



St. John-in-Bedwardine

Worcester

Price 3d.

News Letter
FEBRUARY 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 Church-people'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,

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. Llechid Williams. 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. Laflin, 8 Homefield Road.

FREE-WILL OFFERING FUND.—Secretary, Mrs. Laflin, 8 Homefield Road.

CENTRAL FUND.—Secretary, Mr. F. N. Platts, 64 Bromwich Road.

BIG 3D. BIT SCHEME.—Secretaries, Mr. O. H. Laflin 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 Wednesdays, 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,

WHITHER ST. JOHN'S? WHERE ARE WE HEADING? These startling questions suggest DIRECTION. In what DIRECTION are we moving as a Parish? In what DIRECTION are we moving in our individual lives?

As most of you know, we shall soon be entering into that season of the Church's Year which is called *Lent*. It is a period which gives us every opportunity of taking stock of our spiritual resources. It is a time when we might well ask ourselves—Are we really as good as we sometimes think we are? Do we give to God the FIRST PLACE in our lives? Have we been *unselfish* or *unkind* to our neighbours? Have we been honest in thought, word and deed? I venture to say that if we are truly honest with ourselves, we must all admit we might have done far more for God and our fellow-men. *But here lies the opportunity—AWAY WITH THE PAST* apart from the lesson of our neglect which it has taught us, and *FORWARD TO THE FUTURE—A FRESH START—A NEW AND BETTER AND MORE FRUITFUL LIFE FOR EACH ONE OF US*. Most of us can say at this moment—*Let us begin NOW in a NEW WAY*. Let us love what He loves—Let us do what He would have us do—*HIS WILL BE DONE, NOT OURS*.

I feel that the thirteenth chapter of Genesis will help us very greatly in our spiritual venture. We find there a simple story which gives a message for all to understand. It is based on the attitude of *Abram* toward his nephew—*Lot*. You may recall that when they came up from Egypt—they were both very rich men. *Abram* was rich in cattle, silver and gold—*Lot* in flocks, herds and tents. But as so often happens when a family become rich, their wealth proved a source of trouble between them. Quarrels arose between their respective herdsman.

Abram felt that this kind of thing must be stopped. And he did a very generous thing. He took *Lot* to a hill-top and showed him the country stretching away below them. He then suggested, in the interests of peace, they should separate. There was nothing particularly generous in this. His generosity lay in the fact that he allowed his nephew the first choice. "The whole land is before you," he said. "If you take the left hand, I will go to the right; or if you take the right hand, I will go to the left." *Lot* made the selfish choice. He chose what he thought was the richest country. He led his flocks and herds away to *Sodom* and for the sake of wordly gain, planted himself and his family among a people sunk in sin—with disastrous consequences to himself, his wife and his daughters.

It is thousands of years since this story is said to have happened, but it is as real, as human, as true as though it happened yesterday. It is re-enacted in human lives every day.

To all of us there comes the solemn hour of decision, when our future destiny depends upon the choice of a moment, when our future well-being depends upon whether we turn to the right hand or to the left. Let us learn from this chapter of the Bible—Genesis 13, what *Lot*'s mistake was, that we may avoid it whenever we are called upon to make a decision.

Lot's mistake was a very human one. He thought only of his worldly interests and gave no thought to the interests of his soul. If life had been nothing but eating and drinking and making merry, his decision would have been a very good one. The plain which he chose was well-watered, fertile and full of good pastures. It was the very place for his flocks and herds. But there is more

in life than that which meets the eye. There is more in life than the outward and the material. There are eternal interests. There is the soul; and there is God. All this was clean forgotten by *Lot* when his eye rested on the fair land of *Sodom*. There is not a hint that he even asked God to direct him. There is not one sign that he even thought of God at all. He was carried away by the immediate advantages. He saw the quick road to success and he awoke to discover later on that it is a tragic mistake to leave God out of one's reckoning. *Lot* would never have chosen *Sodom* in preference to the land of *Canaan* if he could have unrolled the curtain of the future—if he could have seen himself and his family a few years hence. If he had known that his daughters would marry bad men and become depraved by contact with vice. If he had foreseen the destruction of *Sodom*, he would have chosen differently. The story of his life would have had a different ending, and he would not have disappeared from the pages of the Bible, as he does now, with the brand of dishonour on his name and his family degraded.

Let us learn then from the story of *Lot*—how foolish and fatal are all the decisions which take into account nothing except the things of this world—how disastrous it is to our eternal welfare to ignore or neglect God when we have a decision to make.

Here is a simple and homely illustration. When I moved around the Diocese as Secretary of the Diocesan Youth Council, I often used to meet young men who were about to choose a business or profession. Or sometimes a boy or a girl would be thinking of leaving one situation for another. *Take care*, I would say to them, take care lest you fall into the same pit as *Lot*. Before you turn your face to *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*—Before you go to the promising situation in London or another large City or Town—Learn something more about it. Consider whether you will better yourself *spiritually* as well as financially. Consider whether the change will help you to get nearer to God than you are at present. There may be a better wage and there may be better worldly prospects, but if they are only to be obtained at the price of your soul, you had much better stay where you are—close to God.

And so I feel there is a message here for each one of us—the *supreme importance of a life's direction*. When *Lot* left his uncle, he pitched his tent toward *Sodom*. There was nothing wrong with the place where he encamped. It was just like many another bivouac, but it was toward *Sodom* the tragedy lay in the direction. Let us try to remember this—there may be places and things and persons mixed up in our lives which are not actually evil in themselves, and yet they might be inclined—be it ever so slightly—toward the things that destroy the soul. *The direction may be wrong*. It is not what I actually do at this moment which is of supreme importance. It is the direction my life is taking. *Daniel* opened his window towards Jerusalem—the Holy City. *Lot* pitched his tent towards *Sodom*—a veritable hell on earth, in what direction are we travelling? What is the goal towards which we are moving? Are we on the broad road which leads to ultimate destruction, or on the narrow road which leads to eternal life—looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our Faith.

THY Way, not mine O LORD,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own Hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Yours sincerely,
John Hunt.

ALTAR FLOWERS

THE following ladies have kindly consented to provide flowers for the High Altar,

- Feb. 5.—Mrs. Wells, 5 Henwick Avenue.
- „ 12.—Miss Joy Lancey, 103 Bransford Road.
- „ 19.—Mrs. Oldershaw, Bransford Road.
- „ 26.—Mrs. Nicholas, 12 Isaac Walk.

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

CONFIRMATION SERVICE

THE Lord Bishop of Worcester will be visiting St. John's on Sunday, February 26th, at 3 p.m. A number of candidates have signified their intention to join the classes. I should be very glad to discuss the question of Confirmation with any persons who may possibly be in doubt about taking this step. Extra classes will be arranged to meet the need. I shall spare no effort to ensure that ALL are accommodated. As well as the younger members of our congregation, there may be many *adults* who have not been confirmed. We should be delighted to try and help you if you will get into touch with Sister Caunt, Mr. Carver or myself.

IMPORTANT DATES IN FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY

- 5.—Septuagesima. 3 p.m., Scots' Service: Dedication of Colours.
- 8.—8 p.m., Social Committee.
- 9.—Religion and Life Fellowship, 7.30 p.m.
- 11.—Scouts' Party, Parish Room.
Parochial Dance, Christopher Whitehead, 7.30 p.m.
- 12.—Sexagesima. The Bishop's Pastoral Letter.
- 16.—Parochial Whist Drive in Schools, 7.30 p.m.
- 18.—Christopher Whitehead Youth Centre Dinner, 7.30.
- 19.—Quinquagesima.
Youth Service, Christopher Whitehead, 2.45 p.m.
- 20.—Religion and Life Fellowship, 7.30 p.m.
- 21.—Shrove Tuesday.
- 22.—Ash Wednesday.
- 26.—The First Sunday in Lent.
3 p.m., *Confirmation Service*.
- 28.—Service for Women in Church, 2 p.m. Address by Bishop Lasbrey.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR LENT

A LEAFLET is being compiled which will be a guide to the Services in Lent. These leaflets will be distributed at our Services on Sunday, February 19th. The special preachers will be travelling long distances to visit St. John's, and I am sure we shall be ready to give them a warm St. John's welcome. I wish to thank these clergymen who have accepted my invitation so readily. Of course, I have extended the invitations on behalf of the WHOLE Parish of St. John's. Let us, therefore, show that we are glad to see them in the way now common among St. John's people.

