



St. John-in-Bedwardine  
Worcester

*News Letter*

AUGUST 1950

Price 3d.

# ST. JOHN-IN-BEDWARDINE, WORCESTER

*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 by special arrangement with the Vicar. Two days notice at least is required. (Forms should previously be obtained from the Sexton).

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

## 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, E. C. Parsons, Fairway, Swinton Lane.

**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, Mr. G. Stezake, 278 Ombersley Road. Secretary, Mr. Ronald Biddle, 5 Hopton Street. 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., Tuesday, 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 North.

**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. O. H. Laflin. 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. O. H. Laflin.

**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. S. Trenfield.

**KING'S MESSENGERS.**—Each Monday at 5 p.m., in the Parish Room. Miss Gwynn, 73 Winchester Avenue.

THE VICARAGE,  
August, 1950.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

Holiday time is here again! I have been able to follow the movements of many of you, for scores of cards have been delivered to the Vicarage. Thank you so much for your greetings and kind thoughts, I have told you in a previous Magazine that I love to write these personal letters to you, and I emphasise the word *personal* for I always try to relate the substance of these messages to our lives. God has been wonderfully good in helping me to do this, for each occasion on which I have sat down to write a mass of thoughts has sprung to my mind. And what I wish to say this month concerns a certain bedroom clock. We all know it. It is quite cheap. It works with a spring and a key. The only noticeable thing about this particular clock is that the spring has a range of just a little over twenty-four hours. So if you sit up later than usual you find when you go to bed that the clock is very far gone. Its tick is languid and feeble. Like an old broken down cart it goes creaking and groaning up the hill, seemingly on the verge of a breakdown.

We all know that clock, and we know also, provided we have not lost the key, that we can very soon cure it of its ailment. A few turns and what a transformation takes place! In any very grand clock, the revival brought about by the key is staid and respectable. But this cheap little clock indulges in transports of delight. It frisks and frolics like a lamb. It becomes loudly and openly vigorous.

Now if that clock could speak—indeed if any clock could speak—this is what it would say: "My friend, there is such a thing as being very far down and getting right up again." Every time we wind up a clock a sermon is being preached to us. The renewed life which we give to it by winding tells us, if we would only listen, of the possibility of renewal of rising up again and beginning afresh with a new hope, a new strength, and a new confidence.

Human beings are very much like clocks. They get run down. Life begins to drag wearily and everything we do seems to be a burden. But we do not die. Why? Because there is a key to wind us up again. Somehow or other a key is found. It is fitted and turned round and we begin to go again. You may call it rest by doctor's orders, or a holiday or a change of diet. It may have been that you wanted more exercise and that you turned over a new leaf. Or a key may have been bought in a chemist's shop. The great point is that there is a key, and that as a rule it is not hard to find. So when we meet a friend who is out of sorts, it's a kindness to tell him to cheer up because there is such a thing as a key, and the chances are that he will find it.

It is the same with our minds. Those who work with their brains—and most people have to do that nowadays to some extent—sometimes find that their brains have gone off duty. There are days when the student reads a page of some book right through and cannot remember a word of what he has read. He returns to the book in a few days and ideas seem to leap out of every line. It's another case of winding up. Somewhere between these two attempts to read the book, an unseen hand has fitted in the key and his strength of mind is renewed.

It is true, then, of your bodies and of your minds that they get run down like a clock and need to be wound up. It is even more true of our spiritual lives. Our Spirit, that part of us by which we are able to reach out to God—gets run down. Our faith grows cold—we do not care to go on praying—the lamps of our Spiritual

lives burn low—the face of Jesus loses its attentiveness for us! This may be due to neglect of the laws of spiritual health. We all know what would happen to us if we missed our meals and took no exercise, we should very soon land ourselves into trouble. It is exactly the same with our spiritual life. If it is not being nourished by the spiritual food which God supplies through the ministry of His Word and Sacraments; if we miss our meals by not being in regular attendance at the Altar; if we neglect to exercise ourselves in public worship; if we do not give our spiritual nature—that part of us, I say, which makes us men and not beasts—an outlet in some practical and regular effort of devotion, then we cannot expect to be healthy. We must on the contrary expect to grow weaker and weaker and become like a clock which is nearly run down.

I hope the little lesson of the cheap clock will be a help to us all. At this time of year, people are bound to feel a little tired until they have taken a rest and holiday. But this homely illustration is also designed to point us to the bigger issue that "They who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength".

*Yours sincerely,*  
*John Hunt.*

#### FLOWERS FOR THE HIGH ALTAR

- Aug. 6.—Mrs. Jay, 18 Nelson Road.  
„ 13.—Mrs. Evans, Bransford Road.  
„ 20.—Mrs. Chisholm, 12 Jubilee Road.  
„ 27.—Mrs. Pearce, 5 Vernon Park Road.

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

#### THE NEW ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER

I AM sure you will be interested to learn that I have appointed Mr. T. R. C. Protheroe, of Worcester Royal Grammar School, to fill the position of Organist and Mr. Llechid Williams as Choirmaster. Although this appointment is the prerogative of the Incumbent, I should like to say that I have received an immense amount of help from the Church Council. I wish to thank them for their keen interest, as the importance of this appointment cannot be over-estimated. I must add that when I explained my intentions to the Council, they received the news with acclamation. It might be held by some musicians and others that a system of dual control is not a practical proposition. I am sure that in this instance we have taken quite the right course. I know that we shall prepare to give Mr. Protheroe and Mr. Williams a real warm-hearted welcome and give them full support. J.M.

#### GARDEN FETE

WE extend to all our supporters our very grateful thanks. In spite of the rather inclement weather there seemed to be a happy spirit pervading. Many arms must have ached after so much bowling and fishing, and the ladies on kitchen duty must have been very glad when the hour for closing came.

