

"One thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."  
Philippians iii, 13, 14.

# St. John - in - Bedwardine

## Worcester

Parish Magazine—New Series, No. 294

JUNE 1949

Price Threepence

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*Churchwardens:* MR. ROBERT SMITH, 7, St. John's.

MR. A. P. HIGGINS, 99, Malvern Road.

*Hon. Secretary of Parochial Church Council:* MR. O. H. LAFLIN, 8, Homefield Road, Bromwich Road.

*Organist and Choir Master:* MR. H. G. BISHOP, 78, St. Dunstan's Crescent.

*Clerk:* MR. THOMAS, 17, Bromyard Road.

*Sexton:*

### CHURCH SERVICES

**FIRST SUNDAY IN THE MONTH.**—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; 4 p.m., Baptisms; 6.30, Evensong & Sermon.

**THIRD SUNDAY IN THE MONTH.**—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; 4 p.m., Baptisms; 6.30, Evensong & Sermon.

**OTHER SUNDAYS.**—8 a.m., Holy Communion; 10 a.m., Holy Communion (Choral); 11 a.m., Mattins and Sermon; 3 p.m., Children's Service; 4 p.m., Baptisms; 6.30 p.m., Evensong and Sermon.

**WEEK DAYS.**—

**HOLY BAPTISM.**—Sundays 4 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 (3 p.m.)**—Children over 8 years of age in Church. Kindergarten: In the Infants' School.

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

**MOTHERS' UNION.**—Enrolling Member: month. Meetings held according to notice. Corporate Communion, second Sunday in the month.

**KING'S MESSENGERS.**—Parish Room, Mondays, 5 p.m.

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

**THE PRAYERS OF THE CHURCH.**—Persons desiring the Prayers of the Church, either for themselves or for others, are asked to communicate with the Clergy.

**PASTORAL VISITATION.**—Parishioners are requested to inform the Clergy of cases of illness, and also to tell them of any cases where a pastoral visit would be specially appreciated.

**PRIVATE CELEBRATIONS OF THE HOLY COMMUNION** will be gladly arranged for those who are too ill to come to Church.

**PAROCHIAL AND DIOCESAN FINANCE.**—All parishioners and members of St. John's congregation are earnestly requested to become subscribers either to the Central Fund (annual or quarterly payments), or the Free-Will Offering Scheme (weekly payments). The Hon. Sec. of the Central Fund is Mr. F. N. Platts, 64, Bromwich Rd. The Hon. Sec. of the Free-Will Offering Scheme is Mrs. O. H. Laffin, 8, Homefield Road, Bromwich Road.

## THE VICARAGE.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I have just completed six months as Vicar of St. John's. The whole period has given much happiness to a great crowd of people as well as to myself. If I may write in simple terms, I wish to say again a very big 'thank you' for all your great help and kindness. Our unreserved and indomitable faith in God is carrying us "Forward, ever Forward". From every corner of the parish there comes the offer of generous help. Everyone has put a hand to the plough. There is in our midst that atmosphere of spirited determination and forcefulness to do more and more to the Glory of God, and in the service of our fellow-men.

Evidence of a colossal revival in the Spiritual and Social life is plain for all to see. And how has this been accomplished? The words of Our Lord come to me, "Ye shall receive power, when the Holy Spirit has come upon you, and ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and unto the uttermost part of the earth." This leads me to devote my pastoral letter this month to a few thoughts about Whit Sunday.

It was the Feast of Pentecost and Jerusalem was full of pilgrims from far and near. The disciples, in number about one hundred and twenty, were all with one accord in one place. As the hour was nine o'clock, it is probable that they were engaged in morning prayer. Suddenly there came a loud sound from heaven as of the rushing of a mighty wind. The gale seemed to enter and fill all the house where they were sitting, and there appeared to them tongues parting asunder as of fire, and the fire sat upon each one of them. The idea is that of great jets of flame breaking up into smaller scintillations, one of which rested upon the head of each of the assembled believers.

It was a vision, of course, as Saint Luke is careful to explain, but a vision which corresponded to a great spiritual fact which was realised in the experience of all who were present. "They were all filled with the Holy Spirit". And perhaps we may go further and say that the sound of the rushing mighty wind filled the whole house, because the new life was to permeate the whole Church, and that the tongues of fire settled upon the head of each because the Holy Spirit had come to dwell not only with the Church as a whole nor only with the officers of the Church, but with all its members, and that the fire came in the form of tongues as a sign that all believers were to be given new powers of utterance to enable them to bear witness to Christ.

Now when this was noised abroad, i.e., when they heard the roaring wind, the multitude came together and were confounded because every man heard them speak in his own language. Their first feeling was one of amazement, but presently some of the baser sort indulged in ribaldry: "These men," they shouted, "are filled with sweet wine."

Saint Peter, prompted by the Spirit, accepted the challenge and stood up to speak. These men, he said, were not drunken as they supposed. There was another explanation to be given of the miracle they had witnessed and it could be found in the book of the prophet Joel. The days foreseen by the prophet had come at last, the gift of the Spirit was no longer limited to a few chosen servants of God; henceforth it was for all the Lord's people, for young and old, for women as for men, for the servants as well as for the master. "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions; and also upon the men-servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit". So Joel had foretold, and that day they had witnessed the beginning of this great outpouring of spiritual power and life, the dawn of the great and glorious day of the Lord when all who called on the name of the God of Israel should be saved.

It was evident that St. Peter had received power from some new source. The Peter of the Day of Pentecost

is a new man, very different from the Peter of the Feast of the Passion when he derided his Lord. His words show not only the freedom of speech which he had always possessed, but a blending of courage and wisdom such as he had never shewn before. And he was not alone in this respect. The whole company of believers was filled with the same spirit. From that day forward a new strength, which was not their own, marked all the sayings and doings of the Apostolic Church. It is in this change of mental and spiritual attitude rather than in the external signs of mind and fire and speaking with tongues that we see the supreme miracle of the Day of Pentecost—a change, so great and so impressive that three thousand converts were made in a single day.

And now, "Ye shall be my witnesses." You and I have this wonderful opportunity in St. John's, to work together for Christ and His Church. We go out together into the highways and byways to ensure that Christian principles shall be the strength and stay of life. We are called upon to go forth to that part of our Parish which lies about our doors and bear witness to the fact that Christ died not only for us who are faithful members of His Church, but for the whole of St. John's, the City of Worcester, for England and the entire world—for those who are outside as well as for those who are inside the Church. We are called upon to strip ourselves of any shyness about religion and go forth to our relations, friends and neighbours with the Message of Faith, Hope and Charity. I am so grateful for all you are doing.

*Yours sincerely,  
John Hunt*

### MR. CLIFFORD CARVER

MR. CLIFFORD CARVER will be ordained Deacon at the Cathedral on Trinity Sunday, June 12th at 10.30 a.m., to serve as Assistant Curate of St. John's. I feel sure you will give him that same warm welcome which you gave me, and above all, that you will remember him in your prayers.

### ALTAR FLOWERS

THE following ladies have kindly consented to provide flowers for the month of June:

- June 5.—Whit Sunday, Hon. Secretary.
- " 12.—Trinity Sunday, Hon. Secretary.
- " 19.—Mrs. Bowkett, 88 Bransford Road.
- " 26.—Mrs. Platts, 64 Bromwich Road.

### OUR PATRONAL FESTIVAL

MIDSUMMER DAY, Friday, June 24th. This will be a very important day for all who love our Church. It is the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist. The Services will be as follows: 7.30 a.m., Holy Communion; 9 a.m., Children's Service; 10 a.m., Matins; 10.30 a.m., Holy Communion; 7.30 p.m., Choral Evensong with Sermon.