SAINT DAVID'S DAY—MARCH 1ST

I FEEL sure that many of you will be interested in the St. David's Day Service which will be held at St. John's on *Wednesday, March 1st at 6.30 p.m.* This Service has been arranged in co-operation with the Worcester Welsh Society. A warm invitation is extended to all St. John's people to join their Welsh brothers and sisters on this occasion. I do hope you will come. As you might expect, the Service will contain a pronounced Welsh flavour (hymn tunes, etc.), but since we anticipate the presence of many Parishioners, the mother tongue will only be evident in small doses! ! The Lord Bishop of Worcester has kindly consented to attend and the address will be given by the Bishop of St. Asaph. I hope our Choir will take their places in the usual manner and naturally the Welsh Ladies' Choir will be coming together with Mr. Llechid Williams. I shall be grateful if you can come along and share the joy of this Service. PLEASE DO!

THE REVEREND R. STOCKLEY

MR. STOCKLEY is Curate of St. Barnabas, Worcester, and he will be giving the address at *Evensong on Sunday, February 19th*. It will be a great joy to welcome Mr. Stockley at St. John's for several reasons, but more especially because his aunt, Mrs. Stockley, is a resident of this Parish.

WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP

THE talk given by Miss Noake at our Meeting last month was very much appreciated by all, and I am sure that we know our Worcestershire much better for having heard the talk. I for one had not realized that this lovely part of England was so steeped in history. We shall look forward to another visit from Miss Noake at some future date.

The Cooking Demonstration given at the end of January by Miss Edwards from the Electricity Department was good, and I am sure gave you ideas for your many hours spent in the kitchen.

Now the solemn season of Lent is fast closing upon us once more. How quickly the seasons come and go! Now shall we make every effort to attend the services placed at our disposal. There will be in Church on the Tuesdays during Lent, a special service for Women, commencing on Tuesday, February 28th, at 3 p.m., when the Speaker will be Bishop Lasbrey, so please do your best to come. After the service we shall then proceed to the Parish Room for our usual cup of tea.

The next Corporate Communion will be on Thursday, February 2nd, at 10.30 a.m. E.A.C.

MOTHERS' UNION

THE New Year Party was very much enjoyed by all those present. We are sorry that some were unable to be present owing to illness and to other engagements. We do thank the Vicar for getting the Projector and the Film for us; also our thanks to the members of the King's Messengers, for so kindly putting on their play, "The Three Roses". It was delightful, and charmingly acted.

The talk to be given this month by the Rev. Crellin, will, I am sure, be very helpful to us. He will tell us of his work among those less fortunate than we are, and what difficulties he must find as he goes about his work trying to tell these people of the love of God. However,

we do wish him every blessing on his work, and if we can help him in any way I am sure we shall do our very best.

I do hope to see more of you attending the next Corporate Communion which will be on the second Sunday in February at 8 a.m. E.AC.

ST. JOHN'S RELIGION AND LIFE FELLOWSHIP

THIS small group meets on alternate Mondays in St. John's Boys' School for a friendly discussion on Christian problems. Of varying ages and differing denominations, its members sit in an informal circle and start the evening with a homely cup of tea. In the interesting hour-and-a-half that follows, the friendliness and unself-consciousness of the group go a long way towards helping that thought-provoking discussion which the members find so helpful and instructive. Sometimes individual problems are discussed, but it is the general practice of the group to use a book for its basic discussion material.

Disunion continues to be a great problem in the Christian Church today. "Unity is Strength", but true unity cannot easily be achieved until the ordinary man or woman in the pew has a better understanding of the nature of the various churches. With this in mind, the group is at the moment studying Canon Herklot's book, "These Denominations". As members learn what other churches are, they are beginning to gain some further idea of what their own ought to be.

There are no formalities or obligations involved in membership and a cordial welcome awaits all newcomers. A few more young people would be particularly welcome. Any further information will gladly be given on application to the Hon. Sec:—

MRS. M. O. A. EASTON, 1 Croome Rd.,
Hanbury Park, Worcester.

CHORAL AND DRAMA NEWS

PRELIMINARY NOTICES. Will you make a note of the following dates and make a point of coming along with your friends? Full details will be published later.

1. *Tuesday, 4th April:* the Choral Society will be singing in Church, under the direction of Mr. Llechid Williams, "The Passion of our Lord according to St. Mark", which has been set to music for Choir and Organ by Charles Wood.

2. *Saturday, Tuesday and Wednesday, 15th, 18th and 19th April:* the Drama Group will be presenting their first three-act play—"Yellow Sands".

ST. JOHN'S GUIDES

ON January 17th, Captain Annis gave a 21st Birthday Party for old Guides who had been with the Company for more than a year. It was a very happy gathering—many meetings of old friends and much chatter. Dancing, games and competitions were all very much enjoyed. Supper was served by the Committee under Mrs. Withers and Mr. and Mrs. Brickwell provided the music for the dances and games. The Rev. J. Mort, Miss Mort, Mrs. Bullock, the Divisional Commissioner, and Captain Stone of St. Clement's were present. After supper, Captain Annis was presented with lovely carnations and irises from the old Guides by Mrs. Lily Poulston. The Party ended with everybody forming a huge ring and singing "Now is the Hour" and then "Taps". So ended a very enjoyable evening.

In celebration of Mrs. Annis's 39 years service in the Girl Guide Movement, a Party was given by the Divisional Commissioner, Mrs. Bullock, for City Guiders, on January 19th, at the Friends' Meeting House, when Mrs. Annis was presented with a silver cross and chain and a scroll.

EDIT.: You will have read a really wonderful report of the St. John's Guides. I wish to add a tribute to Captain Annis. It is not easy to form an adequate estimate of the great contribution which she has made to Guiding in this Parish and district. I wonder at the pleasure and happiness which she must have brought to bear on a seemingly countless number of girls. Those of us who were present at the recent party had a certain opportunity of measuring the extent of this work. The faces of many past members of this grand movement revealed a deep and sincere appreciation of all that had been done for them by their much revered Captain. We hope and pray that Captain Annis may be given the health and strength to propagate still further the high ideals of the Guide Movement.

ST. JOHN'S SCOUT TROOP

FORTUNE has once again come to our Troop, by a most generous gift of a new Union Jack flag, given by Mrs. W. G. Walford. May I say how much we appreciate her kindness in giving so much support to our Troop.

On Sunday, February 5th, we are having a Scouts' Own and dedication of new flag at St. John's Church, at 3 p.m., when it is hoped to have other Troops to join us for this occasion.

Our annual party will be held on February 11th, when Scouts and Cubs will give a display of plays and stunts, which have been in the making for some time.

J. W. ROWE, *Group Scoutmaster.*

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH SPORTS CLUB

THIS year the Cricket Section are hoping to have a ground of their own. Mr. Lewis has made the generous offer of one of his fields, and a panel of five members will this week-end inspect it and decide where the pitch shall be. When this is settled, real hard work will begin to get the pitch into good shape by the end of March when practice matches will commence. We shall be pleased to welcome playing or non-playing members to these matches as it is an encouragement to the Club to see a good gathering of spectators.

There are a few vacancies in the Badminton Section, and anyone who is interested will be welcomed on Monday or Saturday evenings in the Parish Room at 7 p.m. onwards.

I should like to thank everyone for the support they have given the Club by attending Whist Drives, also the members who have been behind the scenes.

MARJORIE E. PARKER, *Secretary.*

THE CAMP'S REUNION PARTY

THE Party took place on Friday, January 6th, in the Schools. The Campers, which came from Stourbridge, All Saints' and St. John's, arrived at approximately 5 o'clock. We started the party with an excellent tea which included two lovely iced cakes that everybody thoroughly enjoyed. After tea we were entertained by a well-known local conjurer, who amazed us all with his outstanding performance, and I am sure everyone was grateful to have had him with us that evening. We next played games, St. John's competing against the other campers—St. John's being very successful, thanks to Mr. Carver's ability.

CHURCH PICTURE PAGE

FEBRUARY, 1950

The Open Hand.

IN the Church at Butlers Marston, Warwickshire, there is an original almsbox beautifully carved in wood. On the top is an open hand palm upwards, in which is a slot for the gifts of the generous.—MRS. USHER.

Deceptive Windows.

THE amusing incident in Church News "The Peel of the Goat" illustrates the way in which error is perpetuated in so many of our stained glass windows.

