# St. John-in-Bedwardine Worcester

A Happy New Year
to
all our Readers

**JANUARY** 

News Letter

1950

Vicar: THE REVD. JOHN MORT, The Vicarage. Telephone 5327.

Assistant Curate: THE REVD. C. H. CARVER, 109 Malvern Road. Telephone 4416.

Church Army Sister: EDITH A. CAUNT, 44 St. John's. Telephone 3969.

Church Wardens: 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.

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

Parish Clerk: MR. W. H. THOMAS, 17 Bromyard Road.

#### 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 p.m., Evensong and 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 and 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.
- Weekdays.—Mattins, daily at 9 a.m.; Evensong, daily at 6 p.m.; Holy Communion, Wednesdays and Saints' Days, 7.30 a.m.
- HOLY BAPTISM.—Sundays 4 p.m., or be 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.

#### PARISH ORGANISATIONS

- SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—10 a.m., in the Parish Room; 3 p.m., in the Church (Children over 8); 3 p.m., in the Schools (Kindergarten). Superintendents, Sister Caunt and Miss Coombs. 3 p.m., in the Schools, Young Churchpeople's Guild and Discussion Group conducted by the Rev. C. H. Carver.
- Mothers' Union.—1st Monday in each month at 3 p.m. in the Parish Room Corporate Communion, Second Sunday in each month. Enrolling Member, Sister Caunt. Secretary, Mrs. Turton.
- WOMEN'S FELOWSHIP.—3 p.m., each Tuesday in the Parish Room. Secretary, Mrs. Norman, 15 Worboys Road.
- CHORAL SOCIETY.—8 p.m., each Friday in the Schools.
  Music Director, Mr. Frank Green. Secretary, Miss
  E. W. Bonnett, 69 Henwick Road. Vice-Chairman and
  Treasurer, Mr. Fred Davis.
- DRAMATIC SOCIETY.—7.30 p.m., each Tuesday in the Schools. Producers: Section A, Mr. F. N. Platts; Section B, Miss M. Davies. Secretary, Miss E. W. Bonnett, 69 Henwick Road.
- YOUTH GROUP.—Age, 15 and upwards. 7 p.m., each Thursday in the Parish Room. Leader, Miss Stella Jones, Bransford Road. Secretary, Miss Margery Haines, The Avenue, Bromwich Road. Sporting activities take place according to arrangement. These include Hockey, Football, Table Tennis, etc. Girls over 13 meet each Friday in the Parish Room at 7 p.m., under Sister Caunt.
- Scouts.—6.30 p.m. to 9 p.m., each Wednesday in the Scout Hut. Scoutmaster, Mr. Rowe, 60 Foley Road.
- CUBS.—6.30 p.m. to 7.45 p.m., each Tuesday in the Scout Hut. Cubmistress, Mrs. Rowe, 60 Foley Road.
- Brownies.—6 p.m. to 7 p.m., each Tuesday in the Parish Room. Acting Brown Owl, Miss Mary Richards, 97 Bransford Road.
- GUIDES.—7 p.m. to 9 p.m., in the Parish Room. Captain, Mrs. Annis, Oaklands, Bransford Road.

- Sports Club.—7 p.m., each Monday and Saturday in the Parish Room for Badminton. Hockey, Tennis and Cricket sections function according to the Season's arrangements. Secretary, Miss M. Parker, 44 Happy Land West.
- CRICKET CLUB.—Secretary, Mr. G. Edwards, 20 Great House Road.
- Choirboys' Sports Section.—Cricket and Football according to arrangement. Organiser, Mr. Styles, Comer Road.
- Parish Magazine Committee.—Secretary, Mr. O. H. Laflin, 8 Homefield Road.
- Social Committee.—Meetings, Second Wednesday in each month. Secretary, Mr. O. H. Laffin, 8 Homefield Road.
- Free-Will Offering Fund.—Secretary, Mrs. Laffin, 8 Homefield Road.
- CENTRAL FUND.—Secretary, Mr. F. N. Platts, 64 Bromwich Road.
- BIG 3D. BIT SCHEME.—Secretaries, Mr. O. H. Laffin and Miss E. W. Bonnett, 69 Henwick Road.
- Schools.—Boys' School: Headmaster, Mr. F. N. Platts.
  Girls' School: Headmistress: Miss Minett. Infants'
  School: Headmistress, Miss Jones.
- St. John's Parents' Association.—Meetings each month on Thursdays, by arrangement in St. John's School. Chairman, Mr. F. N. Platts.
- Bellringers.—Master Ringer, Mr. W. H. Lewis, 81 Oldbury Road.
- MAGAZINE DISTRIBUTION.—Under the direction of Miss Helen Davies, 5B St. John's.
- SERVERS' GUILD.-Sacristan, Mr. Barnett.
- King's Messengers.—Each Monday at 5 p.m., in the Parish Room. Miss Gwynn, 73 Winchester Avenue.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

At the beginning of a New Year we should look forward to the future with fresh hope. We all search for inspiration. With this end in view, I wish to recall to your memory those unique and wonderful passages which are contained in the fifth chapter of the Book of Judges. That chapter reveals in stark reality, a great and stirring message for these times.

I must ask you to be patient while I try to expose some of the historical and geographical features of the scene. The centre of the stage is the plain of Esdraelon commonly regarded as the classic battle-ground of scripture. Shut in by hills on every side, it forms a vast arena—triangular in shape—clearly defined, and with its five gateways connecting it with the sea and the desert as well as with the great highways between Asia and Africa, it

is admirably adapted for the spectacle of war.

The first of the great historical battles to be fought on this plain illustrated not only how the Israelites overcame aforeign tyrant, but also the use which that tyrant made of the plain for the purposes of preventing the unity of the scattered tribes. In the scheme for the partition of the Promised Land, Esdraelon has been assigned to the tribe of Issachar. But at the time when these events took place, it was still in the possession of the Canaanites and scoured by chariots. This meant not only that the entrances to the hill country of Israel were in the hands of the enemy, but that the two northern tribes—Zebulun and Naphtali were cut off from the southern tribes. It also meant that the maritime tribes of Asher and Dan were kept in a state of impotence. Sisera, the king of the cities of the plain, introduced a systematic policy of repression whereby he sought to divide and subdue the Hebrew invaders. One by one they were disarmed and subjugated. The district was fast being reduced to its primitive desolation, and for the Israelites-life was scarcely worth living. They had to seek refuge in dens and caves. The highways became unsafe—the villages were unoccupied and travellers had to walk through byways. Moreover, the religion of Israel was in danger. It soon became clear that ultimate victory for the Canaanites would mean the abandonment of the worship of Jehovah.

You will appreciate that this was an important crisis in Hebrew history. A Religious Impulse was needed in order to unite the scattered tribes and brace them for the struggle. It came from a woman. Deborah the prophetess, like Boadicea queen of the ancient Britons and like Joan of Arc in later times, is one of the heroines of history. She saw that something must be done and done quickly. Accordingly, she called upon Barak, son of Abinoam, a prominent chief of the north to rally the tribes. The tribes assembled. There may have been some notable exceptions, but generally speaking the people offered themselves willingly. Barak said he would go against the enemy if the woman would go with him. She consented, and the people caught her inspiration. In his camp in the mountains at the northern angle of the plain, concealed by a forest of oaks, Barak trained and equipped an army of forty thousand men. He watched and waited till the lengthening line of the enemy's chariots drew out from the western angle and passed across the plain before him. He then gave them battle in a fierce highland charge. "Into the plain," says the song, his thousands rushed at his feet. And with the charge a storm broke from the north. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera," and the river Kishon along which his forces marched was soon in flood. This made the level plain with its deep, heavy soil too muddy for "Then were the horsethe manœuvring of chariots. hoofs broken by the means of the prancings, the prancings of their strong ones." The highland footmen had it all their own way. Their charge came with fury upon a foe labouring and floundering in boggy ground. The

hosts of Sisera were scattered East and West. The main flight turned back to the West, but Sisera himself who was in the van of his army fled eastwards in the same direction as the Turks in 1799, when Napoleon broke up vastly superior numbers on the same field of battle. Sisera escaped, only to meet his death at the hands of a transherous woman.

It was a strange victory, in which for once highlanders had been helped and not hindered by level ground. But it was a victory which had great results. Instead of the gailing yoke of Canaan with which they were threatened, the northern tribes secured freedom to develop their national way of life in their own way. The power of the oppressor was broken for ever and central Palestine was thrown open to the immigrants. The plain of Esdraelon is so broad and open that it might have become a permanent frontier between two nations. In a century or two it might have yawned to an impossible gul! between the Northern and Southern tribes, but by their loyalty to the Ideal of a united people and a united fatherland, they had bridged it once for all. They had learnt that union was strength and that only in that way could victory be won. And above all, the impetus of the bond which had united them-their common faith in Jehovah, was realised as never before. It was a religious as well as a political victory. Jehovah had once again revealed Himself as a God able and willing to deliver if only they would as a nation call upon Him and serve Him.