### CONFIRMATION

I WISH to refer again to the Confirmation on Whit Sunday at 6.30 p.m. I know you will make a very special effort to attend this Service. It is really wonderful that we have such a splendid crowd of candidates. It is also a matter of considerable satisfaction that these candidates have been drawn in large measure from our newly-formed Parochial organisations. The Confirmation Classes have been in operation for many weeks. It has been my privilege to conduct these classes. I have been careful to illustrate our duty to God and the vital necessity

# CHURCH PICTURE PAGE

JUNE, 1949

## Chimney Tax.

MANY years ago we gave a photograph of the tombstone on which appears the most-quoted epitaph, which may be given once again since it has a modern application in these days of high taxation and home scarcity:

"A HOUSE SHE HATH, ITS MADE OF SUCH GOOD FASHION,  
THE TENANT NE'ER SHALL PAY FOR REPARATION  
NOR WILL HER LANDLORD EVER RAISE HER RENT  
OR TURN HER OUT OF DOORS FOR NON-PAYMENT  
FROM CHIMNEY MONEY TOO THIS CELL IS FREE  
OF SUCH A HOUSE WHO WOULD NOT TENANT BE?"

"She" was Rebecca Rogers who died in 1689, and her grave is in the N.E. corner of the parish church, Folkestone.

## Another muzzled dog.

MR. L. EADEN reminds us that we have illustrated another muzzled dog when we reproduced the Tinker of Swaffham some years ago. He encloses a print of the very fine Town Signpost, which also shows the muzzled dog.

## Modern Cloisters.

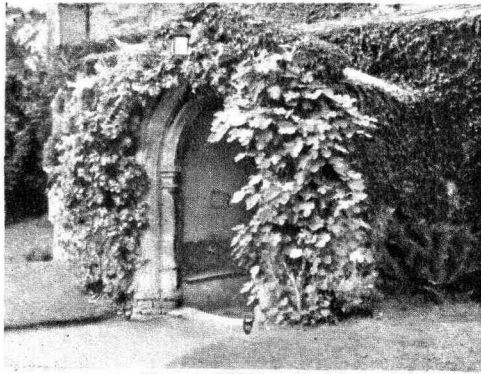
HERE is a photograph of the cloisters of St. Gabriel's Church, Blackburn. Built in each side of the nave, they provide a medieval effect in concrete. The architect has turned the buttresses inwards to give this striking and useful addition to the Church which is a typical example of modern architecture. It was built in 1933.—THE REV. D. G. PRATT.



Modern Cloisters

## Keeping Pace with the Times.

A FEW months ago there was a broadcast by the B.B.C. of Harvest Hymns by the Choirs of the Churches in a Dorset town. It was very well done, and one of the Clergymen interested, said to an old parishioner, "How did you like our broadcast of the fine old Harvest hymns?" "Well, Zir, to tell 'ee th' truth, I thought 'twas a lot too fast altogether; especially, 'We plough th' vields an' scatter.'" "Ah," replied the clergyman, "when you used to sing it, you ploughed with a horse; now we plough with a tractor. We must keep pace with the times, you know." And with a merry chuckle, the parishioner went on his way.—E. W. RIGGS.



Vine and Figtree Porch

## Bible Porch.

TWO trees closely associated in the Bible, the vine and the fig tree, can be seen growing on each side of the porch of the picturesque church at Dingley, Northants. When this photograph was taken both were bearing fruit, but it was small and unripe.—H. C. SPARE.

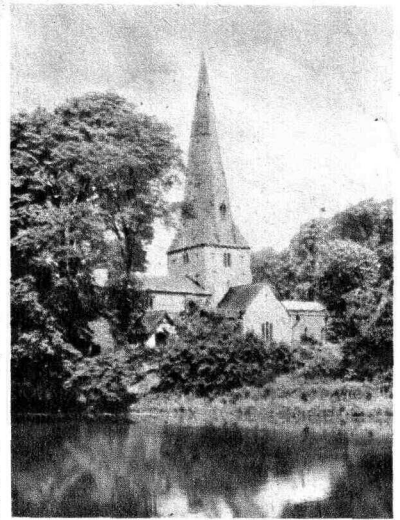
## The Sanctuary Ring.

IN the very old church of Stogursey in Somerset, attached to the south-east pillar, is the "Sanctuary Ring." In 1243, a certain John de Rechrich, guilty of murder, took sanctuary in this church, escaped, and was outlawed. It is probable that the ring was placed here to prevent the escape of future sanctuary seekers, and the township's liability to fine for such occurrences.—K. E. HOBBS.

## From the mud of Tiber.

THE Rev. A. J. Caton, Vicar of St. Mark's, Talbot Village, near Bourne-mouth, possesses a Font which he thinks must be older than Christianity itself.

The bowl was found in the mud of the Tiber by Sir George Talbot, father of Miss Georgina Talbot the founder of Talbot village, and it has been used as the font since the church was built in 1870.—MRS. CHRISTOPHER.



A Lovely 13th Century Church

## Quiz Church.

IS there anything remarkable about this lovely Church of St. Mary's, Normanton-on-Soar, Notts? If you are a lover of church architecture you will see at a glance that it is the proud possessor of a central tower with a spire. There is only one other like this in the country. The church is almost all 13th century workmanship.—E. RICHARDSON.

## Blew and Sang at Nine.

"I WOULD like," writes Philip Head, "to congratulate the boy of 13 who says he blows, sings, and sometimes rings in Church, but I think I can beat his record. I blew the organ and sang, and have been ringing the two bells in our Church at Ganonew with Whitchurch, Herefordshire, since I was nine years old. I am now thirteen. When we had no organ I played my violin for the service. I have been playing my violin since I was five years of age. I also make up the accounts after each service and distribute the magazine in the parish, and collect for Missionary Societies and have been 'on the air' in the Midland artists' programme." The Church would be glad to know of some more Heads of this class!

## "Pathetic Preacher."

MRS. ORR sends us an epitaph which is new to us from Llastephen Parish Church, S. Wales. It describes a former Vicar who died in 1706:—

Here lies the Reverend William Lloyd,  
In doing good who was employed,  
This makes his memory to be  
Precious to all posterity.  
Pious he was, peaceable and just,  
Which gives fragrancy to his dust;  
Pathetic preacher, faithful brother,  
He's gone, who'll show me such another?

It is remarkable that both epitaphs this month conclude with a question.

\*\* For our Church Picture page six 5s. prizes for notes with photographs and six 2s. 6d. prizes for notes alone are offered by the Art Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, London, each month.



Listen to the Birds



OUR village church lies at some distance from the nearest cottages, in a grove of magnificent beeches and horse-chestnuts, through which runs a purling brook. It is, therefore, secluded and attractive to many kinds of birds.

There is a lovely barn owl who, if he does not actually enter the building, is to be seen every dusky evening, swooping on noiseless wings around the tower, gliding under the trees, and occasionally "stooping" at something his wonderful eyes have glimpsed in the tangled grasses.

One evening I entered the churchyard in the shadowy dusk, just as the bird floated silently out of the beech grove. He pitched down nearby, and by careful stalking under cover of a row of cypresses I obtained a close-up of him perched on a low headstone, all mossed and grey with age. There he made a striking picture in his buff and white plumage against the grey stones. He was intent on peering into the grass below.

Whilst he was thus engaged a robin suddenly appeared and pitched on to another headstone within a few yards of the owl's perch. Red-breast evidently resented the presence of the bigger bird (many small birds seem to dislike owls), and with flirting wings and bobbing head he chattered angrily at him, "ticking" shrilly—a sound like the winding-in of an angler's reel. For some moments this went on, the owl ceasing his searching of the grass to stare unblinkingly at the cheeky robin, but not attempting to molest him. There was dignity and impudence, if you like.