The descriptions of John Baptist's garb, as "raiment of camel's hair and a leathern girdle about his loins" (Matt. 3:4); "clothed with camel's hair, and with a girdle of skin about his loins" (Mark 1:6); both mean the same thing, that he was clad in the ordinary garb of the peasant—the *aba* or *abaiyeh* woven of camel's hair with a leather belt—as seen in Palestine today. This is the point of our Lord's question (Matt. 11, 8), (Luke 7, 25).

Our Lord Himself as a peasant of Galilee probably wore the same clothing. At any rate the fact that His outer garment was woven without a seam, as on the looms of northern Palestine, shows that it was made there. The picture of John as a wild half-naked man with the skins of beasts dangling round his waist is not in keeping with either of the descriptions of Matthew or Mark.—W. N. CARTER.

The "Lost" Church.

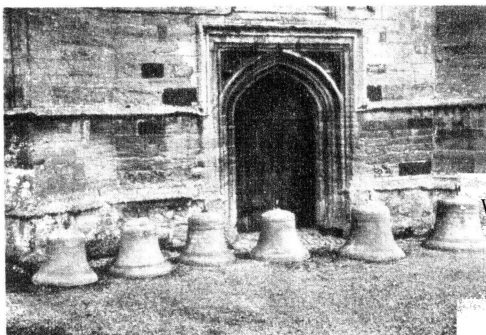
BRADFORD-ON-AVON is justly proud of its Saxon Church, the most perfect and complete example to be seen in Britain. Whether it is the actual church built by St. Aldhelm, or a restoration of that building is a matter for conjecture and will probably never be known. For centuries the church was "lost", being absorbed by surrounding property—it was a factory just over a century ago. It was discovered by merest chance during the middle of the last century by a Vicar of Bradford-on-Avon, Canon Jones. Looking down over the town from a point of vantage, he was

struck by the character of some roofs below. Consulting an old book he discovered an 800-year-old reference to a church of St. Laurence. After years of painstaking restoration the treasured relic became a church once more.

The chancel arch is the narrowest in England, only 3 ft. 6 ins. The tiny nave is 25 ft. by 13 ft., and the chancel just over 13 ft. by 10 ft.—TREVOR HOLLOWAY.

St. Peter's Crucifixion.

WHILE resting in the old Abbey Church at Shrewsbury recently, I noticed that the stained glass East window depicted, in the top left hand corner, the figure of St. Peter, crucified, according to tradition, in the inverted position. I wonder if there are many other churches with this same representation.—THE REV. C. R. TROUGHTON.



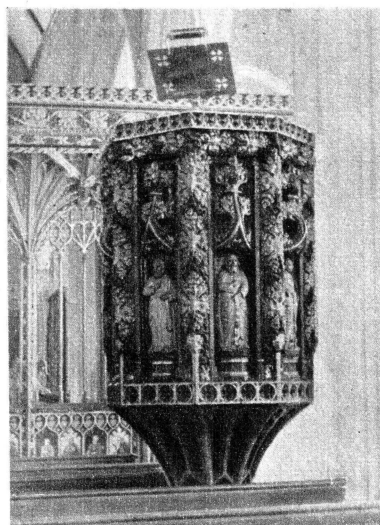
A new bell joins up. -

A New Bell joins up.

THE village of Wilby in Northamptonshire now has six bells, a new treble having been added to the existing five. The old five have been retuned and the whole six now hang in the steeple on modern ball bearings. The six bells are shown in the photograph arranged in front of the fine west doorway (a 15th century insertion in the 14th century tower) just before the work of rehanging began.—H. J. SMITH.

The Scroll of Love.

IN St. John's Church, Elora, Ontario, there is a scroll that tells its story of heroism: "John Smithurst, Rector of St. John's Church, Elora, 1852-1856, loved a girl who was his first cousin. Her name was Florence Nightingale, the founder of one of the world's greatest professions—nursing. John and Florence renounced their love and dedicated themselves to the service of humanity—John to the souls of men, Florence to the bodies."—W. C. WRIGHT.



A perfect pulpit.

A Perfect Pulpit.

MANY Devon churches are justly famed for the possession of beautiful carved work, both in wood and stone. Harberton Church, a few miles from Totnes, has a magnificent Fifteenth Century stone screen stretching right across the church. The pulpit, also of stone, has figures of the Apostles under the canopies, and is richly coloured and gilded to match the screen. Both screen and pulpit are in a splendid state of preservation.—E. WARNER.

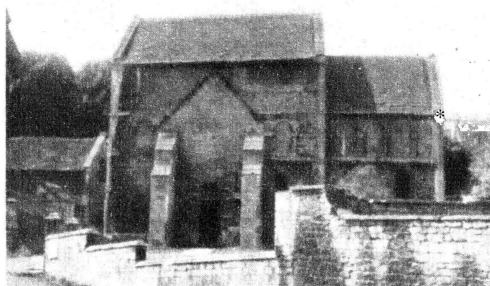
Penny a Look.

THE Rev. E. H. Knell, Vicar of Christ Church, Reading, in an appeal for the restoration of the Church, said that if residents gave a penny for each look they gave the church clock, the required amount would be raised in a week or two. A former Reading resident who had lived in Khartoum, Sudan, since 1928, Mr. A. G. Jordan, who was christened, confirmed and married in this church, contributed a guinea, saying that it represents 252 looks.—F. F. SMITH.

The Supreme Sacrifice.

A CORRESPONDENT from Australia writes: This hymn was written by Sir John Arkwright for his friend Lord Forster, later Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia, at the time of Lord Forster's son's death in action in World War I. I fancy Lord Forster lost both his sons, but my memory is not clear as to that. I was also under the impression that Sir John Arkwright had lost his son about the same time, but again I am not certain of this. But whether the beautiful words were written to commemorate the fall of Sir John's son or Lord Forster's son alone, it is a pity that Sir John Arkwright's name is not linked with that of his friend when reference is made to the origin of the hymn.

** 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.



The "Lost" Church.

A Traveller to Abraham's Home

by Evelyn Heathcote

The Book of Genesis tells us that Abraham spent his youth at Ur of the Chaldees. This is confirmed by Babylonian tablets, dated 2200 B.C., wherein the name of a small farmer named Abraham appears.

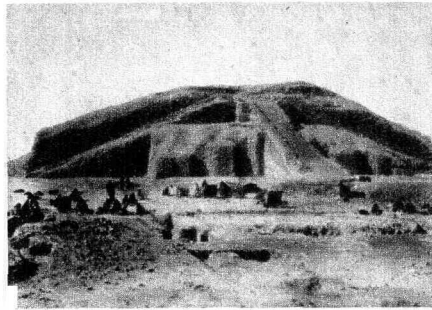
IN these days when far too many people are ignorant of the Bible, it seems to me that some effort should be made to give wide publicity to the discoveries made by archaeologists in the lands of the Old Testament, with a view to stimulating public interest. I recently had the chance to visit the excavations on the site of the ancient city of Ur, and was able to learn something about the discoveries which the archaeologists had made there.

A desolate group of mounds rising from the desert in Southern Iraq—this is all that is left of the great city where Abraham spent his youth. And it is certainly not much to look at from the point of view of the ordinary person who has no specialised knowledge of such matters. But when one learns that in 1928 Sir Leonard Woolley, excavating at Ur, discovered the Flood Deposits, thus proving that Noah's Flood was no mere myth but a definite historic event, one begins to get interested.

As for the origin of the Hebrews themselves, does not the old Bible story suddenly come to life when one learns that these people, who derived their name from Eber, great-grandson of Shem (see Gen. xi. 14), have definitely been identified with the Habiru, a warlike race who lived in Babylonia and Assyria before Abraham's day?

The principal discovery at Ur, so far as mere size goes, is the Ziggurat, or stage-tower, of the Temple of the Moon-God. Abraham's father Terah worshipped the Moon-God, as did the other inhabitants of Ur, and this fits in with Joshua's statement (see Joshua xxiv. 2): "Your fathers dwelt on the other side of the flood in the old time, even Terah the father of Abraham, and they served other gods."

Now when Abraham received the Divine Revelation, and was called upon to leave the home of his ancestors, it was not (as I used to suppose) a case of a simple shepherd having to lead his flocks to new pastures from an area which was becoming overpopulated by the flocks of wandering Bedouin tribes. One thought of Ur, if one thought of it at all, as an oasis in the desert, and supposed that Abraham's migration was due to the exhaustion of food stocks. In actual fact it was nothing



Ur of the Chaldees.

of the kind. For considerable numbers of cuneiform tablets unearthed at Ur, and dating from the period 2300-2000 B.C., combine to present the picture of a country in a high state of civilisation and at the height of its prosperity. Abraham was, in fact, no primitive shepherd, but a wealthy and important citizen of a highly civilised town. The inhabitants must have been well educated, as is proved by the numerous cuneiform tablets excavated from the remains of the houses; some of these were historical, others were found to be treatises on Mathematics.