This victory was celebrated in the splendid ode which has inspired my message to you. It is probably the oldest piece of literature in the Bible. It is certainly one of the finest. A genuine product of that religious patriotism which impelled the tribes to unite in striking a blow for Israel's freedom, it is full of religious fervour and the joy of victory. Its verses go tumbling on, foaming like the river Kishon upon whose banks the battle was won.

But, in the midst of the rejoicing—in the midst of the song of triumph and praise, there is another note—a note of strong and bitter condemnation. The poet stops to denounce the faint-heartedness and love of ease which restrained four of the tribes from sharing in the peril and glory of the fight. Reuben loved his sheep better than his brethren. Gad remained in safety on the other side of Jordan. Dan and Asher went on with their maritime pursuits. And one village in particular-the village of Meroz, is singled out as having refused the great opportunity of serving its nation and its God in the hour "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, of need. curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." It was one of those crises in the history of a nation when every man was needed to take his share in the public burden and to show a public spirit. But the people of Meroz held back, and they have gone down to posterity as a classic instance of disloyalty to the cause of one's God and one's fellowcountrymen.

Such is the story which I have tried to bring before you in simple and pictorial language. It is a story which has its lesson for the times in which we live. For the Church of God, like the people of Israel in the early days of their occupation of the Promised Land, is faced today with mighty foes—the foes of hostility to religion—the foes of materialism and indifference and unbelief. Now as then we as Christian people need more than anything else to stand together—to present a united front and to offer ourselves willingly in Christian Service. For some, this means or should mean active participation in Church work. For others— For ALL OF US, it means WITNESS, and in this connection there is no greater service any layman can do at the present time than to make it a rule and to keep up regular, diligent and frequent Church-going.

I look back on the past year with real gratitude to God for His countless blessings on this Parish, I am thankful for your kindness and help to me. It is all so wonderful. There is a positive army of helpers who are determined to give of their best to Christ and His Church in St. John's. We look forward to the Future with complete confidence. We are resolved to carry out great developments in the parochial life of St. John's. Our army is now being equipped "in the forest of oaks. In the not distant future, we contemplate a parochial mission on a vast scale. This will be part of the Diocesan Mission which the Bishop has arranged for 1951. We are set on the accomplishment of a great and worthy task—to bring home to the masses of folk around us the true meaning of Christian love and service. Yes we know what this means—the joy of it all. Let us now go ahead—we hear again the clarion call of the highland charge—let us march forward "into the plain" without delay. We shall never waver for one moment. To all our organisations and indeed to every soul in the Parish I say again—never allow any obstacle or argument to stand in your way. The road to Christ must not be blocked by any impediment—real or imaginary: NEVER WAVER. THE ISSUE IS NOW JOINED. We work for JESUS CHRIST—OUR LORD THE AUTHOR AND FINISHER OF OUR FAITH.

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of Grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find Grace to help in time of need."

Your Stircely

#### CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

SISTER CAUNT, Mr. Carver, and I wish to thank you for the many Christmas cards and greetings which we have received. We ask you to accept this as a personal acknowledgement of your good wishes. The task of replying to each individually would have been almost impossible.

J.M.

#### CHRISTMAS TREES

On Sunday, December 11th, I announced that there would be a Christmas Tree in Church on the following Sunday but that I had no idea of whence it would come but that I was making the announcement in faith.

Well--my faith was amply justified, for on the very next day two trees had been delivered and a third had been offered.

The first tree to arrive was twenty feet high and it was decided to erect it in the Churchyard and to illuminate it with coloured lights in order that it might give pleasure to passers-by and especially to the children. There can be little doubt that it fulfilled its purpose and conveyed a Christmas glow to the Parish.

The second tree was erected and illuminated inside the Church where it served the double purpose of adding colour to an already lovely Church, and of a depository for the gifts which were brought by so many people for distribution to some of the children who were not so fortunate as others—Brought in a very real sense to the Babe of Bethlehem who once said—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my children, ye have done it unto me."

Thanks are unnecessary I know, but we are grateful to you in His name.

#### LETTER OF THANKS

I CANNOT but write to thank you for shedding abroad a real Christmas atmosphere over the Festive Season.

A few days before Christmas I was walking along the Malvern Road and thinking of how utterly unlike Christmas everything seemed. The weather was dull and gloomy, the shops seemed rather feebly decorated, and many of the people appeared to reflect this gloom.

Then quite suddenly I came into full view of St. John's Churchyard and the whole picture changed—a Christmas Tree at the Church door—brilliantly lit—proclaimed that this was no ordinary time of the year. The Church glowed in the reflection of the multi-coloured lights, and I felt a glow in my whole being. Others felt it too—for when people passed by their faces lit up with delight. I lingered for quite a while and enjoyed the first sign of Christmas that had appeared in St. John's.

The thought came to me as I stood there, for even laymen are sometimes inspired, that the real spirit of Christmas lies not in the tinsel and trimmings of materialism, but in the proclamation of the Birth of a Child

That is what the Christmas Tree conveyed to methat the Church was not dressing Her window to sell Her wares, but was endeavouring to convey to those who passed by—that She was about to celebrate the Birthday of Her Lord, and that She had beautified Herself in His honour.

#### WELSH LADIES CHOIR AT ST. JOHN'S

CHRISTMAS music formed a most delightful part of the Concert given on Thursday, December 15th, by the Worcester Welsh Ladies' Choir conducted by Mr. Llechid Williams,

The group of very lovely but little known Carols included Terry's setting of "Lullay, mine lkying", in which a boy soloist's voice contrasted most beautifully with the full Choir of women's voices. The soloist was the son of Mr. Llechid Williams, and, like his father, he is a Cathedral Chorister.

The Welsh Choir is now so well known that it is hardly necessary to mention the discipline, the light and shade, and the perfect diction which are characteristic of their performances.

But audiences are always surprised afresh by their keen and delicate appreciation of mood and phrase. The lovely rendering of Elgar's part song, "The Snow", with its fine shades of colouring, was a tremendous success, and amply illustrates their ability in this direction.

Caroline Godwin's fine soprano voice and keen dramatic sense combined in an effective rendering of "The Holy City" and other well chosen pieces.

Pianoforte duets, played by Ida Tappenden and Olwen Chivers introduced another seasonable note with Bach's, "Sheep may safely graze", played with admirable lucidity. The Mozart G minor Symphony, generally associated with strings and wood-wind instruments, sounded rather strange in the two pianos arrangement. The artistes, however, conveyed most beautifully the sense of freedom which is characteristic of Mozart's works.

The large gathering enjoyed the music and the performers were cordially thanked by the Vicar. Some amusement was caused when the Vicar called upon the Rev. C. H. Carver to thank the Choir in Welsh. The Curate was even more amused when several members of the Choir asked him to translate what had been said into English.

J.M.

#### CHRISTMAS PLAYS AT THE DAY SCHOOL

THE Christmas plays performed by the boys of the Day School were new to us, and refreshing.

When one considers the problems which face Mr. Platts and his assistants in presenting plays in so limited a space, one wonders how it is possible at all.

The first plays were gay with what might be called a pantomime atmosphere, with several touches of humour which were quickly appreciated.

The boys thoroughly entered into their parts and we were able to detect several budding actors, and one or two comedians among their number.

The last presentation is one which must come in for particular praise. It was a Nativity Play, specially written and produced by Miss Davies of the Staff of the Day School. Before this play commenced Mr. Platts made a speech in which he acknowledged the authorship and asked that it be received in absolute silence.

One wonders whether the request was necessary, for all present were conscious of an atmosphere of solemnity from the moment the curtains were drawn back. Perhaps it was a knowledge of what was being comemorated in the play—or possibly the devout enthusiasm of the boys which certainly could be felt—or possibly it was the inspiration in the inspired mouths of children under the inspired direction of the producer—or perhaps it was all these things.

This is certain—never in the greatest Cathedral in Christendom was there a more inspired and inspiring presentation of a Nativity Play.

A touch of genius was added when the whole of Miss Davies' class of 8 year old boys passed quietly through the rows of chairs in the audience to join with the Shepherds and the Three Kings in adoration of the Holy Child.

We were most deeply touched. Thank you Miss Davies—we're proud to have you with us.

J.M.

#### DAY SCHOOL'S CAROL SERVICE

THE Annual St. John's Day School's Carol Service was held on Tuesday, December 20th.

As might be expected, this Service was a feast of pure music.

The Carols some old and well known, and some new to us, were beautifully sung by our Day School children.

The infants sang very quietly but very sweetly, and the older boys and girls under Mr. Platts and Miss Minett were quite up to the standard which they themselves had set in the Day School's Festival.