Finally, Mr. Owl could not stand the robin's shrill resentment any longer; his dignity, perhaps, was ruffled, even though his feathers were not, and he lifted himself on his big wings and floated off round the east end of the church—with the robin hard on his tail, still chattering angrily!

## BIRD SONG by WIRELESS

By ARTHUR SHARP

In addition to the barn owl, we have the tawny on many occasions though he seldom enters the church through the open windows. Yet the little owl is a regular church-goer. He spends a lot of time perched on a beam just inside the main door. If you creep quietly inside, you may see him, like a piece of quaint carving, up there in the dim light.

The smallest of the owls—an alien to England—this bird hunts beetles and insects by day and night, but alas! it also attacks our beautiful, sweet-throated song birds as well. Its call is distinctive, a sort of

there he fitted to the pulpit and then on to a lamp bracket. In the strange hush associated with an ancient church, far from the noises of the streets, his flutterings, echoed like the whisper of angels' wings. He is often here, seeming to find pleasure in the quietude of the building. I like to think of him as a "little red hermit," with this beautiful old building his retreat. Yet I sometimes fear for him, when I remember the other bird hunched up, dozing on his beam.

One springtime a pair of swallows decided that a niche in the roof of the chancel would make an ideal site for their home, and built a nest. Resting for meditation in the refreshing quietude of the nave, you could hear their soft twitterings up there in the shadows, ever a pleasant sound. They reared their young—and, incidentally, left their traces behind, in the form of feathers that floated down, sometimes during service!

For several seasons a pair of cole tits have nested in the body of the weathercock surmounting our church spire, a hole allowing them ingress; they, too, often pop inside the church.

It is interesting to recall that it was during a broadcast service on the Light Programme one Sunday morning in June (1948) from this church (Lowdham, Notts) that the beautiful singing of birds gave so much pleasure to listeners. The chaffinch, blackbird and others, were in fine song, and their efforts were greatly appreciated by listeners, as letters to the Vicar, the Rev. Canon Otter, have testified. Appropriately enough, he had made reference to birds in his sermon. A single quotation from one of the letters may speak for many: "Dear Sir, please open the church windows again on Sunday morning, and let us hear the birds . . . We don't often get a chance to hear birds sing."



Photo: Stanley Sowden

### The Oldest Inhabitant listens to the Birds

harsh shriek. Just about dusk is the time when it becomes most vociferous. Small, not much bigger than a thrush, the Little Owl is a very fierce looking bird; indeed, he looks much fiercer than he really is.

From his spasmodic hunting in and around the churchyard this particular Little Owl returns to his perch on the old oaken beam, entering either by the door, which is seldom closed, save at night, or by one of the windows left open for ventilation. We tolerate him, but no doubt the church cleaners would like to lay hands on him—for the mess he makes! Quietly entering the church the other day I was interested to see my friend the robin perched on top of the lectern. From

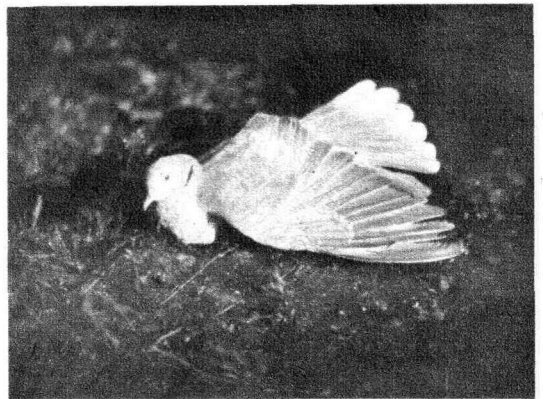


Photo: W. H. Ramsay

"O that I had wings like a Dove"

# The Work of



HE work of an Air Force chaplain is, of course, much the same as that of the average parson—especially these days when many parochial clergy have two or even three parishes under their charge. Like his brothers in the parishes, the chaplain is commissioned first and foremost to provide the services of the Church. Other jobs he may very well take on (such as are generally known as "welfare")—because they will often be the means of making contact with men he would not otherwise find easy to approach—but such "extras" which can be done equally well by officers who are not ordained should never make him forget his primary duty. This of course is true of chaplains in all branches of the fighting-services; indeed, of chaplains anywhere—in schools, hospitals or prisons. I stress this fact first because it is sometimes forgotten, or not realised by all; sometimes I am afraid, not by Commanding-Officers, though in my eight years as a chaplain (four with the Army and four in the R.A.F.) I only came across one who made it clear that what he wanted on his station was not so much a chaplain as a "welfare" (or even "entertainments") officer!

## A Parish at Home

The average R.A.F. station at home can be run in much the same way as a parish. The chaplain has a church, fitly furnished by the authorities, and an office where he can give interviews to those seeking his advice and help. His "parishioners" all live conveniently around and can be visited in their "homes" and also at their work. He can also join in their different forms of recreation. In his work he has the official backing of the King's Regulations and consequently of his Commanding-Officer and always, I found, that of his own immediate superiors in the chaplains' branch and of the Chaplain-in-Chief himself. If he has the care of more than one station, motor-transport is provided for him. Added to all this he has no worries about clothes, being in uniform and, above all, is adequately paid besides having all the everyday necessities—quarters, meals, doctor, dentist, etc.—"laid on." If he is a married man he receives reasonable marriage and children's allowances and in some cases "married quarters."

His work, again, is largely what he makes it. No one is going to ask him to give an account of how he occupies his day, but needless



By THE REV. BERNARD T. CROFT

to say, there is enough work on any R.A.F. station to keep the Church of England chaplain fully occupied from early morning to late at night, when he may at any rate "drop in" to the serjeants'-mess, the concert, or the debate, if he has not something on, more specifically his own, a choir-practice, a Confirmation class, a discussion group or a meeting of the Bible Reading Fellowship. Indeed, like so many clergy in the parishes, he is often hard put to it to find adequate time to prepare his sermons or addresses. But he knows how important it is that he should make time for this.

## Church Parades

The days of "Church Parades" have gone, and as things are at present, very few of his flock are on the station at all at the week-end, but the work of preaching and teaching, in one way or another, must go on. Today one of his most important cares will be for the many very young men—little more than boys—in uniform for their period of national service. It is a great help to him if he receives letters of commendation from parish clergy about lads joining up and he, in turn, will be careful to commend on to the next chaplain those who are posted away. This cannot very well be done for all who claim to be "C. of E."—but it can and should be done for those who have proved themselves to be regular communicants or have helped in any capacity around the station-church—choir, etc., and, of course, those prepared for Confirmation or in the midst of preparation when posted away. Although for several good reasons, the R.A.F. chaplain ranks as a

# R.A.F. Chaplains

senior-officer, there is a very friendly relationship between all ranks and himself (his own rank is more for the benefit of those he serves than for his own) and in the R.A.F. more than in the Army or the Navy he is "Padre" to one and all.

## A Parish Abroad

Abroad, of course, conditions are different and vary considerably. I had the privilege of being the first R.A.F. Regiment padre in North-West Europe with official permission to wear the khaki uniform and blue beret—and my "parish" stretched from Hamburg and the Baltic coast in the north to Bavaria in the far south (including parts of the American and French zones of occupation) and from Ghent in Belgium on the west across to the Czecho-Slovak border in the east! I was very much an itinerant-chaplain and did some two-hundred miles a day shepherding scattered and isolated units of men, most of them guarding radar-sets on German mountain tops. With a batman-driver I would go off for tours of about a fortnight at a time, returning then to base for a rest, a general clean-up, attend to correspondence—and plan the next tour. In our truck we had everything necessary for providing the services of the Church with as much decency and order as was possible in the circumstances—in one summer I held services in farmhouses, an orchard, a windmill, a Baron's castle, and the super-cinema of Goering's "Luftgau" in Hamburg! My regular routine on these tours was to try to arrive at a unit in the early evening, have a meal with the men (on these units there was not always an officer with them), advertise service arrangements and be available for private interviews. Then next morning we would have a general service for any who cared to come (and there was usually a ninety-nine per cent. voluntary attendance at these services, not all the men being "C. of E.") and a celebration of Holy Communion. Then quickly on to the next, leaving behind, I hope, something more than the ever-welcome books and other "comforts" I had sometimes to distribute.