Thus it seems to be quite clear that Abraham's long journey westward cannot be attributed to economic pressure, but that he experienced a divine call to abandon the moon-worship of the polytheistic "Land of Shinar," and to lead his people back to the Monotheism which is now claimed by the leading authorities to have been the original religion of civilised man. For it is now held, I understand, that the inscriptions and literary remains of the Sumerians, whose religion was the most powerful cultural influence in the ancient world, definitely indicate a primitive monotheism, out of which Polytheism later developed. Dr. Langdon, who excavated the very ancient city of Kish, traditionally held to have been the ruling city immediately after the Flood, found evidence there which led him to this conclusion. He further states that "the Babylonians and Assyrians believed that all revealed knowledge, and all true rules of conduct, had been preserved for them directly from the hands of the sages

who lived before the Flood."

Eight of the ten Patriarchs before the Flood, mentioned in Genesis, are named in a clay cuneiform prism written in B.C. 2050 (now in the Ashmolean Museum); and, as Sir Charles Marston points out, they are also referred to in the Greek, Sumerian and Indian legends, a fact which implies a historical background, and helps to explain continuity of religious beliefs and rituals. This raises the interesting question whether it is not possible that all ancient religious beliefs may have originated from one primeval revelation.

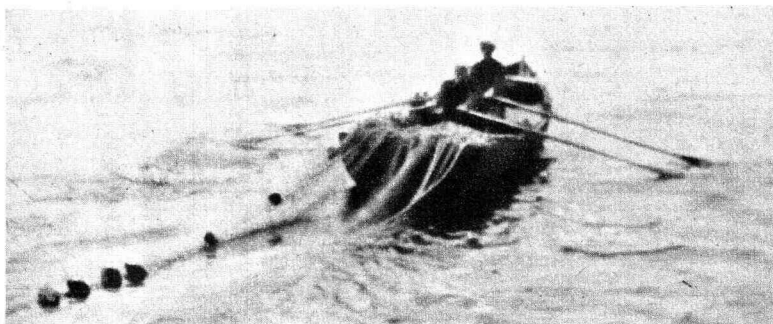
If appears that Canaan had already been partly conquered by Hebrews at the time when Abraham divided the land between himself and Lot; and Melchizedek, the "priest of the most high God," who appears to have been a priest-king of pre-historic Jerusalem, and who practised the ancient monotheistic religion which Abraham established after he had received his call, welcomed Abraham and gave him his blessing as a co-worshipper of the "Most High God."

Not only have archaeologists identified most of the places mentioned in the Bible during the life-time of Abraham, and also proved from examination of the layers of pottery that these places really were inhabited in Abraham's time; but the approximate date of the main events has been established with reasonable certainty with the help of astronomy. For cuneiform tablets have been found recording the monthly rising and setting of the planet Venus during the reign of a King of Babylon named Ammizaduga; and this discovery has enabled astronomers to calculate the date of his reign as 1921-1901 B.C. He was the fourth king of Babylon after the great law-giver Hammurabi (who is believed to be the Amraphel, King of Shinar, mentioned in Gen. xiv) and the identities and lengths of the reigns of his three predecessors have been ascertained from other tablets; so Hammurabi's date is quite definitely fixed, and he reigned from 2067-2025 B.C. As we know from the Genesis narrative that Abraham was a contemporary of Hammurabi, we thus have a definite date for Abraham's life.

Perhaps the most interesting fact of all (as shown by Sir Charles Marston in his fascinating book "The Bible Comes Alive") is that, if you start with the date 1400 B.C. (which has been independently established by Professor Garstang on the results of his Jericho excavations as the approximate date of the Fall of Jericho) and add to that date the intervals of time mentioned in Genesis and Exodus, without any reservation whatever, Abraham will be found to have been born in 2160 B.C., which proves the correctness of the Bible chronology.



Where Abraham lived.



Shooting
the
net.

Blessing the Salmon Nets

By ARTHUR SHARP



First Harvest of
the Year.

FAIR TWEED sees no more unique custom or ceremony than that of the blessing of the salmon nets, which takes place annually on the eve of the opening date of the net-fishing, in mid-February.

Below the ruins of Norham's "castled steep" flows the river deep and wide. It is close on midnight. A crowd of villagers collect on the bank.

Fishermen are there in long wading boots

reaching well up their thighs; they carry their nets. Boats are drawn up alongside. All is dark by the river if it happens to be a moonless night, or the sky is overcast—save for the twinkling of lanterns, casting eerie shadows among the people gathered in little groups, talking quietly of the prospects. Lights also twinkle across on the Scottish side, where the beginning of the season is equally awaited with expectancy.

Bells of the church nearby chime the hour—the hour the salmon fishermen of Tweedside have waited for during the five months of the close season. To them, it means the resumption of the salmon net-fishing, their way of earning a living.

Over the darkling waters the dancing lights spin and twinkle on the ripples, and there floats into the chill night air the hymn of thanksgiving.

Standing in one of the boats the Vicar of Norham leads the people in prayer. A short passage of Scripture is quoted, and finally the stirring words of the Doxology, sung heartily by the fishermen who stand around, heads bared to the night winds. The clergyman takes the nets up in his

hands and blesses them, invoking the gracious aid of the Almighty in the work of the toilers whose harvest is the silvery salmon for which Tweed is famed far and wide.

THE NETSMEN'S PRAYER.

A special prayer is used at this annual Service of dedication, when the nets are first dipped into the dark waters of Tweed. It runs as follows:

" Pray God lead us,
Pray God seed us,
From all evils defend us:
Well to fish and well to haul,
And what He pleases to give us all.
A fine night to land our nets,
And may we do well with all we
gets;
May God keep us from sand and
shoal,
And may each man have fair dole,
Pray, God, hear our prayer."

The swish of oars now tells of the preparations for the first "shot" of the new season. The net is stowed aboard. Then into the darkness moves off the craft, proceeding some little distance upwater, and the net is drawn across the south side, and is held by ropes in willing hands.

Slowly the boat comes down, "shooting" the net with its bobbing corks. Men in waders haul in—eager faces peer into the blackness. Ough! a glad murmur of relief. See! gleams of silver in the meshes as the net is drawn ashore into the flicker of the lanterns. Good! there are several fine salmon writhing vainly—it would never do for that first "shot" of the season to be drawn blank. Prayers have been answered. Hearts are grateful.

The squirming fish are quickly killed by clubs, and stowed away in boxes. A few minutes ago they were swimming in the whirly pools of Tweed—within a short time they will be on the way to market. The crowd disperses. A fairly good start has been made, hence the look of satisfaction on many faces.

CONSIDERABLE VALUE.

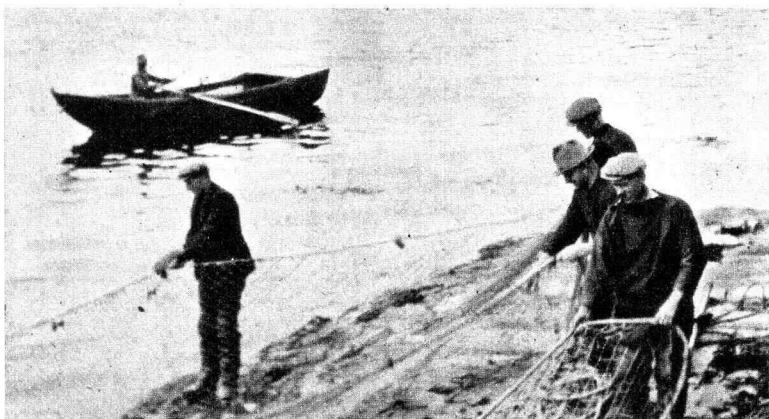
The netting stations on the river hereabouts are of some considerable annual value. From mid-February to mid-September these Tweed netsmen will "shoot" their nets nightly, sometimes with fair success, sometimes with wonderful good luck, and at times with no luck at all. Yet every pound weight of salmon taken in the nets means a lot to village folk on banks of Tweed—the salmon stand for their necessities, and, when catches are good, their luxuries.