Especially delightful were the carols, "A Christmas Carol" sung by the girls, and, "He is born, the Child Divine", a French Carol recently discovered by Mr. Platts

The reading of the lessons too was excellent—every word could be clearly heard, even at the back of the Church.

The parents and adults who were present were deeply moved by this delightful and happy service.

#### **RECITALS**

Some time ago an announcement was made regarding the lack of adequate support for our monthly Music Recitals and the consequent financial loss which has had to be borne by the Church. The sum of money involved was very considerable indeed. Larger numbers attended our last Recital in response to my appeal, but once again a considerable loss resulted.

In view of this, and with much regret, we have been forced to cancel these Recitals.

This step was not taken lightly, as we feel that they contributed much to the cultural life of St. John's and they were greatly enjoyed by all who attended.

If, in the future, some means can be found of restarting them without a great financial loss we shall be only too eager to do so.

J.M.

#### 3D. BIT SCHEME

A FRIEND of this Parish recently sent me the following cutting which will amuse you:

THE DESPISED THREEPENNY-BIT

Everyone, and especially housewives, will agree that money today is not what it was.

Yet the sad truth remains that Church Collections (like Parson's stipends) still remain at their pre-war level.

One North of England Vicar has recently put this pathetic lament in his Parish Magazine:—

'I am a threepenny-bit.

I am not on speaking terms with the butcher.

I am too small to buy a pint of beer.

I am not large enough to purchase a box of chocolates.

I am too small to buy a ticket to the Cinema.

I am hardly fit for a tip.

But, believe me, when I go to Church on Sunday I am considered some money!"

#### CHORAL SOCIETY

AFTER a short Christmas break the Choral Society resume their regular weekly rehearsals on *Friday*, 6th January, at 7.30 p.m. (not 8 o'clock as previously). With the new year we start a "new regime"—Mr. Llechid Williams as Conductor, and Mr. Protheroe as Accompanist, to both of whom we extend a warm welcome.

We have agreed to attempt Charles Wood's, "Passion according to St. Mark"—but realize much hard work will be needed if we are to give a performance just before Easter: this we are resolved to do We would like more singers (both men and women), if you are interested will you come to the Boys' School on Friday evenings at 7.30 p.m.

E. W. BONNETT, Hon. Sec.

#### DRAMA GROUP

On Tuesday, 3rd January, at 7.30 p.m., the Drama Group starts work again in the Boys' School under our Producer, Mr. F. N. Platts. After two successful productions of one-act plays we have become more ambitious and have decided to tackle a three-act play—"Yellow Sands".

of one-act plays we have become more ambitious and have decided to tackle a three-act play—"Yellow Sands".

New members will be very welcome and we invite them to come along on Tuesday evenings and join the Drama Group.

E. W. BONNETT, Hon. Sec.

#### CAROL PARTY

AGAIN this year we formed a Carol Party who toured the Bransford, Bromyard and Malvern Road districts on the three evenings before Christmas Day. The Carol Party appeared to be enjoyed thoroughly by both the singers and the listeners! We took a small portable harmonium round the streets with us which helped us considerably as well as causing amusement to a number of people. In this connection we are very grateful to the Mecco for allowing us the use of one of their small trucks on which to haul our "accompaniment".

to haul our "accompaniment".

On behalf of everyone I would like to say thank you very much indeed to Mrs. Urry for her splendid hospitality—she invited us all in to coffee and hot mince pies which were most acceptable and thoroughly enjoyed. This is a kindness we shall long remember.

#### ST. JOHN'S SCOUT TROOP

BEFORE a record attendance at our December Church Parade, I was very pleased to invest the Rev. J. Mort as Chaplain of our Troop. This took place before we went to Church, and it was a very happy occasion, one which will be remembered by all those present. It was a great surprise to the Vicar, who after accepting his Scout emblem, expressed his pleasure in accepting this position.

A very happy evening was spent on December 23rd, at our hut. Eighty boys sat down to tea, followed by games, and a visit from Father Xmas. Each boy received a present from a large tree. My grateful thanks to the ladies who helped, also Don Baker.

## CHURCH PICTURE PAGE

JANUARY, 1950



The Stolen Church.

The Stolen Church.

THE Church at Windermere, British Columbia, was built in 1884 at Donald, the divisional point of the Canadian Pacific Railway. When the point was moved to Revelstöke, the population and its effects moved, some to Golden and some to Windermere, the church being given to Golden. However, Windermere decided otherwise; the church was removed by night and brought up the Columbia River on a flat bottomed barge to Windermere. The people of Golden discovered the theft in time to retrieve the bell !- MISS S. WAYMAN.

A Scott Window.

IN the Warwickshire village church at Binton, is a memorial window to Captain Scott and his brave party of explorers who lost their lives on the return journey from the South Pole. It shows the search party and the cairn they



A Scott Window.

erected over the tent they found containing the bodies of Captain Scott, Dr. Wilson, and Lieut. Bowers. The three explorers had nearly reached their base with its food and comfort, when they were forced to stay in the tent by a blizzard that made all travelling impossible. It was eight months before the search party found their tragic remains in the icy wastes .- J. D. ROBINSON.

Summed Up.

TOMBSTONE in the churchyard of Wistanston, Shropshire, bears this

inscription: Sacred to the memory of Ann, wife of John Reynolds, who died Dec. 9, 1839, aged twice six, twice seven, twice twenty and eleven .-MISS WALSH.

A Patriarchal Wedding.

SOME years ago at my sister's wedding the bridegroom's name was Samuel, the best man's name was Moses, the bride's father was Abraham, and bride-groom's father's was Adam.—F. EDWARDS.

A Good Mouser.

Mr. James Starling was for many years Sexton of Tunstall Parish Church, Suffolk. After his retirement he undertook the job of disposing of Church mice which he knew were likely to damage the organ. His catch for about a year amounted to 32.-MRS. REYNOLDS.

And one weasel!

YEAR ago the Christmas collection at A Aklavic Cathedral, the most northerly in the world, the Loucheux Indians, contributed 27 dollars, 85 cents. and one weasel. It is quite common to have furs given; from the weasel comes the valuable ermine.-CANON MONT-GOMERY.

Magazine Distributors.

IN 1897, at the age of 18, I began to distribute the parish magazine of St. Andrew and Mary Magdalene, Maidenhead, and am still continuing that work to-day, over 50 years later.—Miss A. A. L. SHAVE.

I and my family have counted,

packed and delivered the magazines for 42 years to the distributors, of whom I have been one.—Mrs. A. Murray, Edenfield

Where is this Church?

WE do not think that many of our readers could identify this church. It stands 5,000 feet above the sea at Abbatabad, N.W. Frontier Province of India. Its walls are lined with tablets in memory of British soldiers. The services were attended by Army officers and men and a fair number of Christian Indians. "I wonder," writes Mrs. Harvey, who sent us this photograph, "what has hap-



Three-faced Janus.

pened to this dear little church among the eucalyptus trees.'

Three-faced Janus.

THIS remarkable carving is to be seen in Cardinham Church, Cornwall: A strange head with full face in the middle and a profile on each side. Was it the carver's idea to depict a three-faced Janus, looking back to the Old Year and forward to the New, with the third face keeping an eye on the present ?-MRS. A. MANFIELD.

A Christening Feast.

ON the occasion of the Christening of the 21st child of Mr. Wright of Widaker, near Whitehaven, in the year 1767, the company came from 21 parishes, and the feast following the Christening included 21 pieces of beef, 21 legs of mutton and lamb, 21 fowls and 21 pies. So there was no rationing in 1767!—F. F.

In addition to six five shilling prizes each month for Church News with photographs, we award six 2s. 6d. prizes for paragraphs only. Address: The Editor, 11 Ludgate Square, E.C.4. Articles of about 800 Square, E.C.4. Articles of about 800 words, of general Church interest are always melcome.



Where is this Church?



The winter home of Eskimos, built entirely of snow and ice.

### DIOCESE of the ARCTIC

By R. L. Henderson

YEARS ago, I was offered the job of going with a Polar expedition. If I had known that the desolate Arctic and Antarctic would one day become valuable property of international concern I might have accepted, for I have always loved adventure. Since then the whole world has become conscious of the importance of the Polar regions and their strangely fascinating inhabitants, whose forefathers some seventy years ago were in the stone age! In those amazing seventy years, these simple peoples have skipped the centuries, and become suddenly civilized.

Imagine yourself back in Britain of the Druids, or better still, back in the age when glaciers spread over our countryside. And when you were likely to die of starvation, being transported into modern conditions, with two broadcasts each Sunday of sermons in two languages, with planes flying overhead, with weather forecasting stations, with opportunities not merely knocking at the door, but occupying your primitive dwellings. Fortunes in furs, in oil, in whale meat, possibly in coal, possibly in the discovery of prehistoric creatures. That has happened to the Eskimos in that vast area across Northern Canada known as the Diocese of the Arctic, where the Church of England, your Church and mine, has fifteen missions and many outposts, two well-equipped hospitals, two residential schools, several day schools, and a beautiful cathedral! Why? So that this people may find its soul, as we found ours hundreds of years ago in Britain, through the Christian Message of the Love of God.

