

MOTTO FOR 1941:

God is our hope and strength: a very present help in trouble." Psalm xli., 1.

# St. John-in-Bedwardine, Worcester.

Parish Magazine—New Series, No. 195.

Price TWOPENCE



MARCH, 1941.



Vicar: THE REV. C. T. POWELL, M.A., The Vicarage.

Assistant Curate: REV. H. M. STONE, B.A., Elsham, Croome Road,  
Hanbury Park.

Official Woman Worker: DEACONESS C. M. SYKES, M.A., 73, Winchester  
Avenue, Malvern Road.

Churchwardens

{ Mr. Robert Smith, 7, St. John's.

Hon. Secretary of Parochial Church Council: Mr. O. H. Laffin, 8, Homefield Road, Bromwich Road.

Organist and Choir Master: Mr. H. G. Bishop, 78, St. Dunstan's Crescent.

Sexton: Mr. Albert Smith, 6, Church Terrace.

Clerk: Mr. W. H. Thomas, 17, Bromyard Road.

## CHURCH SERVICES.

**First Sunday in the Month.**—7 a.m., Holy Communion; 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 10 a.m., Holy Communion (Choral); 11 a.m., Mattins and Sermon; 12.15 p.m., Holy Communion; 3 p.m., Children's Service; 6 p.m., Evensong and Sermon.

**Third Sunday in the Month.**—7 a.m., Holy Communion; 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 10.15 a.m., Mattins (Plain); 11 a.m., Choral Celebration of the Holy Communion with Sermon; 3 p.m., Children's Service; 6 p.m., Evensong and Sermon.

**Other Sundays.**—7 a.m., Holy Communion; 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 10 a.m., Holy Communion (Choral); 11 a.m., Mattins and Sermon; 3 p.m., Children's Service; 6 p.m., Evensong and Sermon.

**Week Days.**—Mattins daily at 10 a.m.; Evensong daily at 6.30 p.m., Intercessions at Evensong on Wednesdays; Holy Communion on Wednesdays and Fridays at 7.30 a.m.; Holy Communion on Saints' Days at 7.30 a.m., and also at 10.30 a.m.

**Holy Baptism.**—Sundays 3.45 p.m., and Fridays 6 p.m., or by special arrangement with the Vicar. Two days' notice at least is required. (Forms should previously be obtained from the Sexton).

**Churchings.**—Before any Week-day Service, but notice should first be given to the Clergy or Sexton.

**Sunday Schools** (10 a.m. and 2.45 p.m.)—Boys: in Boys' School; Superintendent, The Rev. H. M. Stone.—Girls: In Boys' School; Superintendent: Miss H. M. Davis.—Middle School: In Jubilee Room (Infants' School); Superintendent: Miss C. Willshaw.—Kindergarten: In the Infants' School; Superintendent: Mrs. Powell.

**Parochial Missionary Association.**—Corporate Communion, fourth Sunday in the month. Meetings held according to notice. Hon. Secretary: Miss G. D. Stockall, 81, Comer Road.

**Church of England Men's Society.**—Corporate Communion, first Sunday in the month. Meetings held according to notice. Hon. Secretary: Mr. A. P. Higgins, St. John's Hotel, Bransford Road.

**Walters' Union.**—Enrolling Member, Mrs. Powell, The Vicarage. Corporate Communion, second Sunday in the month. Meetings held according to notice.

**King's Messengers.**—Parish Room, Thursdays, 5.30 p.m.

**Girl Guides.**—St. John's Church Company meets under the direction of Mrs. Annis, "Oaklands," 79, Bransford Road.

**Prayers of the Church.**—Persons desiring the Prayers of the Church either for themselves or for to communicate with the Clergy.

Parishioners are most earnestly requested to inform the Clergy of cases of illness, them of any cases where a pastoral visit would be specially appreciated.

If the Holy Communion will be gladly arranged for those who are too ill to come

**Finance.**—All parishioners and members of St. John's congregation are earnestly subscribers either to the Central Fund (annual or quarterly payments), or the Pig Scheme (weekly payments). The Hon. Sec. of the Central Fund is Mr. T. E. on House, 49, Comer Road, and the Hon. Sec. of the Free-Will Offering Scheme is Laffin, 8, Homefield Road, Bromwich Road.

## HOLY BAPTISM.

*"Suffer the little children to come unto Me,  
and forbid them not."*

- Jan. 24.—Margaret Ann Horsley, 7, Laugherne Road.  
 „ 26.—Brian Anthony Wiggin, 51, Bromwich Road.  
 „ 27.—Susan Mary Roper, 6, Bloomfield Rd.  
 „ 28.—Jean Williams, 49, Pitmaston Road.  
 Feb. 1.—Pamela Margaret Crockett, 28, Hill View Road.  
 „ 9.—Sylvia Margaret Oliver, 41, Pitmaston Road.  
 „ 9.—Christine Mary Stokes, 100, Winchester Avenue.  
 „ 9.—Robert Patrick Munslow, 194, Bransford Road.  
 „ 9.—Raymond Walter Stanton, 12, Narrow Walk.  
 „ 9.—Geoffrey Michael Workman, 20, Bloomfield Road.  
 „ 9.—Anthony John Ernest Pingriff, 14, Boughton Street.

## HOLY MATRIMONY.

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

- Jan. 25.—Clifford Montague Lake and Amy Elizabeth Stanley.  
 Feb. 8.—Walter Harvey Harrison and Ada Lilley.  
 „ 8.—Samuel Michael Pendrey and Catherine Jane Inett.

## CHRISTIAN BURIAL.

*"I am the Resurrection and the Life."*

- Jan. 17.—Frank Molineux, 74 years, 28, Lambert Road.  
 „ 17.—Frederick Oldcorn, 58 years, 65, Foley Road.  
 „ 18.—James Roberts, 68 years, 31, Happy Land West.  
 „ 18.—James Bennett, 75 years, 44, McIntyre Road.  
 „ 22.—Susan Williams, 67 years, 30, St. John's.  
 „ 23.—Florence Lina Page, 73 years, 78, Bromyard Road.  
 „ 25.—Kate Smith, 67 years, 33, Bransford Road.  
 „ 25.—Henry Grainger, 77 years, 2, Sharpe Road.

- Feb. 1.—Alfred George Hammon, 67 years, 1, School Road.  
 „ 1.—Elsie May Allan, 43 years, 43, Boughton Avenue.  
 „ 4.—Alice Williams, 70 years, 78, McIntyre Road.  
 „ 4.—William Harvey Dukes, 83 years, 10, Bromwich Lane.  
 „ 5.—Susan Tearne, 79 years, 1, Bromwich Lane.  
 „ 6.—Walter Walker, 78 years, late of Knight Street.  
 „ 11.—Helen Radley, 92 years, 18, Blakefield Road.

## §IN MEMORIAM.

*Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints in  
Glory everlasting."*

- Mar. 2, 1935.—Edith Reynolds Willshaw, 80 yrs.  
 Mar. 3, 1928.—Ronald Victor Hampton, 11 mos.  
 Mar. 4, 1927.—Brenda Archer.  
 Mar. 11, 1931.—In memory of John Collins.  
 Mar. 18, 1940.—Valence Charles Powell.  
 Mar. 24, 1936.—Sarah Barnard.  
 Mar. 25, 1932.—Beryl Archer.

## CHURCH COLLECTIONS.

*"God loveth a cheerful giver."*

Jan.	15-19.—Parochial Fund ...	...	11	0
„	19.—Church Expenses ...	...	2	0
„	22-24.—Parochial Fund ...	...	1	6
„	26.—S.P.C.K. ...	...	5	5
„	26.—S.P.G. ...	...	6	15
„	29-Feb. 2.—Parochial Fund ...	...	1	19
Feb.	2.—Church Expenses ...	...	3	15
„	2.—S.P.G. ...	...	5	11
„	5-9.—Parochial Fund ...	...	1	10
„	9.—Church Expenses ...	...	3	14

## ST. JOHN'S FREEWILL OFFERING SCHEME.

The contributions for the six weeks ending February 9th amount to £4 16s. 3d., as follows:—

No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	d.
1		6	18	1	0	43	3	0
2	2	6	19	4	6	49	1	0
3	12	0	20	1	0	54	3	0
4	5	6	21		8	55		0
5	6	0	22	1	0	57		6
6		6	23	3	0	58		0
8	2	0	25	1	6	59	1	0
10	1	0	28	2	0	60	4	6
12	4	0	30	1	6	61	1	6
13	1	0	37	1	0	64		
16		10	38	2	0			
17	1	0	39	14	6			

Hon. Secretary: Mrs.  
8, Homefield Road, Br

§Insertions in the "In Memoriam" at the rate of one shilling per line, sent to the Vicar before the 15th of the

# HOME WORDS

ARE WE

By H. T.

AT WAR?

INGRAM.



