

MOTTO FOR 1949

"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

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MY DEAR FRIENDS,

Holidays! Many of you have been telling me of your plan for a holiday. Some of you have been able to arrange to be away for a fortnight. There are others who can spare just one week. There are some who have decided to take an occasional day trip in one of those nice coaches which are set at our disposal in these days. I write to you all, "Have a Happy Time." And this lovely thought of a holiday reminds me of that occasion which is recorded in the fifteenth chapter of the Book of Genesis. "After these things the word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision, saying, Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward . . . And He brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward heaven, and the stars . . ." As Abram sat brooding in his tent, the Word of the Lord came to him and bade him come outside—Look up at the heavens and count the stars. And when he did so a new faith and a new courage was born in him. The doubts and worries of the tent disappeared. He had discovered the blessing of a wider outlook.

I feel that this is an appropriate subject for this time of the year when a stirring in the blood is taking men and women away from the city and its crowded streets, away from country-town or village and its narrowness, out into the open, in order to obtain a sight of the great spaces of the hills, and the broad levels of the sea, out to the fresh air and the blue of heaven in the case of the town-dwellers, or in the case of those who live in the country away to fresh scenes, where narrow minds may be stretched and narrow views enlarged. Our need of a holiday is God's invitation to us, when we begin to flag and to be irritable over trifles, to come forth abroad and look at the heavens, the moors and the sea. When a holiday has done its work properly it has given us a new horizon. It has framed our life in a wider margin. We will no longer be content, as so many are, to live in a mental rut, and we shall no longer be afraid of new ideas, new developments and new leadings of the spirit.

The trouble with so many people at the present day is that their way of living is all foreground. They do not look back into history. They do not look to see what is going on in the larger world. They live in the present with its round of business or pleasure and in consequence they live maimed and crippled lives. Their vision is trained to see only what is under their noses or what they have always seen and what their grandfathers have seen before them.

Now it is the supreme function of religion to supply us with that larger background. The religion of Jesus, if we take it seriously, offers us all a permanent escape from narrowness and invites us into a broader and more roomy life. It is written of the Good Shepherd and His relation to men that *He leadeth them out*. Christ Himself lived the spacious, wide-horizoned life and those who follow Him are led out there also. Christ is our Way into the life with the wider outlook, and it is the mark of His disciples that while they walk in the old paths trodden by the saints, their minds are always open to receive new revelations and the guidance of the Holy Spirit. A narrow-minded Christian is therefore a contradiction of terms and in so far as any man is a bigot or a party man he is so much the less a follower of the Lord Jesus.

It is only putting this thought in another way to say that the Christian religion, if we take it seriously, gives us a sense of proportion and therefore a sense of humour. We all know how a broken toy can cloud a child's whole horizon. We grown-ups can see beyond the broken toy—we think of all the blessings which remain for him still—health, home, father and mother, and all life's golden prospects yet before him. But the child never thinks of

these things and he would not be a child if he did. The broken trumpet hides it all and fills up all his view. Yet how much better are many of us than children? How many of us know the secret of that higher reference and can frame our sorrow or disappointment against the spacious background of all God's blessings and promises? Of the downcast faces which we meet in the street, how many of them are brooding over an affair which is, after all, of the magnitude of a penny trumpet. It looks large, it looks final, just because they are living in a small and confined space where the things that are temporal block out their view of the heavens. *Come out of it*, says the Word of the Lord. *Look at your horizon. Think of all your blessings. Think of your neighbours and their needs. Against the spacious background of Eternity set the troubles that darken your day, and see if they be not after all the size of a penny trumpet or a doll's shoe.*

Sunday with its hours of worship is designed for this purpose. Rightly used, it gives us just what we need. During the week we have been living close up to our material environment and we may tend to forget that divine background which is man's true horizon. As we move in the daily routine, doubts may arise, fears are begotten, but we never lose hope. Today, God would bring us out to the wider spaces. He would have us set our lives against His love. He would have us bring our tasks to Him to be transfigured. He would have us cast our burdens and our imperfections into the boundless sea of His mercy. On Sundays and during our holidays we have our opportunity to stand out in the open and lift our eyes to the hills of God—let us seize it and use it to the full. Then we shall take away with us into our working days with their absorption, their concentration and their close range, a sense of background which redeems them from pettiness or fear. When we return to our tents, we shall have our difficulties to meet as Abram did, we shall have our battles to fight and may be our tears to shed. But we shall have seen and we shall remember, and when the vision fades we can still trust—that beyond there, like the blue behind the clouds, like the snow-capped hills that overlook the hamlet—there is One who cares for us. Our horizon need not be narrow. Our prejudice need not be fixed and unshakeable. Nor need we remain prisoners pent in by the bounds of our immediate environment. Once we have found the background of Eternity and of the things of the Spirit, we can always come out of the tent, look toward heaven and learn the lessons which the stars can teach us.

Yours sincerely,
John Wood

ALTAR FLOWERS

THE following ladies have kindly consented to provide flowers for the month of July.

- July 3.—Miss Gwynne and Mrs. Brown.
- " 10.—Mrs. Parsons.
- " 17.—Mrs. Annis.
- " 24.—Mrs. Higgins.
- " 31.—Mrs. Baker.

MARGARET E. LANCEY, Hon. Sec.,
103 Bransford Road.

CONFIRMATION

THE Service on Whit Sunday was most inspiring and one which we shall ever remember. I have received a host of most encouraging messages, and I should like to quote an extract from one of the letters:

CHURCH PICTURE PAGE

JULY, 1949



Young Bellringers.

MY small son, Christopher John, and my husband joined with the other bellringers in ringing the lovely bells in our beautiful old church of St. Theodegarius last November in honour of the birth of Prince Charles. The ringing master claims that my son is the youngest bellringer in Great Britain; he is nine years old. Other youngsters in the team include Maureen Pinder (grand-daughter of the ringing master), and Valerie Buxton, who are 14. The Carlisle family possess five bellringers, including Mrs. Nora Carlisle, a young and enthusiastic ringer, who successfully rang a full peal after ringing 9 months only, and her husband, Denis Carlisle who has rung 25 peals altogether, also Reuben Carlisle.—MRS. CARLISLE.

What is it?

I WONDER if your readers can solve a problem for me. While taking temporary duty at Exbourne I discovered near the Church safe a circular box

made of wood heavily bound with hoop iron. There is a lid on a hinge and it has three locks, but nothing to connect them with the lid. Above the lid there is an iron ring. It is about 10 inches high and 4 inches or so in diameter. The interior is smooth—almost polished.—THE REV. C. M. M. JOTCHAM.

** This seems to be a collection box like one previously illustrated.—ART EDITOR.

U.S.A. Epitaph.

Here lie the bones
Of Emily Kite,
Who put out her left hand
And turned to the right.

The Church Cat.