The population of the Diocese is made up of about 8,000 Eskimo and many Loucheux and Cree Indians. What are they like? "After nearly forty years of contact with them," writes the Bishop—that magnificent veteran who signs himself Archibald

The Arctic—"I feel about them as John Buchan felt about the Border Shepherds of Scotland that I have never had better friends, and I have striven to acquire some tincture of their philosophy of life, a creed at

The lovely interior of the Cathedral.

once mirthful and grave, stalwart and merciful."

And what a life they have lived, menaced by the spectre of starvation, generation after generation, with quiet fortitude, wresting a living from their ice-bound and often fogbound native land. The hazards of their daily life

they take for granted, and these have knit them in a brotherhood of the brave nothing else could have created.

No wonder the Bishop can write: "After 38 years I can testify to the deep satisfaction that comes from ministering to the people of the North. It is doubtful if any more lovable, happy, loyal and devoted congregations can be found than those in the Arctic. And in spite of their

primitive background these nomads are capable of the most practical acceptance of the Gospel and manifest a devotion to their God and Saviour that often puts the rest of us to shame. The thing that tugs at my heart is their implicit confidence in us. Are we worthy of it? We have brought to them the Great Evangel and they say to us, 'We are hungry, give us more. Tell us more about Jesus and how we can follow Him better.' This cry can only be met through consecrated human personality, through living men and women who witness to the Eternal Truths of the Gospel.

"I try to be coldly critical of my Eskimo friends as I think of what plans would best meet their future needs. I say 'I try' but it is not easy because I love them so and have intense admiration for them so that I wish for them only the best. They have such complete trust in us (i.e.: their Church leaders and me their Bishop) that it would be a crime indeed to fail them in this hour of gravest peril.

Just because they have this deep

confidence in us and have the most winning ways it is sometimes hard not to idealize and to forget how greatly they need the Church to steer them across the rapidly changing sea of civilization that has come in upon them like a flood. We cannot leave them alone without God for that would mean without hope."

To-day, the Arctic is calling for the courageous, the adventurous

and the devoted, but the modern apostle has not to face the isolation and hardships of the pioneers who had one mail per year and fresh supplies once in two years. He is in touch with the world by wireless and aeroplane, and can count on a moderately good delivery of letters.



The Cathedral of the Arctic.



Dr. Trever discusses the Scroll with the Metropolitan

# The Old Testament Comes To Light

By Harold J. Shepstone, F.R.G.S.

WHAT is admitted to be the most important discovery ever made of Old Testament manuscripts was the finding in a cave by the Dead Sea in Palestine of a number of ancient documents in Hebrew, including the entire book of Isaiah written as early as the first century B.C. This is amazing, for with a single exception there are no Hebrew manuscripts of the Old Testament earlier than the 9th century. The exception is a tiny fragment containing the Shema and the Ten Commandments, known as the Nash Papyrus, now in the public library Manchester.

Although the manuscripts were found as far back as the spring of 1947, it is only now that one has been able to piece together the whole story. A goatherd searching for a stray goat on a rocky hillside located a cave. With pardonable curiosity he looked in cautiously, but could make out only a dark cavern, so he picked up a stone and threw it in and heard something crack and break. Nervously apprehensive at the unexpected result of his efforts he withdrew and returned later with a friend.

In the dim interior they found some large jars on the floor, some of them broken. Inside the jars were scrolls wrapped in linen to keep out the damp. The two men seized a number of the scrolls and went off hoping to realise a good reward for their finds.

Since then the cave has been thoroughly examined. It is believed to have been the storage place of some 40 jars containing about 200 scrolls, put there for safety at a time of crisis. It would appear to have been disturbed once before during the Roman occupation of Palestine.

Of the two goatherds one went to the Jewish University on Mount Scopus and the other to the Moslem Sheikh at Bethlehem. The script reminded the sheikh of ancient Syrian writing and the scrolls were accordingly sent to the library of the Syrian Convent in Jerusalem to ascertain their value. It was shortly afterwards that Dr. J. C. Trever, then in charge of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem, received a telephone call from the Syrian Con-



The complete Isaiah Scroll opened at Chapter 40

vent in the old city of Jerusalem saying he had received some ancient Hebrew Scrolls and could the Director of the School help him to identify them?

At that time Jerusalem was in a very unsettled state owing to the conflict between the Arabs and the Jews. No one could venture into the Old City without a special pass, and one was liable to be kidnapped or wounded by a sniper's bullet. No one from the American institution had ventured into the Old City for months, so Dr. Trever suggested that the manuscripts should be brought along to the School the following afternoon and this was done.

Dr. Trever was amazed when the librarian opened a suitcase and brought out five scrolls wrapped in newspapers. They were not only very old, but extremely brittle, and had to be handled with care. But how old they were and whether they were genuine it was impossible to tell without further study.

No photographs could be taken of the scrolls as the cameras were at the Museum of Antiquities in the Old City. So Dr. Trever copied a couple of passages from the bigger scroll and was astonished to discover later it was a portion of Isaiah, the script being similar to the Nash Papyrus. He determined to venture into the Old City and by hook or by crook get the scrolls photographed. He had many set backs, and on one occasion narrowly escaped a sniper's bullet.

There was no proper photographic paper in the city nor enough light for photographing as the electric cable had been cut. He managed to smuggle in the necessary paper and got the electric cable temporarily

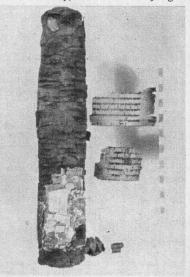
repaired

The scroll was found to be the book of Isaiah. It is 23\frac{3}{4} feet long, 10\frac{1}{4} inches broad, and contains fifty-four columns of beautifully preserved Hebrew writing. Seventeen sheets of carefully prepared parchment were sewn together to make the complete scroll. The scroll, however, was evid-

ently much used.
There were other scrolls, one of them being the book of Habak-kuk.

Still another contains hymns similar to the Biblical psalms, and the text of another gives a colourful description of a war between the Jews and un-determined enemies. There were eight scrolls in all. The manuscripts which found their way to the Hebrew

University include portions of Genesis Deuteronomy, Leviticus and Judges.



The Fourth Scroll before it was unrolled.



Build a Bridge of Smiles.

#### BLESSED BE Bridge-Builders

By H. T. INGRAM

WHY is a bridge built? Surely because someone wants to get to the other side, the other side of a river, a road, or even a railway. It was built in primitive times to find out what was on the other side, and more often, to make it easy to pass to and fro: even a simple one of plank, or rope, was sufficient. Have you ever tried to build a bridge for a similar purpose between you and your neighbour, or even between you and someone who lives in the house you share? The first job a newly married couple ought to tackle is the building of just such a bridge, planned for plenty of daily traffic. I don't mean a "bridge of traffic. I don't mean a "bridge of sighs" but rather a bridge of smiles those understanding smiles that mean so much. They will not only have to build the bridge but to keep it in repair—an easy labour of love if the bridge is in daily use. For what did I say a bridge was built? So that John could get to the other side and find out Mary's point of view, and Mary get to the other side to find out John's ideas and ideals.

A Bridge to Nowhere

There is another important bridge, a business bridge that simply must be built if our country is to keep her reputation for successful "shop-keeping." Masters and Men must cross and re-cross that bridge with one intent-to make the most of it, not the least. The most tragic thing I know is a bridge to nowhere, or a bridge that is no longer in use.

I remember on one never-to-beforgotten occasion I used a human bridge. My friend and I had climbed high on a great mountain, and were forced by icy rocks to try to find an alternative route across a chasm on to

the high lip of a glacier. He was strong and muscular-a typical broadshouldered Derbyshire padre. I climbed on his shoulders, and thence on to his head, without protest though I had nails in my boots, and so reached the further side, where safety lay.

The Bridge to God

I like to think of our Lord as just such a bridge between earth and heaven, His Church as the bridge which leads to God, and that better land where I believe we shall find the reward for our labours in new work to do for Him. I can imagine a new beatitude: "Blessed be bridgebuilders," if one were needed to inspire the Church for new efforts in 1950 to make men everywhere realize the majesty of God and the littleness of man, and the greatness of the love that links them together. "Let all men know that all men move

Under God's canopy of love, As broad as the blue sky above: For life is good; doubt, fear and pain And troubles, all are shadows vain.'



The Bridge to Nowhere. mmmmmmm

#### The New Year

Child of my love, lean on me all this year;

And let me bear thy burden and its weight.

I know thy coming sorrows, hopes and fears,

And all the cares which throng around thy state.

But trust me, and obey. All will be well.

For I know happiness and human grief

From cheer of childhood to the mourner's bell,

My love will share them all, and give relief.