**L**ENT is the time for a military inspection.

The Church is a Church militant here on earth—a Church at war; every individual Churchman is a soldier. That is all true enough, so true that most of us have taken it for granted, without troubling to discover against whom we are called to fight. Indeed, St. Paul, before he was suddenly enlightened, was for a long time engaged in fighting his best Friend, and he did not discover who his relentless enemy was for many a long day. And you can find men just as ignorant in the next street, possibly in the next house, but most likely in the room in which you are reading this. For a man's deadly foe is so often himself—the good that he would do he leaves undone, the evil that he would not that he does. Thousands upon thousands waste many years of their lives waiting to be called up for active service. They are totally unaware that the enemy is always at the gate. They think there will be plenty of warning before the big fight comes, and training can be safely put off until the Day is in sight. They are not like a certain soldier in the East who wrote home to a friend: "I am keeping myself fit by long tramps up a mountain once or twice a week, so that if my country needs me my muscles may not be flabby. I want to be sound in wind and limb when the call comes."

**U**NDoubtedly, a man is his own worst enemy. From within comes the insidious attack, just as from within comes the determination to resist. From within comes the temptation to follow the line of least resistance, from within comes the summons to endure hardness, tribulation, the "blood, tears and sweat" of active service.

I have said that Lent is the time for a military inspection. It is more than that. It is the time to plan a campaign, to prepare for it with that spirit of adventure which does not count the cost because no cost can be too great to win a victory over the self of whom we are ashamed. But it is not enough to plan details: we have to become fit to carry them out, and that is often a slow and arduous process. No one can lower his handicap even at a mere game without regular and persistent practice, by trying to copy an expert, by overcoming faults and failures, by learning lessons as difficult as they are often disappointing. So often we have to confess ignorance, lack of concentration and a hundred other deficiencies, but I think our most obstinate enemy is complacency—the belief that we are doing the right thing already and that there is no need to "fash" ourselves with efforts to do better.

**T**HERE is another wile of the enemy—a sort of hidden submarine attack when we are totally unaware of hostile activity. It is the belief that God

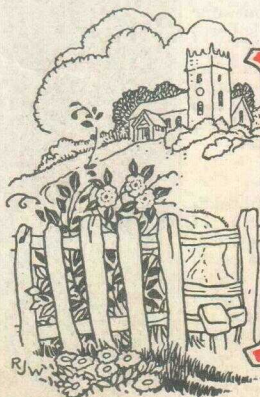
calls us personally to do things *alone* for Him and that there is no need for us to combine in a concerted effort to do

what we cannot do alone. It is so flattering to our self-respect to say, "Alone I did it," or even "God helping *me*, I did it," when what we should be anxious to say is, "I helped to do it with tens, hundreds, or thousands of other soldiers of Christ."

That is one of the reasons we as Christians go to Church. We go to combine, we go to receive regimental orders, we go to plan some advance that cannot be made alone. The prayer and praise of a righteous man avails much, but I am sure the prayer and praise of righteous men avails far more.

**T**HE next time you go to Church remember that the Church is at war, that your duty may be as important as that of a sentry, as that of an observer, as that of a captain on the bridge for many, many hours. Is your religion as real as that? It might be, it must be, if the Church is to be militant here on earth. We must all be proud of being private soldiers with public duty. And part of that duty is to be humble, to suppress our personal likes and dislikes, if by doing so we can insure unity of effort, by our willingness to do small things when we think we could do great things, by our loyalty to those in authority. And all this and far more for love of Christ, Who is the Captain of our Salvation, and the inspiration of every good and noble enterprise.

## GRACE BEFORE BREAKFAST.



**F**OR this rich coffee and the crisp new bread,  
For creamy porridge and the golden toast,  
Give now a gracious thought: incline your head  
And thank the Host.

For this clear morning and the fragrant flowers,  
For this sweet herald of the coming days,  
Lift up your eyes, and fill the lovely hours  
With living praise.

DOUGLAS GIBSON.

# Our Church News

If you know of any Church our readers, send it to the Square, London, E.C.4 shilling prizes are awarded especially

## Open-Air Sunday School.

ON fine Sundays in the summer, the Sunday School at Lesbury, Northumberland, is held in the Vicarage garden. In days of peace the Church bell was rung by one of the junior sidesmen and the children assembled on the Vicarage lawn. This open-air service has proved very popular. The children, led by the Vicar, sing their hymns unaccompanied, and it appears to be excellent practice in openly witnessing for Christ. People passing by on the road outside often stop to ask where the sound of singing is coming from.—The Rev. W. H. JACKSON.



Sunday School in the Open Air at Lesbury.

## The Commandments in Rhyme.

THE Rector of Macksville, New South Wales, writes: In the Australian Bush, where religious education is a difficulty and books scarce, I find any verses or rhymes similar to the following extremely helpful in the sixteen schools I have to visit:

“Thou shalt have none other Gods than Me,  
Before no idol bend thy knee;  
Take not the Name of God in vain  
Nor dare God's Holy Day profane;  
Give both thy parents honour due,  
Take heed that thou no murder do,  
Flee every impure thought, word,  
deed,  
Nor steal from want, nor fear, nor greed,  
Nor tell a wilful lie nor act it;  
What is thy neighbour's do not covet.”

We are deeply concerned about our brethren in England and other spheres of danger, and pray constantly that you may soon be delivered from the agony and tyranny of war. I was in England (a B.E.F. man) in the last war; it is all so different out here, but our hearts are with you all.

## In an Unknown Tongue.

BRIDELL CHURCH in Pembrokeshire, a few miles south of Cardigan, has a very remarkable stone standing in the churchyard. It bears an incised cross, cut within a circle, which indicates its Christian origin and purpose, but it also bears an inscription in the ancient language known as Ogham, which was only deciphered during last century. This language is believed to have come from the Goidelic or Irish invaders of western Britain shortly before the coming of Christianity. Stones bearing this kind of inscription are found in Wales, Cornwall and Ireland. The writing consists of oblique strokes cut upon the edges of the stone. Most of

those known to exist have been defaced and many have had crosses carved upon them, to convert them to Christian usage, presumably by the early missionaries. A cast of this stone is in the Welsh National Museum at Cardiff.—M. W.

## Old and Young.

TO our golden records of long service we add these: Mr. G. Kedge and Mr. G. Lacey have between them sung in the choir of St. Peter's, Norbiton, for over 100 years. Since he was seven years old Mr. William Foot, of Berwick St. John, has been in the Church Choir. He is now 82, and with him are his son and grandson. For 70 years he has been a bell ringer. Throughout his long life he has not needed a doctor!



In an Unknown Tongue.

News which would interest Art Editor, 11, Ludgate during March. Six five monthly. Photographs are welcome.

The War has given the youth of the Parish of Sharnford with Wigston Parva, Leicestershire, the chance to take their place as organists at their own churches. Joan W. Brown, age 11½ years, has taken the place of her uncle at Sharnford, and Rita K. Kibble, age 15, has taken the organist's place at Wigston Parva. Both are doing well in their respective positions.

## Her Great Delight.

SURELY one of the shortest and most significant epitaphs is to be found in Oldswinford Churchyard, Stourbridge. It reads:

“To learn the Scriptures was my great delight,  
And read them to my Grandmother at night.”

Miss M. D. MORRIS.

## Record of Long Service.

MR. WILLIAM BRACEGIRDLE has completed 70 years as a chorister at St. Mary's Church, Rostherne, Cheshire, and is still an active member of the choir which he entered when 8 years of age. In addition to this, he was 54 years a bellringer, retiring from that duty several years ago. He has served as a chorister under six vicars and seven organists (one of the latter, Mr. Ardern, holding office for 55 years). He is the oldest resident born in the Parish and has been employed as a joiner on the Tatton Estate for over 50 years.—The Rev. T. HUGHES.

## The Oldest Soldier (?).

IN Longnor Churchyard is the following epitaph:

“In Memory of William Billinge, who was born in a Cornfield, at Fawfieldhead, in this Parish, in the Year 1679. At the age of 23 years he enlisted into His Majesty's Service under Sir George Rooke, and was at the taking of the Fortress of Gibraltar, in 1704. He afterwards served under the Duke of Marlborough at the ever Memorable Battle of Ramilles, fought on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of May, 1706, where he was wounded by a musket shot in the thigh. He afterwards returned to his native country and with manly courage defended his Sovereign's rights at the Rebellion in 1715 and 1745. He died within the space of 150 yards of where he was born, and was interred here the 30<sup>th</sup> of January 1791, aged 112 years. Billed by Death, I quartered here remain.

When the trumpet sounds I'll rife and march again.”

Mrs. LAWRENCE.

# CHURCH NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD



Barfreston Church South Door.

## Our Heritage.

THERE is a gem of Norman architecture tucked away off the main road from Canterbury to Dover and most difficult to find. This is Barfreston Church. Even after 700 years its wonderful frieze of faces, heads and grotesques are for the most part clear, and represent some of the finest sculpture of the Norman period. I wonder if you know the church. It attracts artists from all over Europe. You can see from the photograph the beauty of the south door. The tiny chancel (extending beyond a nave that is only nine yards long) possesses a lovely Wheel Window above the three Norman lancets at the east end. Although the nave has been restored, the little chancel is just as the Normans left it. One shivers even to imagine that a bomb could destroy such beauty on a single night.—B. D. N. SIMINSON.

