jim was in need of help?" asked Norah.

"Anybody in Wildbrook could have told him that."

Norah darted a glance at Jim, whose face was averted. His attitude, however, gave her the impression of dejection.

"It does not seem likely," she said, "that Hopper would have a thousand pounds to give away."

"He would be able to sell Mrs. Farington's pearls for a large sum," Mrs. Benham insisted. "And easy come, easy go, they say. Now, you can understand why the money was sent so mysteriously. Any ordinary person would simply have handed it to Jim."

"And most likely," said Norah, "Jim would have thrown it in his face."

"But this Hopper," Mrs. Benham continued, "was afraid to appear. He was liable to arrest. The risk would be too great, and consequently he got Mr. Richardson to act for him."

One thing by this time at least seemed plain. Mrs. Benham was in a condition of collapse after her long conversation. She had not talked so much for many months. Her head fell back on to the pillow, and Norah looked at Jim.

"You had better," she cried, "get your mother upstairs at once."

He was by the sofa in an instant, and with Norah's help succeeded in raising her to her feet. She seemed so weak, however, that he lifted her in his arms as if she were a child, carrying her upstairs and laying her on the bed.

"If you leave us alone," said Norah, who had followed him, "I will see to her."

Jim went downstairs again, and flinging himself into a chair, took out his pipe. Sam, apparently aware that something had gone wrong, rested his

The Faith We Confess.

By The Rev. W. S. Hooton, B.D.

4.—The Sufferings of Christ: What Do They Mean?

IT is very noticeable, in both our most familiar Creeds, that the second part is the longer, and its definitions the fuller. This is natural; for here is the central portion of the Christian Faith. Around the Person and Work of the Saviour the chief battles of

muzzle on his master's knees and the pipe went out before Norah re-entered the room.

"Jim," she said, going to his side as he rose, "you can never be foolish enough to believe there is a word of truth in Mrs. Benham's suggestion."

"I don't know," he answered. "Anyhow, I wish she had not put the notion into my head. Suppose that by any chance she should be right!"

"How can she be?" demanded Norah a little impatiently. "It is the very wildest idea I have ever heard."

"Still," said Jim, "she is right about one thing. Hopper did seem grateful. He did say he would like to have the chance of paying me back."

"What of that?" retorted Norah. "People say all kinds of things without meaning them."

"That is all very well," cried Jim. "But I want to be on the safe side. Suppose I were to discover the money came from Hopper after I had spent it; that is to say that it was the result of the robbery?"

"It did not come from Hopper, Jim."

"How can you tell for certain?" he answered. "There may be something in what my mother says. If so I would sooner turn out of here next week than spend a penny. There is only one thing that can satisfy me now."

"What is that?" murmured Norah, resting her hand on his arm.

"To put the matter beyond a doubt. To learn definitely where the money came from," said Jim.
(To be continued.)

Unto those that are proved by temptations heavenly comfort is promised. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life." Divine consolation is given that a man may be bolder to bear adversities.



From the Picture by]

ST. PETER'S DENIAL OF OUR LORD.

[Graf Harra h.

Christendom have been waged. Here we are in the very citadel of the Gospel of God as revealed in His word. By His grace it has been valiantly defended by our fathers, and we occupy it now. By His grace alone can we hand it on in our turn: for those great battles are showing notable signs of coming to another climax now.

Last time, with reference to the *Person* of our Lord, we saw that the only possible Mediator is the Mediator whom the Divine mercy has provided—Perfect God, perfect Man; one Person with these two complete Natures. (The Nicene Creed and the Athanasian expound this with especial

fulness). Now we turn to His mighty redemptive and mediating *Work*. And the first part of it comes fitly in this month, which brings round the sacred season in which we meditate on the Passion of our Lord.

His Passion—viz., His *Sufferings*. What do they mean? That question will occupy us to-day; and we will seek in some succeeding papers, partly coinciding with the Easter and Ascension seasons, to dwell upon His *Triumph*: what does that also mean, in its various phases of Resurrection, Ascension, Heavenly Session, and Return?