This ceremony of blessing the nets was inaugurated in 1901 by the Rev. Matthew Greene, in the first year of his vicariate, and has been carried out annually since that year.

A LENTEN PRAYER.

Before Thy Throne in lowliness
Behold Thy waiting people bent.
Entreating Thee, our God, to bless
These days of Lent.

For Jesus' sake regard our need:
We have no other argument
But His most precious blood to plead
Through all this Lent.



Hauling in the Net.



Photo by]

[H. M. Bond, A.R.P.S.

Lift up your hearts, like the crocus.

Monday's Washing.

Extra Table.—Have you tried turning copper lid upside down (when empty), and using it as an extra table—a handy place for keeping odds and ends?—MRS. SEYMOUR.

Home Dry-cleaning.—For that flimsy dress, or a suit that you are afraid to wash, and have not time to send to cleaners, get two dry hair shampoos and a packet of borax. Mix together in large bowl, gently rub the powder into a portion at a time of your dress; do not shake out but leave over night in bowl, then shake and brush clean. For a pastel wool suit rub powder in with soft brush. The results are perfect.—Miss R. INSTON.

Tuesday's Sewing.

A curved upholsterer's needle is an invaluable little instrument. It costs only a few pence, and is most useful when sewing articles "on the curve." Use this needle for sewing on braid or trimming on a lampshade, when repairing the pelmet of the curtains, stitching a purse or handbag. It streamlines the job, and stitches do not show.—Miss E. M. HARDING.

To prevent blouses from working out of the top of your skirts, sew about four rows of shirlastic round the bottom. First of all, undo the hem, then sew to give a smooth effect instead of leaving bulky.—Miss M. ROBINSON.

When binding a garment with a crossway piece of material always cut the crosspiece twice as wide as required and fold. Stitch on double the first time and turn over, when it will be much easier to hem as it is already turned down.

When making seams and time is of importance, instead of tacking them together, clip them together at intervals with wire paper-clips, this saves time and tacking cotton.—MRS. GREENHALGH.

To keep the back of summer frocks clean, tack in a thin piece of material (e.g., silk or muslin), which can easily be removed and washed. Measurements: width as dress, depth about 8 inches with cut out at back of neck.—MRS. B. PALMER.

When turning up the hem of a dress or skirt, etc., tack and press well before sewing. It is then much easier to avoid an ugly ridge where the stitches are.—MRS. G. MOTT.

Wednesday's Nursing.

Remedy for Boils.—Foment them with a strong decoction of poppy heads and keep them covered with bread and water poultice. Or apply a plaster of flour and

honey or soft soap and moist sugar.—Miss F. REEVES.

For cramp, apply heat or a mustard plaster to the affected part. A wonderful cure for a bad headache is two cloves in a cup of freshly made tea.

For aching and tired feet, place two tablespoonfuls of paraffin oil in a footbath, and wash feet in the ordinary way with plenty of soap. The paraffin oil gives a fresh, soothing feeling.—MRS. H. SIMPSON.

An excellent and inexpensive dentifrice can be made by mixing equal parts of common salt and bicarbonate of soda. Keep in an airtight tin.—MRS. PIKE.

Thursday's Cooking.

Left over tinned fruit can be very much improved by a simple method. Simmer the juice with a little sugar and a few drops of almond flavouring. When cool pour over the fruit.—Miss E. M. HARDING.

When you need a little orange or lemon juice, do not use half a fruit. Instead, cut a neat little wedge and spoon out the amount required. Put wedge back afterwards, and the juice that remains will keep fresh for days.—MRS. R. CRICK.

Toast.—Place bread on asbestos mat gas ring.—Miss TURK.

Make a suet pudding in the usual way, but instead of dried fruit add an orange peeled and cut into small pieces, the grated peel and a tablespoonful of Golden Syrup. Steam for two hours and serve with custard.—Miss I. HILL.

Apple soufflé is a light and appetizing sweet with which to conclude a hot meal. Stew in the oven some thinly sliced apples with water, a lump of butter, sugar, and grated lemon rind. Beat to a pulp and mix with the beaten white of an egg and bake for a few minutes in a greased pie dish.—F. ASHTON.

A good frying batter.—Take a three-halfpenny packet of pea-flour and mix with a teacupful of milk. Dip the fish into flour and then into the batter, and fry in the usual way.—Mrs. G. GARRATT.

Friday's Household.

If you have the misfortune to break your clinical thermometer, you will find that the empty case makes an excellent holder for bodkins in your work basket.—MRS. SWANN.

Marking ink will not spread when used on linen if the place is moistened with cold starch water, and ironed when dry, but if the material is new, the surface should be smooth enough, and if the name is written in pencil first, the ink will take better.—MISS B. FRYATT.

For any black parts for fireplaces, always use ordinary black boot polish, as it gives a better polish, and it lasts longer and it is not so dirty to use.—B. V.

WEEKDAY HINTS

For Women with Homes

* * If you know of a good hint, send it to the Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4, during February. We offer six 5s. prizes.

Saturday's Children.

If baby kicks so that it is almost impossible to put her booties on and fasten them efficiently, and most babies do, turn her over on her tummy and thread the ribbons so that they tie at the back. Baby is easier to control this way, and having the ties at the back saves many precious minutes.—MRS. STANDING.

If nursing mothers would lie flat on bed or couch each feeding time, their whole bodies would get 1 1/2 to 2 hours real rest daily.—Miss JENNIFER.

Sprinkle sugar and lemon juice on buttered toast, and you will find it a welcome change. Kiddies just love it.—MRS. G. BALL.

When the teat of baby's feeding bottle runs too freely, turn the teat inside out to ease it up.—MRS. G. R. READER.

Inhabiting Eternity

"For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a humble and contrite spirit. . . ." Isaiah 57: 15.

I hold the hand of Him Who holds

The heavens in their place;

I speak with Him Who quietly speaks
With whirlwinds face to face.

I light my seeing from the Lamp,

That lit the sun and moon;

I ground my thinking on the Rock,
From which the rocks are hewn.

I eat the bread of Him, Whose bread
Gave multitudes to dine;

The cup I drink is His, Whose cup
Holds water turned to wine.

I have the speed of Him, Whose speed
No swiftness can forestall;

I have the perfect rest of Him,
Who is alone and all.

I reach the hand of Him, Whose hand
Outreaches time and space;

I dwell with Him, Whose dwelling is
The high and holy place.

PETER HENNIKER HEATON.



Photo by]

[The Rev. H. G. Rolls

He sez peas and she sez beans.

Religion is My Business

SALESMANSHIP

By The Rev. Fenton Morley, B.D.



HE woman in front of me in the queue said to her friend:—"I wouldn't dream of changing my registration from my present shop. Every customer gets fair play and value for money. And besides, the assistants are so helpful and friendly. They treat you like a human being—not like a walking ration book!"

The customer may not always be right but this time she certainly is, according to the manuals on Salesmanship. For they seem to agree that in order to become a good salesman one needs a surprisingly high proportion of the virtues of a Saint. These include, for instance, the genuine desire to serve and the ability to like people. Then they recommend patience and tact, interest and courtesy. Each purchase must be looked at from the customer's point of view and he must never be made to feel that you are using him as the mere target for a selling machine. They insist that the customer will value the business only if the business values the customer.

As everyday shoppers, we will all agree with this advice. But in the business of life we are the ones who have to profit by it because it is we who are the salesmen. Like the woman in the queue, other people expect us to give them value and fair play and want us to treat them as human beings. And it is vital to us that we should give them what they need. Otherwise we shall lose that fellowship with other people which gives us fulfilment and achievement, and we shall become morally and spiritually unemployed. *

But this salesmanship must not be thought of as merely the art of getting on with strangers. It begins in our own homes, and in the immediate environment of our daily life. We need to use all the arts of courtesy, service and understanding in our contacts with our own family. Otherwise our salesmanship is liable to become insincere and this will eventually become apparent to those outsiders whose friendship we seek to win. As they know us better, they will like us less and will think of us as people with "party manners"—merely "grand mixers" who are the life and soul of every party but deadly bores in their own homes. A man may know how to make friends, but he will never know how to keep them unless he has learnt to



Little grey home in the West.

retain the friendship, of his own children—and of his wife. I am sure many more marriages would retain their initial happiness if each partner were to continue to practise that courtesy and understanding which marked their personal salesmanship during their courting days—and to do so long after the other customer has been "registered" with them.