## "After Many Days."

LAST July there appeared an account of the way the villagers of East Dean, Hampshire, are working to restore their ancient Church. Among the many churchpeople who read this in their parish magazines was an old-age pensioner, Mr. Bearcroft, of Bromley, Kent. In 1914 Mr. Bearcroft was out of work, and, tramping from London to Bournemouth, he found himself one Saturday night at East Dean. He obtained some food from a villager, but could find no accommodation for the night, so took refuge in the Church porch, where the Vicar of the time, the Rev. J. Passmore May, found him when he arrived for the early service. After the service, the Vicar took him home, gave him breakfast, and arranged accommodation for him, and on the Monday sent him to a friend in Southampton, where he obtained work. The present Vicar was delighted, on opening his letters recently, to receive these details of a truly Christian act, and to receive a generous gift towards the Restoration Fund of the Church from the man

who had been befriended twenty-six years ago.—G. K.

## The Locked Alms Box.

IN the little chapel belonging to Abbot's Hospital in Guildford there is an old alms box, dated 1619. This is of black oak with a hinged lid. I was told by the wife of the Master of the Hospital that the way to open it is a secret which has never been found out. It is not known whether there is any money contained in it. There is only one other alms box of the same sort known to exist in England. The hospital was founded and endowed by George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, who laid the first stone in April, 1619, and settled money for the maintenance of a Master, twelve poor



The Locked Alms Box.

brothers and eight poor sisters. These people must be over 60 years of age and have either been born in Guildford or have lived there for 20 years.—Miss K. CODE.

## Schoolboys' Model of Cathedral.

IN view of the heartless bombing of Coventry and its Cathedral the beautiful cardboard model made by some boys in a Coventry school is of special value. When the new diocese of Coventry was created out of the diocese of Worcester in 1918, the fourteenth century parish church of St. Michael was chosen to be the Cathedral. Later it received its Constitution and Statutes.

Its tower and spire, 303 feet high, Sir Christopher Wren described as the finest in England.—W. E. WARNER.

## Invented the Lifeboat.

IT may interest the visitor to Hythe in Kent, to pay a tribute of grateful remembrance to the memory of Lionel Lukin, the inventor of the lifeboat. In the chancel of the parish church of St. Leonard a beautiful window was unveiled to his memory in 1892, and in the churchyard adjoining, where he lies buried, his tombstone records: "This Lionel Lukin was the first who built a lifeboat, and was the original inventor of that principle of safety by which many lives and much property have been preserved from shipwreck, and he obtained for it the King's Patent in the year 1785." Lionel Lukin was born at Dunmow, in Essex, in 1742, and he died in 1834. His great invention of an unsubmergible boat met with the unqualified approval of those in authority, but did not gain official or national encouragement, and subsequently he had to endure the injustice of knowing that others claimed, and were granted, the distinction of an invention which he knew originated from himself. Disappointed in the non-success of his philanthropic enterprise he retired to Hythe, in 1824, where he lived for ten years, and then quietly passed away, almost unnoticed, and without the reward of receiving the honour which was due to him.

## A Vegetable Service.

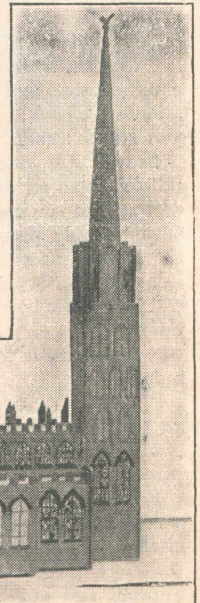
INSTEAD of a Flower Service in Church it might be an excellent innovation to hold a Vegetable Service. The "greens" would be most welcome in hospitals, and the Fleet would be grateful for a supply.—Miss M. WHEATLEY.

## Another Child's Epitaph.

MANY thanks to Mr. Henry Bryett, O.B.E., who has sent us another pathetic little epitaph for a child, which he thinks was contained in an anthology published some years ago:

"Blessed art thou  
whose childish feet  
Stray where the  
living waters  
flow."

\* \* \* We hope to be able to give the January Award next month. The prizes were sent in February.



Model of Coventry Cathedral in Cardboard.

# WITHIN BOW-SHOT:

## The Strange Story of a Nazi Raid.

By GEORGE GOODCHILD.

### Chapter VI.

PETER'S discovery filled him with uncontrollable excitement. The roughly hewn cross on the piece of rock could, in his opinion, have but one meaning. It had been used to mark the spot where the precious ancient documents had been buried. Patricia was inclined to agree with him, but she was aware of a snag in the investigation.

"It doesn't follow that this is the actual place, does it?" she asked. "I mean that in the course of centuries this stone may have got moved."

"I think there's no doubt about that," agreed Peter. "But it must weigh about two hundredweight, and I don't think it could have been moved very far from its original site. "If you plant a heavy piece of rock in comparatively soft soil, rain and dew will cause erosion around it. Its weight would slowly form a depression. That's what I've got to look for."

"The boy has brains," commented Patricia.

"This job will require more than brains. It calls for some hard work with a spade. Fortunately the ground is soft."

"But Peter, will you be allowed to dig here?"

"If it's common land I don't see how anyone can stop me."

"I'm not so sure," replied Patricia. "The use of common land is usually restricted to rights of way and pasture facilities for cattle. Even if the Rural District Council raised no objections to your digging, they'd almost certainly start a legal fight to prevent you from taking possession of anything of value which you found."

"You really are most discouraging," grumbled Peter.

Patricia gripped his hand.

"Oh, no, Peter. But I know how keen you are about all this, and I don't want you to suffer any last-minute set-back. The thing is to find out exactly how you stand legally."

Here Peter was in agreement. He thought that Patricia was right—that he was too prone to let his enthusiasm run away with him. Patricia was always devastatingly practical.

"Who's most likely to know all about the legal side?" he asked.

"Mr. Madden. He's a solicitor, and is on the Council."

"It's difficult to approach him without giving too much away."

"You can think up some excuse. He knows you're an archaeologist, and he mightn't suspect that your question would have any reference to any particular place."

Peter ultimately went to see Madden alone, but the solicitor happened to be away from his office, and his clerk asked if he could do anything. Peter thought the clerk might be a safer proposition than Madden himself, and put his question. Mr. Johns, the clerk, took rather too much for granted. He had heard



"Why didn't you tell me about this when you left the vase?"  
(Page 30.)

about the crater near the church, and what it had revealed, and felt quite certain that Peter was referring to that.

"It's private property," he said. "Right down to the stone wall. It belongs to the church. It didn't always belong to the church," he resumed, before Peter could get in a word. "The end plot was bought in twenty years ago. The Rector was responsible for that. We acted for him. Look, here's the plot on this map."

He referred to a large-scale map which was hanging on the wall. Peter was about to interject that he wasn't referring to the church property at all, when he saw something which made him catch his breath. A comparatively small strip of land immediately beyond the wall was coloured pink, and it was, he felt sure, somewhere within this coloured area that his treasure lay.

"Isn't that part of the common?" he asked.

"Oh, no. It belonged to old Mrs. Drew, who died two years ago. It was offered to the Council, to be incorporated in the common, but they weren't keen to spend any money. I think their idea was that people would use it, anyway, unless it was properly fenced."

"I see," replied Peter. "Then it's for sale?"

"Yes."

"Wouldn't be a bad site for a small house," said Peter musingly.

Mr. Johns, who always had a keen mind for business, forgot the earlier part of the conversation in this new possibility.

"It could be bought very cheaply," he said. "The

trustees are most anxious to liquidate that estate. I believe they would take a hundred pounds to get that plot off their hands."

"All right," said Peter. "But don't take long, because I'm only home for a few days, and I want—"

"I understand," said Mr. Johns. "Life must go on, even in wartime, and I think you'd be very happy up there—in—er—certain circumstances."

Peter laughed, and saw Patricia half an hour later. He told her what had transpired, and Patricia stared at him incredulously.

"You really aren't thinking of buying the land?" she asked.

"If I don't I won't be able to stick a spade into it. I had no idea it was private property. As a matter of fact, it rather fits in with things, doesn't it?"

"How?"

"If we got married we'd have to live somewhere."

"But Peter, we aren't married. Even—if it became possible, what opening is there for you at Fyldon?"

"Fyldon isn't quite in the Sahara Desert. We've two large towns within ten miles. But blame old Johns for all this. It was he who put the idea into my head. Anyway, it provides an excuse for my interest in the plot. The trouble is time is flying. I've less than a week to do what may turn out to be a tremendous lot of work, presuming I can raise the money to buy the plot."

"Can you?" asked Patricia.

"No. I could raise fifty pounds, but I'll never get it for that."

Patricia looked at him seriously.

"I've got thirty pounds," she said.

"Oh, but I couldn't—"

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, this is my own whim. It may turn out to be a wildgoose chase. There may be nothing under the ground."