He "suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried, He descended into hell."

Notice how the words are piled up, one upon another, even in so short a Creed. He "suffered," "was crucified," "dead," and "buried." And the exact time is specified—"under Pontius Pilate." All this safeguards the literal historical facts on which our Faith is built (as also, of course, do other clauses). We must never forget that the Christian Faith is built on facts. It is foolish to talk as if dogma might be merely a matter of fancy.

Early in Christian history false teachers said that our Saviour did not really die; that it was a phantasm which hung upon the Cross. Another danger, more especially affecting our times, is that of belittling the deep *meaning* of His Death. And Scripture safeguards in most careful detail both its reality and its meaning.

The other two Creeds help us more in this matter. The Nicene says He was crucified "for us." The Athanasian—"Suffered for our Salvation." Yes: our all, for time and for eternity, depends upon that vicarious Atonement, when the Blood of the spotless Lamb of God, suffering in our stead, was shed by Him on our behalf—"unspeakable Gift" of our God, Who is Love! No mere Example, however perfect, could have availed; for it could make no reckoning with the guilt of sin. Example it is indeed, as our Church plainly teaches; but Atonement too. And therein lies its eternal power as "a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world." "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." He hath "loosed us from our sins by His blood" (Rev. v. 12, i. 5, R.V.). He saves from sin's guilt and power too: He cleanses and enables. Has any reader not yet accepted this great salvation? If so, why? For it is offered as a 'free gift,' on one condition only—the empty hand of repentant faith (see Rom. vi. 23). And "how shall we escape if we neglect" (not "reject" merely) "so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3).

The next clause, though somewhat distinct in

subject, on the whole comes best in this paper. "He descended into hell." What does that mean? Not Gehenna, the place of torment; but Hades, the place of departed spirits. Scripture tells little of the unseen world, and nothing to gratify mere curiosity. Those who pry farther, do it at their peril, in face of fearful Divine warnings. But Scripture implies the fact here stated. See especially Acts ii. 27, 31, R.V. And this clause does two things for us. It re-emphasises the *fact of death*. His human spirit was really departed from the body, as in the case of others who die. And there is also the truth beautifully taught in these words:—

"Christ leads us through no darker rooms
Than He went through before."

Something mysterious, awesome, attaches to the passage from this life to another. But He has penetrated this unseen mystery in His humanity. Yes, and He is Lord of it also in His Deity! All this is to remove our fears. He has delivered the believer from the bondage of the fear of death, by bringing to nought him that had the power of it: He holds the keys of death and of Hades and, for the believer, "to depart" is "to be with Christ"; which is "far better."

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10/- will suffice.

Cheques payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crosses, may be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Howard Williams, Esq., Dr. Barnardo's Homes (Dept. C.M.), 18-26, Stepney Causeway, London, E. 1.

Easter Offerings. **For a Confirmation.**

THERE is nothing that should appeal more strongly to the average Churchman's sense of justice than the duty of giving as liberally as possible to the financial support of the clergy. And the ideal way of doing this is through the Easter Offering. We once more reiterate the basis on which the plea for the observance of the ancient custom of presenting this offering to the clergy rests:—

- (i) It is a ready, easy, simple, and practically costless way of supplementing the income of the clergy.
- (ii) It is applicable to every parish, and should be adopted in rich parishes for this reason—that even if the Clergyman is comfortably off, he may know many poorer brethren whom he can help by a timely gift from his Easter Offering.
- (iii) In these days, it is certainly well to have one Sunday in the year, when Lay Churchmen of every school of thought can simultaneously recognize the labours of those who are over them in the Lord.
- (iv) It is also delightful to have in the Easter offering a link in the spirit of the Scriptural thought, "the rich and poor meet together, the Lord is the Maker of them all." Frequently when things are being done in a parish, the person who is too poor to give what is supposed to be the usual subscription in that particular place, is left out in the cold. The collection of the Easter Offering in Church puts every parishioner on an equality, and is surely worthy of commendation even from this point of view.
- (v) Every Layman has in the Easter Offering an opportunity of doing something practical towards solving one of the most pressing Church problems of the day, namely the provision of a living wage for the over-worked Clergy.
- (vi) All real Penitence must of necessity be crowned with Thankgiving, and our Lenten discipline cannot receive a better endorsement than by the presentation of our Thank-offerings in God's House on the great Festival of the Christian Year.