Incidentally, it may be worth noting that the first "missionary journey" I made over there was from Ghent to Aix—like the riders in the poem—on our way to "take the good news" from Group Headquarters to a squadron down the Rhine (though they call Aix Aachen nowadays of course).

# Growing Up

By the Rev. Canon Salter

**S**OME English words and phrases are very misleading and confusing. Why do we speak of a man falling in love? Surely, if love is the greatest thing in the world and the highest human virtue, a man ought to rise up to it and not fall into it.

The two phrases, grown-up and growing-up are misleading just because they imply that only young people grow up and that the minds and characters of their elders are completely at a standstill. What nonsense! It is tragically possible to get older without growing up at all. Have you never come across old or middle-aged people who are narrow-minded and bigoted, whose characters have become stunted, and whose lives are cabined, cribbed, and confined?

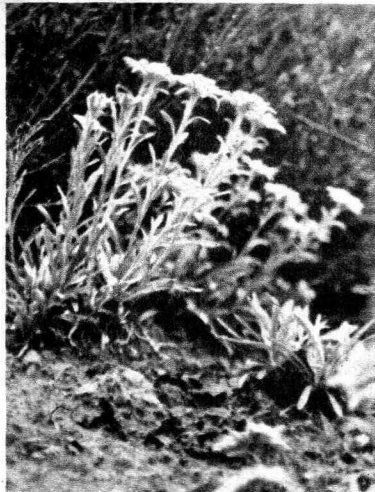
Of course it is true that, as we grow older, we lose a lot of our physical energy and are not as active in body as we were in our younger years, but that is no reason at all why we should not grow in mental alertness, in spiritual experience, and in the appreciation of moral values. Growing up is the most important business in the world for each one of us, and the older we are the more important it is that we should learn its meaning and its implications. "Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ . . . put away childish things . . . till we all come to a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ"—is the New Testament reminder to all who want to go on growing in the way God wants us to grow.

There are many tragic stories connected with those who have made a mess of life when they could have, with proper thought and care, made a success of it. Hartley Coleridge, whose early years were so full of hope and promise, and whose later years were such a disappointment, wrote these lines on the front page of one of his old school books shortly before he died:

*When I received this volume small  
My years were barely seventeen,  
When it was hoped I should be all  
Which once, alas, I might have been,  
But now my years are thirty-five  
And every mother hopes her lamb,  
And every happy child alive,  
May never be what now I am.*

I sometimes think those are some of the most tragic and pathetic words in all my collection of poems.

There are certain straight-forward principles involved in this growing-up business. Healthy growth, for ex-



The Flower that is noble and white and grows at great heights

ample, depends a lot on things outside ourselves. We know how true this is of Mother Nature in her work, how the trees and the flowers depend on the rain and the sun and the soil for their development, but do we realise how much we depend on the company we keep, on the habits we form, on the books we read, on the spiritual atmosphere which we breathe, and on the sunshine of God's Presence for our own development and growth? Another clear-cut principle of growth is that it is always a trying business. Don't you remember the growing pains of your youth? Have you forgotten the doubts and the moods and the misgivings of those earlier years? Let adolescents take heart that this growing-up business often passes through its most trying and awkward period between the age of 15 and 20, and that, if they can pass through that period with a simple faith in God and with a clean outlook on life, they will find the battle more than half won.

But let me end up on a happier note. We must never forget this truth, that the Master of men did not say to youngsters, "Except ye be converted and become as grown-ups, ye cannot enter the Kingdom," but He did say to us adults, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter the Kingdom." Of course there is a world of difference between childishness and childlikeness. I think that must be why so many of us long for a manly courage, for an active and alert mind, and for a young heart. I love that story of R. L. Stevenson, who was once seen jumping up and down the steps of Saint Paul's with a small child holding each hand. When a friend remonstrated with him, he replied: "Why not? There's not

much sense in all this grown-up business anyhow!" Life is what we make it and whether we grow up or down depends on ourselves whether we seek day by day to soar like eagles to greater heights above—or whether we are content to settle down in the slough of stagnation and smug self-satisfaction.

## 400th Birthday of our Prayer Book

By the Rev. L. B. Ashby, M.A.

II.

**W**HEN we go to Church, we are so used to being able to take our Prayer Book with us, or to find one provided for us when we get there, that we have come to take it as a matter of course. But suppose that we had gone to our Parish Church in 1537, instead of in 1949, what should we have found?

Well, in the first place, no one in the congregation would have with him either a Prayer Book or a Hymn Book! Just a very few of the better-off people might possibly have possessed a copy of the newly published booklet called, "The Institution (Education) of a Christian Man," which was not a manual of worship at all, but a small handbook of simple instruction for the Laity, containing explanations of the Creed, Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments, etc. It was popularly known as "The Bishop's Book," because it was published by authority and with the consent of the Bishops. It was, however, in no sense a service book.

The only person in the Church who would have possessed a service book would have been the parson; and he would have had no less than four rather large and unwieldy books, which were all of them necessary for conducting the various services and ministrations of the Church. The provision and upkeep of these books was a very expensive matter in those days, as can be seen from sixteenth-century Church accounts.

In the second place the whole of the service would of course have been said in the Latin tongue, no other language being used in those days in the services of the Church.

In the third place, you would not have found, on any given Sunday or Holy Day, the same form of service in use in every Parish Church. If, for instance, your home had been somewhere near London or Winchester, and you had gone to stay with friends or relations at Lincoln, or York, and had accompanied them to Church, you would have found a quite different service in use at these places from the one to which you were accustomed at home.

There was, indeed, "great diversitie in saying and synging in churches within this realm" as Archbishop Cranmer tells us in the Preface to the Prayer Book of 1549.

### Prayer Book Quiz No. 4

What is the meaning of these words that occur in the service for the Solemnization of Matrimony?

1. IMPEDIMENT—(a) stammer, (b) obstruction, (c) legal objection.
2. ORDINANCE—(a) heavy artillery, (b) law, (c) admission to Holy Orders.
3. PLIGHT MY TROTH—(a) pledge my word of honour (b) give my wedding ring, (c) promise to be truthful.
4. CHERISH—(a) caress, (b) nurse, (c) treat with affection.
5. COVENANT—(a) mutual agreement, (b) nunnery, (c) testament.

Answers on page 48.

# WEEKDAY HINTS

## For Women with Homes

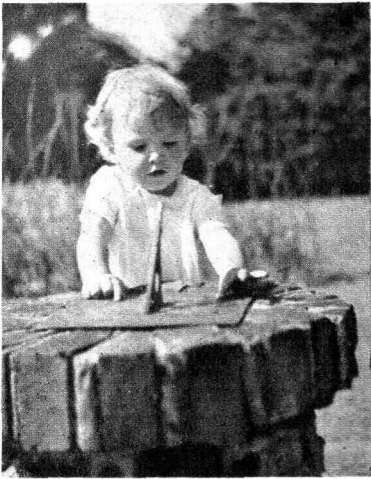


Photo: Miss D. Tyler

### Summer Time

#### Monday's Washing.

**Ironing Blanket.**—To prevent the corners of your ironing blanket rucking up during use, sew strings to the corners, and tie to the legs of the table. Time and temper will be saved.—Miss E. HARDING.

Whenever a button comes off when washing or ironing, I drop it in a glass jar, then when I'm ready to sew on buttons, I know where to find them.—Mrs. PEATE.