* * *

And so in our homes we have to build up that permanent habit of mind which becomes so much a part of ourselves that we become unaware of it. It starts with our realising that other people have a real value to themselves—and above all to God. To help them to fulfil that value we must supply them with the goods which they need—and those include loyalty and faith, good humour and understanding. Sometimes they need constructive criticism and even challenge from us. But they will accept that from us only when they value us for what we are. They will like what we preach if they like what we practise. And if we tell them that the business of their life and ours is owned by a God Who is love, then they will expect to find that we reflect that same love in our dealings with them. If we tell them that God's love is unbounded then they will assume that our love is wide and our sympathy unlimited by any narrow boundaries of class, nation or ideology. Perhaps some of us who call ourselves Christians have failed on that count and deserve to be prayed for in the words of the little girl who said "Please, God, make the bad people good and the good people nice." We are not simply the representatives of our own personal likes and dislikes—we are God's uncommercial travellers, stewards not owners of all we have, ultimately responsible to God for what we have done with our lives and with the lives of others.

Mainly for Men

By the Padre

A WEDDING HAS BEEN ARRANGED



ELL, I think that's all, and I shall be looking forward to seeing you both at the Church."

"Thanks very much, Vicar. This is quite a moment, isn't it, when one comes to arrange one's wedding."

"It is indeed. It's also a very happy one for me, for I have known you both as regular churchgoers since you were quite young people, and that makes one all the more confident of your married future."

"It's good to hear you say that. I suppose, when one comes to think of it, quite a number of couples have met for the first time through the Church."

"They have indeed. What better place is there to meet? I only wish it could happen more often. You see, it's a very great thing to begin the adventure of married life already sharing a common faith and a common loyalty. You'll have noticed, from the marriage service we have just been going through, that it is written upon the assumption that all who ask the Church to marry them are themselves members of it and understand and value the spiritual background of Christian marriage. The ideal, if I may say so, is when things work out as they have done in your case, when a couple who were first children of the Church, then its young people, and finally grown up members, should come in time to ask their Church to marry them. One can be pretty sure, then, that they're off to a good start. The trouble to-day is that one cannot always make such an assumption."

"You mean that not all who come to Church to be married fully understand what they're taking on?"

"Exactly. I mean especially that they don't sometimes think, as fully as they should do, and for their own sakes, about what the Church teaches us marriage is for."

"Surely, its to enable people in love with each other to make a home together, and to be happy."

"Yes; it is. But Christian marriages has other objectives beside that, you know."

"And they are—?"

"Well, suppose we just turn again to our prayer books and have a look at the introduction to the service. That's the long piece at the beginning I shall read to you when you both stand before me in Church. Got it?"

"Yes, here we are, Vicar."

"Good. I always think this passage is a first class bit of straight speaking, by the way. It says to start with, you notice, that marriage is

(Continued on page 15)

FLOTSAM

Our New Serial by Hoole Jackson

II.



LD Ebenezer Wright sat on the tiny jetty of Shag's Cove, whittling away at the hull of a three-master model he was carving. Made a tidy few in his time! They were scattered about the world. One had been carried off by an excited Yankee. Most folk loved ships, and the sea.

Ebenezer lifted his eyes. Above the gorse-clad uplands, he could see the top of St. Erron Church tower, grey above the gold of the gorse. A hawk wheeled in the sky; no more than a dot in the distance, but Ebenezer's old eyes were keen of sight. Not far from his feet, the boat he had skippered so long undulated on the soft swell, with Martin Carey's *Seaspray* moored alongside.

Morwen Carey was shaking her mats. What a blessing the coming of the child had proved! Ebenezer saw nothing queer in the coming of the baby that night of storm which now seemed so long ago. Little Jonathan and he were friends to-day. The baby had grown into an eager, lovable boy. Jonathan! He had smiled when Morwen told him her choice. "The Lord hath given." That was what Jonathan meant. Yes, the Lord had taken away—but He had given. Did He not always do so?

Morwen Carey would have echoed Ebenezer's belief. Her own loved babe seemed to have been reborn in the child Heaven had sent to her that night. She had no doubt in her mind that this was the mercy of God. Perhaps the child had not been loved. Maybe its parents were unworthy. Maybe they were dead? Who knew?

She had lain a little while beside Martin, just looking at the old cradle which had held her when she was just such a scrap of life. That old oak cradle, beautifully panelled, had been made by her great grandfather. The rose-red chest-of-drawers near which it stood had been in the family before that. They added to the sense of timeless continuity which was so strong in Shag's Cove.

Then she had asked Martin to tell her the story of the finding of the child over again. She drank in every word. The *Jeanne Marie*. The mystery of her loss had never been solved. Martin believed that she struck some wreckage, and as she began to list fast, the boats were got away before the slant made that impossible. Perhaps the mother had been on deck, or, more likely, stunned by some injury! That often happened. The child had been in the bunk below, and overlooked. But surely the boats would have turned

back? Then she remembered the swift swoop of the storm and its fast growing intensity. No boat could live in that. If Martin had not heard that strange cry! If his alert seaman's senses had not at once realised what it had meant and sent him hurrying to find that bundle by the bulkhead which had held—and saved the *Jeanne Marie* and the child from death together. How close a call! The *Jeanne Marie* had slid beneath the waves only a little time after Martin reached his own deck. Morwen shivered, and felt Martin's hand clasp her own. After that, she had slept, slept long and deep, and in the morning it was as if God's hand had wiped the lines from her brow, and the madness from her brain. The first waking cry of the child! The little hands touching her!

She remembered Doctor Sarren coming down, and his start of surprise when he saw her face. What had he said? "You look ten years younger, Mrs. Carey. You won't need me much longer."

But she did. Not his medicine, the kindness of him; his understanding. Well, after all, there wasn't a close cut social distinction in that little place. She was glad that John Branden was Vicar of St. Erron, living just up the hill from the Cove. She and Martin told him of their wishes and their fears. They were honest folk, and deeply troubled that they might keep what belonged to someone else, that another mother might be in agony. In those weeks which followed Little Jonathan's coming, Morwen suffered again, but this time her faith came to the aid of her courage. She felt that Jonathan had been sent to her. He would not be taken away.

John Branden, white-haired, gentle as a saint, and very wise in the ways of his maritime-farming parish did all that was necessary, aided by Doctor Sarren and Silas Warren the schoolmaster. They were close friends. Often they went down to the little jetty, and rested there on the old oak seat some pensioner of times long ago had carved from oak, and where the old men of the Cove, like Ebenezer, sat in sunny hours. It was an Englishman's parliament, and Shags Cove loved to see its white-haired Vicar, the fine face of the Doctor, and the lantern jaw of Silas Warren, their schoolmaster, all at it, hammer and tongs, on some question of the hour.

One by one, men round the group would move away, the boats be unmoored, the little craft set out to sea, and then the harbour would seem bereft. Each of those three felt a

deep interest in this strange child from the Unknown.

* * * *

In Sarren's house they discussed Jonathan pne day after the years had rolled by. Little Jonathan was now a healthy boy—but a dreamy one. He had grown sturdy. He had been out with the *Seaspray* in the pilchard season, and felt quite a man.

"I think he might make a trained singer," said Branden, as he set down his tea-cup in Sarren's cosy room.

"A lovely voice," said Mary Sarren. "But don't you think he's—I don't know how to put it—too fond of home to live the nomad life a singer must lead? I mean if he's to be a concert soloist."

"I confess I hadn't thought of that," replied Branden. "It was the voice; I thought what happiness it might give people."

"He writes jolly good poetry," commented Silas Warren. "There's promise in it—but there's not much profit in poetry," and he made a wry face. "The world seems to have turned its back on dreamers. A bad sign."

"He's a born naturalist," remarked Sarren. "And I never saw a boy handle tiny things so wonderfully."

"Do you remember those old pictures—a kind of early strip-cartoon: The Boy what will He Become?" asked Mary Sarren, with her gentle smile. She refilled the Vicar's cup. "It's just as you like it, and you always have that third one."

Then she added, "Do you know what I think? I'll tell you. I think he'll never want to leave the Cove."

"With his brains?" queried Silas.

"It isn't brains; it's feeling that moves him. He's only a boy, but he feels deeply. Morwen is the ideal mother. I think they'll work it out between them. No mother and son could be closer. He worships her, and his foster father."