"But there's always the piece of land, and it is rather nice. I can just imagine a little modern house on that site, with the old church in the background, and the lovely views. Let's go and have another look at it—from a new angle."

This they did, and somehow it looked different with this new idea in their minds. Even Peter's archaeological urge lost a little of its force in view of simpler but more enduring things, and Patricia was visualizing herbaceous borders, crazy paving, labour-saving devices, and a really modern kitchen.

"Yes," she said. "It could be wonderful."

It was when Peter got home that the archaeological side of him was brought into predominance, for there was a letter for him, delivered by hand. It was from Mr. Johns, who stated that he had been in touch with the trustees to the Drew estate. They were willing to sell the plot of land for seventy pounds.

Peter's heart bounded. For seventy pounds that desirable piece of land could be his, to dig up, to build on when better times came along, to do what he liked with. But in the meantime he possessed but fifty-odd pounds. He remembered Patricia's offer, but his pride rebelled at accepting it. A far better idea came to him. There was the bank. If he hurried he could get there before closing time.

It was a very small branch of one of the large banks, but his reception by the manager was quite cordial, for the bank manager had known Peter since he was

a small boy, and had a very deep respect for Peter's father.

"It can be arranged," he said with a smile. "There's no need for a mortgage or anything like that. I know that plot of land and I think the Council was mad not to buy it. You go ahead."

He had tea with his father, and that astute person knew at once that something had happened.

"You never could keep a secret, Peter," he said. "Has Hitler abdicated, or the Rector given his consent?"

"Nothing quite so stupendous as that," replied Peter. "The fact is I'm a landowner."

"What do you mean?"

"I've just bought a plot of land. It's on the western end of the common, quite close to the church."

"Not the plot which the Council declined?"

"The same."

"But why? Aren't you a little premature?"

"Not by a minute," replied Peter. "There's something you don't know. Let me tell you exactly how it came about."

Mr. Brent listened attentively, and when Peter had finished he looked very grave.

"So that's what that old piece of parchment was?" he said reflectively.

Peter nodded, and went to a drawer from which he took the mounted document. He handed it to his father, who perused it for a few minutes in silence. Then he looked up at his son.

"Isn't this going to create a lot of friction, Peter?" he asked.

"In what way?"

"This document doesn't rightly belong to you, does it?"

"No. I propose to give it to the Rector tomorrow."

"But in the meantime you have taken advantage of its contents."

"That's true, but the man who wrote it, centuries ago, didn't intend it for any particular person. Did you notice that he wrote 'whosoever shall find'? Well, I found it. That doesn't make me a thief, does it? I'll admit the document belongs to the Rector, and he's at liberty to do what he likes."

"After you have queered his pitch, so to speak?"

Peter was silent for a moment, as he let the argument sink into his mind.

"Hasn't he queered my pitch?" he asked. "He knows that Patricia and I love each other, and yet he opposes marriage on the plea that Patricia is too young, while his real objection is a personal prejudice against me."

"The plain fact is that the Rector will heartily disapprove of your conduct in this matter, and that is going to make your future more difficult."

"Patricia will marry me when she is of age."

"And alienate the affection of her grandfather?"

"Patricia will never adopt that attitude. She loves everybody, without regard to their station or calling."

"I know that," said Mr. Brent softly. "It's a great pity this friction exists. I think you are right in fighting for your happiness, but I can't help wishing that you had never discovered this document."

He handed it back to Peter, who frowned, and then put it safely away.

## Chapter VII.

ON the following day the plot of land became Peter's property, and with this accomplished he immediately saw Patricia.

"The bank came to the rescue," he said. "I'm going to get to work without delay. Grover is out of a job, and is going to give me a hand with the digging. He a hefty fellow, and between us we ought to get a move on. Pity my leave is so short."

"Does your father know?"

"Yes. We had a long talk yesterday. He thinks your grandfather will be furious when he knows what I'm after, and he may be right."

"That's what has been worrying me," she admitted.

"Had I better tell him right away?"

"I propose to do that. I've brought the old document with me, to give to him."

"Peter, is that necessary?"

"It undoubtedly belongs to him."

"Yes, but it's rather like inviting trouble."

"All the same, he should have it."

"Then let me give it to him."

But Peter wasn't willing to do this, and after some argument it was decided that, as on a recent occasion, they should face the Rector together. The latter was in the midst of dismal forebodings when Patricia knocked at the door, and came in to inform him that Peter wished to speak to him.

"I'm very tired," he complained.

"He won't keep you a few moments."

He looked at her searchingly.

"I hope it isn't to reopen a discussion which——" he commenced.

"It's nothing to do with me," interrupted Patricia.

"All right. Ask him to come in."

Peter entered a few moments later, and the Rector noted that Patricia showed no intention of leaving. She even closed the door after her.

"I've something to give you, sir," said Peter. "In that old vase which I picked up in the crater there was a document. It was so brittle that it was impossible to open it until it had been treated. I did some work on it, and here it is."

He handed the Rector the mounted time-soiled document, and the Rector put on his reading-glasses. His mind was alert enough when employed on matters of this sort, and he quickly got the gist of the message.

"Amazing!" he said. "But why didn't you tell me about this when you left the vase?"

"I was keen to find out what was in the document."

"Now you know, of course?"

"Yes."

"Do you think it's genuine?"

"Yes."

"If it turned out to be true the buried documents would be of priceless value. I must speak to Sir John Masson about it."

"Masson?" asked Peter.

"The man who is to carry out the excavation of the crater. I was told he was the best man in the country."

"Sir Roger, I may as well be frank. I'm tremendously interested in the message contained in that document, and I propose to excavate for the documents it refers to."

"Nonsense!" replied the Rector. "It's on church land, and Masson will extend his work to——"

"It isn't," replied Peter. "Bow-shot is farther

than you think. Actually it is well over the wall at the farthest extremity—your boundary mark, unless I am greatly mistaken."

The Rector began to show signs of annoyance.

"So you have already taken some steps in the matter?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do you think that was honest?"

"Yes—in the circumstances."

"In what circumstances is it honest to act on information contained in a document which belongs to another person?"

"Grandfather," pleaded Patricia, "may I say something?"

"No. The position is painfully clear. This young man should have handed me this document the moment he found it. It's quite obvious to me that he imagines he can carry out excavation work over the head of Sir John Masson—an acknowledged expert. Well, I shall take steps to prevent that from happening."

His cold and incisive language aroused Peter's intense resentment. Patricia started to speak, but it was Peter now who prevented her.

"Neither you nor anyone else can stop me," he said.

"We'll see about that."

"Very well," replied Peter. "But I assure you you will only be wasting your time. Good night, sir!"

Patricia was about to follow Peter out, but the Rector detained her with a sharp word.

"See you to-morrow, Pat," said Peter as he left.

She nodded, and then turned her head to meet her grandfather's outraged expression.

"You will do nothing of the kind, Patricia," he said.

"I have always entertained doubts about that young man's character, and now, it appears, I was justified."

"His behaviour in this matter is disgraceful. You heard what he said. He has the impudence to threaten to carry out an excavation under my very nose. I'll never submit to that."

"I'm afraid you must," said Patricia.

"Must!"

"Well, you see, Grandfather, Peter is now the legal owner of the land on the farther side of the wall."

"Nonsense! It's common land, and the Council——"

"That's what Peter thought at first, but he discovered that the essential strip of it was part of the Drew estate. He bought it to-day from the trustees."

The Rector's surprise and indignation rendered him momentarily speechless. He was about to make a most undignified outburst, but checked the bitter flow of words in time. Patricia's ready sympathy went out to him. After all, he was very old—very used to having his own way, and very proud. It was natural that he should magnify the villainy of Peter's action, and see behind it nothing but a mercenary motive.

"Listen, Grand," she said, lapsing deliberately into the more affectionate mode of address. "Peter was thinking of me. He had to plan for the future. If he's lucky enough to come through the war unscathed he'll have a battle to fight——"

The Rector stopped her with an impatient gesture. He had heard enough.

"Please leave me," he begged. "It's quite clear whose side you take. I forbid you to see him again—at least in this house."



Patricia thought it best not to attempt to resume the argument. For the rest of the evening she was profoundly miserable. Weighing the matter as impartially as she was able, she could not see that Peter had done anything to merit her grandfather's fierce wrath. But for Peter's quick eyes some trophy hunter might easily have taken away the vase, and probably ruined the parchment by clumsy handling. Moreover, the long-departed writer of it had intended giving his secret to the person who found the vase. She reflected that had the Rector not displayed prejudice against Peter—a prejudice that was totally unjust—Peter would have confided in him from the first. In the circumstances it was unnatural to expect Peter to let others enjoy the possible fruits of his discovery when he himself was in sore need of funds for a praiseworthy purpose—his and her future happiness. No, she could not see Peter as the cunning unscrupulous fellow built up by the Rector's imagination.