#### Tuesday's Sewing.

**To split wool.**—When splitting thick wool to knit thinner garments, first pass the end of the wool through a cotton reel; then divide the strands which two people can wind on to separate balls. The cotton reel prevents the wool from twisting, and becoming tangled.—Mrs. STOKER.

**Slippers.**—To make your bedroom slippers last longer, use adhesive tape where the first split at the sides of the soles appears. The tape will also keep the tip of the toes together. Bedroom slippers are as expensive now as a cheap ordinary shoe used to be.—Miss N. MISSELBROOK.

**When crocheting edges** on materials that have not been hemstitched, run around the edge with the sewing-machine—first removing the cotton from the needle. This pierces holes at regular intervals and will make much easier the first row of crochet.—Mrs. V. CANTWELL.

#### Wednesday's Nursing.

**Whooping Cough.**—A very good remedy for whooping cough is to put one cupful of saltpetre in a saucepan with half a cupful of water. Let it stand on the side of the stove until the saltpetre is melted, then take some thick white blotting paper and cut it into four inch squares and soak them in the saltpetre. Dry them in the sun and burn one square in the bedroom at night in a tin or enamel or china plate. This is also a good remedy for ordinary colds.—Mrs. TRAVIS.

**Bark of the oak tree** is an antiseptic astringent and contains strong tonic properties. For gastric troubles and acute indigestion it is excellent, and the bark boiled in water also makes a good gargle for relaxed throats.

Together with blackberry leaves, the bark of the oak tree can be used for a splendid hair lotion that banishes greying hair without any fear of after-effects.—Miss E. HARDING.

**For bronchitis.**—A good cure for bronchitis: rub the chest with cod-liver oil.—Mrs. SHINTON.

#### Thursday's Cooking

**Apple parings and cores.**—Instead of throwing these away put them in pan, cover with water and boil till soft and strain peelings. To every pint of liquor add half ounce of sugar and 1 ounce of sago. Boil till clear, stirring all the time. Pour into a moistened mould and serve cold with custard.—Miss READE.

*You will need less dried fruit and sugar if you make your bread puddings with a currant loaf.*

**A pair of wet scissors** is best for cutting dates or marshmallows.—Mrs. PEAKE.

**Tasty Biscuits** can be made at home. Rub 2 oz. of cooking fat or margarine into 8 oz. of self-raising flour; mix 2 oz. of sugar and one level tablespoon of dried egg, knead the mixture to a stiff dough with 1 tablespoon of golden syrup beaten up in 3 tablespoons of warm milk, and a few drops of lemon essence. Roll out thinly on a floured board and cut into fancy shapes. Bake on a greased tin in a brisk oven for 10 to 15 minutes. To the above mixture a few currants may be added, or a little ginger and black treacle instead of golden syrup and lemon essence, or cocoa and golden syrup for chocolate-flavoured biscuits, etc.—Mrs. A. BAKER.

**Jellied Beetroot.**—Dice a medium-sized cooked beetroot and put it in a glass dish. Dissolve a lemon jelly in three-quarters of a pint of boiling water, and add to it quarter pint of vinegar. When the jelly is nearly cold and on the point of setting, pour it over the beetroot, then leave it to set. Can be served with salads or cold dishes of all kinds.—Mrs. PAYNTER.

#### Friday's Household.

**The kitchen sink** may become clogged; fill the sink three parts full with tap water, then put an ordinary rubber play ball over the runaway, and press on it smartly two or three times. This usually clears the pipe.—Mrs. WEBSTER.

**Draughts.**—Here is a very useful hint for excluding draughts from the top side of the skirting where the board leaves the wall. I have successfully filled this gap with plasticine, as cement or putty contracts and just falls out again. Plasticine is quite cheap and can be obtained in a variety of colours and is not too noticeable.—Mrs. D. SMITH.

**Should the handle of a door or drawer** become loose and continually fall out, fill the socket with broken matches and

re-screw the handle. I have treated three handles in this way and they have lasted for years.—Miss G. DESBOTS.

**To stain old wooden chairs** use a 9d. bottle of brown shoe leather dye. Leave for one hour, then polish. One bottle stains two chairs.—Mrs. SMALLWOOD.

**Plastic Cup.**—Seen in a Liverpool chemist's shop is a plastic cup which will not only fold and spring back to its original shape, but will also bounce without ill effect. Very serviceable for picnics or for use by young children. It is a product of Lancashire.—Miss E. HARDING.

#### Saturdays' Children.

I often find that my small boys' pyjama trousers are always falling down unless the cord is tied uncomfortably tight. I overcame this by removing the cord, cutting it in half and then re-joining it by inserting a piece of elastic about 2 inches long. The cord is then replaced and tied in a bow in the usual way. The waist of the trousers grips firmly and comfortably.—Mrs. YOUNG.

If sleeves of macs are too long, turn inside out and turn up the necessary amount. Lay the sleeve flat on the table and stick one inch wide adhesive plaster along the edge of the turn-up and on main part of the sleeve, working any surplus sleeve round to the seam, so that the plaster is flat all round.—Miss E. HARDING.

**Socks that keep up.**—No need for garters or suspenders, if when knitting socks after casting on and the first two rounds a smaller sized set of needles is used for half the usual 4 inch welt.—Mrs. LEDGER.

**As a toothpaste for children.**—Mix together 4 oz. bicarbonate of soda and 3 oz. orris root. This prevents the teeth from decaying, and preserves them at a very small cost.—Mrs. ALMOND.

\*\* If you know of a good hint for our household pages, send it to the Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4, during January. We offer six 5/- prizes. Note that if the hint, without letter, is sent in an envelope with flap tucked in the postage is only 1d.



Photo: Miss D. Tyler

Do you like butter?

# THE LOST INHERITANCE

By HOOLE JACKSON

VI



FARRON looked up with a smile as Kiligrew entered his study. "This is what I wanted you for," he said, and handed his friend the slip of paper he held in his hand. John looked at it. A cheque! Five thousand pounds! To John Kiligrew! With the signature "George Farron."

Farron smiled, and his smile had always seemed to John like the opening of a window of the soul. "I owe you that, you know. Have you forgotten?"

"Don't be a fool—*owe* it to me? You never had a debt in your life."

"Only one I can never repay fully, John. You saved my life—perhaps my reason as well—when you burst into that cabin and risked your own life. I promised five thousand to anyone who would save me."

"What *utter* rot. You did babble something like that, but that was when you were in terror, and—"

"Listen, John. I thought I was rich then. You know all about old Uncle Peter. Well, he'd given us a flying start as you know. I shouldn't be here but for him—in this Eden. Do you know what happened?"

George laughed, and continued—"Talk about not counting your chickens! We never learn, do we? I'd counted on that fortune coming my way. Never questioned it. Well, Uncle Peter married again at seventy-four. He'd been a widower for years."

"Then you can't afford this!"

"That's just the point. My life was saved for some purpose."

"I should say it was; look what you've done here and how far you have carried the message you love."

"Oh yes, that's *easy*. I love it, you see, but it isn't doing what is *really* a sacrifice—even to my own hurt. You remember: 'He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.' That's in Psalm fifteen!"

"That's all very well, but you won't make me take this."

"Won't I? Look, John, take it this way. You saved me. When I was better, the fear of the sea and of enclosed places had gone. Like *that*," he snapped his fingers. "That was worth something. More, I had my life's work. Happy as a king. I had Enice: that was wonderful. It didn't seem right—when there you were battling for life with all the savings you could scrape together—and you had Rosina. Right, so what did I do?"

"Something as crazy as you used to do at school, you old Quixote."

Farron laughed. "In a way, yes. I put half my stipend away. I gave up smoking. I cut down my magazines and newspapers. I stopped buying books. Nothing much, but I *was* giving up a little."