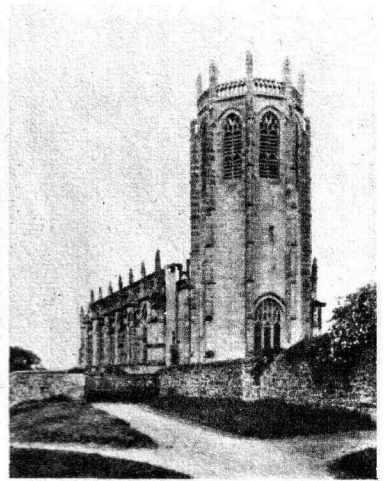
FAITH, the "bravest cat in the world," and for twelve years Church Cat of St. Augustine and St. Faith, under St. Paul's, died a few months ago. Little is left of this City church except the tower, but this remnant has been made into a chapel on whose wall has been placed a record stating that Faith shielded her kitten in a corner of the rectory where she remained through heavy bombing and fire, in which the whole house blazed until the morning, when she was rescued.—S. E. KIRBY.

Where Our Lord taught.

THIS solid structure, resembling a concrete mixer, is carved from solid stone, its interior worn smooth by use. I discovered it in the ruins of Capernaum, on the shores of the Lake of Galilee, and found it was an ancient olive press. Nearby can be seen the corner stones of houses. Here Our Lord must often have walked and taught the people only a few yards from the seashore.—G. SOUTHWELL.

Bishops v. Test Cricketers.

THE Archbishop of Brisbane on his return to Australia from the Lambeth Conference wrote in his diocesan paper: "A sidelight on the respective value of bishops and Test players was forthcoming at the Test Match at the Oval, London, last year, when one cathedral choir boy was heard to say to another, after many bishops had graciously signed their autograph books, 'I'll swop you three bishops for one Don Bradman or Denis Compton.'" Another disconcerting remark came from the lips of a little girl who had watched the 329 bishops enter Canterbury Cathedral for the inaugural service of the Conference—"Wouldn't it be awful, Mummy, if they all preached!"



An Octagonal Tower.

AN unusual feature of the church at Coxwold in Yorkshire is the octagonal tower. The only other one of that shape which I can call to mind is at Stanwick in Northamptonshire; but Stanwick tower is quite different in appearance, and is surmounted by an octagonal spire. The village of Coxwold is perhaps best known as being the home of Laurence Sterne who was the parson here for some eight years, and the author of Tristram Shandy and other works.—H. J. SMITH.

Pulling Together.

EACH wedding which takes place in the famous Church in the "Wildwood," U.S.A., is concluded with a remarkable ceremony. As the newlyweds are about to leave the church the parson stops them and tells the Bride that tradition requires her to ring the Church bell. She pulls the bell rope, but finds herself unable to swing the heavy bell. The parson then asks the Bridegroom to help. As the old bell peals out under their combined strength, he concludes with the counsel, "Remember you will find married life much easier when you pull together."—MRS. BEAVAN

. 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.



What is This?



Where Our Lord Walked and Talked.



Fig. 2. The Thinker.

FOR too many people a visit to Westminster Abbey leaves a confused memory of massive and overpowering sculpture figuring heroes, politicians and other famous men, often incongruously attired and copiously wept over by attendant ladies or "well-to-do cherubs." They may partly realise the soaring beauty of the building or experience for a moment, now and then, a thrill in the romance of its historical continuity, its long record of national and human life and its wealth of lovely craftsmanship, but these fleeting visions fade at the sudden impact on the spirit when encountering wanton destruction of old work, inflicted perhaps in honour of a nobody to give place to a memorial which, even if it has intrinsic merit, is an affront to its mediaeval setting.

But my object in this article is to emphasize certain special beauties of the thirteenth-century church, some of which were quite unknown until recent scaffolding and modern photography made records possible. It may seem incredible that after taking some 1,200 or more photographs of interesting and beautiful features in the mediaeval period alone, the end of this work is not yet in sight.

The sculptors who carved spandrels and corbels loved to portray or caricature their fellow craftsmen or other interesting and amusing folk. Much of their work is hidden away in the lovely triforium high up where sunlight gleams on marble shafts and streams across the floor. Here there are a gentle ram, a lady still with red cheeks and blue eyes, craftsmen and grim or smiling monsters; but the most striking characterisation is the extremely clever carving of a man with a rather semitic nose and a most intensely alive face, seeming almost to lean out of the window and look down a street. (Fig. 3.)

The Hidden Sculptures of Westminster Abbey

By R. P. Howgrave-Graham, F.S.A.

Further east is the beautiful head of a man in deep contemplation or thought. Somewhat decayed or injured though it is there is some of the feeling of ancient Greek sculpture in the cut of the face and the classic calm of the features. Some have liked to think it portrays Master Henry de Reyns, the first great Master Mason or "Cementarius" of Henry III and therefore the architect of the Abbey Church. (Fig. 2.)

In the beautiful chapel of St. Faith are wonderful and various heads, among which we find the strangest contrasts. One shows such concentrated, personified, cynical evil that it can haunt those who examine it at close quarters. My last illustration of these 700-year-old sculptures is of one which was unknown until the

Of later Time, and so with us he lives
Though centuries have changed to
primal dust
His hand and turned his chisel into
rust.

400th BIRTHDAY OF OUR PRAYER BOOK

III.—BY THE REV. L. B. ASHBY

EXPERIENCE teaches that nothing is so difficult to bring about as reform, even when abuses are glaring and the need for reform obvious. So we must not suppose that the new Prayer Book (1549 and 1552) was produced suddenly, and, as it were, from nowhere.

I have already referred to the publication of "The Bishops' Book" in 1537. This was the first serious attempt made to provide the Laity with simple religious instruction in their own tongue. Then came, in the next year, the King's order for the setting up of the Great Bible (Tyndale-Coverdale translation) in the Parish Churches, with permission for it to be read to the people. Here and there can still be found in ancient Parish Churches chained Bibles which were set up at or near to this time. The version of the Psalms in our Prayer Book is taken from this Great Bible; and that is why the wording of the Prayer Book Psalms is not the same as in our Bibles.

In 1542 a step in the direction of uniformity was taken when the Sarum Use was ordered to be employed throughout the whole Province of Canterbury.

In 1544 the Litany in English was drawn up by Archbishop Cranmer and issued by the King's authority. This Litany proved to be the first instalment of the new English Prayer Book.

In 1545 a devotional manual for the Laity, known as "The King's Primer," was issued. It contained devotions on the Passion, and some occasional prayers; and it was intended to assist the Laity in their devotions, whilst The King's Book of 1543 was meant to give them instruction in the rudiments of the Christian Faith as then held.

So much progress had therefore been made towards reformation and preparing the way for an English Prayer Book, when Henry VIII died on January 27, 1547.

(Continued on page 52)



Fig. 1. The Dreaming Youth.

crusted dirt was removed from it in 1936; it is probably the most beautiful corbel-head in the country and perhaps anywhere. It is now known as the "Dreaming Youth" (Fig. 1) and perhaps the reader will pardon me for presenting my own descriptive lines relating to it as the conclusion of this article:

The Youth, in contemplation and alone,
Dwells in a day-dream of serene delight.
Clean from the craftsman's rough-hewn block has grown
This loveliness conceived in his own dream—
A timeless vision which his spirit gives
To us who seem to float along a stream

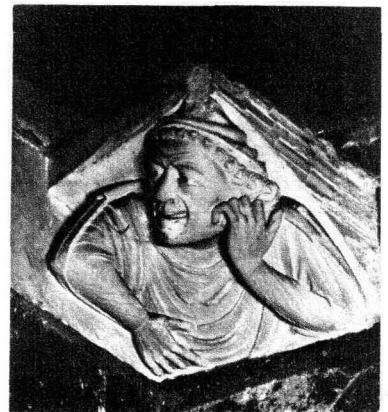


Fig. 3. The Man at the Window.