In work and pleasure, I would join with thee.

From dawn till darkness, and all through the night.

Youth shall be joy, and age serenity; And at thy evening-time it shall

be light. mmmmm

F. KEELING SCOTT.

### Profit and Loss

By the Rev. Fenton Morley, B.D.

WHEN you get your newspaper today, which part of it are you going to read first? Your choice might be anything from the Leading Article to the Strip Cartoon, but I don't suppose that you will start your reading with one of those rather forbidding company reports usually printed on the back page. There's not much human interest in them—and yet they may be our guide in assessing the profit or loss of our own lives.

TF you study one of these reports you will find that a firm does not assess its profits just by working a simple "taking away" sum between the income and the expenditure in each year. It's much more complicated than that—and at the same time more realistic. Out of the trading balance the firm has to provide

for such things as taxes, special de-preciation of property, reserves for pension funds and reserves to safeguard it against possible losses in the future. It has to take the same broad view of its assets and income in order to get an accurate picture of the real standing and worth of the company, to itself, to its employees and shareholders, and to the community.

> And when a man tries to work out the profit or loss of his life he has to take into account many factors including the assets of experience and fellowship and the liabilities of unfulfilled moral

and spiritual obligations. It is unwise for him to rest content, that his life is profitable because it has brought him money, comfort, pleasure—or, that most dangerous of profits power. And it is equally short-sighted for him to assume that he is "in the red" because he has little in the way of material success to show for a lifetime of struggle and sacrifice.

A MAN has to realise that the true profit or loss of life lies entirely in the realm of human personality. It shows itself within his own character, in his wisdom more than his knowledge, in his faith more than in his cleverness. The truly profitable life is one which has brought a man that inward peace which passes all human understanding, and which comes only from a deep and constant communion with God. That does not mean to say that such a man is satisfied with his life or with himself. On the con-trary, it is his divine dissatisfaction with himself which starts him and keeps him on that ladder of the only real human progress—the spiritual progress towards God and by the grace of God. (Contd. on page 8)

#### MONDAY to

#### Weekday Pages for

Monday's Washing.

Always peg old frail garments by the shoulders. Peg two towels together. This not only saves space but avoids pull at the corners. Do not stretch completely out. Blankets and quilts should be hung over two lines. This not only avoids the mark across the centre, but helps to dry quicker.—Miss E. Harding.

To keep those nappies snowy white without frequent boiling; wash first under running cold water, then in warm soapy water and rinse as usual, finally cover with boiling water and leave to cool.

This is almost equal to daily boiling: you would not believe the difference it makes.—MRS. LANGHORN.

When clothes lines are left out they get dirty. To avoid marking the clothes, place a 3-in. bandage over the line and peg the clothes on to this. The bandage agaily unabled and can be used over and is easily washed and can be used over and over again.-MISS W. COOKE.

The most fragile muslins and organdies will wash satisfactorily. Give them a thorough rinsing to remove all traces of soap, and give a final rinse in gum water for a crisp finish. To make this, dissolve one teaspoonful of tube glue in one pint of water and allow to cool before using.— MRS. HINDER.

Tuesday's Sewing.

A blanket spread on the table when you are cutting out will prevent the material from slipping and the soissors from mark-

ing the table.

To prevent stockings slipping and ladders forming, button-hole stitch with soft wool round the metalpiece of suspenders.-MRS. GREENHALGH.

If you have a woollen jumper that has shrunk and is too small for you in breadth, cut up the middle front from edge to middle neck and face it with suitable material and a button and loop at neck. I have made some useful house coats this way .- MRS. LANGLEY.

When sewing tape on to net curtains use a double thickness so that when the curtain wire is inserted it passes between the tapes and does not catch on the net.—MRS. HOLTON.

Wednesday's Nursing.

Before you rub camphorated oil on chest to relieve a cold well sponge the skin with warm soap and water to cleanse

and open the pores.—Mrs. Harrison.

For a scald three remedies are suggested by readers: (1) Pour methylated spirit over scald into bowl and keep on dipping up with spoon. Apply pad of lint soaked in the spirit and bandage on.
As the spirit dries, pour on more. If this As the spirit dries, pour on more. is done at once there will be no blisters. Should skin become dry smear on glycerine (Mrss Williams). (2) Apply talcum powder quickly (Mrs. CRICK); (3) Cut a raw potato in pieces and scrape. Put in a piece of cloth and apply to have in a piece of cloth and apply to burn two or three times (Mrs. Dobson).

An invalid bed table can be made by

placing an ironing board with the flap over the bed as far as it will go. One advantage is that it does not rest on the patient as do some bed tables.—Mrs.



A New Broom sweeps clean : Our Sexton.

For carbuncles or boils, mix to a thick paste some Epsom salts and glycerine. Spread on white lint and apply for 6 to 8 Then repeat process.-Mrs.

For a sore throat and loss of voice try half a cupful of hot water, one teaspoonful of treacle and one teaspoonful of vinegar. Stir well and drink hot; it will give almost immediate relief.—Mrs. C. SMITH.

Thursday's Cooking.
Object to whalemest? Try this way.
Fry with onions, allow to cool, then remove onions and mince steak with as much fat bacon or pieces as can be spared. Add thick slice of bread, mixed herbs and one egg. Mix all well together. Place in greased basin, cover and steam for three hours. When cooked, place a saucer over the meat and press with heavy weight. Result is an excellent substitute



Kiss and be friends in 1950

#### だりなりだりだりたりだりたりたりだりだりだりだった。 SATURDAY

Women with Homes

A CORDED CONTROL OF CO

for liver sausage, and can be eaten cold

with salad.—MRs. J. REENFIELD.
When making a rhubarb tart, try adding about one-eighth of a raspberry or strawberry jelly before putting on the crust. Your family and friends will congratulate you on the good flavour of your rhubarb.—Miss G. Mullard.

When cooking artichokes wash tho-roughly and put into a casserole with a piece of margarine, and half cover with water and bake till tender. The skin will then peel off quite thin and easily, and there is no waste as when peeled in the usual way before cooking.—Miss Chester.

Friday's Household.

When moving a bed or mattress that is difficult to get hold of strap it round with leather travelling straps. You can then hold it without hurting your hands.—Mrs. A. Brown.

Washstands, being out of fashion for bedrooms and often obtainable cheaply, can be very useful in the kitchenette. The marble top can be used for cooking and pastry board and is easily kept clean. The cupboard underneath is useful for baking tins, etc., and the rail at the side for teacloths .- MRS. ELCOMBE.

Many of us who have stone floors use. coconut matting. It is warm and comfortable, but, oh the dust that accumulates. I lay newspaper under the matting. When the day comes for taking it up the dust can be rolled in the paper and burnt.—FARM VIEW.

Saturday's Children.

Just a smear of vaseline round baby's eyes when bathing will prevent soapy water from running into his eyes.— MRS. ROOTS.

To make children's white cotton socks penny cards of white darning cotton are excellent and economical to use. Wind off two cards, making one ball of two thicknesses of cotton. Knit socks according to size required. A baby's pair cost fourpence. These socks can be boiled and dyed.—Mrs. ELKIN.

Keep that old tea-pot with a broken lid or spout. It is ideal in the treatment of colds, for inhaling Friars' Balsam or Menthol Crystals which spoil whatever is used. I put a cork in the spout and find my children inhale with confidence, having the handle and spout to grip whilst under a towel.—Mrs. A. P. Sell. Take a slice of freshly cut liver and

place in a dish with a small knob of margarine or cooking fat. Cover with grease proof paper or a well-fitting lid, and bake in a slow oven for 15 minutes. The liver should be underdone and very tender with the juice running freely. Then pound the meat and juice together, or cut up the meat and serve with the juice, according to the age of the child .-MRS. FRENCH.

\*\*\* 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 5s. prizes. Note that if the hint, without letter, is sent in an envelope with flap tucked in the postage is only 1d.

#### **FLOTSAM**

Our Problem Serial

by Hoole Jackson

DOCTOR SARREN glanced back at his snug room longingly. The fire had settled to a warm, red blaze; the thick curtains shut out the anger of the night. Mary, his wife, had dropped the magazine she was reading to her lap when he entered, and made a picture of lovely middle-aged womanhood; mistress of the cosy room, her face lovely in the mature beauty and poise life had added to her girlhood charm. Smutty, the cat, was curled cosily on the rug: the scene breathed peace and homeliness.

"Must you go, Harry? It's an awful night. Just listen to the wind." "'Fraid so. I'm uneasy about that poor young woman. Besides, I promised Martin Carey I'd look down each evening. I haven't missed-

and he's at sea to-night."

"The boats sailed, then?" "Not much choice. Things haven't been too good this season. The weather looked like holding, although old Ebenezer Wright told me there was a chance it might blow up a bit. But they didn't expect this." He stroked his short beard, and his wife rose, setting down her magazine. "I'll come with you, Harry. I don't like your tackling that road to Shag's Cove without me. Besides, I shall only worry while you're away."