Early the following morning Peter was on the site, clad in old trousers and heavy boots. Jim Grover, a hefty villager, had brought a wheelbarrow full of tools, and was very happy at getting some work to do after several weeks of enforced idleness. He took off his coat and rolled up his shirt-sleeves to expose a pair of magnificent arms.

"Where do we start, sir?" he asked.

"I want all this bracken down first."

Jim chose a bill-hook from the tools, and whetted the blade with a stone.

"Is it 'Roming' remains?" he asked.

"Something like that," replied Peter.

"We're in competition with that other gang of workmen."

"Oh them!" sniffed Jim.

"I tried to get a job there, but most fussy the foreman was. Wanted to know if I'd

been employed on that sort of work before. Maybe he thought I'd shove a pick through a 'Roming' vase or summat."

Peter laughed, and they were soon both at work, cutting away the bracken and undergrowth, and gathering it into huge heaps. Peter expected that Patricia would call and see how things were going, but she did not. It was towards noon that Peter uncovered just the sort of depression he was looking for.

"All right, Jim," he said. "We'll start digging here. I want a two-foot trench in this direction. Try to pile the earth exactly as it comes out, and put your spade in carefully."

The trench soon began to take shape, Peter scrutinizing the sides of it as it deepened, but there was no sign that it had ever been opened before, and ultimately he was convinced that nothing was to be found there.

"It's no use," he said. "We'd better get busy on the bracken again. That patch over there."

The hours passed as the work went on. The bracken was easy to cut, but the low bushes were tough and obstructive. Peter was looking for another depression in which to start a trench, but none came to view, and he soon realized that the working day was coming to an end.

"All right, Jim," he said finally. "We'll pack up for to-day. Better luck to-morrow. I'll stay on a bit, and have a look round."

\* \* \* \* \*

Patricia had spent the whole day in the house, on odd jobs that had accumulated. She had intended paying a surreptitious visit to Peter late in the afternoon, but her plan was frustrated by the arrival of

some visitors. When they left, the Rector went out with them, and Patricia felt in duty bound to give Polly a hand with the washing-up, which had reached tremendous proportions. They had just finished when there came a ring at the bell.

"I'll go," said Patricia.

On opening the front door she was surprised to see the village constable. He was breathing heavily and leaning against his cycle.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"There's—been an accident, miss," he said. "I think you'd

better come at once."

"But who—who is hurt?"

"It's the Rector."

"Oh!" she gasped. "Tell me what happened? Was it a car?"

"No, miss. It's more serious than that. He was found lying amid the bushes on the edge of the common, with an arrow in his chest."

"An arrow!" she gasped incredulously.

"You'd better come at once, miss," he said, obviously unwilling to venture any comment in the circumstances. "The ambulance is there, but it's a question whether it would be safe to take him all the way to hospital. I expect the doctor is there by this time. You've got a car, haven't you?"

Patricia nodded. She felt sick and strangely weak, but she pulled herself together, slipped on a coat, and quickly got the old car from the garage.

"Which end of the common is it?" she asked.

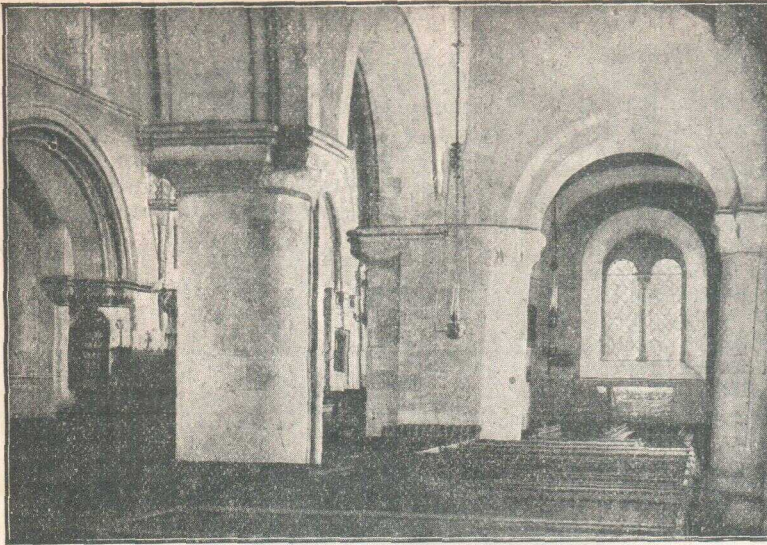
"The church end—near where Mr. Brent has started digging."

Patricia's hands trembled as she took the steering-wheel and set the car moving.

(To be continued.)



"Peter is now the legal owner of the land."



A Church built like a Ship at Crondall, Hants.

## THE CHURCH'S DEBT TO THE SEA AND ITS SHIPS.

By  
CHARLES CARTER, M.Sc.

a ship of the period for the Science Museum to have had a model built as a copy of it.

The walls of the Chantry Chapel and new South Porch which was added to the Parish Church of his native Tiverton by a wealthy London merchant, John Greenway, early in the fifteenth century, is embellished by sculptured models of the vessels which had brought to him, a member of the Merchant Venturers, a considerable share of his wealth.

**D**URING this war, when the brunt of the struggle has been so largely borne by our ships and the men that man them, we have been made increasingly aware of our dependence upon them for our very existence, and it is fitting that we should recall the debt which the Church, in its fabric and its observances alike, owes to ships and the sea.

We acknowledge this debt every time we describe the public portion of a church as the "nave." This word is derived from the Latin *navis*, a ship, though more than one explanation has been given to account for the connection. Salmasius, in his *Commentary on Solinus*, in 1629, found the reason for the derivation in the resemblance borne by the vaulted roof of a church to the upturned keel of a ship. Another suggestion, given by Skeat in *Notes on Piers Plowman*, is that the word *navis* was used because of the early adoption of the ship as a symbol of the Church of Christ which, in the struggles of its early days, was so exposed to the winds and waves of persecution.

It is of interest in this connexion that in the island of Minorca there are prehistoric stone monuments which so resemble in their shape the upturned keel of a boat that they have been given the name of "navetas." Though these monuments may be nothing more than burial-places or cenotaphs, it has been suggested that they are of sufficient size to be used as sanctuaries.

They would thus be interesting forerunners of some of the churches in Spain which were built in the form of a boat, or of the church of SS. Anastasius and Vincent, in Rome, which has the walls of the nave curved upwards like the ribs of a ship, or the church at Payerne, in Switzerland, which has a nave of uneven width, said to represent a vessel beaten by the waves.

There are churches in which the close association with the ships and the sea has been acknowledged by the incorporation of representations of ships into the very fabric of the building. Among the relief decorations which ornament the shrine of St. Peter Martyr in the church of S. Eusorgio in Milan, is a sculptured figure of a fourteenth-century ship, which has been thought to be a sufficiently accurate representation of

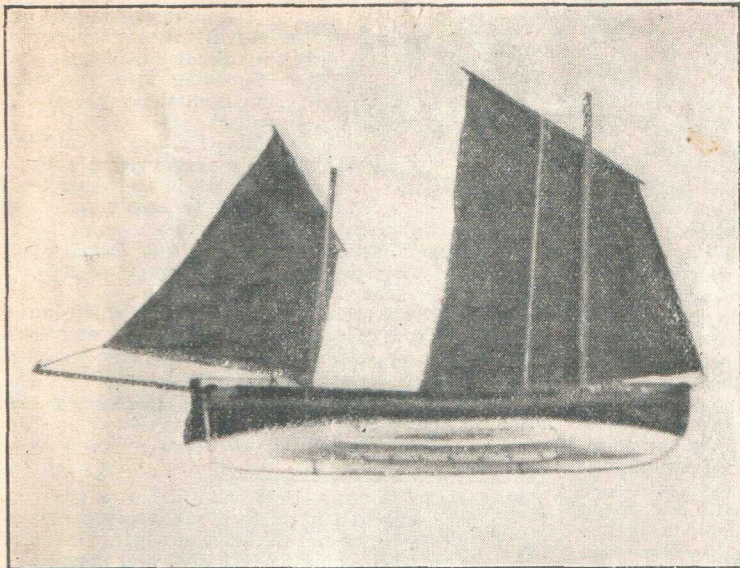
There is a recognition, too, of the debt the Church owes to the sea in the number of churches which are dedicated to St. Nicholas, the favourite saint of sailors and fishermen. Many Mariners' Chapels in churches otherwise dedicated have St. Nicholas associated with them. In one of the churches of St. Nicholas, that at Looe in Cornwall, some of the roof timbers once belonged to a ship. When this fourteenth-century church was being restored in 1852, after having been used for some years as a Guildhall, some of the new roof timbers which were introduced had been taken from the *San Josef*, one of Nelson's prizes of the wars against Napoleon and Revolutionary France, which was then being broken up at Plymouth.

The Church, too, figured largely in the Ship Processions which were once such a feature of mediaeval life in seaport towns when models of their ships would be carried by the sailors to the church before a voyage and claimed again after a safe and successful enterprise. Sometimes such models became votive offerings to the church, where they would hang from the roof, a symbol of the thanksgiving offered by men for their safe return. In some of our own churches and in many on the Continent, these hanging church models can still be seen.