The Names of the Infant Prince

By THE REV. C. H. D. GRIMES.

THESE names are Charles Arthur Philip George—of the last two we will say no more than that they were obviously given in honour of the Father and Grandfather.

In choosing Charles and Arthur the parents were free in their choice—which indeed was quite an unexpected one—and they were clearly chosen to please the future subjects of the young prince and to give him inspiration. Arthur especially to please the Welsh and Cornish—because Arthur was the name of the King of the British people who once were the inhabitants of the whole of England and Wales but were driven by the advancing Saxons into the mountain fastnesses of Wales and extreme peninsula of Cornwall. A king made famous by the wonderful legends which gathered round the Knights of the Round Table and a king "without fear and without reproach" whose name and fame will live on for countless generations in the memory of his Celtic subjects.

The name Arthur, however, died out in England after the Conquest; the Normans obviously had no wish to revive these memories until it was popularised again by being this time the name of a great hero whom all could applaud. That was the Great Duke of Wellington or the Iron Duke—a man who still shares with Nelson the honours of an heroic age.

In choosing the name Charles—no doubt the parents were guided by an appeal to Scots sentiment and the father, as Duke of Edinburgh, was not likely to forget this. The House of Stuart, as being of Scots extraction, has always been popular with the Scottish people and the stories of Mary Queen of Scots and of Bonnie Prince Charlie are indeed full of romance which has a special appeal to the romantic Celt. But the first man to make the name of Charles popular goes back to a very much earlier age and was indeed a far greater figure than any member of the House of Stuart. He was a man of European fame and more than that he was one of the four men to whom the world has accorded the title of "The Great": Alexander the Great, Constantine the Great, Charles the Great or Charlemagne, and Peter the Great. Charlemagne, whose tomb is still to be seen in the Cathedral at Aachen, was crowned by the Pope in St. Peter's, Rome, on Christmas Day, A.D. 800, as the first Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire which included all those countries which we now know as Germany, France, Belgium, Holland and Austria, together with a

part of Italy. This great empire he had built up largely by the power of the sword, for he was the outstanding soldier of his day. But he was far more than a soldier—he was a great ruler who strove to see that justice was given to his subjects and to see that the just rights and privileges of all throughout his dominions were respected. He was also a great educationalist, being far in advance of his time in this respect and founded a school for the sons of young nobles in his palace. His coronation by the Pope on Christmas Day meant to him and the Pope more than an occasion for a gorgeous ceremony—it meant to both of them an alliance of Church and State in working together for the highest welfare of his subjects.



Photo by P. W. Lang.
Charlie is our Darling.

Finally, if he made that Christmas Day a memorable one, he may be said to have created New Year's Day, for he was the first ruler to adopt throughout his dominions the method of reckoning time from the birth of Our Lord.

Our young Prince then is the bearer of great names and as he comes to know them he should surely be inspired by the history that lies behind them—George, the patron saint of England, Arthur, the brightest name in mediæval legend as well as being the name of the Victor of Waterloo, which gave Europe 100 years peace, Charles, pre-eminent as soldier, statesman, educationalist and churchman to whom men rightly, we believe, gave the coveted surname the Great, and those lesser royal Charles' who represent the ups and downs of human life.

Mainly for Men

By The Padre.

WHAT was a pleasure, Vicar, to see the church so full to-day."
"Yes."
"Whenever we have something special on, such as this dedication of a new organ, we get this sort of crowd. You'll have noticed that."

"I have."

"The last time I remember people in the gallery was at the unveiling of the memorial."

"I remember that, too."

"It almost makes one wish we could have something special every Sunday."

"We do."

"I don't follow."

"Every Sunday we have Divine Worship."

"But is that special?"

"Very special and precious and necessary, if we look at it in the right way. You do, apparently, because you are regularly present. I admit you're a churchwarden, but I think you'd come to church just the same even if you were not."

"Of course I would."

"Therefore you, for one, don't need any of these so-called 'special occasions' to bring you here."

"I don't, but a good many others seem to."

"More's the pity."

"But don't you like to see a full church, Vicar?"

"Yes. Don't think I sound churlish. As for a full church, nothing gladdens my heart more than to see it, and I spend most of my life trying to bring it about. But I do think we should be very careful not to think too much in terms of numbers. Quality matters much more than quantity in spiritual things."

"I certainly agree there."

"You see, one of the first things people ask to-day about almost any public gathering is 'were there many there?' If the answer is 'yes,' then they think it was a success; if 'no' that it was a bit of a flop. That's true, isn't it?"

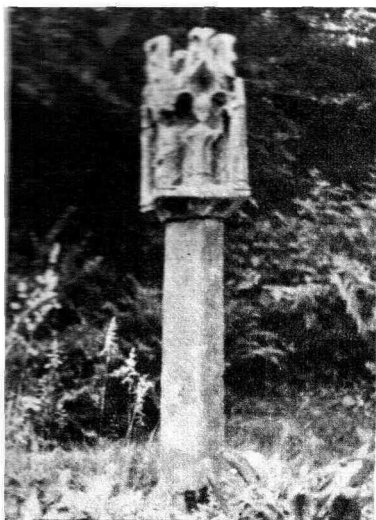
"Perfectly. But isn't that a sound line of argument, Vicar?"

"It depends what you are talking about. If there is not a good audience at a play, then the play fails. If there are not a fair number of listeners at a political meeting then, pretty certainly, not many people are interested, and there is something wrong. But it is both fatal and unfair to apply that standard of judgment to church attendance."

"Why?"

"For all sorts of reasons. I'll give you just a few. In the first

(Continued on page 52.)



All Flesh is Grass.

(An Ancient Preaching Cross.)

IT was a sultry summer evening and I was fitfully dozing and dreaming as I sat leaning against an old oak tree in a large and uncultivated meadow. The sun was slowly sinking behind the distant hills and I sensed rather than felt that strange silence which one nearly always associates with sundown.

Then, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, the silence was broken by the chaffing and chirping of a small army of grasshoppers. I must have been in a meditative mood on that warm summer night, for, subconsciously, there came into my mind some words once written by a Bible prophet of old: "Do you not know? Have you not heard? Has it not been told to you from the foundations of the earth—it is God that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers." There have been other times when I felt intensely the greatness of God and the littleness of man: once when I stood alone on a mountain top and once when I watched a sunrise far out at sea. It was that same feeling which came over me then as I listened to the idle noise of this invading horde of grasshoppers.

Some other chord must have been struck in my mind by this incessant din, for I seemed to recollect that one of our great Englishmen of the past had written something about grasshoppers to describe his ideas about the people of his day. Being curious to catch this elusive memory, I searched through my dictionary of quotations as soon as I arrived home. Yes, I was quite right. This was what I found: "Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate

GOD and GRASSHOPPERS

By the Rev. Canon Salter

clink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposing beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that of course, they are many in number, or that, after all, they are other than the little shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour." Thus spoke Edmund Burke in his day and generation and his words surely have a message for the dictators and demagogues and so many blatant and noisy politicians of our day.