We shall be pleased, as in previous years, to send supplies of the necessary cards to all Churchwardens willing to make use of them by placing them in the Church seats on the Sunday before Easter Day. The cards will be provided at a nominal charge to parishes where *The Church Monthly* is in circulation, and for a small charge in other parishes. Applications should be sent as early as possible to *The Manager, The Church Monthly Office, 33 and 34, Craven Street, Charing Cross, London, W.C. 2.*

MY Father, can there ever be
A love so sweet, so true as Thine?
Which Thou hast long bestowed on me,
And still is mine.

This day I come to Thee afresh,
And plead with Thee to be forgiven,
Guide me, O Lord, and teach Thy child
The way to Heaven.

So help me Lord to keep my vow,
I pray Thee now my heart to fill,
And grant me earnestly to say,
The words, "I will."

On them for life my soul depends;
From Satan's power now set me free,
For in this solemn hour I choose
The world or Thee.

Defend, O Gracious Lord, Thy child,
Thy Heavenly Blessing on me shine,
That now and always I may be
A child of Thine.

FRANCES E. CUNNINGHAM.

THE LIFE AND THE WAY (Jairolds, price 10s. 6d.) is a text book to life for those who can get inspiration from the choicest selection of sacred poems by varied authors and authoresses.

The book is divided into four parts; "The Word that was made Flesh and dwelt among us," the Christ Child born into the world, His life the Dawn of Hope. The second part deals with the development of the Divine Life in the childhood of Jesus Christ, Hope's dawn maturing to Love's golden Day. Inspiring verses plead the yielding of our lives to Him even as He yields His life for ours, crowning love with supreme sacrifice.

The latter poems ring out in verse the God nature triumphant, dominating man who recognizes therein "the Life and the Way."

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News of the Month.

Queries.

It has been officially announced that the King and Queen will attend the consecration Service of Liverpool Cathedral on July 19th next.

We are delighted to see that the Restoration Fund, St. John's, Waterloo Road, is doing so well. This is no doubt largely due to the cheerful energy of the Vicar, the Rev. J. Woodhouse, who recently informed us that he suspected a paragraph inserted in this column had brought him an anonymous donation. If this should meet the eye of that kind friend, will he or she accept the Vicar's grateful thanks? The amount subscribed to date is less than £400 short of £2,000.

Dr. Walter J. Carey, Bishop of Bloemfontein, is expected to arrive in England, on furlough, this month. He will return to South Africa in September next.

The latest news from the Central Board of Finance received as we go to press is reassuring. The dioceses which did well last year, notably Bath and Wells, St. Albans, and Canterbury, report that they will be able to repeat their success of last year and pay their quotas in full. Other dioceses which have not done so well in the past, such as Durham, Birmingham, and Southwark, have already exceeded the sums which they have paid in previous years. The Budget for 1923 amounted to £155,000, and as the income for 1922 was £121,000 only, it seemed likely that on a similar experience of income there would be a deficiency of over £30,000 on the year's working. It is probable, however, that the result of the year's working of the Board will be to show a much smaller deficiency than had been anticipated.

During the year ended November 1, 1923, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have secured 116 pensions to retired incumbents, amounting in the aggregate to £8,695 per annum. The number of pensions subsisting on October 31, 1923, was 733, and the aggregate charge in respect thereof £55,527 per annum.

After serving the C.E.M.S. for twenty-one years, the Rev. E. Gordon-Savile has announced his intention to resign his position of honorary clerical secretary, after the annual conference at Bradford. The Council has decided to elect Mr. Savile as a Vice-President of the Society, as well as passing a vote of thanks for his long and invaluable services.