The ritual vessels in pre-Reformation times, the incense boats, reliquaries, etc., were not seldom made in the form of a ship, in silver or silver gilt, with precious stones. They were given the name of "navetas."

Yes, the Church has owed much to the ship, and in return has freely given its blessing to sailors and fishermen when they have been about to sail on a dangerous voyage or when they have been undertaking the everyday dangers of what is always a hazardous calling. On the Continent and in some parts of this country "Blessing the Sea" or "Blessing the Ships" ceremonies are still held.

The picturesque ceremony of asking a blessing on the fishing fleet, which leaves St. Malo each year to fish off the Newfoundland and Greenland coasts, takes place in February. Nowadays a tug carries the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the diocese round the ships assembled in the harbour and an interesting part of



A Model Ship in Southwold Parish Church.

the ceremony is a modern counterpart of the mediaeval Ship Procession in which young men, dressed in flannels, blue blazers and berets carry model ships through the town.

In August, Bude, on the north coast of Cornwall, holds its ceremony of "Blessing the Sea," despite the many years which have passed since any considerable amount of fishing or sea-borne trade was carried on from this haven.

It was on August 21, 1400, that Stafford, Bishop of Exeter, gave a dispensation to the Vicar of Stratton, the Mother Parish of Bude, to hold a service in the chapel on the rock at Bude dedicated to the Holy Trinity and St. Michael. Each year, on or about the anniversary of this date, the people of the town, and being in the holiday season, a good sprinkling of visitors, assemble at the church for prayers, after which they proceed in procession, led by the surpliced clergy and choir, across the wind-swept breakwater to the island site of the ancient chapel. There, a service is held consisting of hymns, prayers, and supplications asking for the Blessing of God upon not only the sea but the ships, the men of the fleets, remembering those who have lost their lives on the sea or suffered bereavement through its hazards, and even for the creatures of the sea. Fittingly enough, a collection is taken which is divided between the National Lifeboat Institution and the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society.

This is but one of the similar ceremonies which are held in

many parts of the country, and we recall a painting, which hangs in the Liverpool Gallery, of such an observance by that master of marine painting, the late W. L. Wyllie.

No doubt such ceremonies as these had their origin in the Middle Ages when sailors and fishermen regarded the dangers and hazards of the sea as being due to the will of the powers of darkness which they sought to exorcise by seeking the blessing of God upon their ships and the sea as well as themselves. In an earlier, more superstitious age, sailors thought that Satan had his kingdom at the bottom of the sea—that he was none other than the dreaded Davy Jones, whose locker was the sea. Davy is thought to be a corruption of the word "devil," and Jones, no Welsh surname but in reality Jonas, or Jonah, the one who

must be given as a human sacrifice to the power that rides the storms.

If we probe still deeper we shall probably find the origin of the custom earlier still, in the days when our pagan ancestors, as one of their sacrificial rites, would ignite models of their boats and set them sailing towards the setting sun as a propitiation to the evil spirits who controlled the storms, a custom which is still perpetuated in the sailing of toy boats on Good Friday by the boys of Sark and, I believe, of St. Ives in Cornwall, though it may have died out at the latter place.



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Thanksgiving for the Harvest of the Sea at Eude.

[C. CARTER.]

# Weekday Pages for Women with Homes

## Monday's Washing.

**GREEN COLOURED ARTICLES.**—If you have a green dress, curtains, or anything else washable, you may find that they are apt to turn yellow. Make a strong solution of ordinary blue water, and, after washing the article rinse it in this. The colour will be restored immediately. (A. TACKLE.)

**WASHING-DAY BELT.**—Buy a fairly wide canvas or soft leather belt. On the night before washing day, take as many pegs as possible and clip them on the belt. It does not matter about having them at the back of the belt as well, because it can be worn loosely and twisted round. When the washing has been starched and wrung next day, put on the belt and have both hands free to peg out the garments. Replenish the supply of pegs on the belt when you go inside for further washed clothes. (Mrs. B. FREDERICKS.)

**WASHING SOLUTION.**—I make a good and cheap solution by dissolving 1 oz. of rock ammonia in  $\frac{1}{2}$  gallon of tepid water, then stirring in enough yellow soap (scraps will do) to make it really cloudy. Bottle when cool. Excellent for coat collars, brilliantine marks from chair backs, windows and mirrors, and especially for marks on navy blue serge. (Mrs. F. THOMAS.)

**USE A STOCKING.**—To prevent the clothes from soiling by beating against the clothes prop, draw an old silk stocking along the head of the prop. (Mrs. BRIGGS.) (Fig. 1.)

When washing artificial silk jumpers, instead of hanging them on a line put four strong sticks in the ground and fasten a piece of wire netting on the top. Spread a clean cloth over and put your jumper on it. You will find that it will dry quickly and retain its shape. (W. M. J.)

**To-day's Thought:** Perhaps angels can best minister to us when we are alone and sad.

## Tuesday's Sewing.

**A TIDY WORK-BASKET.**—Place a small rubber band round your cotton reels and move as required to keep end in firmly. This will prevent tangled ends of cotton. (Mrs. N. ARNOLD BROWN.)

**WOOL.**—To take the crinkles out of unpicked wool, wind it round an aluminium hot-water bottle. Fill it with hot water and leave for a few hours. Then wind wool into a ball and it will be ready for use again. (Miss D. COBB.) (Fig. 2.)

### KNITTING HINTS.

**Keeping Edges Firm.**—Always slip the first stitch of every row, knit rows purl-wise, and purl rows knit-wise.

**Joining Wool.**—Thread a darning needle with an end of new wool, and run for an inch or two an end of wool hanging from the work. If



"quick-knit" wool is being used, split it to half its thickness before threading into the wool hanging from the work, or the join will show.

**Undoing Knitting.**—Wind the wool into skeins round a chair and "cook" in a steamer for a short time to remove crinkles.

The wool will then be as good as new.

**To prevent Tangles when Knitting with Two Colours.**—Slip the wools through a very large wooden bead and slide the bead down as you work.

**A Cork** is very useful when work has to be left in the middle of a row. Stick the pins in the cork and there will be no dropped stitches, and no "gaps" caused by folding the work in two. (J. E. S.)

**To-day's Thought:** God must be so often sorry for us before we are sorry for ourselves.

## Wednesday's Nursing.

**FOR A HARD COUGH.**—Beat the white of a new-laid egg to a froth, then add a teaspoonful of vinegar and the same of sugar. Drink it when going to bed and your cough will not disturb you. (Dubline.)

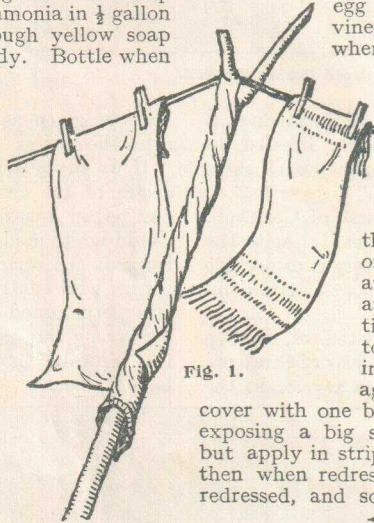


Fig. 1.

**BURNS AND SCALDS.**—Treatment is the same in both cases. The chief thing is to exclude air as soon as possible. Latest treatment is diluted tannic acid. If women, when breakfast is finished with, will put the teapot, with tea that is left over, on one side, they will have a remedy at hand for burns or scalds. Either apply the leaves as you would a poultice, or saturate pieces of linen in cold tea and apply to burn or scald, covering same with cotton wool and bandage. If the burn is extensive, don't

cover with one big bandage, as this will necessitate exposing a big surface to the air when redressing, but apply in strips each strip overlapping the other, then when redressing, one strip can be removed and redressed, and so on. (H. J. HOLT.) (Fig. 3.)

**BANDAGES.**—Having qualified as male nurse, and having had to re-roll bandages when instructing classes in nursing, I have found the method illustrated in the diagram quite as quick as a bandage rolling machine. (H. J. HOLT.) (Fig. 4.)

**ANOTHER REMEDY FOR CHILBLAINS.**—Mix together equal parts of lard and dry mustard (a small quantity is sufficient). It quickly allays irritation and is a speedy cure. (Miss DAISY B. K. BROCK.)

**DEAFNESS.**—If a little liquid paraffin is put on cotton-wool and put into ear, it will be found to work wonders in some cases of deafness. This is a specialist's prescription. I have used this prescription for four years and would not go one day without it. I use a wooden meat skewer, and wind cotton-wool round point about size of a halfpenny, and dip this into paraffin, changing to fresh piece every day. It does away with unsightly ear-phones, and ear-pieces. (Mrs. EMANUEL.)

**To-day's Thought:** Happiness is a mixture of joys and sorrows blessed by God.



Fig. 2.

## Thursday's Cooking.

**TO COOK SALMON PERFECTLY.**—Put salmon into cold water, bring to boil, then boil quickly for 5 minutes. Leave in water until cold, then salmon will be a good colour. (Miss E. MARC.)