But why this Bible comparison between men and grasshoppers? I think I can see two big implications contained in this contrast of ideas. It shows in one vivid sentence the true proportion between the importance of man and the importance of God. Such a thought may be disconcerting but it is also reassuring. "There is Someone sitting upon the circle of the earth. Why boastest thou thyself, thou tyrant, that thou canst do mischief whereas the goodness of God endureth daily? The Lord is King be the people never so impatient, be the earth never so unquiet. All flesh is as grass. The grass withereth and the flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever." We may take heart and take hope again when we remember that God is still very much concerned with our world and with the ways of men. We should take warning from the thought that only by turning and returning to God can we hope for a better and a happier world.

400th BIRTHDAY—continued

What was needed was simplification, revision, translation, and uniformity; and all these four reforms were provided for by the new Prayer Book of 1549. It had a simplified, revised and orderly Calendar, or Table of Lessons. The Psalms were divided into sixty portions, and two of these portions were allotted to each day of the month—morning and evening. All superfluous additions to the Services were omitted. The English tongue was used throughout the Book; and "from henceforth the whole Realm was to have but one Use." That word "Use," by the way, can be found on the title page of our present Prayer Book. It means, of course, "an ordered form of service." There would no longer be a Use of Salisbury, Hereford, Bangor, York or Lincoln; but only the "Use of the Church of England."

A Good Couplet.

Would you have riches? Add new friends to old.
For Love and Loyalty are more than gold.

C. M. MALLET.

MAINLY FOR MEN (Continued)

place a congregation should never be thought of as an audience, or as listeners only. A congregation is an assembly of people met together for a special reason. They are there to do something themselves, not only to have things done for them. And what they are there to do is to worship. They are there to put something into the occasion—prayer, sincerity, attention; and to get something out of it—refreshment, inspiration, guidance. That is why I think we should always judge this matter of church attendance, not firstly by asking, 'were there many there?' but by asking, 'were those who were there doing the right things in the right frame of mind?'

"In other words, quality rather than quantity?"

"Certainly. This is a very important point. Too many people outside our churches judge—or misjudge us—to-day by the fact that they don't see the queue outside as they do outside a cinema when there's 'standing room only in the two-and-fourpennies.' And from this absence of queues at our churches they conclude that, in some mysterious fashion, we have somehow failed. Bless my soul, I have known churches where a handful of people have worshipped, 'in spirit and in truth', quietly, Sunday after Sunday, where I am quite sure the Lord's work has been done just as well as in some other place where, perhaps for a variety of reasons, there have been usually far larger gatherings."

"Well, Vicar, I must say I'd never thought of it in quite this way before. Still, to be frank, I must say it's a pleasure to have to count a collection this size! And surely, anybody who loves his church likes to see a lot of people in it."

"We all do. Don't misunderstand me. After all it is something to have brought so many to the House of God as came here this evening. I would like nothing better in all the world than to see such a congregation every week. Nor am I being critical of all our good friends who came to this special service of ours. I welcomed them, every one. All I am saying is that motive counts, and that we have to be very careful to keep our standards high, and not judge the work of the church by the same standards as, say, the work of the cinemas. Our Lord was content to work, all through His ministry, with a small group of disciples."

"Yes, Vicar, but it also says, surely, that great crowds came to hear Him."

"It does. But how many stayed to become His faithful followers? Not so many, were there? The work was done, and the gospel carried, in later ages, to the ends of the earth, by the faithful few."

MONDAY to

Weekday Pages for

Monday's Washing.

Mix starch with cold soapy water before pouring on the boiling water. This prevents the iron sticking and gives a nice gloss.—Miss HARDING.

When drying nylons or fine silk stockings out of doors, drop a teaspoon into the toe and hang by the top. This prevents the stocking developing pulls as the result of twisting round the line in the wind.—Mrs. JONES.

Woollies.—No matter how careful one is when washing, these soon become hard, especially babies' and small children's woollies. So, after washing in the usual way, place in a bowl of warm water to which one tablespoonful of castor oil has been added. Squeeze carefully, then leave to soak for about twenty minutes, squeeze again and shake them. Dry in the usual way. You will find this keeps them lovely and soft and also makes them last longer.—Mrs. BAKER.

Tuesday's Sewing.

For Reels.—Fix a curtain spring with hooks on the inside of the lid of your needlework box, and on it thread all your reels of cotton, coloured and white. It is then an easy matter to draw off a length of the cotton you require and the reels remain tidily on the spring.—Mrs. D. TAYLOR.

Rug-making.—Do you find it difficult to buy the pre-war canvas with large square holes for rug-making? Yes—Well use a very thick crochet hook (steel preferably), and crochet your rug, treble or short stitch. Do not line the rug, which makes it too heavy. You can join various colours and make any size desired by joining the pieces together. These Rugs or Slipmats, do not wear out and are light to shake.—Miss MISSELBROOK.

Stockings.—Where strap shoes rub holes in instep, sew together two bits of binding, and slip over strap. This improves the look of the shoe and is smooth on stocking.—Mrs. CAMPBELL.

Lining.—If you have a wool dress with unlined arms which irritate the skin, stitch an old pair of silk stockings round the arm holes.—Mrs. BARTLE.

Shoulder Pads.—A pair, if sewn together, make an excellent iron or kettle holder. Separate, they make useful pincushions.—Mrs. GAVIN.

For Tea Cosy.—Clean or wash old felt hats (light colours if possible), and cut up into cone shapes about the size of the base of your electric iron. Punch holes round the edges and oversew—with black strips if pieces are light, or light strips if they are a dark colour. Embroider a flower or other design on each panel, with bright silk. Line the whole with silk or saten pieces, putting a thin layer of wadding between felt and lining.—Mrs. WOAN.

Wednesday's Nursing.

Thermogene.—I find that by putting thermogene wool in a thin muslin bag before placing it on the skin, that it keeps the wool from coming to pieces, and makes it last very much longer. Bag can be removed and washed when



Photo by T. Sowton.

A Place in the Sun for Work.

required, or clean muslin substituted.—Mrs. R. WILCURSPIN.

Cramp.—If people who have cramp during the night, will put two squares of camphor under the clothes at the foot of the bed, they will obtain marvellous relief.—Miss M. MCKENZIE.

Brittle nails arise from a deficiency of lime salts in the blood. A teaspoonful of clear lime water should be taken in a small cup of milk three times a day regularly. The nails should not be manicured.—Miss HARDING.

Thursday's Cooking.

Biscuits can be kept crisp and fresh if the tin containing them has a place in the airing cupboard.—Mrs. VALE.

Cauliflower.—A new way to treat cauliflower is to break it into pieces, half cook, then roll in breadcrumbs and fry in hot fat.—Mrs. JOHNSON.

Nutmeg.—If you use ground nutmeg put it into a clean pepper pot and use it as a sprinkler for your milk puddings.—Mrs. E. PEARCE.

Pickled Beetroot will not keep, but add thin slices of onion which will pre-



Photo by E. E. Steels.

A Place in the Sun for Sleep.

SATURDAY

Women with Homes

serve it and improve the flavour.—Miss M. MEES.

Sandwiches.—A useful way to use "left over" sandwiches (sweet or savoury), is to dip them in batter and fry a nice brown.—Miss V. PEARCE.