Morwen had not missed the signs of cleverness, and they troubled her. The love of handling tiny insects had come when Jonathan was only two. He had eyes that seemed to be as sharp as a hawk's. Even at that age he would come in saying, "Ook what I've got," and when he opened his palm there would be a minute sun-beetle or a miniature edition of a Devil's Coach Horse, so small that she marvelled how he kept the little things in his tiny fists without injuring the frailest thread of a leg.

He loved even inanimate things deeply. Old Ebenezer had made him a boat. He had clapped his hands and danced with joy. Ebenezer watched him fondle it. It was a good model Ebenezer was rewarded.

"My very own," he kept reiterating. "My very own boat." He carried it home himself, large though it was. A real sail-boat. Made for him.

"You're sure I can keep it always, Granpa Ebby?"

He always called Ebenezer "Granpa Ebby," and he and the old man were very close friends. Heaven was near them both—so young and so old—so near the Eternal.

"Always! We'll sail it tomorrow."

Little Jonathan kept it by his bedside. He woke in the night. It had gone and he cried out, "Mum—my boat. It's gone."

Morwen had placed it on the chest-of-drawers for safety. She slipped out of bed and reached it down. "I was keeping it safe. But it doesn't matter. There it is, dear."

He touched the tip of the mast, reaching from his cot. "All mine, Mum," he said sleepily, and dozed off content.

When she had to punish him, Morwen had to steel herself. But it must be done. He must be taught what was right. But her example and Martin's were his best lesson. As he grew to boyhood, he curbed naughtiness, because it would hurt her. He grew to foster that feeling; it formed a deep current in his life. She was such a good Mother—so very good.

When Martin was at sea, they were boon companions. Morwen would take her sewing and a snack, and they would go up to the little moor above the bypath which struck up the eastern slope of the Cove. Here there was heather, and glorious gorse, with lawn-like patches of sheep-cropped turf, and where the sun struck warmly. Jonathan would play there, watching the spiders for an hour sometimes. Or seeking minute stones; there were bits of shining quartz, and stones streaked with ore that glittered like gold in the sun. He always brought back some treasure, and kept it. But *flowers!* He loved them passionately. The first daffies he saw made his eyes grow big. Then, as he grew older, he began to bring her posies. At first, just a hastily plucked huddle of seapinks.

Morwen said, "Look, Jonathan, the stalks—they aren't long enough. The poor things can't drink the water, and they'll die. Always pick long stalks, dear."

The next bunch he brought were carefully picked. He never missed little lessons like that.

Silas Warren, who had his own way of teaching, found Jonathan apt. He also noted his love of flowers. When they were following one of Silas's unique geography lessons, Jonathan would ask, "What kind of flowers grow there, sir?"

Silas taught geography by using some of Old Ebenezer's models. These, on the school floor, were moved to "continents" outlined with chalk, and on which Silas set things to represent the produce of the land he

was trying to tell his children about.

He would make the quickest boy skipper, and there was keen competition for the post. Also, in a seavise village, he had to have his nautical terms off pat. It was good fun, and those "voyages" gave his pupils a grounding in geography which put them ahead of other children in other schools—in this subject.

Now, Jonathan wanted flowers. Silas enlisted Mary Sarren. They made artificial blooms to stand on the shores of chalk. Jonathan took home a book on flowers. Silas let him keep it as long as he liked.

Martin said to Morwen one evening, "He loves the sea. But I don't want him to be a fisherman. Times are changing. In my way of thinking, the day of the little boat is over. It'll be the big drifters and trawlers in the future. Every year there are less boats on the old grounds. The young men aren't taking to it, neither."

"There's only farm work else hereabouts, but I don't want him to go to sea. One man of the family's enough, and I'll be glad when *you* can finish."

"Not yet awhile. But we'll have to think of something for the boy soon."

"Not yet, Martin, not yet; don't let him grow up too soon. We're children only once—and not long enough, it seems."

Martin slipped his arm round her. Outside they could hear the happy cries of the Cove children as they raced about the shore and quay. Inside, it was very quiet, as always when Jonathan was out. He was a real schoolboy now. Coming in, hot and excited, flinging down his cap until Morwen made him hang it on the peg. Pouring out some experience at school. "Miss Smith gave me a whacking to-day. She hasn't half got a temper."

"I expect you tried her, Jonathan." "I had a frog in my pocket—it jumped out."

On that occasion, Martin turned to hide a laugh, and Morwen's lips twitched. But he had to learn. Not that he needed a switching—or perhaps he did! She rarely smacked him. When it was necessary, she let it be firm, and her ruling also. Jonathan came to know by that—when she meant him to obey to the letter. Mostly she ruled by firmness and love. Her will was very strong, the will which had once been so weak. Love had compassed that miracle, also.

* * * *

It was the love of flowers that made Martin rail in a big patch of land. The Cove houses didn't trouble about walls or fencing. Each had a big patch of land, arid grew their own potatoes and greens. The women did most of the gardening, except the

hard digging over. Men were weary when they came from contest with the sea.

Now, Jonathan had a patch. He was growing fast. Silas secured some bulbs for him, but any farmer would help Jonathan. He never got in their way, but they could feel his burning interest. In the flower-season, he watched the girls picking. Once, Farmer Trevaylow took him into the hot flowerloft and showed him the girls at the table, bunching and packing the beautiful narcissi. He gave Morwen a minute description.

It was to Mary Sarren he owed the words which set his feet on the right track in life. "Let him start with a violet patch, Mrs. Carey. You've a nice bit of land. It won't hurt his schooling. You don't need to put him to work for a year or so?" I thought not. He'll love to make some pin-money—not for himself, for you, Mrs. Carey. He's built that way."

Jonathan planted and cared for his "runners" as if they were human babies. When they bloomed, Farmer Trevaylow marketed them for him. "Never seen better blooms," he said, "seems he's got proper flower-fingers. Like what the old folk used to call a green thumb. You're wise, both of 'ee, to let him follow his bent."

His bent? What was it really? Morwen and Martin wondered. They knew, as those who live near to nature do, that trades and callings become bred in the blood, like the Penreens, who had been blacksmiths in St. Erron from the time of the Charleses—or Martin's own male line, fishermen back into times where the family-tree was lost. What bent had little Jonathan inherited from the unknown parents? Were they doing what was best for the boy?

(To be continued)

Mainly for Men—continued

from page 13

something sacred and not just an arrangement based upon mutual desire and convenience. In other words, it's not merely a contract. In fact, it's so sacred that God approves it, when and so long as it is undertaken for the right motives. Follow?"

"Quite. Then there's a bit about not undertaking it 'inadvisedly, lightly or wantonly.' What queer words those are!"

"Yes; but they mean a lot. They mean it's a thoroughly wrong thing to go rushing into marriage without thinking it over first on a high plane."

"That's common sense."

"It's sanctified common sense, and I wish many people today would use a little more of it. If they did, we should have less matrimonial difficulties. However, back to our books. You see what it says the objectives of marriage are?"

Mainly for Men—(Continued)

"There seem to be three given here."

"Correct. The first is to have children, and bring them up in a Christian atmosphere. That means seeing that they have the same background of the Church all through their lives as you two have had."

"The second objective is to make sure that the natural instincts most average people have, and which were given them by God, shall be properly expressed and always made honourable by the presence of the ideals of love and regard."

"Surely it doesn't say quite that here."

"It means that, though we have to remember the wording comes from another age, when people expressed themselves differently. And now look at the third objective of happy Chris-

tian marriage. This is very beautifully put. It says the whole business was also made possible in order that people who marry should have each other's 'society, help and comfort' in easy times, in hard times; when things go well, when there are difficulties to be faced along the road of life—in other words, always. That's very important indeed, as you'll find, my dears."

"It sounds awfully solemn."

"It's meant to: it is solemn, like life. But there is no more wonderful thing than successfully to share your lives together on that basis, and to grow old together with all the memories of it to look back on. But the great necessity is absolutely unswerving loyalty to each other; not some of the time, but all the time."

"You make it sound rather hard, you know, Vicar, for ordinary people to live up to."

"Do I? Perhaps that's a good thing; because when one realises the difficulties of marriage we shan't be so surprised when they come along, and we shall realise how much one needs God's help and guidance all the time. So there you are. We can sum up all the objectives of happy marriages in the single phrase—'happy ever after.' That's what you two are going to be, as I hope and believe. But the great thing you'll have to remember is this: that 'happiness ever after' doesn't follow automatically, as in the fairy stories when the prince marries the princess. It follows when both husband and wife go on wanting happiness for each other, and working for it, always with God's help. Now we've been solemn long enough, and you can go away and think about the arrangements. Don't forget the ring, either."