Our Camp Fund, through the kindness of both helpers and supporters, amounted to no less than the sum of £43, and this will be divided between the two sections, namely, the Girls' Camp at Shanklin and the Boys' Camp at St. Helen's.

E.A.C. AND C.H.C.

### JUMBLE SALE

THE King's Messengers Calling! If you have any Jumble we should be very glad of same. We are badly in need of funds just now, and we have arranged to hold this Sale on Saturday, September 23rd at 3 p.m., in the Parish Room.

E.A.C.

### WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP

THE Outing to Windsor was very much appreciated and enjoyed by all. The beauty and majesty of St. George's Chapel and of the Castle will long live in our memories. We arrived back at St. John's at 9.45 p.m., with tired feet, and some, I presume, with tired throats!

The Meeting will be closed during the month of August and also the first Tuesday in September. We shall recommence on Tuesday, September 12th at 3 p.m.

I trust that all who can manage to get a break will do so, and it is my earnest wish that you will come back refreshed in body and mind, and ready to face once again the common round and the daily tasks.

I thank all those who have so kindly sent me cards; I appreciate the thought very much.

Please do your best to keep up the attendance at the monthly Corporate Communion; the next will be on Thursday, August 3rd at 10.30 a.m.

E.A.C.

### PAROCHIAL MEETINGS

THE Statutory Committee Meetings of the parish will not be functioning during the month of August, as so many of these hard working Committee members will be on holiday. We thank them for the wonderful work they have done during the past year, and send to all concerned our very best wishes.

We shall look forward to the new programmes and activities which will begin in September.

### MOTHERS' UNION

THANKS to all who, in spite of the weather, attended the July meeting in Church, and helped to make a success of the "Bring and Buy" Sale at the Vicarage.

We were very fortunate in the choice of July 12th for the outing to Weston. Setting out at 8 a.m., with Sister Caunt in charge, the journey proved very pleasant. Arriving in brilliant sunshine, we all enjoyed several hours of relaxation before meeting for tea. Although the numbers were a little disappointing, the party unanimously agreed they were well satisfied with the trip.

As usual, there is no meeting in August.

Please note that owing to Sister Caunt being in camp with the girls, the next meeting will be in Church on Monday, September 11th, at 3 p.m. We then hope to welcome seven new members. Following this another "Parcel Day" will be held in the Vicarage to help funds for our Stall at the Church Fete in October.

Corporate Communions will be on Sunday, August 13th and Sunday, September 10th.

Happy holidays to all.

E. C. PARSONS, Secretary.

### EXAMINATION RESULTS

THE following girls of the St. John's Schools have been selected for admission to the Worcester Grammar School for Girls. We extend our heartiest congratulations to them all and we hope that they will take full advantage of the opportunities which lie before them. Such a splendid result speaks volumes for the care and interest shown in the pupils by Miss Minett and her staff.

Valerie Childs, Dina Crabb, Cynthia James, Patricia Sandford, Jean Holland-Bowyer, Janet Thackeray, Judith Wadley, Mary Avery, Dianne McNeil, Gillian Percival.

Gillian Grice, whose admission has been deferred till next year on account of her age, should be specially mentioned. She has done exceptionally well for one so young. Well done, Gillian.

J.M.

### SPLENDID EFFORT BY SCHOOL CHILDREN

THE following letter has been received from the Secretary of the Church of England Childrens' Society, Col. E. St. J. Birnie, in acknowledgment of the generous sum raised by our Day Schools Children. I must say how delighted I am to know that they are showing a real concern for those who are less fortunate than themselves. Such a gesture as this sheds blessing upon those who give as well as those who receive.

J.M.

20th June, 1950.

My dear young friends,

We have today received your splendid collection of £56 7s. 3d., for which I am most grateful. I need hardly say how very encouraging it is to know you take such a kindly interest in our little folk's welfare, and how good it is to have your help in this way. I am sure you will be glad to learn that your gift will bring a great deal of happiness to some of our large family. We do our best to give our children a happy life, and we can only do that if all people, young and old, who are grateful for their blessings and good homes, help us by their prayers, and their gifts.

I know our family would like me to send their love and all good wishes.

E. ST. J. BIRNIE,

Secretary.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL

WE shall remember Saturday, July 22nd for some days to come. It was the day planned for our Treat, and we had hoped for a delightful time in the country, with Cricket, Rounders, and all the fun of the open-air, but this was not to be; the weather clerk said rain for that day, and how it rained! However, it did not dampen the spirit of the youngsters. We met at 2 p.m., had a drive round the country lanes, and back to the Parish Room, where we rollicked in games, charades, races, etc., and managed somehow to find time for some refreshment, and an icecream. Then came time for us to say Good-night for the time was 8.30 p.m., and time for us to be in bed. It was a very happy time, and we thank the Church Council for enabling us to have this annual Treat.

The Sunday School will be closed during August, but the Church will be open for its usual services, morning and evening, so perhaps you could during that month come to one of those services with your parents; that would be grand!



## ST. JOHN'S GIRL GUIDES

THE Company helped to carry "the Scroll of Friendship" through Worcester on Saturday, July 15th, along Bromwich Road on its way to the International Conference at Oxford at the end of the month. It was received from the Christopher Whitehead Company and passed on to the St. Clement Company.

On Sunday, July 16th, the Company attended a large Rally of Worcestershire Guides for a Service in the Cathedral and afterwards a march past on College Green.

At the Divisional Swimming Sports on Tuesday, July 18th, held at the Royal Albert Orphanage, the Company obtained second place. This is only the second year we have entered for the swimming and we hope to win another year.