"You can't have saved five thousand. Don't be an ass. Besides I'm not—"

"Wait a bit," George opened his desk and took out an account-book. "This was my sacrifice book. I put everything down in it that I wanted—and never bought. Surprising what a lot of things you can do without. Last year I tightened up, when I saw *The Signal* was in rough water. Enice hasn't suffered at all. I kept to the allowance we'd agreed on at the start. Yesterday I checked up with my bank-manager. This account to me is an account with God. It had reached one thousand five hundred. Stipend and Do-Withouts."

"And the rest?"

"A windfall. Uncle Peter died a short time ago. He didn't quite forget me. That made up the rest."

"All right, but I'm not going to take it. What do you think I am?"

Farron opened another drawer and took out a new pipe and pouch. "The account is closed. I can do what I like now. We'll have a pipe together. Think how much greater the joys I've set aside for these few years will be because I did set them aside. Besides, it isn't your money, John. It's for *The Signal*. Won't it enable you to go on?"

Kiligrew sat down, filled his pipe from Farron's new pouch and a smile gathered at his lips.

"You've got me, all right. I'll put it in *The Signal*. That will let your voice go on speaking to a wider public, and if *The Signal* forges ahead you'll have some nice dividends, my lad. I'll take it, George, and we'll be like we were when we were at school—equal shares."

He paused, and added: "I can see Johnson's face when he knows. MacAlister—he'll throw his apron in the air. Hallett will have a joyous binge—he's built that way. They'll all feel as if the world was a good place, and *The Signal* will go on with its message."

"I thought you'd see it that way," said Farron, happily. "It makes me so pleased. It's been a bit tough, and I wanted it to be tough, but not really too hard. There were times when I needed some of that money badly. Once—you remember the Second Officer of the *Varonda*. Well, he had a rough time. Wife ill. Eldest daughter in hospital. I met him in Falmouth. I gave him fifty pounds. After all, that night did make us a brotherhood, and he was fine: they were all fine. I gave him fifty pounds, I say. I *scraped*

that fifty. I wouldn't touch this account. Enice couldn't make out why I was making the little sacrifices. She asked me about it once or twice. I never told her. Now, I'm going to tell her, and she'll know I was right."

They sat smoking for a time. Presently John went to his bedroom and gazed out over the scene. His experience of men and women was too wide, too deep, not to know that such things do happen in real life. Nothing like it had ever happened to him before. He had seen the sordid side of life; the greed, the hypocrisy, the tragedy, but he had also unearthed noble acts, great unselfishness, wonderful kindness, as he rooted for news in his reporting days, or saw the news cross the editorial desk. He sat down and wrote to Bickers, enclosing the cheque and giving instructions. Bickers had been a grand legal adviser. He would be as delighted as the boys on *The Signal*.

Then he phoned Johnson.

"Hello, that you Johnson? I've met a miracle. We've five thousand in the bank. Clear money. Go ahead, and let everyone in the office know. I'll tell you all about it one day. For the moment—it comes from Farron—pure friendship, God-inspired. I'm not crazy. I'm almost stunned. All our dreams going on. Let's be honest and say God has been with us. We thought we were—alone. But we're never alone, any of us. The everlasting arms were there all the time. Farron never doubted that. That's why he's the greatest among us. Perhaps that weekly article of his will carry the voice from Eden far and wide. We can't tell how much good we do—or how much evil, by our acts. That's why you feel, oh, I don't know, not *pleased* but happy when you go ahead with what you feel is fundamentally right. Doesn't matter if it seems to be failing, or not the world's view of right—that's how *we've* all felt, isn't it?" He paused, then went on: "Yes, I've written Bickers and sent the cheque to him. We've nothing to fear. I shall be back a week on Monday. I'm going to relax properly now. Just imagine. A slip of paper—and when you think of it, it has been a slip of paper so often that has changed history. Goodbye, old man. I'm going to tell Rosina. She doesn't know yet."

She was in the garden, and John came and slipped his arm round her waist. "All right, Sweetheart," he said. "There's been a miracle," and told her.

Together they went in and found their friends. They could not talk much. It was too big. Enice said, and a little shakily, "No one else thought of anything like this. I'm glad I've seen friendship working as friendship should work. It makes you believe in the future of Men."



John said, "You've got one in a million—but wives make all the difference, too. You never bothered him, or got in his way. Some women would have forced that secret from him, perhaps spoiled what he aimed at."

Rosina said, "We shall feel the loveliness of it all our lives, George. No wonder love gathers round you."

Farron laughed. "I shall be able to afford some new clothes now—probably local people thought I was becoming a miser. If they knew what my stipend was! The Bishop did hint that my shoes wouldn't mend much more—'Not much of the original left, Farron?' That was what he said."

In the evening they walked up to Bulow's home. The old German had to hear the story, and he and his wife listened until Kiligrew had told them all.

"So," he said, and there were tears on his cheek, "A new world, eh, you young fools. Ach, I wish there were more of such. It is like I heard my father tell of in the long ago. He had met your Charles Kingsley. The world seemed to be going well, then, my friends. England, Germany—they loved each other. They had respect. Science walked with God—not with Fear."

He turned to his piano and began to play, and the music flowed past them out into the sweet September night. They all sat very silent, absorbed. Rosina's hand crept into John's. She could feel the nervous twinge which told how far run down he was, but it was all right now. Farron and his wife sat close also. Life in Fleet Street would be working to its nightly fever pitch, but here, just the call of an owl, the whisper of the wind in the woods, the sigh of the sea at the estuary mouth, and the music of a long dead German genius pouring out.

Gertrude Bulow stole out softly. They heard her busy in her little kitchen preparing the meals she loved to make for them. The tears were stealing down her cheeks. "My boys, I wish my boys had lived. It could be a good world, this," she told herself, and then dried her tears and, womanlike, found solace in giving her best to those guests she loved. When she called them to the little room that was her dining-room, they found the table set as German housewives love to set a table.

The light from the room spilled out across the tiny garden gay with autumn flowers: from the quay came sounds of singing.

In Fleet Street men were saying: "The Signal is on its feet. Hallet told me." Johnson picked up the tale and thought: "Wonder what the Chief would have said." But there was not time for pause. The world

demanded its morning papers, and from Sunday night to Friday the men who loved the newspaper game toiled at their various tasks—tired men, boastful men, men of genius, sometimes thwarted, sometimes part fulfilled, rarely, but sometimes, using all the great powers they possessed.

The Cabinet Minister whom John had defended against Vend said to a colleague: "With a few more papers like that, the world might change."

"One can do it," said the other man thoughtfully, "if one has a fair chance."

The Signal was having its chance, and the world would be the better for it. Better for two young men who dreamed a dream and followed a star—to their own hurt if need be.

Because they followed that star, two women knew love to be more wonderful than even they had dreamed, when these two became their heroes—and lovers. It was as if they could have a greater pride, a lovelier love, because their men tried to walk in the way God intended all should walk in. Which all could walk in.

[THE END]

## MAINLY FOR MEN

By The Padre.

### XVII—Having a Good Laugh

"HAT was a great success, Padre."



"Glad you think so, Jim."

"Well, I do. We've wanted you to come and talk to our Men's Club a long time. As you know, we've been having a series of speakers who've been to talk on 'My job,' and I honestly think your's was about the best we've had. Interesting, too. But I must say I was surprised by some of the things you said."

"Not shocked, I hope."

"No, but surprised. You know when you were talking about various experiences you'd had while visiting, you said there were two things which rather got you down. One was that some people seemed to think convention demanded that they should be on their best behaviour when you showed up, and that they apologised if the place was in a bit of a mess, or if they were having their tea, or something like that. The other thing that got you down, you said, was that so many seemed to think it the thing to be solemn when you called. You did say that, didn't you?"

"I did. What's the surprise?"