Contributions and communications for the Editor should be addressed to the Office of THE CHURCH MONTHLY,

33 & 34, Craven Street, Strand, W.C.

[All letters should be addressed to the Editor (envelopes to be marked QUERIES). Preference will be given to questions on Church Topics, but Queries of a general character will also be answered. If an answer is required through the post a stamped and addressed envelope should be forwarded. Full names and addresses must in all cases be given, but a nom de plume can be used for the reply.]

A. E. W.—Since answering you in the March issue we have found the following particulars you desire. Deaken Institution (1852), Sheffield.

Object.—Annuities, usually of £25, to single women.

Admission.—Candidates usually over 55 years of age, resident in England, of good character, and members of Church of England or Protestant Dissenters acknowledging the Trinity.—Elections annually in October at Sheffield.

Management.—Board of Management and Governors.

Income.—Interest of about £115,000.

Annuity.—(1922) — 194.

Secretary.—W. O. Davies, 30, Bank Street, Sheffield.

With regard to the meaning of the three letters on the disc at the top of the wooden cross, we should advise you to write to the War Graves Commission, Baker Street, W.

WATNEY.—We have seen the date of the Crucifixion given as April 5, A. D. 30.

E.M.L.P.—With reference to a poem commencing, "There is a — whose name is Time," we have looked in Allibone's "Poetical Quotations," but there is no poem on Time with which the above line could be connected; perhaps one of our readers may know the author or where the poem may be found. A P.O. for ros. 6d. will be

sent by the Editor to the first person sending a correct answer to this query.

HARRY KIRK.—The lines, "Hope not to find a friend, but what has found a friend in thee; all like the purchase, few the price will pay; and this makes friends such miracles below," are by Young and appear in his *Night Thoughts*.

G.A.R.—The Penitential Psalms are vi., xxxii., xxxviii., li., cii., cxix., cxliii.; from early times they have been used on Ash Wednesday. The first three at Matins, the 51st at Communion, and the last three at Evensong. The 51st is also called the *Miserere* from its opening words (*Miserere mei Deus*), "Have mercy upon me, O God."

Prayer Book Calendar.	
APRIL	
1 Tu	PALM SUNDAY
2 W	M—Exod 6 v. 2 to v. 13
3 Th	Richard, Bp.
4 F	St. Ambrose, Bp.
5 S	
6 S	5th SUN. in LENT.
7 M	SUNDAY, 6
8 Tu	M—Ex. 2 v. 23 and 3
9 W	Matt. 20 v. 17 to v. 28
10 Th	E—Ex. 4 to v. 23 Mark 15 v. 22 to end
11 F	
12 S	
13 S	PALM SUNDAY.
14 M	MON. in HOLY WEEK.
15 Tu	TUES. in HOLY WEEK.
16 W	WED. in HOLY WEEK.
17 Th	MAUNDY THURSDAY.
18 F	GOOD FRIDAY.
19 S	EASTER EVEN.
	[Alphege, Abp.]
20 S	EASTER DAY.
21 M	EASTER MONDAY.
22 Tu	EASTER TUESDAY.
23 W	St. George, M.
24 Th	
25 F	St. MARK, E. and M.
26 S	
27 S	1st SUN. after EASTER.
28 M	SUNDAY, 27
29 Tu	M—Isa. 52 to v. 2 Luke 24 v. 13 to v. 35
30 W	E—Isa. 54 John 20 v. 24 to end v. 11
	PALM SUNDAY
	M—Exod 6 v. 2 to v. 13
	Matt. 26
	E—Exod. 10 v. 21 and 12
	Lucie 19 v. 29 to end
	GOOD FRIDAY
	M—Gen. 22 to v. 18
	John 18
	E—Isa. 52 v. 13 and 53
	John 19 v. 31 to end
	EASTER EVEN
	M—Zech. 9 v. 9 to v. 12
	Luke 23 v. 50 to end
	E—Job 19 v. 21 to v. 27
	John 2 v. 13 to v. 22
	EASTER DAY
	M—Ex. 12 to v. 14
	Rev. 1 v. 4 to v. 18
	E—Isa. 51 to v. 16
	Luke 20 v. 11 to v. 23
	EASTER MOND.
	M—Ex. 15 to v. 18
	Luke 24 to v. 12
	E—Isa. 12 1 Peter 1 to v. 12
	St. MARK
	M—Eccles. 51 v. 13 to end
	Acta 15 v. 35 to end
	E—Isa. 62 v. 6 to end
	2 Tim. 4 to v. 11