G. M. ANNIS

## BOYS' CAMP

FROM August 15th to 24th, our Choirboys and a number of other boys will be in Camp at St. Helen's on the Isle of Wight. All the arrangements are now completed and the holiday should be a memorable one.

Outings and Coach trips have been arranged, small boats will be hired for the whole period, prizes will be given for neatness of equipment and for sport.

We hope, too, to be allowed to take the boys to Southampton Docks to see the Transatlantic liners—possibly the Queen Mary or the Queen Elizabeth.

These outings will not entail any further cost to the boys, but will be paid for out of the funds at our disposal.

The kindness and generosity of our Parishioners has enabled us to send a number of children who otherwise would not have a holiday at all—we are deeply grateful for this truly Christian gesture.

## CHILDREN'S CORNER

### KYNON AND THE FOUNTAIN

IN the days of King Arthur there lived at his court a young knight called Kynon. Now Kynon was brave and fearless and had defeated every one at Court in battle. So he decided to ride abroad to find some one who was really a match for his skill.

He set out one Summer's day and after travelling for many hours he came to a beautiful valley. He saw in front of him a great castle. By now it was nearly dark so he rode up to the gateway of the castle which was guarded by two youths dressed in yellow. He passed through the gateway and was met in the courtyard by a man dressed in yellow ornamented with rich lace and jewels. This man asked Kynon why he was travelling so late at night.

Kynon answered that he was looking for adventure, for some one to match him in skill. The man invited him into the castle for rest and refreshment. Here he was waited on by twenty-four beautiful maidens, who brought him water in which to wash; fine towels to dry on; fresh clothes to wear, and then took his armour and weapons and polished them like new.

When Kynon had eaten his supper the man in yellow came again and said, "Stay here for the night, but rise early tomorrow and travel back through the valley till you come to a wood. In the centre of it, standing on a mound, is a black one-eyed giant. Tell him you wish to find another way out of the wood and hasten to his answer."

Kynon thanked the man, and retired to bed. He rose very early next morning, and soon found the one-eyed giant who asked, "What brings a stranger here so early?" "I wish to find another way out of this wood," said Kynon. "Why?" asked the giant. "Because I am looking for adventure," said Kynon.

"Very well," said the giant, "follow this path; it will lead you to an open space where a most beautiful tree grows. Beneath it is a fountain with a silver bowl resting on a marble slab, from which travellers drink. Fill the bowl with water from the fountain, throw it on the slab and wait, for your adventure will then begin."

Kynon rode on. He soon came to the place the giant had described. He did as the giant had told him and waited. Immediately thunder roared through the sky and a most dreadful storm broke over the earth. So big were the hail stones that Kynon had to hold his shield over his own and his horse's head to prevent them from being killed.

At last the storm was over and once more the sun shone. Kynon remounted his horse. The birds began to sing again very sweetly. Kynon listened, and above the singing of the birds he heard a soft voice say, "Why, Kynon, have you done this thing?" He looked at the tree which had been so beautiful and saw that every leaf had been torn off in the storm. The voice then spoke again, "Every animal and man who was out in the storm you caused has perished."

Suddenly there came charging towards him a knight on a black charger. He raced full tilt towards Kynon, lance thrust forward. Kynon, taken completely off his guard, was overthrown and vanquished. The knight turned round and caught Kynon's horse by the bridle, and led it away beside his own horse.

The great Kynon, who had never before been vanquished, rose to his feet and made his way back through the wood. When the giant saw him horse-less, battered and torn, he mocked, "Your adventure is soon over!"

Kynon went slowly on to the castle where he was again received very kindly. He rested there for the night before he returned to King Arthur's court.

So Kynon's adventure ended. But he had learnt his lesson not to be proud and boastful.

## YOUTH CLUB

ON Thursday, July 13th, the annual general meeting of the Club was held, and following the Club rules the election of officers took place.

The following persons were elected for one year of office to terminate on July 13th, 1951. *Ex-officio*: President, Revd. J. Mort; Chairman, Revd. C. H. Carver. Vice-Chairman and Club Leader: Mr. G. Stezaker. Secretary: Mr. R. A. Biddle. Treasurer: Mr. Brian Smith. Committee: Miss A. Thomas, Miss J. Short, Miss J. Cooper, Miss E. Reeves, Mr. G. Smith, Mr. M. Thomas, Mr. M. O'Neill, Mr. J. Rudge.

The Financial Statement was presented and all were pleased to learn of a 100% increase on last years figures.

On Thursday, 20th July, the Club met on Flag Meadow—the W.R.G.S. Sports Ground, where the City Youth Club Sports evening was held. St. John's entered a small group of competitors. The hero of the evening for us was Mr. John Rudge who won both the 440 and 880 yards races in grand style. Miss J. Drew and Miss M. Haines gained a third place in the 16-18 years girls' three-legged race.

# CHURCH PICTURE PAGE

AUGUST, 1950



## The Way to Church.

A NOVEL and artistic method of indicating the way to Church may be found at Wyton, Hunts. It is a way worth following, for it is a lovely country lane. The church stands some distance from the road, and is so hidden by pine trees that it can easily be missed.—H. C. SPARE.

## From a Submerged Church.

IN the parish church of Llanwddyn in Montgomeryshire there is an interesting book-rest used at Holy Communion services. It is made of wood from an ancient yew tree from the churchyard of the old church, now covered by Lake



"All Present"

Vyrnwy, which provides Liverpool's water supply. When the lake was constructed about 65 years ago, the church and other buildings were submerged, and part of this old yew tree was preserved and used at a later date to make this desk. In the year 1887 a new church was built on higher ground to replace the one submerged, and there is an inscription in the porch to this effect.—THE REV. E. C. DAVID.