"The surprise is in the second point you made. I, for one, have always thought it right to be serious in manner and conversation with clergymen, as I am with you. I can



Photo: J. H. Stone

#### Having a good laugh

imagine myself having a good laugh with most of my other friends, Padre; but somehow not with you, although you're the best of them, and I know you so well."

"But why do you feel like that, Jim?"

"I don't really know."

"Let's try to find out, then. Is it because I strike you as a gloomy kind of person?"

"Not a bit."

"Is it because I give the impression of being so strait-laced that even a laugh might shock me?"

"Well . . . no."

"Ah! That's a little nearer the mark, I see. Tell me, then, is it because what I represent seems so solemn and serious a matter?"

"Yes; I think that really is it, Padre. I believe all sorts of people of whom I am one, think that religion is so far beyond being a laughing matter that they are showing good manners in being solemn in the presence of its representatives. After all, we don't laugh in church, do we?"

"No; but is that any reason why we should not laugh out of it?"

"I wouldn't know, personally. But I seem to remember from my history books that the Church all through the ages has frowned on merry-making. For instance, look what happened in the days of Cavaliers and Roundheads—Cromwell's time. Didn't the Roundheads forbid people to dance round the maypole; didn't they generally put down laughter and fun because their ministers told them to?"

"Yes; but you're getting rather badly mixed up, Jim. The Roundheads were various kinds of Puritans, in many cases. The Church was largely on the Cavalier side—Church and King—and had certainly no part in the Puritan frowning on fun."

"But what about Calvin in

**MAINLY FOR MEN (Continued)**

Geneva, then? Didn't his people have laughter on Sundays, and after certain hours punished as a crime?"

"True; but where is this history supposed to be getting us?"

"It's supposed to show why it is that so many people think that laughter and religion don't mix, and that it is proper to be solemn when the vicar calls, if only out of good manners. It's an inherited feeling, Padre, and you can't get away from it."

"But we must get away from it, Jim! This popular idea that gloom, and Christianity somehow go together has done enormous harm. It also arises from a complete misunderstanding. It is quite true that there has always been a feeling among Christians that the follies and frivolities of the world—whether they were maypoles, or "swing" at

the palais de danse—were wrong once they began to be thought of as ends in themselves. Pleasures, and laughter are all right, so long as they are made to leave plenty of room in life for serious thoughts and the performance of duties. The Christian thinks life is a serious business, because it is part of the road to heaven, and he must work his passage along it. But that doesn't mean that he shouldn't have a laugh now and then by the wayside. One of the most humorous men I ever came across was the late Archbishop William Temple. His queer, bubbling kind of laugh was famous."

"But—"  
 "I know what you're going to say. Your going to say that this does not explain away the undeniable fact that some kinds of Christians—although not those of our church—have frowned upon what many other

people thought then, and think now to be harmless pleasures."

"Exactly."  
 "Well, Jim; its all been a sad mistake. One side has perhaps always tended to think that because some pleasures are evil, then all pleasures are evil, including laughter and fun. And the other has tended to think that because some pleasures are good, then all pleasures are sound and proper, which does not happen to be true. Meanwhile, the Church and its clergy have somehow had a mantle of gloom cast over them by popular opinion which mostly they don't want to wear at all, and which I, for one, am just not going to wear, either! So next time I call at your place, for goodness sake don't remove the smile from your face, Jim. Leave it on!"

**Quiz Answers**—1 (c), 2 (b), 3 (a), 4 (c), 5 (a).

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of undivided loyalty to our Lord and Master, and I have tried to impress upon this array of valiant souls (some seventy persons) that St. John's Church should always hold the key place in their lives. I am absolutely confident that they will not fail, and that they will always look back on Whit Sunday, 1949, as one of the greatest and happiest days in their lives.

### THE BAKER CUP

MR. A. W. J. BAKER has been the kind and generous donor of a Silver Challenge Cup. This Cup has been presented to the St. John's Church Cricket Club, and will be shared over the period of one year between the players with the best batting and bowling averages respectively. In addition, Mr. Baker has given two Replicas which will be presented to these players. You can hardly imagine my joy at this most encouraging gesture, and on behalf of our Cricket Club, I wish to convey our warmest thanks to Mr. Baker.

The ceremony of presentation will be carried out by Mrs. Baker. The date and place of the presentation will be announced towards the close of the season.

### PAROCHIAL CHURCH COUNCIL

THE Parochial Church Council met in the Boys' School on Monday, 9th May at 7.30 p.m.

After the election of Officers and Committees the Council addressed itself to the principal business on the Agenda—the Autumn Fair and Sale. It was resolved to hold this Fair in the week 29th October to 5th November when the Schools would be available. All Church and Parish workers will unite in a common effort. Social Committee, Choral Group, Youth Group, Mothers' Union, Sports Section, Drama Group, Day School and Sunday School, Scouts and Guides—all in diverse yet concerted activities. The Council, mindful of the spiritual and social enthusiasm permeating St. John's, is confident that the people will welcome and support the efforts now begun.

And now is the time to explain the intent and purpose of these plans. Next month we expect Mr. Carver to commence his duties as Assistant Priest. The parochial staff will then be complete and the parish will have the services of which it has long been deprived.

The people of St. John's are now asked to meet the cost of these services by a special effort.

A large sum of money will be needed, about £600, and to raise this amount the Council have made their plans for the Autumn Fair and Sale.

During the long summer months you will have time to think about this.

If you have any suggestions to make or any gifts to offer I shall be glad to know of them.

O. H. LAFLIN,  
*Hon. Secretary.*

### ST JOHN'S SUNDAY SCHOOL FLOWER SERVICE

ONE of the most beautiful services at St. John's Church for many years has been the one dedicated to the children of our Sunday Schools. It has always been known as the "Children's Flower Service", and held each year on the last Sunday afternoon in June. To see the throng of happy little faces quietly walking up the aisle to the altar steps, each proudly carrying their own particular gift to God of flowers, fruit or jam, presented to Him through the hand of the Vicar is a joy remembered and treasured by many. How lovely then it will be to see once again at 3 p.m. on the afternoon of June 26th our new Vicar receiving and blessing the children's gifts.

People are saying St. John's Church is always full now-a-days! Do come along and join with the children and teachers in praise and thanksgiving to God for all His goodness to us. If you have a little boy or girl who would also like to bring their own little gift to God they are

most welcome. After the service all the gifts are taken and given to the old people living at Hillsborough. Only those who have seen the joy and pleasure on these old people's faces can realise how deeply the children's gifts are appreciated. Wonderful it is to give with no thought of gain. "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not for such are the Kingdom of Heaven."

HEDLEY T. COOMBS.

### THE CATHEDRAL MISSIONARY EXHIBIT

June 15th to July 6th

#### THE STORY OF THE WORLD-WIDE BOOK

THE BIBLE SOCIETY has accepted responsibility for the 8th Cathedral Missionary Exhibition. It promises to be of unique interest as it will tell the story of how we obtained our Bible; the Message that comes from its pages; the thrilling account of its circulation into every part of the world and its translation into over 1000 tongues. Some of the models will be illuminated.

The Opening Ceremony will be conducted by Canon G. W. Briggs at 3.15 p.m. on June 15th.

### AN OPEN LETTER

THE St. John's Scouts, Wolf Cubs, Guides and Brownies (under the direction of Mrs. Annis, Captain, and Mr. Rowe, G.S.M.), and some parents went along to Martley on Sunday, May 15th, 1949, to a combined Church Parade in perfect weather, despite the forecast of rain.

The Troops presented their colours and a member from each section said their Laws and Promise. The lesson was read by Captain Spreckley, District Commissioner, who also took the salute at the March Past, with Assistant District Commissioners Curnock and Davis. The Rev. Hastings Lloyd, Rector of Martley, who conducted the service, gave a short and impressive address.