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Mrs. LEE, of Chorley Wood, writes :

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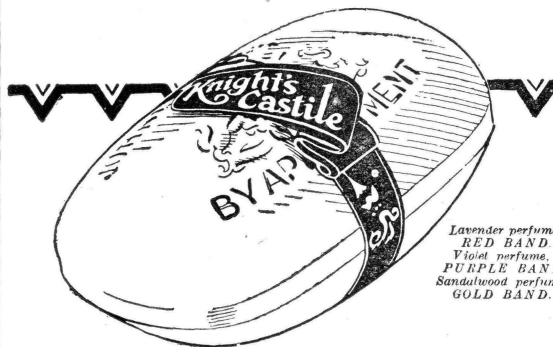
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S. John's Magazine.

GIRLS' SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

On February 28th an entertainment was given by the girls of St. John's Senior School. As usual the room was filled to overflowing, and a very good entertainment was enjoyed by all. If the audience enjoyed the evening as much as the performers, we know that they had a very good time. Grateful thanks are due to those who so kindly supported us by taking tickets, by giving in the collection, and by lending chairs. It is always a great encouragement to see so many friends and supporters of the school gathered together to appreciate the children's efforts.

HOLY BAPTISM.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me
and forbid them not."

March 1 : Betty Irene Jacobs
 March 4 : Florence Lilian Henley
 March 9 : Grace Mary Rawle
 March 10 : Stenson Thomas Underhill
 March 10 : Phyllis Dorothy Hinds

HOLY MATRIMONY

"Those whom God hath joined together, let
no man put asunder."

CHRISTIAN BURIAL.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

March 4 : Jane Andrews, 83 years
 March 6 : Florence Mary Kyte, 21 months
 March 6 : Sophia Jane Sherman, 78 years
 March 12 : Charles Minett, 85 years
 March 13 : Mary Ann Waters, 74 years
 March 19 : Elizabeth Mountford, 51 years

OFFERINGS AT S. JOHN'S

	£	s.	d.
Feb. 20-24 : Sick and Poor.....	15	6	½
Feb. 24 : Church Expenses.....	2	8	11
Feb. 25 29 : Sick and Poor.....	4	2	
March 2 : Sick and Poor	5	0	½
March 2 : Choir Fund	1	15	0
March 2 : S.P.G.	1	7	
March 2 : Altar Fund	1	4	10
March 5-7 : Diocesan Rescue Work	5	11	
March 9 : Sick and Poor.....	1	2	2½
March 9 : Church Expenses ...	2	8	5
March 12.13 : Diocesan Rescue Work	3	0	
March 16 : Sick and Poor.....	16	1	½
March 16 : Church Expenses....	2	16	10
March 16 : Ember Pence.....	10	4	

OFFERINGS AT CROWN EAST CHAPEL.