Friday's Household.

A card table is too high if you are in the armchair by the fire, playing Patience or writing, so I plait a thick piece of string, leaving a loop at each end, put the plait over the bar and catch the two loops on to the little bracket underneath which lowers the table to a comfortable height, and it can easily be removed when required.—Mrs. BENNETT.

Coat Hangers.—If you find that coats and dresses slip off coat hangers, buy two "Rubber Thimbles" (used for counting treasury notes, etc.), and push one on each end of the hanger. They prevent any slipping, and hold the coat firm in one position. They cost about 3d each from any stationer, and No. 0 is the right size for a hanger.—Mrs. LONGDIN

Saturday's Children.

Baby pillow slits being very expensive, I decided to make one from two of my husband's handkerchiefs as follows. I just stitched the two hanks together and embroidered in one corner. They are already hemstitched for you, and can be boiled (they fit prams or cots) and cost 1s. 8d. to make, plus a little silk.—Mrs. MAYERS.

In a tub.—Put a thick blanket or rug inside a tub, letting it fall down outside and stand baby inside, it will help him to stand if he's learning to walk. It will also keep him out of your way and he can't get out nor will the tub fall over.—Miss A. PHILLIPS.

Little Finger.—When putting gloves with fingers on a small child, get the little finger in place first, the others will then go into position quite easily.—Mrs. MENNISS.

Elastic.—I find by sewing cheap elastic to kiddies' aprons and pinnies, that they slip over the head quickly at meal times, and there are no strings or tapes to tie.—Mrs. D. COWELL.

** If you know of a good hint for our household pages, send it to the Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4, during July. We offer six 5/- prizes every month. Hints, without letters, can be posted in tucked-in envelopes, postage 1d.

PRAYER BOOK QUIZ No. 6.

What is the meaning of each of these words which occur in the Prayer for all Conditions of Men?

1. ESTATE: (a) property, (b) establishment, (c) state.
2. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH: (a) the Church of Rome, (b) the Orthodox Church, (c) the Church throughout the whole world.
3. COMFORT: (a) console, (b) soothe, (c) strengthen.
4. NECESSITIES: (a) obligations, (b) great needs, (c) conditions of poverty.
5. ISSUE: (a) children, (b) end, (c) controversy.

Answers on page 56.

TEMPTATION

Our New Serial

By V. M. METHLEY

BY the day-nursery window of the tall, red-brick Kensington house, Nurse sat and sewed, glancing down now and then at the Square garden, where scarlet-berried rowans showed vividly against the autumnal darkening green of other trees.

Through the half-open night nursery door, she could see the bed in which Dickon, her four-year-old charge, was safely asleep. Safely? Nurse gave an involuntary shiver, as she looked up at the clear blue of the evening sky, where some silvery shapes of barrage balloons showed bubblelike.

For this was the early September of 1940. The siren's wail had been heard almost daily for the past month, as invading air-armadas swept across the Channel and the Battle of Britain was fought and won in the skies by the few against the many.

The girl turned away from the window, looked as though for comfort towards a leather-framed photograph which stood on the little table beside her work-basket. It was the likeness of a young soldier in battle-dress, with a plain irregular-featured face and deep-set eyes; no spectacular hero but—her man. Nurse kept Corporal Martin Payne's picture always near at hand these days, just for company. It sometimes felt a bit lonely up here in the nursery with Dickon, much as she loved the little boy—especially when the alert sounded.

Cook and Ethel, down in the kitchen, were at least two to stand up to things; they could talk, laugh, quarrel, or be frightened together. She, younger than either, had no grown-up companion, no one in this house to use her Christian name. It was always "Nurse!" "Nurse!": she had almost forgotten that at home in her native village she was really called Rose Briarley.

Under the staid, white cap, her youthful face had the fresh pinkness of an old-fashioned cottage rose, the grey-blue eyes and glossy brown hair, a clean, wholesome prettiness, which reflected its owner's character. The girl's worried frown soon gave way to her usual cheerful smile: she spoke aloud to the photograph of her soldier with a confidential little nod.

"Yes Martin, I know just what you're thinking. You'd tell me there's nothing to fuss about, and you're right. If I'd nothing worse than loneliness to bother me, how happy I'd be! Only I can't help

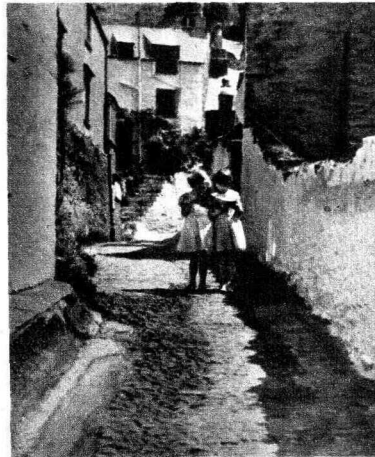


Photo: Joan Lyne

Well Worth Reading.

thinking: 'Where are you now, dear? What are you doing?' but perhaps it's better I shouldn't know. Ah, there's the brute again."

That expected ugly wail broke the evening stillness and Nurse was instantly on her feet running to make sure that Dickon had not wakened. Afterwards, she returned to stand by the day-nursery window.

"I wish Mr. Venables would come home: he's extra late to-night," she thought. "Oh, there he is!"

The tall figure of Nurse's employer, Dickon's novelist father, had just turned into the square, walking wearily, his head sagging forward as though bent under the weight of the Fire Warden's tin hat which he wore. "He looks greyer every day," Nurse thought. "Cook says he's ever so much changed since Mrs. Venables died, when poor little Dickon was born. Of course, I didn't know him before that: I wish I had. He's so kind and nice, only he hardly ever smiles and I don't believe I've once heard him laugh, in all these three years. Oh, dear, it is sad! But he'll be up here in a few minutes; I must get ready."

"Well, how has my son been today?" The kind tired voice spoke from the doorway, before its owner had even entered the room.

"A very good boy, sir, bless him! He's sound asleep now—didn't even move when that horrid siren sounded."

"Of course I won't wake him. I'm late—couldn't leave the Fire Post. There's been a lot of enemy activity the last few hours." He passed his hand wearily over his forehead. "I'd be glad of a cup of your good tea, Nurse. I may be called up again, if these heavy attacks go on."

"It's just ready." Nurse poured hot water into the teapot. "I do think, Sir, all this Civil Defence work is too much for you, on top of

your writing, if you don't mind my saying so."

"Anyone over age like myself must do what he can. And, anyway, people don't want my sort of books these days. They're simply not selling at all, the publishers tell me, so it's rather a waste of time writing them!"

Venables tried to speak lightly, but Nurse was quick enough to catch the note of anxiety and disappointment in his voice. She knew that, up to the time of war's outbreak, his reputation as a novelist had been growing steadily and Cook had told her impressively that the master was making "a mint o' money" and she ought to be proud of a post with anyone so distinguished.

"I'm ever so sorry, Sir," she said sympathetically. "Perhaps things will be better soon."

"Not for a long time yet, I'm afraid. Printing difficulties, and the paper shortage make things terribly hard for everyone connected with the book trade. The stuff has to be exactly what the public wants and asks for, here and in the States, and mine evidently isn't, and if a writer once falls out of the swim—"

"Well, your books are just what I like myself, Sir, although I don't always quite understand them: I'm not clever enough," Nurse confessed honestly. "But I do know this: they make me feel happier and better for reading them."