**PEELING APPLES.**—When apples have to be peeled for cooking, much labour may be saved by first scalding them by pouring boiling water over them. The skins will then slip off easily and quickly—and there is no waste at all. (Mrs. V. J. E. PAGE.)

**TO ROLL A SWISS ROLL.**—Spread a wet cloth smoothly on the table and cover it with a sheet of greaseproof paper. On to this turn out the sponge. Trim the edges, spread with hot jam and roll. It will never crack. (M. MUNDAY, N. Rhodesia.)

**STUFFED POTATOES.**—To each large, well-shaped potato, add  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. of margarine,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. of grated cheese, half an Oxo cube, a little milk, salt, and pepper.

Scrub the potatoes and bake in their jackets. When cooked cut a thin slice from the top of each. Scoop out the centres into a bowl. Mash well with a fork, then add the finely crumbled Oxo cube, margarine, cheese, and seasoning to taste, and sufficient milk to make the mixture fluffy. Beat well, refill the potato cases and return to the oven, or under the grill to brown. (Miss J. BRADLEY.)

**WHEN STEAM RISES FROM THE SAUCEPAN DURING COOKING.**—Cover the rack above the cooker with two tea towels; these will absorb the moisture and prevent kitchen walls and ceiling from getting steamy. It is this constant steaming of walls that causes the distemper to flake off so quickly, and by remembering this hint you will save yourself a bill for having the kitchen re-distempered. (Mrs. BASHAM.)

**To-day's Thought:** Sometimes we say "What a pity!" and forget to make our pity practical.

## Friday's Household.

**SAVING COAL.**—An idea for saving coal if you live in the country or have a garden, is to gather all the prunings and other wood, chop the thinner, saw the thicker pieces, leaves and all, into suitable lengths for your grate. Then make up into bundles, using some thick and some thin pieces in each one, put a few dry leaves (if available) in the centre, and bind tightly all along the length with old string. Used with small coal, dust or cinders they develop a good heat. The children can help with this job, and make themselves useful, and also it keeps the garden tidy. (Mrs. M. C. DOWDEN.)

**REDUCE YOUR GAS BILL.**—See that the flames from the stove or ring never flare round the kettle or pot. If the gas merely acts on the bottom, without appearing at all against the sides, one is using all the best strength of the heating power, and preventing waste. (Mrs. A. CAESAR.)

**STOCKINGS TOO LIGHT.**—If after you have bought stockings you find they are

too light in colour, soak them in strong cold tea over night. Strain all the tea leaves out first, of course. Squeeze out gently, don't rinse, and hang out in the open to dry. (Mrs. FURBORO.)

**OIL-STOVES.**—You will find the oil lasts twice as long if you keep it out of a draught. I place a small firescreen half-way round mine. (Miss W. LA FONLAME.)

**REMEDY FOR A RUNNING TAP.**—A very easy remedy is to take half a large raw potato, press it very firmly on to the tap, so that part of it goes in—this can be done while the water is still running—and bind the whole on very firmly with a cloth put right over it and tied at the back of the tap.

This temporary repair lasted for over a fortnight during a hard frost. (Mrs. HALE.)

**To-day's Thought:** The best way to show you hate crooked ways is to be straight yourself.

## Saturday's Children.

**ECONOMY IN CHILDREN'S CLOTHES.**—It is not always the truest economy to buy children's clothes "big enough for them to grow into." In the case of footwear it may be definitely harmful, causing blisters, or giving the foot a bad shape, as well as wearing holes in socks or stockings. If frocks are bought too big they are probably quite shabby before they are a good fit, and so the child never looks really smart. It is wiser to keep one well-fitting set for best, and let it be used for everyday as soon as it begins to wear, while the everyday ones can be kept simply for playing in. This may sound a lot, but it ensures the children looking neat and clean at school—we should not expect them to be too careful, but to take a pride in cleanliness and order. They grow so quickly that it is not worth while to spend more than we can afford on their clothes: if we can save on these we can perhaps spend a little more on food, especially now in war-time. (Miss B. WINSOME.)

**BABY AND PILLOWS.**—Babies do not have pillows these days, but many mothers have pretty pillow-cases given to them, and it is a pity that they should not be used. When baby begins to dribble and teeth are on the way, it is a good plan to fold one or two Turkish napkins and place inside a pillow-case, which can all be washed when they become damp. Although baby is better without a real pillow, in cold weather his wraps tend to make his body lie a little higher than his head if there is nothing to raise it to the level. (Mrs. L. P. SHEATH.)

**BABY'S BATH.**—If baby is frightened of his bath, cover it with a sheet and gently lower baby in sheet and all. Not seeing the bath, he generally rather enjoys the pleasantly warm water. (Mrs. LLOYD.)

**To-day's Thought:** The best day for doing your best comes seven times a week. (Mrs. K. Brain.)

## Monthly Prize Competition.

If you know of a good hint for our household pages, send it to the Editor, 11 Ludgate Square, E.C.4, during March. Each month we offer a prize of 5s. for the best hint in each section. The prizes will be sent in April to the respective winners.

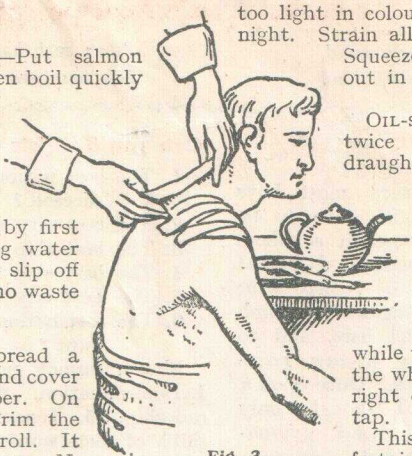


Fig. 3.

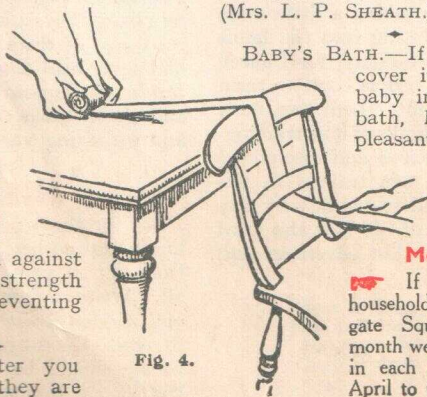


Fig. 4.

# CHILDREN'S CORNER.

By the  
Rev. Canon SALTER, M.A.

Train your body, train your mind,  
Train your soul and you will find

When each happy day is ended,  
Life has been just simply splendid!

## GYMNASIUMS.



I AM sure most boys and girls love to be let loose in a school gymnasium. It's great fun to jump over vaulting-horses, climb parallel bars, and to swing along rope ladders. Once upon a time I thought only boys liked gymnasiums, but I find nowadays that the girls are just as keen and just as clever. As Lent has just started, I want this month to remind you of something Saint Paul once said

about gymnasiums. Did you know that they had them even in his day? When he was writing to his friends in Corinth, which was a great centre for athletic games and open-air sports, he told them, "I run straight and not uncertainly. I box, but not like a man beating the air. I discipline my body and keep it in its right place." (This is a modern translation of 1 Corinthians ix. 26, 27.) When this old veteran in the army of Jesus Christ was writing one day to a young recruit who had just joined up, he said to him, "Exercise thyself unto godliness" (1 Timothy iv. 7). The Greek word he used was the word *gymnasion*, from which our English word gymnasium is derived. What he really meant was "Train yourself to grow up into a godly man." He pictured men and boys getting ready for the Greek games, practising hard every day, giving up little luxuries so that they could keep fit, doing their best to win in every contest they entered. He told Timothy that the great secret of life was taking pains to overcome the evil with the good. I can think of no better advice to give you this month. God wants you to train your bodies to be clean and strong. He wants you to train your minds to be real treasure houses and not just nasty dustbins to put rubbish in. He wants you to train your souls by taking a little more trouble with your prayers, by getting into the habit of coming to Church Sunday by Sunday, for Church is really God's gymnasium where people come to train themselves to pray and live aright. Lent can be a great help to any boy or girl who thinks of it as training-time in which our souls are exercised and disciplined and trained just as our bodies are trained in the ordinary school gymnasium. And to try day by day to train yourself to live the kind of life that the Lord Jesus wants you to live is the grandest adventure and biggest thrill in the world.

"God send us men! God send us men!  
Patient, courageous, strong and true;  
With vision clear and mind equipped,  
His work to learn, His work to do."

\* \* \* \* \*

## Can you Tell Me—

1. The best nation for boys and girls who want to succeed?
2. The best city for all lovers of truth?
3. The best ship in which to go to church?
4. The best ship for all friendly folk?
5. The best city for those who never give up?
6. The best nation for people who know what they want?

If you cannot guess the answers, here they are: 1. Determination. 2. Veracity. 3. Worship. 4. Comradeship. 5. Tenacity. 6. Discrimination. Try to think of some words like this for yourself. It makes quite a good game to play at night. You can pick sides and see who can find the biggest number of words like this, and who can guess what they are.