## In the Family.

ORGANIST at the 19th century Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Colwick, near Stafford, is George Poyser, a schoolboy of 15. Once a choir-boy, he is now organist and bell-ringer. His father is chief ringer and organ blower!

## A Travelled Window.

THERE has reached me from Tasmania an account of a window which is supposed to have been taken from Bartle Abbey when it was destroyed by Cromwell, to have been hidden and then to have been sent on to Tasmania by the third Marquis of Salisbury. An examination of the very beautiful window now in St. John's Church, Buckland, makes it possible to determine its approximate date as between 1350 and 1400 and that it is of English workmanship.—THE REV. C. H. D. GRIMES.

## Wren's Famous Spire (see page 58)

THE lovely church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, London, suffered much damage in 1941 when it was burned out by enemy bombs. Its exquisite needle-like spire supported upon four flying arches springing from the tower pinnacles, was built by the famous Wren. It is one of London's most famous landmarks. Some £3,000 has been spent in making it safe so that it can carry its peal of eight bells.—J. D. ROBINSON.

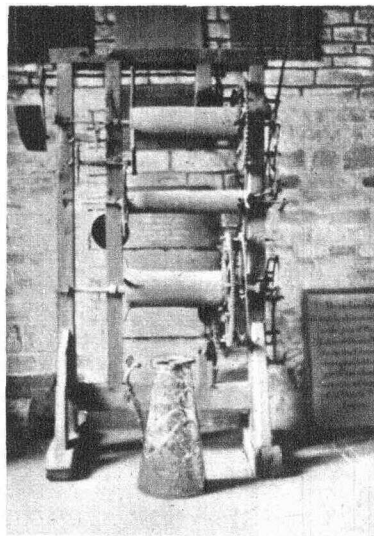
## Good and Bad.

AN unusual and very interesting epitaph is to be seen on the foot-stone of a grave in the churchyard of Olveston, Glos., a village not far from Bristol. The grave is that of a Thomas Davies, who died at an early age in the year 1820, and the inscription reads:—

God takes the good,  
Too good on earth to stay,  
And leaves the bad,  
Too bad to take away.

If this assertion is true, then there must have been some very unsatisfactory folk in Olveston, for near-by graves record that a number of the parishioners lived to very advanced ages, including even some relatives of the worthy Thomas Davies! His father lived to 97!

The epitaph is apparently much prized by Olveston people, for it is kept very well, and the lettering is carefully painted.—T. R. ROBINSON.



## Never Had a Face.

THE quaint parish church of Barton-in-Fabis, a village 7 miles from Nottingham, possesses a strange clock near the font. It is an apparatus of big gear wheels and wooden rollers, mounted on timber and standing some 6 feet in height. The accompanying notice read as follows: "Works of the old clock made locally in 1735. It never had a face but struck the hours. The weights were crudely fashioned of stone."—J. W. DAWSON.

## All Present.

THE chancel and nave of Bonnington Church were finished about 1300—good work, too, but no better than that which brings every child in the village to the Church for the afternoon Sunday School. Not far away is a Norman Castle Keep which stands on a moated mount, the only one of its kind in Herefordshire.—H. MARQUIS.

\* \* 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.



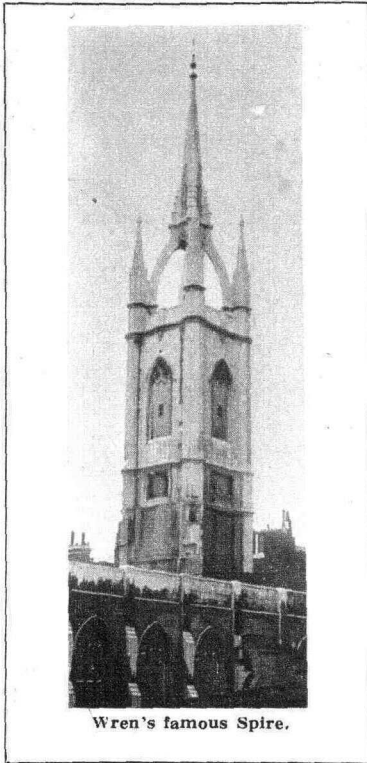
Photo by]

[T. R. Robinson

## The Untrue Epitaph.

# The Story of the Spire

By the Rev. C. H. D. Grimes



Wren's famous Spire.

Photo by]

[J. D. Robinson

**T**HE word spire comes from an old English word, to spring up and means of course that the spire springs from the roof of the tower. Indeed it has grown up from the little baby pyramid of stone or lead which formed the gable of the tower to the mighty thing we see in Salisbury or Norwich Cathedral. The other name it has, viz., steeple, simply means steep. The spire first became popular in the 14th and 15th centuries when church builders, realising that the tower was the most important external feature of the church, centred their efforts on making it as beautiful as possible, one church vying with another in regard to this. We all know what it has done to give distinction to the Cathedrals of Salisbury and Norwich—the pictures of their spires, if not the spires themselves, are familiar to us all. But probably the most beautiful spire in the world—and that is saying a great deal, is the spire of St. Michael's, Coventry, produced in the latter period of Gothic art and uniting in itself all the skill that previous experience had taught builders to exercise in this branch of their work.

Springing from the base of an embattled tower with highly ornamented pinnacles at each angle and supported by flying buttresses of delicate stonework, there is another short octagonal tower of stone, and from this rises the spire itself with its sides adorned by

window lights and mural decorations, all giving a profoundly beautiful effect. Another later effort of the Gothic period produced the so-called crown of Newcastle Cathedral which is reproduced further north in St. Giles, Edinburgh, and the great churches of Glasgow and St. Andrew's.