"Thanks, that's a very great compliment," Venables answered. "If more people agreed with you things would be different, but I'm afraid my quiet, every-day stuff just bores them as a rule. It's not exciting enough for these times."

"I should have thought there was too much excitement going about already and they'd be glad of quietness," Rose observed shrewdly. "But what I've been thinking was if you could only write a book that would make a good film. Martin—he's my boy, you know—is always saying there aren't nearly enough English novels that are—what's that queer word they use?—photo-genic, and they're badly needed in the British Film Industry."

"You sound very technical; quite an expert." Bernard Venables smiled.

"Not me, Sir! But Martin is. He was a film cameraman before the war, had a good job in the Denham Studios. He hopes to go back to it, too, after he leaves the Army. He's clever and he tells me things, takes me to see good films. He wants us over here—not Hollywood—to make the best pictures and he's sure we could. He says we've got the actors: it's the right sort of stories we need."

"Indeed! That's very interesting." "And when I was reading your last book, I thought what a thrilling film

it would make if—if the war suddenly broke in on those people and changed everything for them, just as it did with all of us." They were so wonderfully real, those characters—just like life. But I'm afraid, Sir, you'll think me very silly and—and cheeky, daring to talk to you like this. It's just remembering the things I've picked up from Martin—what he's explained to me."

"There's nothing silly about what you've been saying, Nurse, and I'm very grateful to you." Venables was sitting more erect and a new light of interest, almost of excitement, came into his tired eyes. "In fact, I'm not at all sure that you haven't given me an idea, perhaps just what I needed to start me working afresh. I must think it over."

"Oh, Sir! Not really—do you truly mean it?" Nurse's pink-rose cheeks were crimson-damask now with pleasure and pride. "I should be proud if I could be a tiny bit of help. What's the matter, Sir?"

For Bernard Venables was staring past her through the window, with a strange expression on his face, a hardening of his mouth.

"Look at that sky," he said.

Nurse turned and gave a startled exclamation.

"Oh, what a wonderful sunset!"

"Yes!" His voice was grim.

"Yes, except that it's in the wrong place."

"The wrong place? Why, of course, how silly of me. That's not the west—it's the east, where the sky is all red, like a great fire."

"It is fires."

"Oh, do you mean it's an air raid, Sir—bombing?" Rose faced him, with wide, startled eyes.

"Not a doubt of it. A very big attack must have developed, since I was at the fire-post, over the East End—the dock area. It looks like a huge blaze."

"How awful!" Nurse whispered under her breath, her eyes back again on that ominous crimson glow in the sky, where red and orange waves of flame now rose and ebbed, pulsing with terrible light.

Even as they watched, the sirens wailed out once more and almost simultaneously came the sound of gunfire. Venables stood up and straightened himself as Nurse moved across the room instinctively towards her sleeping charge.

"If there's much noise you'd better go down to the shelter with Dickon," he said. "I shall have to go out again: I don't know when I shall be back. This probably means heavy night raiding, as well as by day from now on. It's been expected."

II. "The Best-laid Plans"

Bernard Venables' foreboding was only too well-founded. That night was the first of many when the terrors

of darkness flew abroad, a strange time of nightmare routine, timed and punctuated by the siren's warning.

Nurse found herself, quite as a matter of course, carrying Dickon down to the underground shelter almost every evening.

Sometimes Mr. Venables joined them before going on fire-duty and it was on one of these occasions, when Dickon had fallen soundly asleep after a romp with his father, that the novelist said suddenly:

"I've adopted that suggestion of yours, Nurse."

"What was that, Sir?" Rose, busy putting away Dickon's toys in their appointed locker, looked up with a puzzled expression.

"You've entirely forgotten, then? Well, well don't you remember giving me an idea for a new book a couple of months ago, that Saturday when the night blitzes started?"

"Oh, the book that was to make a film? Yes, of course, Sir," Nurse laughed. "But I wonder you even so much as thought of it again!"

"I certainly did. I've been working on it ever since and it's going very well."

"I'm so glad. Do you really mean it, Sir?" Rose flushed with pleasure.

"Of course I do. You must have quite inspired me because I believe it's going to be the best thing I've ever written and, what's more, a really good subject for filming."

"Oh, do you really? That's splendid! How grand it will be when it's made into a picture and we can all go and see it. And just suppose Martin helped to shoot it too!"

Venables smiled at Nurse's eager, excitement, which made her look so very youthful and unsophisticated.

"Well, I hope he will," he said. "And that it will be a great success—for all our sakes. Because, mind you, I should not like the book to be filmed at Hollywood—just Americanized. I'd want it to be English through and through. I don't mind saying that I should be delighted to make one of those fortunes, which are said to come from Film Rights, if one's lucky enough—for the boy's sake. Just for that."

He looked down at the sleeping child and his face softened, as he went on speaking slowly and deliberately

"It's only for Dickon that I want money," he said. "For myself, I've no ambitions of any sort, no wish to be rich or famous. That's all over for me. But, if anything happened, I would hate to think that Dickon, our little boy, was unprovided for, left to scramble his way in the world without proper education or upbringing. It's the one thing that matters—the one thing I'd regret if death came suddenly and I had not made certain of his future."

"Will it take you long to finish it?" Rose asked.

"No. It's almost finished now, to all intents and purposes. But I would like a quiet week or so, in the country to go through the manuscript carefully, give it a final polish before sending it off to the publishers. And that brings me to something else I wanted to say."

Mr. Venables fell silent, his hands clasped between his knees, his head bent. After what seemed to Nurse a long time, he spoke abruptly and with great emphasis:

"I'm not easy, not happy for a single moment, while Dickon is in London. I want to get him right away into safety, or comparative safety."

"Yes I'm sure you do, Sir, though he is so wonderfully good and brave."

"Besides, as things are now, I can't afford to keep up this house. It's much too big and expensive. Would you come away with us, Nurse, stay with Dickon, in those circumstances?"

"Why, yes Sir, of course I will if you wish it," Rose answered without hesitation.

"I should be very sorry to lose you and Dickon would break his heart. You are the only mother he's ever known, poor little chap."

"I'd hate to leave him, Sir, I'm sure you know that."

"Well, it's like this then."

Bernard Venables went on to say that he had found a tiny bungalow in the Chilterns. It was very small, only four rooms and a big veranda, but the owner was willing to let it and it chanced that a Government department, bombed out of its own premises wanted to take over the novelist's Kensington house, at the shortest possible notice.

The only difficulty was staff—the accommodation at Godwit Cottage was so limited.

"But do you want any help, if it's such a wee place—except me, I mean, Sir?" Rose broke in. "I'm sure I could quite easily run it, Dickon being so much less of a tie, now he's older. I like housework."

"Nothing could suit me better," Venables said emphatically. "It's a great idea and I shall be able to get down for odd days and occasional week-ends. I'll fix things up, then, as quickly as I can. I feel I can't rest till Dickon's out of town."

The house felt oddly quiet and empty when Cook and Ethel had left and Nurse found herself counting the days to the day for the move. It had been unusually quiet recently as far as raiders were concerned. Mr. Venables who had been on duty, hoped to come home early, perhaps get something resembling a full night's rest.