	£	s.	d.
Feb. 24 : Broadheath Mission Room	14	11	
March 2 : Chapel Expenses.....	13	1	
March 5 : C.E. Waifs & Strays	1	9	
March 9 : Chapel Expenses.....	13	3	
March 16 : Chapel Expenses.....	9	11	

S. JOHN'S FREE-WILL OFFERING SCHEME.

The contributions to the St. John's Church Free-Will Offerings for the month ending with March 16th, amount to £2 0s. 7d., as follows:—

s	d	s	d	s	d	s	d	s	d		
No. 2,	1	4	No. 3,	8	0	No. 4,	6	No. 6,	4		
No. 8,	4	No. 9,	1	4	No. 10,	3	0	No. 12,	1	0	
No. 19,	2	0	No. 21,	1	0	No. 22,	1	3	No. 24,	6	
No. 27,	6	No. 29,	8	No. 30,	6	No. 31,	6	No. 34,	1	0	
No. 35,	1	0	No. 36,	2	0	No. 37,	2	0	No. 39,	1	7
No. 42,	6	No. 49,	1	0	No. 54,	1	0	No. 55,	1	0	
No. 57,	1							No. 58,	3	6	

Secretary, JAMES ROBERTS, 121, Bransford Road.

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HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.

S, JOHN'S CHURCH.

DAILY. Matins—10 a.m.
Evensong—6 p.m.; Wednesdays 7.30 p.m. Holy Communion every Wednesday
Thursday and Friday at 7.30 a.m.

SAINTS DAYS. Holy Communion—8 a.m. and after Matins (when desired).
Matins—10.30 a.m.

SUNDAYS. Holy Communion—8 a.m.; also 7 a.m. last Sunday of the month. Choral at 11 a.m.
1st Sunday in month. Choral every Sunday at 10 a.m. (except on
first Sunday in month). Plain Celebration after Matins on 3rd
Sunday

Matins, Litany, and Sermon—11 a.m. (except on first Sunday in the month).

Children's Service—3 p.m.

Evensong and Sermon—6.30 p.m.

AT CROWN EAST CHAPEL

SUNDAYS. Holy Communion—8 a.m. on Second Sunday in Month, also on Great Festivals, and
11.30 a.m. on Fourth Sunday in Month, after Matins.

Matins, Litany and Sermon—11 a.m. on 1st, 3rd, and 5th Sundays in month.

Evensong and Sermon—6.30 p.m.

"CHAPEL OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD," UPPER WICK.

Holy Communion—As announced.

Evensong—Twice monthly as announced.

AT THE PARISH ROOM.

Mission Service when possible, and as announced.

AT THE PARISH ROOM, BROADHEATH

Evensong and Address on Wednesdays at 7.30 p.m. (from October to end of March).

AT THE JUBILEE ROOM.

Class for Elder Lad^s on Sundays at 3 p.m. (during Winter).

Holy Baptism. During or after any week-day Service (except Wednesday evenings) also
after the Children's Service on Sundays. Two days' notice at least are required
(Forms should previously be obtained from the Sexton).

Churchings. At any week-day service, but notice should first be given.

Sunday Schools (10 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.). Boys—In Jubilee Room. Superintendent:

Miss Hunt. Girls—In Girls' Schoolroom. Superintendent:

Infants (2.30 p.m.)—In Jubilee Room. Superintendents: Miss N. Johns, Miss Chignell.

Sunday School Teachers. Preparation Meeting in the Vestry, Wednesdays after Evensong

a Girl's Club (in connection with G.F.S.)—Tuesday evenings, at Parish Room.

a Mothers' Meeting. Conducted by Mrs. Lewis and Miss W. Norbury, Mondays, Parish
Room, 2.30 p.m.

a King's Messengers (Girls). Parish Room, Mondays, 5.30 p.m.

a S. John's Gymnasium (Infants' School Room).—Mondays: Boys 6.45 to 8.45 p.m.; Men
8.45 to 10 p.m. Wednesdays: Girls 6.30 to 8 p.m.; Ladies 8 to 10 p.m. Fridays: Men
8 to 10 p.m. Secretary—Mr. O. H. Laffin, 69, Rowley Hill Street.

Church of England Men's Society. The St. John's Branch meets on the Tuesday evening
before the first Sunday in each month, first in Church at 8 o'clock, and afterwards in

the Jubilee Room. Men who desire to join should apply to the Secretary, Mr. A.
Laffin, 17, Bromyard Terrace, who will explain the rules of the society.

a During the Winter Months.