This consisted in flying buttresses from the roof of the tower supporting a circle or crown of stone from which rises a small spire or spirelet. In the later classical period Sir Christopher Wren built the beautiful spires of the Bow church and St. Bride's, Fleet Street.

There is a text in the Bible which says that they could not come near Jesus because of the press—press spelt with a small p and not a capital one. Well, that was the problem of Sir Christopher Wren with regard to his London churches and has been the problem of many builders of churches more often on the Continent than in England—where our big Cathedral close usually supplies the answer.

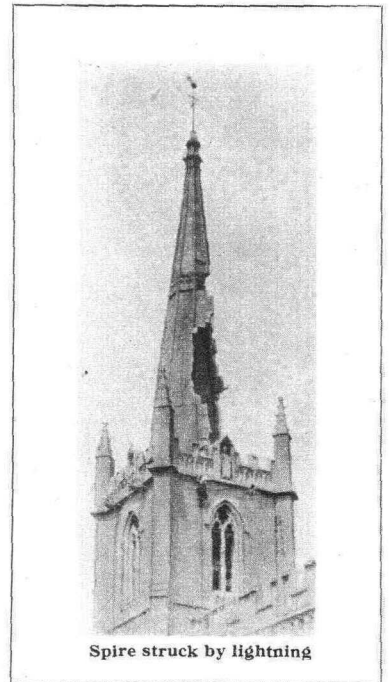
My memory carries me back to the little Cathedral town of St. Malo where because of the mediaeval fortifications the houses huddle so closely together that the cathedral can only be seen when one enters the small square in front of it. But its beautiful spire covered with crochets or little knobs of stone can be seen for many miles away both from the sea and land and so reminds us of its gracious presence of which strangers would be otherwise unaware. So the builders of such churches, including Wren, felt that they must put their best work into the spire which could be seen by those afar as well as by those near.

Oxford, indeed, is often called the city of spires and so many travellers who by-pass the city by train or car going on their business, especially in the evening light, get an unforgettable impression of the city. Some one has spoken of the part played when all Wren's steeples were still intact by those steeples in leading the eye up the dome to the golden cross of St. Paul's. Stone spires are scattered very unevenly over the English countryside, the important factor being the presence of good building stone easily worked. They are most plentiful in the counties of Rutland, Northants, Leicester, Warwick, Stafford, Nottingham, Lincoln, Oxford and Wiltshire. On the other hand Cumberland, Westmoreland, Kent, Middlesex, Surrey, have none, except for entirely modern churches.

Spires can be made of wood covered with lead, copper or tiles, but they are not very durable. Lincoln and Southwell Cathedrals had once such

spires but they were destroyed; and Chesterfield has a crooked spire produced by the effect of the sun's heat on the material of which it is made. But not all stone spires are upright and there is a certain village which shall be nameless where there is a leaning spire. According to local legend the spire one day saw a bride coming up the church path, and knowing that she was both beautiful and good—a combination hitherto uncommon in that village among its girl population—bowed its head in reverence and since then it has never been able to straighten itself again!

This legend, whatever may be its truth, at least bears witness to the undoubted fact that the spire points up to the blue sky, to the Home as was believed by men in past ages, as the hymn testifies from which comes the well-known line "above the bright blue sky" of God Who is the embodiment of Beauty, Truth and Goodness, and so the lesson of the spire is a call to upward things. There are some churches like Westminster Abbey which were intended to have a spire but it was never begun, and some, like St. Mary Redcliffe, where it was not finished for centuries after it was begun, and some, as at St. Nicholas, Gloucester, where it was never finished, and some which have had one but it has been destroyed.



Spire struck by lightning

Photo by]

[The Rev. E. C. Hyde

# THE ARK AND ARARAT

## II. Was Ararat a Desert?

By W. R. Todd

(By special permission of the Sunday Times)

plain, hill or mountain, it is all "gebel," desert. So it was in Noah's time.

This established, we are lifted out of a world of wonders into a world of realities. More than that, we see how true the Bible story rings; each word is invested with its real meaning. Turn to Genesis VIII, verse 3: "And the waters returned from off the earth continually." That is, they flowed back into the river, whence they came. Verses 4 and 5: "And the ark rested in the seventh month upon the mountains (=deserts) of Ararat. And the waters decreased continually until the tenth month; in the tenth month... were the tops of the mountains (=deserts) seen."

### A World of Desert

It is the complete picture of an uncontrolled flood of the Tigris and Euphrates, swollen by continuous and heavy rain, rising 23 feet above the normal level, bursting its banks and covering a vast area on either side. To those early people, isolated in their lonely valley, surrounded by deserts, it was the whole world. Months later, the floods subside, the water slowly recedes towards its channel, the ark is grounded in shallow water. Then, and then only, "were the tops of the mountains (=deserts) seen" and, in good time, the ark is left high and dry. We have there the description of a vessel grounding in shallow water, while the water subsides until the higher levels of the earth emerge. It is a description utterly inapplicable to a mountainous region, 10,000 feet and more in height.

*Continued on page 64.*



Photo by]

Kairouan City, Tunisia.

[Adam G. Marshall

## I. Anchors of the Ark

By A. G. Marshall

**S**TRANGE to relate, the only existing evidence of the survival of Noah's Ark is to be found, if legend is to be credited, some 1,500 miles away from Ararat!

Some years ago when travelling in North Africa I visited Kairouan, the Mohammedan Holy City in Tunisia. It is the only place where Christians are allowed to enter the mosques, of which there are twenty-three. This privilege was secured by the French when they took over the country.

I obtained a permit and a guide to see over the Mosque of the Sabres. (These sabres are huge wooden swords in sheaths, measuring about four feet, covered with carved letters, the total of which make up the Koran.)