"We mayn't even have to go down to the shelter," Nurse thought hope-

fully, as she carried a tray with sandwiches and biscuits into the novelist's study, next to the nurseries. "It will be grand if poor little Dickon can have a night in his own bed for once. There! I'll only have to heat the soup now when Mr. Venables comes in."

She put the tray down on the desk noticing as she did so, a neat pile of typescript, tied with red tape into sections.

"The book," she thought. "All ready to take into the country. That makes it seem more real, though it's almost too good to be true."

Back in the night nursery Rose stood for a moment beside the child, already sound asleep, with Pandey clasped in his arms. The siren had not sounded, although it was well past the usual time: it really seemed

as though a quiet night was to follow the quiet day.

And then, utterly without warning, came a hideous whining screech, a crash which shook the earth's foundations and left Nurse dazed and deaf, with the feeling that the ground on which she stood had been torn from under her feet.

Acting on a protective instinct, rather than reason, she snatched up Dickon and turned blindly towards the door. The only conscious thought in her mind at that moment was one of stupid resentment: "There wasn't an alert—they ought to have let us know—it isn't fair not to let us know."

The lights had all gone out and she could see nothing, at first: her mouth, eyes and nose were full of stinging, blinding dust. Then a

breath of cold air blew on her face and she made out, vaguely, the oblong of the open door into the day-nursery.

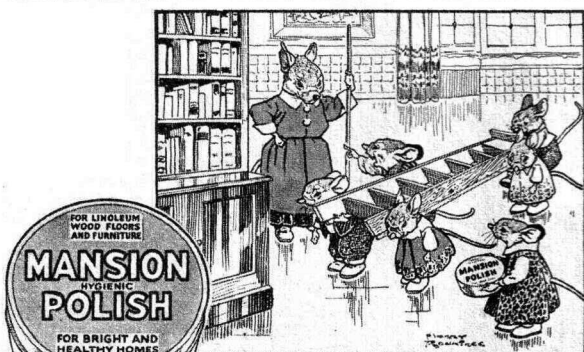
Beyond there, it did not seem wholly dark: the black-out must have gone, too, Nurse thought; beginning to pull herself together, as she moved cautiously across the floor.

But in the doorway she stopped short, with a stifled cry. Where the further wall, the window and the fire-place of the room should have been, there was nothing! Only the misty night sky, red-stained, shot across by the beams of the search-lights.

(To be continued.)

QUIZ ANSWERS

1(c), 2(c), 3(c), 4(b), 5(b).



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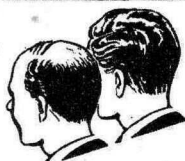
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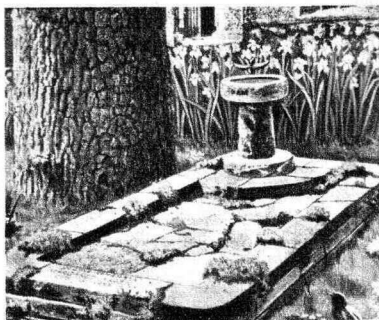
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"For some years past we have been hearing from the general public that the Church is out of touch with the people, and indeed this idea seems to be reflected in the utterances of so many of the religious leaders of our day when the decline in Church attendance is bemoaned.

But on Sunday evening, June 5th, this ghost was laid before my eyes when I attended St. John's Church.

Was there ever such a service?

No—it's not true that the youth of our land have forsaken the high ideals and pious habits of their forefathers, because from the gallery I saw 89 of them confirmed by the Bishop of Worcester before a congregation of over 1,100.

I couldn't believe my eyes.

What has happened at St. John's?

I can only conclude that the eternal truths of Christianity have been made clear in a new way—in a way which can be easily understood, and which is not out of touch with the realities of everyday life.

After such an experience I thanked God for what has been done, and in future I shall be very regular indeed in attending Divine Service in this grand old Church which has faced up to the problem of making Christianity a living force.

A GREAT OCCASION

EVENSONG on Sunday, 19th June will long be remembered by the large congregation which assembled for the inauguration of the 3d. Bit Scheme.

The form of Evensong was not changed, but the texture was carefully selected and woven into the familiar pattern—the Psalms, the Lessons, the Prayers and the Hymns—all spoke of dedication and service.

After the Third Collect, Ald. W. H. Norton was escorted with simple dignity to the pulpit where he produced a beautiful scroll and outlined his Scheme for financial aid to St. John's Church.

The Alderman is an experienced and accomplished speaker. To his own personal dignity he added the sincerity and enthusiasm of a devoted worshipper of St. John's. Over forty years intimate association with the worship of his Parish Church gave the Alderman the inspiration for his dignified appeal on behalf of St. John's.

In quiet, simple and reverent words he asked the people of St. John's to become shareholders in the fund which would preserve their ancient inheritance and ensure the success of the spiritual and social work of their Parish Church.

He remembered with gratitude the good work of Canon Powell and the devoted contributors to the Central Fund and the F.W.O. It was to those who had found a new interest in the spiritual and social development of St. John's that he made his appeal.

The Alderman was escorted to his seat and the service moved to its familiar close.

After the service over 200 Promise Cards were collected—an excellent response to the appeal. From now on opportunities to join the Scheme will be given until the parish has been completely canvassed.

The task is a big one and will take a long time, but patience and enthusiasm will ensure success.

Sector Leaders were appointed as follows:—

1. *Bransford Road.* Miss Lancey, Mrs. Annis, Mrs. Baker.
2. *Bromyard Road.* Miss Parker.
3. *St. John's.* Mrs. Owen, Miss Bonnett.
4. *Bromwich Road.* Sister Caunt.
5. *Malvern Road.* Mr. Selwood, Mr. Jefferies.

PAROCHIAL CHURCH COUNCIL

THE P.C.C. met in the Boys' School on Monday, 13th June. Ald. W. H. Norton presented his Big 3d. Bit Scheme in a moving address. It was clear to us all that the Alderman had given much thought and time to the project he laid before us. His sincerity and enthusiasm, backed by wide experience and business acumen made a deep impression and received unanimous approval.

The Council expressed their gratitude to Ald. Norton and immediately set to work on the details for the development of the Scheme.

The Hon. Sec. had supplied each member with the outline of a workable scheme. After much discussion and amendment the following decisions were made.

1. An Executive Committee be formed to meet every three months to consider reports, make decisions and control policy. The following were elected: *Chairman*, Ald. W. H. Norton. *Secretary*, Mr. O. H. Laffin. *Treasurers*, Mr. R. Smith, Mr. A. P. Higgins, Mr. F. N. Platts, Mr. A. W. J. Baker.

2. SECTOR LEADERS. That the first appeal must be to the congregation and in the Church itself. At Evensong on Sunday, June 19th, the Scheme shall be inaugurated by the Vicar and Ald. W. H. Norton from the pulpit.

Forms of promise with pencils to be put into the pews before service. From these forms a Register can be made and Sector Leaders can be given boxes for distribution to their listed contributors.

Each organisation connected with the Church shall be invited to select a leader to contact all members and friends, and enlist their support of the 3d. Bit Scheme. Names and addresses thus obtained could be passed to the Sector Leader.