"I'll not forget it, Vicar."

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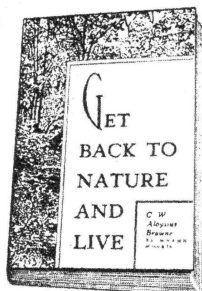
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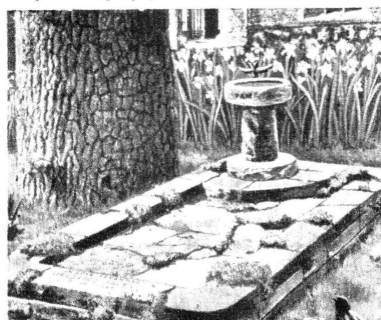
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We then walked to the Royal Albert Orphanage Hall (which was kindly lent to us for the occasion), for a film show which was very funny and exciting. The Party ended by going back to the Schools for light refreshments before dispersing.

I must say we were very pleased to see all the officers who helped to make the camp a great success, especially Bishop Lasbrey and Rev. Carver. I was myself, very pleased to see my tent-officer, Mr. Carter. I should also like to take this opportunity on the boys' behalf, to thank all concerned who have made this party possible.

MALCOLM T. STONE

REPORT ON THE YOUTH CLUB

THE membership of the club has now greatly increased since the last report. The boys' football team is showing great promise and it is hoped that they will be able to do a great deal more when a grant is obtained to buy new equipment for them.

At the moment there is a shortage of space, and it is therefore not possible to arrange any activities on a large scale.

The club held a very successful Christmas Party at the beginning of January and was well attended. Now that the canteen licence has been obtained, this section of the club does very well, especially on cold winter nights.

ST. JOHN'S GIRLS' CLUB

THE highlight of this month will be on Thursday, Feb. 9th, when our group will be taking part in the Youth Festival to be held at the Co-operative Hall, at 7.30 p.m. The girls will be giving a Folk Dancing Display, with other Clubs of the City.

We are hoping that at some future date to have an Open Evening, when Parents and Friends will be invited to come and see what we are doing with our time and energy. Date will be announced later.

It is hoped that the first week in September will see us in Camp at Winchester House, Shanklin, in the lovely Isle of Wight, and everyone is looking forward to this event very much.

There are ten members coming forward for Confirmation when the Classes next begin, and we hope that they will be god and "valiant workers for this lovely Parish Church of St. John-in-Bedwardine. E.A.C.

SPRING-CLEANING

THE St. John's Girls' Club are hoping to have a Jumble Sale on Saturday, March 11th, in the Parish Room, Blakefield Road. We shall, therefore, be very glad of material for the same, so if you are thinking of turning out this Spring, we shall be glad of anything that you can spare, from a handkerchief to a grand piano. Proceeds to swell our Camp Fund.

A CHILDREN'S PARTY

IT is not the size of the gift, but the spirit with which it is given.

Mummies and daddies of the children of the Kindergarten department of the St. John's Church Sunday Schools will be proud and interested to read their wee children raised £16 5s. 2d., in their Sunday afternoon collections over the year of 1949. It is given to the Cambridge Mission to Delhi in connection with the S.P.G.

I wish to thank all parents and teachers for their wonderful support.

On December 29th, many parents of the Kindergarten children brought them along to our Sunday School Christmas party. Many of them peeped into the gaily decorated Parish Room and loaded tables of all those nice things which children enjoy. Jellies, ice cream disappeared in spite of winter weather, bread and butter and cream fancy cakes vanished in no time. Judging by the rows of happy faces and noise everyone was enjoying themselves. (Well, perhaps a few of the teachers did have a headache.) None the less was the joy of the children when the Vicar brought along Mr. Austin to entertain them with four short films. Many thanks to Mr. Austin and his assistant.

Never is a children's Christmas Party complete without a visit from Father Christmas. This gentleman came along, loaded with a pillow-case, with a small gift for each child. Great fun was had by Father Christmas demanding the children to cheer louder and louder until I'm sure everyone in St. John's could hear them. The teachers and I would like to thank Mr. Carver for undertaking this vital act of Father Christmas, and would ask why he does not join the Drama Group with such acting talent!

RENE COOMBS, *Superintendent.*

CHILDREN'S CORNER—FEBRUARY, 1950

FEBRUARY—this is the month when the earliest flowers of the year appear. Those that come first are the Snowdrops or February Fairmaids as they are sometimes called. These little flowers will even push their way through the snow.

This story tells you how the first Snowdrops came to earth.

One morning Eve was walking through the bare fields of the Earth. She and Adam had left the Garden of Eden where it had been so pleasant. There the birds had sung so sweetly and the garden had been full of flowers of every colour. Here it was cold and the ground was bare. If they wanted a garden they would have to make one.

Besides, it was so cold all the time, the winds blew chill, how could anything grow? It began to snow; soon the bare ground was white. How Eve longed for the sunshine, the flowers and the birds of the Garden of Eden!

She began to cry she felt so miserable. Then she heard her name called softly, "Eve, dry your tears and listen." Eve looked up, there before her stood a beautiful angel. At once Eve felt happier for she had often seen angels when she lived in the Garden and the sight of this one brought back to her all that she had lost. Once again she seemed to be back in that beautiful garden with the flowers all around her.

Then the wind blew coldly and Eve remembered where she was. But the angel looked kindly at her and smiled. He spoke to her. "I have come from Heaven to bring a gift to you," he said. As he spoke he caught a flake of snow. Then he breathed upon it. To Eve's wonder and joy she saw the snow-flake change into a delicate flower of pure white and green; it was the first snowdrop. This tiny flower gave Eve more joy than all the bright flowers in the Garden for it was the first flower she had seen on Earth.

Then the angel spoke again. "In Heaven", he said, "we have seen how sad you are so this little snowdrop is sent as a messenger to tell you that Summer days are coming when all the flowers that grew in the Garden will grow here to bring you happiness again."

With a rustle of wings the angel flew away and where he had stood Eve saw a cluster of snowdrops growing in the snow.

HOLY BAPTISM

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me"

- Jan. 1.—John Michael Bickerstaff, 8 Isaac Walk.
 „ 1.—Sally Patricia Elizabeth Surman, Prospect Villa, Lower Wick.
 „ 1.—Pauline Ann Richards, Prospect Villa, Lower Wick.
 „ 1.—Gloria Lesley Palmer, 9 Blenheim Road, Worcester.
 „ 8.—John Arthur Chapman, 173 Bromwich Road.

HOLY MATRIMONY

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

- Jan. 10.—Arthur William Walker and Blanch Edith Phillips.

CHRISTIAN BURIAL

"I am the Resurrection and the Life"

- Jan. 3.—Albert N. Willmott, 59 years, 37 Nelson Road.
 „ 14.—William Taverner, 50 years, 179 Bromyard Rd.
 „ 14.—Annie Maud Byrne, 87 years, 1 Narrow Walk.
 „ 16.—Arthur Ernest Wigley, 50 years, 9 Nursery Rd.
 „ 16.—Frederick C. Hancock, 65 years, 20 Malvern Road.
 „ 16.—James Duffill, 72 years, 10 Concher's Cottages.
 „ 23.—Clara Annie Willotts, 86 years, 29 Newtown Road.
 „ 24.—Thomas Miles, 74 years, 43 Pitmaston Road.

IN MEMORIAM

Omitted from January Magazine:

- Jan. 10, 1947.—William Weaver, aged 44 years. In loving memory.
 „ 20, 1925.—William Willshaw, aged 77 years.
 Feb. 7, 1937.—Nurse Harriet Patteson, aged 86 years. In loving memory.
 „ 12, 1946.—Matilda Sorrill, aged 69 years.
 „ 18, 1929.—Hannah Ashcroft, aged 70 years. In loving memory.
 „ 21, 1947.—Eliza Burton, aged 86 years.
 „ 21, 1943.—Albert John Smith. Treasured memories.
 „ 23, 1948.—Elizabeth Worroll, aged 79 years. Treasured memories.
 „ 23, 1948.—Albert Wesley Crampton.
 „ 25, 1929.—William Aaron Brown, aged 75 years.
 „ 24, 1940.—In memory of Alfred Hefford.

CHURCH COLLECTIONS

Jan.	1	£13	13	11
Jan.	8	11	6	3
Jan.	15	10	11	7
Jan.	22	11	8	4

F.W.O.—Amounts will be published next month.