After seeing round the inside I was asked whether I would like to see the Anchors from Noah's Ark. I naturally said I would, and was taken into a large courtyard and shown four big anchors in a very good state of preservation. Now this city is about 30 miles from the nearest sea (the Mediterranean) and approximately 1,500 miles from Ararat.

I could find no evidence that the place has even been a port, or that it has ever had any connection with ships. How the anchors reached Kairouan is a mystery.

The Arab houses of the better class are built with substantial flat roofs and generally in the form of a square containing a courtyard in which the women can exercise after marriage when they are not allowed to show their faces to any men other than their husbands. Carpet weaving is the main industry and the shops, which are what we would call "lock-ups," have no windows, the wares being displayed hanging on the outer walls.

the flood in the Book of Genesis. But Ararat in Armenia, 17,000 feet in height, is the highest mountain of the Armenian range; a flood which reached to the height of even 10,000 feet would have been a flood indeed!

What does the Bible say? Genesis VII, verse 20, is clear: "Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered." Now a cubit is the length from elbow to finger tip, 18 inches. Verse 15: "The length of the ark shall be three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits and the height of it thirty cubits." Nothing could be more precise; the waters rose 23 feet; the ark was 450 feet long, 75 feet wide and 45 feet high. Such measurements correspond to the need for which the ark was built. But what of the depth of water? Twenty-three feet could cover no mountain.

The solution must be sought, like all solutions, on the spot. If the measurements of the Bible are accepted, then we must turn to the sole remaining factor, the "mountains." What is the definition of the word "mountain"? Here lies the key to the whole story.

### Confirming the Bible

In Iraq today the Tigris and Euphrates flow in a shallow depression bordered by vast expanses of desert. Where the water reaches, by free flow or irrigation, there the desert blossoms; there crops are grown; there man can live. Where no water reaches, the earth is dead. The one we call cultivated land, the other desert. The line between the two is sharp. There is nothing intermediate. Small wonder is it that the Arabs of Iraq, like the Arabs of Egypt, where conditions are similar, have two words, and two words only, to describe their land. In the spoken language of Egypt and Arabia today the "reef" is the irrigated plain; everything else is the "gebel," the desert. Be it

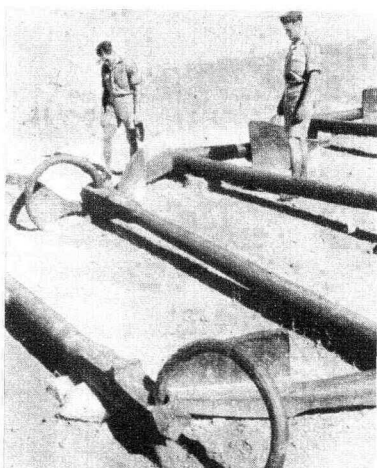


Photo by]

[Adam G. Marshall

The reputed anchors of the Ark.





When her ship comes in.

## Will there be no more Sea?

By the Rev. Canon Salter

**I** ALWAYS feel that one of the strangest texts in the Bible is in the Book of Revelation in the last chapter but one, where the writer gives a description of God's new heaven and new earth in which, we are told, "there was no more sea." This verse always pains me, for I am a great lover of the sea. Is it possible that the writer was indulging here in a little wishful thinking? The Jews were notorious for their hatred of the sea. They were inveterate "land-lubbers." Apart from the Sea of Galilee, which was only a large lake, they hated the sight of the sea. The attitude of Bible writers is summed up in such words as "There is sorrow in the sea; it cannot be quiet." Even the Psalmist who wrote the 107th Psalm with its vivid account of a storm at sea appears to write with fear and trepidation.

Doubtless the sea has its calamitous aspect just as it has its charms. It has been called deceitful and treacherous, but there lies in this trait only the character of a great natural force, which, to speak according to our feelings, renews its strength, and, without reference to joy or sorrow, follows eternal laws. There is really something very awe-inspiring about the sea. George Herbert once wisely remarked "He that will learn to pray, let him go to sea," and there is no doubt that seafarers generally are God-fearing men. These men see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep.

To men of the apostolic age the ocean spoke of separation and isola-

tion, that it seemed to them that this element of unrest, this cause of destruction and death, this divider of nations could have no place in a new world of social intercourse.

I am always thankful that the Master of men was a lover of the sea. Just as He loved the beauties of Nature, so I believe He loved the sea breezes and the fishermen of His day. In storm or calm, in rough water or smooth, we can still hear the echo of His voice saying to us, as we sail across the Sea of Life, and when we encounter its rough passages and dangerous depths, "Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith? I am with you always, even unto the end." That is why you and I, come what may, fair weather or foul, need have no fear. With Him as our Pilot, we can say with confidence and courage, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." . . . Yet I do hope, if I am deemed worthy to enter that New Jerusalem of our dreams, that in His mercy, God will let me have a little bit of ocean somewhere where all those who love the sea may sit by the seaside, or bathe in its refreshing waters!

## Religion is My Business

THE CREDITORS

By the Rev. Fenton Morley, B.D.

**I** F you go to the cinema, do you find yourself—as I do—getting rather impatient as they screen the long lists of credits at the beginning of the film? Sometimes I wish that they would give us all these names of the people who have had a hand in the making of the film at the very end—when we should have an opportunity of showing our appreciation just as we do in the theatre. But perhaps that wouldn't do because we should then be more interested in hurrying out to catch our bus than in finding out whom we have to thank for some particularly interesting performance. The appreciation of the services of others always demands a certain mental and moral effort. And in the business of life we like to think that any success is like that of the pavement artist—"All My Own Work."