Special boxes for shops and public places should be the care of a special collector.

For the first three months—July, August, September—the work shall be concentrated on the Congregation and Church Organisations. The next three months—October, November, December—every effort shall be made to "Get another Contributor."

Specially worded leaflets shall be prepared for all who use the amenities of the Church for Baptisms, Weddings, or as visitors.

3. COLLECTION. Sector Leaders will organise the collection of boxes in their areas every three months, and give receipts at the time of collection.

AUTUMN FAYRE. Considerable progress was made in Committee with the details of the Autumn Fayre. Fuller information will be given in our next issue. In the meantime may I point out that July and August are holiday months and there is really not much time to spare if all we anticipate is to be forthcoming.

THE REVEREND C. H. CARVER

EDIT.: It is a great joy to welcome Mr. Carver into our midst. We must do all in our power to help him, and we trust that he will be very happy at St. John's. I have asked Mr. Carver to write a few words to you.

"I need hardly say how very happy I am to be with you here at St. John's at last.

It is a great privilege to serve God in the ministry of His Church anywhere in the world, but I regard it as a double honour and responsibility to have been called to serve in this place where so much has been done, is being done, and is going to be done.

It will, of course, take a little while for me to get settled down, but I know I can count upon your prayers and your help.

I know that I shall be happy in your midst, and that under our Vicar's inspiring leadership we shall achieve what the world calls impossible."

C. H. CARVER.

MOTHERS' UNION FESTIVAL SERVICE

THE annual Mothers' Union Festival Service was held in the Cathedral on June 1st. More than 3,000 members attended from all parts of the diocese. The Service was conducted by Canon C. B. Armstrong and the preacher was Preb. J. P. Ford (Chaplain of the Mothers' Union). Mrs. Bailey, Diocesan President of the M.U., read the lesson. During the singing of the hymn, "Forward be our watchword", the banners of more than 90 branches were carried in procession.

Preb. Ford said that he wanted to speak to us about a subject important to everyone there—that of faith. Faith was the gift of God, which enabled us to believe in God, to take Him at His word and to believe what He said just because He said it. One could not get on without faith. He stressed the importance of showing by our lives that we were living close to God, by going about our daily duties with smiling faces, cheery words, and helping others less fortunate than ourselves.

Many diocesan clergy were present, among them our own.

Next meeting in the Parish Room on Monday, June 4th at 3 o'clock. Speaker, Miss Armson of Worcester City L.E.A.

FLORENCE TURTON.

BOYS' CAMP

You will know that a Boys' Camp has been arranged at St. Helens, Isle of Wight from Saturday, August 13th to Saturday, August 20th. A fund has been opened to assist the camp but this could not cover all charges. The donations will be used to subsidise the Camp in providing sports equipment. But if there is any case where a choir boy's parents cannot afford the Camp charge (approximately £3, including Rail and Boat fare) cases of this kind should be reported privately to the Vicar.

The Camp Site (at St. Helens) is a fine centre for places like Ryde, Sandown, Ventnor and Brading. It provides a dry, level field for camping, most suitable for camp games and there is good bathing.

The Camp Routine. Regular hours, and food prepared by professional cooks. Washing accommodation includes a shower bath. Regular and carefully planned bathing. Games of all sorts. Inter-Tent Tent-Tidy competitions. Nightly sing-songs and Cinema shows in Camp, Outings, etc.

Camp Prayers., morning and evening, will be a great feature and will set the tone of a great camp life with a fine camp spirit.

All Good Wishes to the Campers!

I am quite sure there is a great future for the St. John's Parochial Camp. The campers on this first occasion are pioneers of a great movement which will grow very rapidly. In years to come, the 1949 boys will look back proudly on the "edifice" which they will have helped to build. And so—to the 1949 campers we say, first and foremost, Remember the honour and tradition of the Church—St. John's Church, which you represent. Your way of life in camp, *as always*, must be worthy of that trust. Remember that while you are in camp, *as always*, each boy must strive for the good and happiness of all the campers. *There is no place for selfishness in camp or anywhere else.* The boys must adhere strictly to these principles and then they will be assured of a grand and happy time.

I am especially grateful to Bishop Lasbrey for helping us with the camp. The Bishop will be there throughout the week. Mr. Carver will also be there for the whole period.

HOLY BAPTISM

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me"

May 29.—Christine Mary Probert, 85 Bromyard Road.
 „ 29.—Gillian Louise Garfield, 35 McIntyre Road.

June 5.—Lillian Margaret Grace Anderson, 34 Happy Land West.
 „ 5.—Carole Anne Webb, 87 St. Mark's Road, Easton, Bristol 5.
 „ 5.—Linda Margaret Gillam, 16 Oldbury Close, St. John's.
 „ 12.—Annette Wendoline Narraway, 27 St. John's.
 „ 12.—Raymond David Frost, 119 Bransford Road.
 „ 19.—Kathlyn Mary Maund, 3 Catherine Road, St. John's.
 „ 19. Helen Joyce Prout, 81 Northfield Street.

HOLY MATRIMONY

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

June 4.—Kenneth Frank Slater and Mary Maughan
 Petchey.
 „ 4.—Oresta Stuart Huggleston and Ethel Irene Sanders.
 „ 6.—George Frederick Jeynes and Doris May Jenkins.
 „ 6.—Arnold Jordan and Annie Edith Irene Gardner.
 „ 11.—David Nigel Crofts and Beryl Glazzard.
 „ 11.—Alfred James Huckfield and Dorothy Margaret Davis.
 „ 11.—William John Walker and Mary Kathleen Packwood.
 „ 18.—Frank Tagg and Betty Noble.
 „ 18.—Cecil George Hayes and Audrey Hopwood.

CHRISTIAN BURIAL

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

May 20.—Frances Ada Ralph, aged 51 years, 33 Margaret Road.
 „ 21.—George James Tall Brown, aged 63 years, 14 Happy Land West.
 June 1.—Mary Maund, aged 61 years, Upper Wick.
 „ 10.—Maud Dorothy Hill, aged 56 years, Werneth Lodge, Bromyard Road.
 (Body was cremated at Cheltenham).

IN MEMORIAM

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

June 23, 1933.—In loving memory of Charles G. Bowkett (correction).
 July 6, 1947.—Alice Mary Baker, aged 73.
 „ 8, 1936. George Arthur Dickinson.
 „ 17, 1945.—In loving memory of Sarah Ann Lucy.
 „ 20, 1930.—Cyril, husband of E. Penney.
 „ 21, 1921.—Frederick Ernest Willshaw.
 „ 29, 1907.—Esau Drew, aged 71.

CHURCH COLLECTIONS

May 22	£10	1	7
May 26	4	15	1
May 29	10	18	4
June 5	19	16	11
June 12	11	18	11
June 19	11	5	5

ST. JOHN'S FREE-WILL OFFERING SCHEME

THE contributions for the five weeks ending June 12th, amount to £3 3s. 9d., as follows:—

No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	d.
1	1	0	16	1	3	23	2	0	43	2	0
2	3	0	18	1	0	32	4	0	51	2	0
3	2	6	19	12	0	37	1	0	55	7	0
5	10	6	20	2	6	39	1	0	57	1	0
6		6	21		9	40	1	3	58	2	6
									59	2	6