"I shouldn't leave this if I were you, Sweetheart," and his blue eyes twinkled. "You've every excuse:

mine's duty."

" It will seem all the cosier when we come back. I might be useful with that poor young wife. How is she?"

Doctor Sarren answered slowly and gravely, "She's wonderfully strong. In a way I almost wish she were not. When the mind takes a kink you can never tell. If she became completely unbalanced, then she might live to be ninety-a madwoman."

"Oh, Harry, might it really be so terrible?"

"It could. I'm fighting it. We don't know much about the mind. The psychologists are feeling their way with it. My opinion is that psychology is too young a science yet to take any but the simplest cases. Do you know what I think? That faith in God is the only real hope when things are like this."

"That would please John Branden." " No place ever had a better Vicar. He must be eighty now, yet he's so young. Young in heart and mind. Come along, the car's ready. To tell you the truth I'm glad you're coming. You may be able to soothe her. She's been haunting the shore a good deal, according to Ebenezer. He's another grand old man! What a generation those Victorians are! Still



Foam, whipped by the gale.

sailing the Girl Elizabeth, and they say there are more like him up and down the coast. I wish the boats weren't out in this; it will make it worse for Morwen Carey. If she lost her husband as well as her babybut I daren't think of it."

The wind buffeted them as they reached the car. It came sweeping over Headlong Point with a persistent, unbroken whine, like the howl of a giant wolf. Its breath was saline and heady; it stung with salt-particles; the few ancient trees shielding the old stone house looked as if they had huddled down from its fury like old

The car started and was soon in comparative calm between the high earth and stone hedges; now and then, as the car swung round a bend, the wind hit the bonnet, and Sarren needed all his skill in driving. They came out on an open stretch alongside the headland, and the wind clawed at the car as if it would tear it from the road, but in a few moments they were turning down the road to Shag's Cove, twisting and dipping until at last, they came to the open space where five cottages stood.

Sarren pulled up, helped his wife out, saw the car was snugly parked, and, holding his wife's arm, made for a large well-built cottage, with its flanks thrust into the bank. Here there was an eerie calm. The south-west wind was broken by the great headland, and the gale went roaring overhead, with no more than a faint

back-eddy stirring in the cove. In answer to Sarren's knock, the door was opened by a beautiful woman. But there was a strange, half-wild expression in her big, grey eyes, and her dark hair was soaked with rain. She was still wearing a thick, seaman's coat, also soaked.

"Come in," and even the voice seemed listless, tired.

The room they entered was a haven of rest. A big, round clock looked down on them from the wall facing the door, its brass pendulum moving with measured calm. Even the slightly yellowing face seemed benign. A bright fire was burning in the Cornish grate, and the mellow-red chiffonier winked back at the flickering light.

are you, Mrs. Carey? I thought I'd just run down and see. You shouldn't have been out, you

know. A chill-"

"I can't rest indoors. Why does God do such things? Give me my darling, and then take him? And no chance of another child. But I don't want another," she went on fiercely. "It might be taken same as this. And now the storm's come, and my man's to sea. Maybe God will take him too. Then I'll end it. I only live for him."

"You need a good sleep," said Sarren, "I shouldn't worry about the boats. They're all out. The storm may not have caught them unaware. Ebenezer hinted that there might be wind before the night was out. He'll have warned the others.

He always does."

"This is a living gale—the worst we've had for many months. No, I don't want to sleep. Don't ask me to take the tablets. I can't. I must stay awake."

"All right, I won't tonight, if you'll promise to take them when

Martin comes back."

"When? You mean if," and Morwen's tone was bitter.

"They won't attempt to reach home in this," said Sarren, "They'll run for Falmouth, maybe. They'd never

make this-

"Make it!" Morwen's eyes were scornful, "They're not fools. Have you seen it, down there? I can't rest. I can't stay in. The house chokes me. I can hear my baby's crying: it rings in my ears. Come out, I tell you-out.'

Sarren rose, his eyes telling his wife he wanted her to come also. They buttoned their coats to the neck, and went out. For a hundred yards it was calm, but as they passed from the shelter of the great mass of rock, primeval in its majesty, the wind almost took the breath from their mouths.

Sarren never forgot the sight. His coat was flattened against his body by the power of the gale. The women stood poised, leaning forward, their garments clinging to their bodies, as if an invisible sculptor were tracing their outlines. Morwen Carey wore no hat, and her dark hair streamed out behind her; there was an eerie pale ghostly light which showed her noble profile. But the expression of her face frightened Mary Sarren. This tension could not last. Morwen Carey had been like this now since

she lost her baby seven months before. Seven months, and the Cove folk feared for her reason.

The Cove folk! Such a little place. Five cottages, all of them holding families whose men were aboard those boats-husbands, sons, brothers-all the men in one basket. Long ago, there had been a year just after the fourth cottage was built, when all but two men had been taken in one wild night. After that, one lone boat fished until the rising generation launched another, and then another. Old Ebenezer's father had gone down that night.

The moon was rising, author of that pallid light. It was hidden behind the shaggy clouds which drove across the sky with awesome speed, but the light showed the sandy stretch between the headland and its brother cliff. Here the waves seemed to rise like cold monsters of the deep, with hissing crests, to ride in with impressive inevitability.

But strangest sight of all was the foam, whipped by the gale from the sea, blown scudding up the sand. At first, Sarren could not understand what strange, white and glittering substance seemed to dance and run on the beach; then he saw what it was and understood the strength of the wind. Only on the worst nights was this scud so driven. He could feel the drops whipped from the waves on his face. The moonlight could not penetrate the dark pall which hung over the sea.

"We'd better get back, Mrs. Carey," he said, "This may be too much for my wife."

As he hoped, the natural courtesy of her race answered this appeal immediately, "Oh, and me so selfish! Come home and I'll make you a cup of tea."

They turned and went back into the house. The strained look had gone for a moment. Sarren knew the moods took her when she brooded. Now she was making a simple snack for her guests her face regained its normal expression. Morwen was a lovely woman—red lips, browned cheeks, dark hair. As they ate the sandwiches she made and sipped the hot, comforting tea, the quiet old room enfolded them with its peace. When Sarren and Mary rose to leave, Sarren felt sure Morwen would be safe for the night.

"Thanks, we must get home. I'll slip down in the morning."

But it was evening before the fishing-boats limped home. They came slowly, as if in pain. Morwen's eyes made out the familiar shape of the Girl Elizabeth. She had lost her lines, and an experienced eye would have picked out the damage aboard as she came slowly to the tin quay men had built in the long ago.

"Reckon Martin's safe enough," he said, seeing Morwen among the group of waiting women. "We runned for Falmouth. He was further out than we. I've knowed worse, but not much," and there was a twinkle inhis eye of pride, but it passed in the instant. "Lines is gone, so are Tom Trenoweth's here." He nodded to where Tom and his men were making fast the battered Mona, "but we're here, and that's thanks to the Lord's mercy, and the skill He taught us.

In St. Erron, with its grey old church tower, the Vicar talked with Sarren, who had seen the whitehaired old man turning in at the Vicarage gate,

It was a pleasant village, the road opening to a wide space in the centre, round which the few shops and cottages were grouped, with the Dragon showing a Georgian, dignified front to the world, and a wise old generation had set the village back in a fold of land, where the gales that swept the uplands missed all but the top of the stout old tower.

"How's that poor girl?" asked John Branden, Vicar of St. Erron. "I've been meaning to get down for two days now.

" If you like to come with me, I'll run you down after supper. Come and have supper with us. I want to leave the call as late as possible. If Carey's back, it will be a relief to me to know, and if he isn't—then I'd like to be there to coax her to take a sleeping draught. That's the main trouble, John."

"I'll be delighted. I want to talk to you. I don't like the way things are shaping. The war hasn't done what we hoped. People are losing faith-even good people."

"It was pretty stark out in Flanders," said Sarren, "I shan't forget the dressing-station on the Menin Road in a lifetime. over for you about eight,"

It was nine o'clock when Sarren drove down the road to Shag's Cove. The storm had died away completely, and the evening had been sunny, with a glorious sunset, as if Nature had relented and was trying to make amends. Now, the dusk was soft and kind, and the wind little more than a gentle breeze.

Outside the cottage, the two men paused. Both stepped back in the same instant. There was no mistaking the sound—the wail of a child. "What on earth's that?" said

Sarren.

Branden set a hand on his arm and whispered, "Listen, Harry, don't make a sound."

They heard a woman crooning ftly, "There, there, my little love, softly, "There, there, my little love, there—" The wailing stopped, "Did you think you were left all alone." Not while Morwen Carey lives. Let

me hold you to my breast. You were so cold, so cold when they found you."

Sarren whispered, "A child-but how?'