Parents and all members of the movements present were entertained to tea at the Chantry School, through the generosity of Mr. Walford, who organised the Parade, Martley being his old Parish.

It was very gratifying to see our own Vicar there, and he was, I am sure, very disappointed at having to leave early to get back to St. John's for Christenings.

We are all indebted to Mr. Walford for a very enjoyable afternoon.

A PARENT.

### ST. JOHN'S GIRL GUIDES

THE Company will celebrate its "coming of age" in October of this year and during that time some 240 girls have passed through it.

We have now a full Company of four Patrols and a large Brownie Pack. The Company carried on all through the War, and the "black-out", when so many Companies closed down. Uniform has been very difficult and still is a great trouble. If, therefore, anyone in the Parish who has an unwanted uniform and would give it to the Company, we should be very grateful.

We hope, as usual, to take part in the Divisional Sports and Shield Competition, and are sending some Guides to the Divisional Camp at Castlemorton in August for a week.

The spirit of Guiding must in these difficult days help to fit girls for life by acting on our motto "Be Prepared" for anything that they may find when they leave school and enter into the world.

GLADYS M. ANNIS,  
*Captain.*

### THE DRAMA GROUP

THE Drama Group got away to a successful start with their three one-act plays which were given in the Boys' School on the 3rd and 4th May. Mr. F. N. Platts produced "Red Wax" and "The Dear Departed" and Miss

M. Davies "The Lost Hat". This latter play being staged entirely by members of the Youth Group.

Mr. A. J. H. Watkins, Vice-Chairman of S.A.M.A., very kindly came to our "first night" and sent us on our way with words of encouragement and advice.

The audiences seemed to enjoy the performance, but if anything I think the cast and helpers enjoyed it more. At all events we finished up with a grand party, a credit balance of £11, and a determination to carry on to bigger and better productions!

**Future Plans.** Through the summer months we are meeting fortnightly instead of weekly—the first meeting of the new series being on Tuesday, 24th May in the Boys' School at 7.30 p.m. You will be very welcome to come and join us if you are at all interested in these activities.

### CHORAL SOCIETY

SOME fifty members of the Choral Society broke the ice on Sunday, 8th May by giving their first public performance in Church at a shortened form of Evensong. It was a special Musical Service under the direction of our conductor, Mr. Frank Green and with our accompanist, M. Kenneth Laffin at the organ. The musical items which took the place of the sermon were "All in an April evening"; "There is a green hill" (Tune, Greenhill) and "Guide me O Thou great Jehovah" (Tune, Cwm Rhondda); in addition solos were given by John Raymond, Kenneth Ryland and Terry Maund.

So far I have heard appreciative comments on the performance from all sides—with the one criticism, "it was not long enough"!

At this point I want to thank the Vicar very sincerely for so kindly inviting all the members of the Choral Society to a friendly informal party after the service, and for encouraging us all along and for placing so much confidence in us.

**Future Plans.** Through the summer months we have agreed to meet fortnightly instead of weekly. The second session begins on Friday, 20th May in the Boys' School at 7.45., the works being "Acis and Galatea" and "The Litany" set to music by Thomas Tallis.

We shall be very pleased to welcome any new members who may like to come and join us in our music making.

### ROUND THE PARISH NEWS

THE month of May has been crowded with a wonderful series of events—Spiritual and Social. In the first place, I should like to say that we have had some very inspiring Services in our lovely Church. Mr. Bishop and our Choir have done excellent work and the singing of the congregation has been grand. Everyone is taking a very active part in the Services.

The month commenced on the Social side with the Opening nights of the Dramatic Society. This has been fully reported by the Secretary of the Society but I must emphasise my gratitude to the Producers, Mr. F. Platts and Miss Davies and all concerned in the production of these plays. It was a magnificent effort which was fully appreciated by all who were able to be present. On May 7th we had another of the Parochial Dances. This dance breathed a festive atmosphere in so far as decorations were provided. Everyone seemed to enjoy a happy time as it should be. The organisers of these dances do a great job of work. On Sunday, May 8th we witnessed the first performance of the Choral Society. This has also been reported in another column. But I owe a warm word of praise and thankfulness to Mr. Frank Green, the Conductor, and all who were connected with the Society for their work. I felt this was a great act of witness. Mr. K. Laffin played the organ magnificently. On May 9th we had the first meeting of the newly appointed Church Council. I should like to say this proved to be a most active meeting in which every Council member was encouraged to play a part. I could not imagine a more

lively body of persons, and this augers supremely well for the future. On May 15th our Scouts and Guides, Cubs and Brownies, paid a visit to Martley for a Parade Service. The loveliness of this occasion is reflected in the Parent's letter. I am glad that I was able to attend. The Cricket Club is developing in an enthusiastic manner. Mr. R. Baker has been elected Captain. Mr. Edwards, jnr., Vice-Captain. The Cricket Committee consists of the Captain, Vice-Captain, Mr. Edwards, senior, who is also Coach and General Manager and Mr. R. Gammon. The interest of parents and other parishioners has been most gratifying.

### HOLY BAPTISM

*"Suffer the little children to come unto Me"*

- May 1.—Christopher Lionel Hobbs, 1 Malvern Road.  
 " 1.—Jonathan Charles Rea, 56 Winchester Avenue.  
 " 1.—Georgina Mary Pearce, 5 Vernon Park Road.  
 " 1.—Hazel Margaret Thompson, 17 Comer Road.  
 " 1.—Penelope Ridgway Smith, 196 Malvern Road.  
 " 4.—Nicholas Jeremy Taylor, Bungalow, Upper Park Street, Worcester.  
 " 8.—Shaun Perkins, 4 Diglis Road.  
 " 8.—Susan Betty Hodges, 16 Church Walk.  
 " 8.—Rosemary Gill Seymour, 1 Park Place.  
 " 15.—Joyce Ivy Jaynes, 2 The Avenue, Bromwich Rd.  
 " 15.—George William Lamb, 42 Laugherne Road.  
 " 15.—Gillian Catherine Stainer, 14 Canterbury Road, Ronkswood.  
 " 15.—Anne Elizabeth Rees, 19 Leamington Road, Birmingham.

### CHRISTIAN BURIAL

*"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord"*

- Apr. 25.—Arthur Sampson, aged 75 years, 72 McIntyre Road.  
 May 9.—Doris Molly Crane, aged 45 years, 68 Nelson Road.  
 " 12.—Bertha Sear, aged 74 years, 20 Bozward Street.  
 " 12.—Louisa Richards, aged 68 years, 106 Ombersley Road.  
 " 19.—Reuben Fisher, aged 85 years, 36 Skinner St.

### IN MEMORIAM

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

- June 2, 1924.—Edward Mason, aged 70.  
 " 7, 1945.—Percy William Webb.  
 " 9, 1937.—Arthur Alfred Annis.  
 " 11, 1931.—Dorothy High.  
 " 17, 1932.—Elizabeth Amelia Winwood.  
 " 19, 1944.—In loving memory of Frank Arthur Norman.  
 " 23, 1933.—In loving memory of Charles George Bowker.  
 " 23, 1943.—Florence May Bishop.  
 " 26, 1941.—Alfred John Weaver, aged 65 years.

### CHURCH COLLECTIONS

April 24th, £10 12s. 0d.      May 1st, £11 4s. 7d.  
 May 8th, £14 18s. 0d.      May 15th, £9 15s. 9d.

### ST. JOHN'S FREE-WILL OFFERING SCHEME

The contributions for the month ending May 8th amount to £2 11s. 8d. as follows:

No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	d.
2	3	6	18	2	0	37	1	0	58	4	6
4	5	0	19	8	0	39	2	0	59	2	0
5	6	0	20	2	6	40	1	0	60	2	0
9	2	6	21		8	43	1	0			
16	1	0	32	4	6	55	2	6			