This feeling of independence differs widely with the individual. There is, for instance, the boasting of the self-made man that he has never been beholden to anyone throughout his long and lonely career. At the other end of the scale is the harmless pride of one old lady I know, who is apparently more proud of the fact that she has never got into debt than of her having raised half-a-dozen children on a shoestring of an income. But her financial independence has not made her

unwilling to acknowledge that she could not have performed her magnificent piece of family craftsmanship without the example of her own mother, the co-operation of her husband and—as she puts it—God's mercy. And she has shown her gratitude not only with her lips but in her life by her willingness to give others the same help as that which she herself received.

Life has taught her a lot about credit. One result is that she is surprisingly tolerant of the ingratitude of youth. "Young people always think that they are the first ones to discover the world," she says, "it's only natural for them to think they owe nobody anything. But they'll soon learn—when they grow up. . ."

And she has certainly brought up her own children to appreciate their debt to the past. The only time I ever knew her to be really furiously angry was when someone suggested abolishing the service of Remembrance in November. She called it "cheap ingratitude"—and many other things which you can imagine.

Another thing about her is that she has learnt the value of receiving as well as that of giving. Christ said that it is more blessed to give than to receive—but He never forbade us to receive. The old lady was so much wiser than those self-sacrificing people who pride themselves on doing everything for others but who ruthlessly crush the efforts of other people to do anything for them. They mean well—but they have such a blighting effect upon that mutual co-operation and spontaneous service essential to human fellowship, and to the maturing of character.

You remember that the old lady said that when youngsters *grow up* they appreciate their indebtedness to others. And she was quite right. In this connection unfortunately some people never grow up—the mark of a mature and rich personality is not a constant harping on one's independence or a trumpeting of one's rights—but the willingness to accept and fulfil responsibilities. If every man were alive to his responsibilities, there would be no need for any one to fear for his rights.

And our obligation to other people is the reflection of our debt to God. That is why our forgiveness of others is not a favour which we confer on them, but a part of our repayment to our heavenly Father.

So in the business of my life I need to remember my creditors. They are all the people who have had faith in me—all who by their advice or example have lighted my path—and even those who have set obstacles in my way, that I might learn to climb them by the grace of God. I can repay them best by using their investment in me for the wider service of man and to the greater glory of God.

# MONDAY to Weekday Pages for

## Monday's Washing.

*Chamois Gloves.*—Wash and rinse the gloves; then place in warm water, to which a teaspoonful of olive oil has been added. Allow to soak for a few minutes, then squeeze. This gives back to the chamois its natural oil, and the gloves will look like they did when first used.—MRS. ORDISH.

*When starch is scarce* curtains may be very satisfactorily stiffened in the following manner. Take one tablespoonful of size and mix with a quart of boiling water. Make a cream liquid by breaking up a Dolly Tint and mixing with cold water. Add to size mixture.—Miss E. M. HARDING.

*Lace*, especially real lace, should be finally rinsed in a little skim milk so as to give a soft, creamy tinge. Iron while wet, first under a cloth and then with nothing between it and the iron. This gives the lace just the right amount of stiffness.—MISS WRIGHT.

## Tuesday's Sewing.

*Shorts from Sheets.*—Out of the strong parts of a worn linen sheet two pairs of double-seated shorts for a schoolboy can be made. These can be left white for school games or dyed a dark colour. The thin parts of the sheet, used double and bound, make good glass cloths or small face towels.—Miss G. MULLARD.

*Underwear.*—To save money you can now buy circular interlock at 6s. for 3 yards. All that is required to make children's nightdresses, etc., is to make armholes and neck. I have made my husband vests with the wider width, these are very warm and wash and wear admirably.—MRS. A. STEEL.

## Wednesday's Nursing.

*Enjoy your Sleep.*—If you wake up in the early hours of the morning and can't get to sleep again it may be because the stomach is empty, and acid continues to be poured out and trickles into the duodenum. The remedy is to eat two biscuits with a layer of butter or margarine between, or one or two fingers of Kit-Kat. Fats tend to stop the stomach secreting; that is why a buttered or chocolate biscuit will act more powerfully than a plain one.—Miss E. M. HARDING.

## Thursday's Cooking.

*Sour Milk* (if you have any).—If milk has become curdled, delicious fritters can be made by adding one egg and enough flour to make a batter mixture. Beat well and fry in spoonfuls. Flavour with cheese or currants, etc.—H. G. R.

*Milk Shortage.*—I find when making pies from bottled fruit I have a lot of surplus juice. Try making a blancmange with it. Measure juice, mix powder with cold juice, boil remainder with sugar and proceed as if you used milk. You will find it a favourite with children.—MRS. BREWER.

*Fruit Pies.*—To improve the flavour and prevent the juice running out, sprinkle a little cornflour or custard powder on the first layer or lining of pastry. The fruit will set like a jelly.—MRS. G. ROBERTS.



Photo by

[Miss D. Tyler

## Shrimps.

*Toffee Charlotte.*—Well grease pie-dish with margarine. Put in alternate layers of stewed apple, breadcrumbs and golden syrup. Repeat layers until dish is full and last layer is golden syrup. Put a few small dabs of margarine on top and bake in moderate oven until light brown and slightly crisp. Serve with custard sauce.—MRS. M. MILLS.

## Friday's Household.

*Goose Feathers.*—The unplucked feathered wing of a goose (sometimes obtainable from farmer or poultryman), after being dried in open air, makes a very useful brush for corners and wire mattresses.—MISS HANES.

*Cellophane* covers for jam jars often refuse to be parted. Pressing them with a warm iron will do the trick, but one seldom has that handy when jam making. Try holding them against the sides of the hot preserving pan for a few seconds. They can then be separated quickly.—MRS. DUNN.

*Lemon Squeezer.*—If you want your lemon squeezer in a hurry and can't find it, turn an egg cup upside down, place it in a saucer, and use this instead.—MRS. WEIGHTMAN.