Branden replied quietly, "The Hand of the Lord, I think, Harry, I don't believe we ought to go in now. But you're the doctor."

"You're right."

Both paused a moment longer. They heard Morwen begin singing a well-loved Cornish lullaby, and then they heard her suddenly begin weeping, and then her husband's cry as he came running. She was sobbing

They stole away as his loving words began to comfort Morwen.

"Nothing better could have happened," said Sarren, "Nothing! don't know whose child it is. I don't care. She's something to make her forget; and this is the first time she's wept, I believe. It will be a safety valve. She won't need my tablets to-night-only her husband's arms."

No one knew whose child it was. Not even Morwen. For it had come to them from the sea in a strange way and it seemed, indeed, as if Heaven had chosen Morwen to be the mother of the waif. So she believed, and the strong religious strain which had come down to her through the generations rose to the challenge. This little son who had come to her should have all she had planned for her own dead babe.

The night closed gently round the cove; the clouds vanished and the stars came out, joined later by the silver glory of the moon. In the old cottage, Morwen slept; the old cradle which had been her mother's, and grandmother's, by the bedside, and Martin's arm round her.

He had told the story of the finding to her twice, and yet a third time, and at the third time of telling she had fallen fast asleep. Once she woke, clutching him.

"Will anyone take it, Martin? Will anyone come—it would break

my heart!"
"It was a French craft, down by the head as I've told you, Morwen. It was but by the grace of God we went aboard she. Must have been drifting head down all night-with only this mite, lying wrapped up against the bulkhead. Must have been a panic -but we'll never know. No boats such as they would have lived through that storm."

"It must have been God's work," she said, "Poor things, poor mother, if it was the mother that was with it. But the clothes are beautiful—there's a part of a name on one gown. I wonder if we'll ever know?

(To be continued.)

Quiz. (Sec page 8.) Answers: 1 (c), 2 (b), 3 (c), 4 (b), 5 (c).

#### PROFIT AND LOSS

(Continued from page 4)

F a man's life shows that kind of profit it will safeguard him against that loss of his soul which, as Christ said, will outweigh his gain of the whole world. Material success is too high a price to pay for the loss of his self-respect, the loss of his sense of humour, and his sense of proportionand the loss of the love and happiness of others. This last point is parti-cularly important. Our own life may appear to have brought little material profit to ourselves, but if it has helped others to fulfil their purpose in life as children of God, then it has not been a failure. In fact it is impossible to assess the real profit of a man's life without taking into account his effect upon the lives of those around him. That is his long-term investment of spiritual capital which continues to bear fruit long after his days on

this earth are over and it has an eternal value, known only to God.

SO it is really only God Who knows the true profit or loss of our lives—and He does not treat any loss as final. In Christ's parables of the Lost Coin, the Lost Lamb and the Lost Son, our Lord showed that all three were recovered because the owner, the shepherd and the father really cared about that which had gone astray. By the grace of God we can recover the faith, the hope, and the love which we may have lostif we care enough to search for them in the right direction, with penitence in our hearts and a prayer on our lips. And when we ourselves are lost, we know that the love of God is a searching love—incarnate in the Person of Jesus Christ Who came to seek for that which was lost and bring it back into the joyous fellowship of the Family of God.

#### Prayer Book Quiz. No. XI.

By the Rev. D. B. EPERSON.

What is the meaning of each of these words which occur in the "Te Deum"? I. SABAOTH: (a) the Day of Rest, (b) Sunday, (c) armies.

2. Goodly: (a) handsome, (b) praise-words (b) benealest.

worthy, (c) benevolent.
3. ABHOR: (a) loathe, (b) annul, (c) shrink from.

4. HERITAGE: (a) bequest in a will, (b) children who are inheritors, (c) a hermit's house.

5. CONFOUNDED: (a) speechless, (b) defeated in argument, (c) left in the lurch.

Answers on page 7.

#### The New Road

IF you but know He is near you, The Leader, Who chooses your road, Ready to comfort and cheer you, To share half the weight of your load. If you are sure of His counsel, His sympathy day after day-What matters the heartache or hindrance, The roughness of part of the way?

The Best and Quickest Method of MARKING YOUR LINEN

NO HEATING & ] REQUIRED

per bottle, including purchase tax

Absolutely Permanent Fabric letters can be removed

Of all Stationers, Stores and Chemists, or direct (plus 3d. postage) from

COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN, LTD. Walkden Works, Verney Road, London, S.E.16



and there's nothing like "There's nothing like it!".

#### **CHERRY BLOSSON BOOT POLISH**

for a brilliant shine in half the time.

Made from the finest quality waxes it adds extra life and comfort to your shoes

In BLACK, TONETTE (Dark Stain), Lt. BROWN Tins 31d & 7d OX BLOOD & WHITE Tins 7d CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD LONDON W.4

## SEND FOR THIS FREE Book

Revised and Enlarged Edition

In the herbs, roots and flowers of our countryside, Nature provides her own treatment for many common human ills. This 80-page Guide to Health tells you how these Botanic remedies are husbanded and made available by The Walpole Botanic Dispensaries. It also includes valuable diet advice. All who write for this book are asked to study earnestly the medicinal virtues of the wavide herbs and plants.

are asked to study earnessly the medicinal virtues of the wayside herbs and plants. It is sincerely hoped that this book may be the means of restoring health to you, or members of your family who are unwell. To those of you who are well we trust that a further knowledge of health matters will enable you to maintain good health, the greatest treasure bestowed on mankind. Send for your free copy today (a postcard will do) to:—

#### THE WALPOLE BOTANIC DISPENSARIES

(Dept. 145)

32 & 33, EAST PARK TERRACE, SOUTHAMPTON

#### Beauty in the Churchyard "The time of the Singing of Birds is come

#### GARDEN OF LOVE AND REMEMBRANCE

This charming Mem orial has a Bird Bath carved in the Rugged Yorkshire Stone with Natural Random Walling Enclosure, Erected any Churchyard

- 245 -Send 6d. Stamps for ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS

A Garden of Memories Memorial Tablets Church Windows Church Furniture Book of Inscriptions (36 pp.)



On View at Showrooms, Inspection Invited. B. Maile & Son Itd. Founded in the

367, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1 Kindly state probable requirements

Published by Home Words Printing & Publishing Co., Ltd., 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4, and printed by Harrison & Sons, Ltd., London, Hayes (Middx.), and High Wycombe. Advertisement enquiries to John Hart & Co., 22, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2.

BACK TO

NATURE

AND

LIVE

We were favoured by a visit from Capt. M. Spreckley, District Commissioner, Mr. H. Davis, Assistant District Commissioner, and Mr. B. Hawkins, District Scoutmaster.

This ended a very happy year of Scouting and we look

forward to better times in the new year.

May I end in expressing my thanks to all those who have supported our Troop, trusting that we shall receive your continued support in the future. Wishing you all a Very Happy New Year.

J. W. Rowe, Group Scoutmaster.

#### ST. JOHN'S GUIDES' CHRISTMAS PARTY

A CHRISTMAS PARTY was held in the Parish Hall on December 13th, when games and competitions were very much enjoyed by the Company. Refreshments were served by ladies of the Committee and a birthday cake with 21 candles was lighted up in the darkened hall.

Miss Mort kindly presented the prizes. A patrol competition for the best scrapbook was won by the King-fisher Patrol, which Captain Stone of St. Clement's Company judged. These books were afterwards given to the Royal Infirmary. The Party ended with a camp fire sing-song and taps.

#### ST. JOHN'S BROWNIE PACK

After many patient weeks rehearing, the Brownies presented their customary Christmas Concert on Tuesday, December 6th, at the Parish Room.

Having a number of rather talented young people in the Pack, we were able to give a fairly varied performance, including—puppets, animal impersonations, dancing, singing, reciting, etc. A short play was also acted. All this, together with an organised stall, made the evening a very great success.

Our Christmas Party was held on Christmas Eve. The room gaily decorated, and with lots of jellies and cakes for tea, we all had a jolly time. Everyone joined in the games and prizes were given, for which we have to thank our very kind Committee. Many thanks are also due to Mrs. Handley who graciously gave the ices.

Father Christmas paid a visit after tea and each

Brownie received a small present from him.

Fancy dresses were worn by some of the Brownies and Mrs. Handley very kindly consented to judge these. Ann Badham (The Paint Box) being adjudged the best. Everyone went home feeling very happy, but a little

tired to await another visit from Father Christmas.

MARY G. RICHARDS. Brown Owl.

#### WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP

A NEW YEAR has dawned once again, and each one of you, will I know, be thinking "what does it hold in store for me". Smooth or rough let us leave the issue to God with these words taken from the Book of Exodus, "My presence shall go with thee", words full of promise and hope.

The Meeting will re-commence on Monday, January 10th, and sometime during the month I hope to arrange for another Enrolment for the new members. This will. of course, take place in Church.