\* \* \* \* \*

**A Prayer for Lent.** "Heavenly Father, give me a healthy body, a clean mind and a brave heart. Save me from habits that harm. Help me to stand up for the hard right against the easy wrong. Make me the master of my life that I may train myself to serve Thee and to help others. Help me to follow the Way of Jesus, the Light of the world, that in His life I may find daily light for my daily path and daily strength for my daily needs. Bless all those I love and keep me loyal to Thee and loyal to all my friends, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

\* \* \* \* \*

**A Quaint Epitaph.** A friend of mine was wandering round the country some years ago when he came across this quaint inscription on a very old tombstone. It may not be very good poetry, but it is very sound commonsense!

Here lies an old soldier whom all should applaud.  
He fought many battles at home and abroad.  
But the hottest engagement he ever was in  
Was the battle with self and the conquest of sin.

\* \* \* \* \*

**What do You Read?** I have lots and lots of boy and girl friends and sometimes I ask them if they have read books like *Treasure Island*, *Moby Dick*, *David Copperfield*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and *Pilgrim's Progress*. You would be surprised at the number of boys and girls who tell me that they haven't read any of them. I met a boy the other day who had never read *Kim* by Rudyard Kipling or *Masterman Ready* by Captain Marryat. Don't just read comics and cheap trash. Make friends with the really good and satisfying yarns in your school library.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Last Word.** I have now been writing to you for three months, and I feel we are getting to know one another. I shall always be glad to get letters from any of you . . . and I promise to answer them all. Write and tell me what you want on this page, and if what I say to you month by month is a help to you. Good-bye until April. By the way, letters to me should be sent to Uncle Jack, The Rectory, Hartlepool, County Durham.

## HOLY DAY THIS MONTH.

Tuesday, March 25th, Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.—7.30 a.m., Holy Communion; 10 a.m., Mattins; 10.30 a.m., Holy Communion; 6.30 p.m., Evensong.

## FASTING DAYS THIS MONTH.

Every week-day this month is a Fasting Day. The 40 days of Lent do not include any Sunday, for Sunday is always a festival, being a weekly reflection of Easter Day, the Queen of Festivals.

## NOTES ON THE HOLY COMMUNION.

### (1) THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

At the 11 a.m. Choral Celebration on the Third Sunday in the month the Ten Commandments are read in the shortened form found in the 1928 Prayer Book. This is done with the permission of our Bishop.

We often use, by the same authority, our Lord's "Summary" of the Law instead of the Ten Commandments. Here it is in full:—

"Our Lord Jesus Christ said, 'Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets.'"

The response to be made by the congregation is "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law." Then the priest says "The Lord be with you." To which the congregation respond "And with thy spirit." The priest then says "Let us pray," and, turning to the Altar, repeats the Collect of the day.

### (2) AFTER THE EPISTLE.

The congregation should stand immediately after the priest says "Here endeth the Epistle," and not wait till he begins to announce the Holy Gospel.

The verse sung at this point at a choral service is as follows:—

Thy Gospel, Jesus, we believe,  
And for Thy help we humbly pray  
That we in thought, and word, and deed,  
Thy Holy Gospel may obey.

### (3) BEFORE AND AFTER THE HOLY GOSPEL.

The words to be used before the Holy Gospel are:—"Glory be to Thee, O Lord"; and after the Holy Gospel:—"Praise be to Thee, O Christ."

### (4) THE NICENE CREED.

In repeating the Nicene Creed, when we get to the section beginning "And I believe in the Holy Ghost," a stop should be made after the word "Lord." The correct translation of the Greek words of the Creed is "And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord, the Life-Giver." In this phrase "Lord" refers to the divinity of the Holy Ghost. He is one with the Father and the Son. We have the permission of our Bishop to use the form of the 1928 Prayer Book here, and to say "And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord, the giver of life." I will ask you all to adopt this. It is a great improvement.

### (5) AT THE ADMINISTRATION.

At the administration of the consecrated elements of bread and wine the congregation should come up to the altar in turn. There is room for ten to kneel at the altar rail. Ten more may stand in the chancel. So that it suffices if about twenty communicants are out of the pews at a time. The rest should be engaged in private devotion. A long line of waiting communicants is altogether to be avoided.

### (6) HOW TO RECEIVE.

(i) Communicants, in receiving the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, should hold their hands well up, in order to save the priest (specially if he is tall, or elderly, or both) the unnecessary fatigue of bending down to reach their hands.

(ii) In receiving the chalice, communicants should take the stem with the right hand, and the base with the left. They should avoid taking the chalice by the bowl.

(iii) Having received the Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, communicants should not at once rise from their knees, but should wait until the person on their left hand has given the chalice back to the priest. This precaution is necessary to avoid any possible accident to the chalice.

## LENT.

Lent is a time for doing "something extra" for God and man.

One suggestion is that we should overhaul our religious habits, and try to improve them.

(1) **Our Daily Private Prayers.** Do we use really good and suitable prayers? Do we miss out persons and matters about whom and which we ought to pray? Do we give enough time to our private prayers? In the morning before the

day's work begins? How about that little breath of prayer at noon? And our evening prayers? Are our private prayers formal, and said in a mechanical way? Are we really in earnest when we say them? Do we remember to Whom we are speaking?

(2) **Our Daily Bible Reading.** A short passage read each day will mount up to a good deal in the course of a year. The more we "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the Holy Scriptures, the more we shall love them, and find in them real spiritual nourishment.

(3) **Our Daily Self-Examination.** Every night, before we say our evening private prayers, think over the events of the day past. Thank God for blessings received. Confess, and seek pardon for, any sins of thought, or word, or deed, or of neglect, that we have been guilty of.

(4) **Regular Sunday worship in Church.** Cannot improvement be made here? Every Sunday Holy Communion is celebrated three times at least in St. John's Church. See front page of cover. Confirmed persons should remember that Jesus, our Saviour and our King, gave the command, "Do this in remembrance of Me." If we don't do it, we are disobedient soldiers. Get ready, and come. The services of Mattins and Evensong afford opportunities also for advance in the Christian life. We are to come to Church, however, in the very first place for the purpose of giving to God. We are to give Him the worship of our whole selves, body, mind, and spirit. This is to be an expression of our love for Him.

(5) **Almsgiving, and other deeds of love to God and man.** A proper and regular part of our income should be given back to God as a free-will offering. Besides money, we can offer Him time, trouble, talent, and work. The best deed we can do to another person is to bring that person to Jesus.

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## LETTER FROM THE VICAR.

14th February, 1941.

My dear Friends,

### Hours of Services.

(1) Please note that the Gospel Services on the Thursdays in Lent will be held at six o'clock, and not at three o'clock as stated in the February Parish Magazine.

(2) Starting on Sunday, March 2nd, we will take Sunday Evensong at six o'clock. We will get back to the old hour of 6.30 p.m. as soon as we conveniently can. But note, 6 p.m. on March 2nd onwards, till further notice.

(3) This means that the Children's Service at 3 p.m. resumes on Sunday, March 2nd, and the Bible Classes start afresh at 2.45 p.m. in the Boys' School on the same day.

(4) Starting on Monday, March 3rd, weekday Evensong will be said at 6.30 p.m., except on Thursdays, when (owing to the Gospel Service at 6 p.m.) Evensong will be said at 5.30 p.m.

(5) Starting on Sunday, March 2nd, Baptisms will be taken at the old hour of 3.45 p.m. On and after Friday, March 7th, Baptisms on Fridays will be taken at 6 p.m.

### St. John's Sidesmen.

The Sidesmen on duty in March are Messrs. Roberts, Row, Tyler, Walker, and Webb.

### Thanks.

(1) I beg to thank most heartily all those friends who have kindly sent me gifts to be added to collections in Church. (2) I have to acknowledge the receipt of 3/- for St. John's Central Fund. (3) Instead of sending wreaths for the funeral of Mr. Churchwarden Jakeman, two friends have very kindly presented the Church with six prayer books and six hymn books in his memory. (4) Another friend has sent me £7 10s. 6d. to buy 36 prayer books and 36 hymn books to replace our present dilapidated stock. This handsome and thoughtful present will be highly appreciated by all.

### "I need it."

Quotation from a recent letter to the Vicar: "Thanks for your timely reminder about attending Church more often. I need it."

### Church of England Zenana Missionary Society.

In the place of Miss Clara Webb, now at rest, I have the pleasure to announce that Miss H. M. Davis, 5B, St. John's, has kindly consented to act as our parochial secretary for the above society.

### The Vicar's Letter Box.

People know my letter box very well. I get all sorts of notes placed therein. This suggests that, if any of you wish for a Missionary Box, or wish to subscribe to St. John's Central Fund, or desire to join the Freewill Offering Scheme, you can write a little note to that effect, and drop it in my letter box, and I will pass it on to the proper official for dealing with the business.

With every good wish to you all,

I am, yours sincerely,

CHARLES T. POWELL.