A happy New Year to you all, and may God richly

bless you and yours.

Our next Corporate Communion will be on Thursday,. January 5th, at 10.30 a.m. E.A.C.

#### MOTHERS' UNION

THE Year 1950 is here, and we look forward to great things, especially so in our Branch. We have a full programme before us. If you have not already had a copy of the Activities for the year let me know and I will see that you get one in due course.

The Speaker for February will be the Rev. Crellin, who will be telling us about his work among the Deaf and Dumb, so please do your best to attend on Monday, February 6th.

It is with regret that I have to record the death of one of our oldest members, namely, Mrs. Robinson, a good Christian and a mother in every sense of the word. her relatives we offer our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.

#### GIRLS' CLUB

WE had an excellent Christmas Party, everyone joining in the fun and games.

Now we have to work hard at our Programme during the coming months if we are to enter for the Youth Festival, so please come prepared.

We hope at some future date to give a display of Country Dancing at one of the Parochial functions.

#### A DAY IN TOWN

Some members of the Women's Fellowship spent a most enjoyable day on Wednesday, 6th December, 1949. Several early risers trotted up and down the streets

knocking up their friends. One husband, to make sure that his wife was not late, set the alarm clock an hour too early!

Eventually the Party entrained at 7.28 a.m., to settle down for a comfortable journey during which they en-

joyed cups of coffee.

On arriving at Paddington, Sister Caunt met her sister and the party went their own separate ways. Arrangements were made to meet at Oxford Circus at three o'clock when sister was to take charge. The ladies were warned that Londoners knew the Country folk by the 'grass growing in their ears", however, everyone split up but imagine the laughter when some boarded a bus and no one knew where they were going and someone said she could "feel the grass growing".

The conducted tour included Whitehall, Cenotaph,

Downing Street where Mr. Attlee, Mr. Bevan and Mr. Dalton were seen, The Horse Guards Parade, The Houses of Parliament, Trafalgar Square, St. Martin's in the Field,

After ascending and descending elevators and lifts, riding in Tubes and 'buses and partaking of a good tea, all returned to Paddington very tired—in fact some almost walking on their knees, so glad to be able to remove their shoes.

Full marks, Sister Caunt, for arranging such a lovely day, and allowing these ladies to forget their families for a few hours. They haven't stopped talking about it DELIGHTED HUSBAND.

#### "OVER-20 CLUB"

For some time now the Deanery Youth Council has been considering the possibility of starting an "Over-20" Club to form discussion groups, and take part in educational and social activities. The idea originated because it was felt that apart from actual Youth Leaders there must be many young people over 20 years of age who did not belong to a Parochial Organisation, but who would be glad to have the opportunity to meet with others of their own age-from their own and from other parishes. Accordingly, at the last meeting of the Youth Council it was suggested that a circular should be sent to Incumbents in the Deanery, asking them if they would be kind enough to insert the following paragraph in their January 1950 Parish Magazine:

SUGGESTED FORMATION OF "OVER-20" CLUB

For Whom?

Young Church People in the Worcester Deanery not members of a Parochial Youth Group or other OrganiThe object?

To meet others of the same age for discussion, educational and social activities.

When and Where?

That depends on YOU. Come and talk it over on WEDNESDAY, 18TH JANUARY, 1950, at 7.30 p.m. in the Diocesan Youth Office, 5 The Avenue, The Cross,

Further particulars from Miss M. Stokes (Hon. Sec. Worcester Deanery Youth Council), "Sunville", 7 Rowley Hill Street, Worcester; or from the Diocesan Youth Office.

#### **EXHIBITION**

An Exhibition will be held in the Guildhall, Worcester, for three days, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 27th, 28th and 29th April, 1950.

The Exhibition will consist of work done by children in Sunday Schools, Catechisms, Missionary Groups such as Discoverers and King's Messengers, Children's Clubs, Youth and G.F.S. There will be models used in connection with teaching, seasonal and time charts used by teachers, books showing written work done in connection with lessons, books of prayers made by the children. All these will be shown in courts grouped according to the age of the child—Nursery, Kindergarten, Junior, Senior, weekday activities, Youth, G.F.S., and Parents' court. There will be a Crib, Easter Garden, and Mount of Ascension, showing the chief facts of our faith. There will be short talks from the courts about the work exhibited. In the upper hall there will be meetings and demonstrations by eminent speakers; films and film strips. All of these meetings will be designed to help and interest clergy, parents and teachers and young people. A detailed programme will be issued nearer the time.

The Exhibition is designed to be of interest to parents by showing in visual form what is being done by the children who attend Sunday schools, catechisms, etc. There will be a parents' court which will give practical suggestions on the religious training of children in the home. The Youth and G.F.S. court will show the kind of activities which take place in the Youth Fellowships, A.Y.P.A. and G.F.S. And to stimulate and encourage all those who are actively engaged in teaching children on Sundays; by bringing together exhibits scattered over many parts of the diocese and so making a focal point in which all can share ideas which others have tried and found successful. Through the interest which is aroused we hope that many will volunteer for this important part of the Church's work with her children.

It is hoped that clergy, day and Sunday school teachers. parents and young people will come and see the exhibition. Those schools who would like to send in exhibits of work are asked to get in touch with Miss Harcombe.

Finally, will you pray for this exhibition? Will you encourage others to come and see it? Will you come yourself? And please keep these dates free-27th, 28th and 29th April, 1950.

#### ROTA FOR ALTAR FLOWERS

January 1950.

- 1.—Mrs. Smith, 7 St. John's.
- 8.—Mrs. Spires, Hanbury Lodge, Chamberlain Road.
- 15.-Mrs. Higgins, 99 Malvern Road,
- 22.—Mrs. Brickwell, 21 Bromyard Road.
- 29.-Miss Butler, 2 Stanmore Road.

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

#### HOLY BAPTISM

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me"

- Dec. 4.—Roderick Ernest Nicklin, 29 Happy Land West. " 11.—Linda Elizabeth Kendall, 19 Bozward Street.
  - 11.—Clare Bullock, 6 Windsor Avenue.
  - 11.—Shannon Davis, 12 Coventry Avenue.
  - 18.—David John Smith, 22 Southfield St., Worcester.

  - 18.—Snean Margaret Kite, 29 Bransford Road. 18.—Philip Stephen Maish, 3 Isaac Walk, Worcester.

#### HOLY MATRIMONY

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put assunder'

- 1.-William Richard Chapman and Ann Daniel. Dec.
  - 3.—Charles John Smith and Evelyn Mary Brenda Jones.
  - 10.—Albert Thomas Gunnell and Hetty Dorothy Wood.
    - 17.—Samuel Price and Vera May Willis.
  - 24.—William Thomas Hodges and Joyce Muriel Kerry.
  - 26.—Roy Thompson and Dorothy Edith Shearer.

#### CHRISTIAN BURIAL

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

- Nov. 29.—George Hodges, 94 years, 3 Abbey Road.
- 30.-Emily Ellen Brown, 68 years, 5 Woodstock Rd.
- 3.—Ada Weston, 63 years, 130 Bromwich Road. Dec. 8.—Susan Margaret Probert, 23 months, 14 Mill
  - Walk.
  - 12.—Robert Henry Bibbs, 86 years, 95 Oldbury Rd.
  - 13.—William Churchill Price, 71 years, 34 Skinner Street.
  - 15.—John Young, 54 years, 27 Coventry Avenue.
  - 15.—Arthur Evans, 74 years, 18 Grove Crescent.
  - 15.—Roseannah Robinson, 84 years, 24 Grosvenor
  - 16.—Beatrice Thomas, 52 years, 4 Great House Rd. 23.—Amelia Jane Light, 75 years, 57 Windsor Av. 31.—Gladys Muriel Ludlow, 39 years, 5 Severn Terr.

#### IN MEMORIAM

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

- Jan. 16, 1935.—Harriett Turner, aged 89 years.
  - 16, 1935.—Edith Alice Turner, aged 50 years, 31, 1948.—Louisa Bessie Sanders, aged 75 years.

#### CHURCH COLLECTIONS

Dec. 4	 	 £10	11	9
Dec. 11	 	 9	9	4
Dec. 18	 	 11	14	6
Dec 25		24	13	11

ST. JOHN'S FREE-WILL OFFERING SCHEME THE contributions for the month ending December 11th

amount to £1 15s. 2d. as follows:—

No.	s.	đ.	No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	đ.
2	2	0	16	1	0	32	4	0	51	1	0
3	2	0	19	10	0	37	1	0	59	2	0
5	8	6	21		8	43	1	0	60	2	0

The contributions for the 2 weeks ending December 25th amount to £1 9s. 1d. as follows:-

No. s. d. No. s. d. No. s. d. No. s. d. 1 0 30 13 0 59 16 5 2 0 19 6 0 43

> MRS. O. H. LAFLIN, Hon. Sec., 8 Homefield Road.