Photo by

[W. Thompson

## Robinson Crusoe.

# SATURDAY Women with Homes

*Shaky Castors* on chairs or table legs are usually due to loose screws. The cup castor type should be taken off and replaced so that the screws will go into new holes (the old holes can be filled with plastic wood). To deal with a pin castor—the kind that has a single screw that goes into the centre of the leg—take the castor off and fill in the screw-hole with a mixture of sawdust and glue. Allow this to harden and then replace the castor.—MRS. GREENHALGH.

## Saturday's Children.

*Climbing Frame.*—When a play-pen is full size fold in one end and tie firmly. Tie flap to side. Stand triangle on broad end, and you have a fine climbing frame to keep toddlers amused.—P. M. MARTIN.

*Play-Pen.*—When baby has finished with the play-pen it makes a very good fire-guard if the hinges are taken off at the sides. Two nails can be put either side of the fireplace and half the play-pen hooked on. One side of the other half can be used for a gate to a door if required. It can always be put together again if necessary.—MRS. M. V. MORGAN.

*For cleaning white fur* or white lambs-wool pram rugs easily and quickly at home, use a Bob Martin's chalk block, the kind used on dogs, price ninepence; rub all over the rug and then shake well out of doors—this removes all the soiled look and any spots. I also use it to clean baby's white fur mittens.—MRS. B. ADAMS.

\*\*\* If you know of a good hint for our household pages, send it to the Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4, during August. 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.

## CLASS HATRED

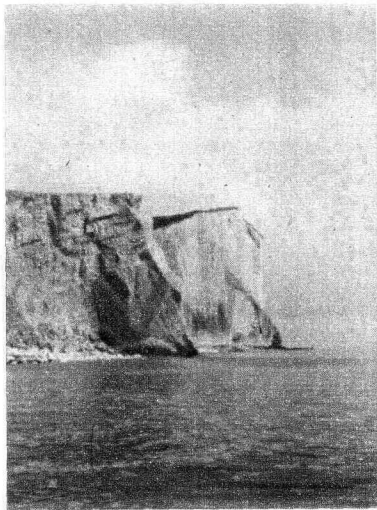
A COTTAGE by a cutting,  
A pig, some cows, to mind,  
Two apple trees in blossom,  
With washing draped behind,  
A vision of an English home,  
A picture clean and kind.

A row of dingy dwellings  
With little air or sun,  
Small children playing in the streets  
With nowhere else for fun,  
A poor and squalid England,  
A vision fit for none.

A mansion glimpsed thro' park gates,  
Pure air, green grass, tall trees,  
A Home of stately splendour,  
A fresh sea-scented breeze,  
Peace, quiet and English beauty,  
With all God's works to please.

To grow a greater England  
These three must learn to trust,  
In times of scarcity to share,  
In friendship, every crust,  
Until that demon, hatred,  
Crawls, conquered, in the dust.

Herbert Greene (Plumpton)



### CHAPTER III

I'm going to show you the 'historic scene' in the correct order, so I hope you don't mind a long tramp, Peggy, and a bit of a climb thrown in. That will take us to Darby's Hole, and from there we can get home by Birling Gap. Are you game? The first move is up to Beachy Head, past the old lighthouse, and then we'll get a sight of the new one down on the reef. I want you to see it at its best, as the birds see it, and the foxes and rabbits—not far from where you fell. You're not nervous?"

"Not a bit," she replied. "Isn't it the right cure for an accident in the air or anywhere else to go up again as soon as possible?"

They had now reached the hazardous approach to the beach, so the story of Parson Darby had to wait for a time. David was glad to find that he had judged Peggy's character correctly. She was cool and quick-witted, and very soon understood his brief instructions. She showed no fear, and he knew that she trusted him absolutely.

She *did* feel a little frightened, however, for she was one of those people who find "going down" so much worse than "going up"; and the beach seemed a very long way down. But since this was the right way to the cave, and since David had been good enough to bring her, she fought down her qualms, and answered his "Ready?" with a radiant smile.

She fully expected to feel terrified during the whole descent, but she found that her courage brought its own reward. Soon she was conscious of a thrill of achievement, and when David said, "Well done!" after they had passed over a rather bad patch of crumbling chalk, she glowed with pleasure.

## THE WATCHMAN WAKETH

By Joan Wayne Brown

"I say, Peggy, that was jolly good, you know!" David stood on the rough beach and addressed his panting pupil. "Do you mean to say you've never had any practice? When you've got your breath back, we'll move on. Now we're coming to the really tough part!"

"What do you mean—tough?"

"Because we've got a tramp under the precipitous cliff for a mile or so before we reach Darby's Hole. It will be slogging over loose shingle—very much like the moraine of a big glacier in the Alps. I've timed it all right for the tide. Now what I insist is that you don't start any jumping from seaweed-covered rocks—a sprained ankle would be a disaster. Or would it, for I'd love to carry you, not merely haul you!"

So they joked and chaffed and occasionally became serious.

They came on the cave suddenly. Until one is opposite it is not easily seen.

"That isn't the cave? Why, it's hopeless! I don't see how anyone could get up there—except a bat!"

"It can be done easily if you know how. Look, there are footholds of a kind. Parson Darby improved upon the ones the smugglers had. He used to go up there most nights, remember, sometimes in the dark."

"B-but the weather's altered them a bit since then!" Peggy faltered, and then laughed. "I'm not getting cold feet! Don't think that. It's just that I can't see *how*—But you're going to show me, aren't you?"

"I'm ready when you are," she said valiantly, and David uncoiled his rope once more.

When they were safely inside the cave, she still failed to understand how they had managed to get there. But as she looked round the chalk walls, scored in many places by pickaxe marks, she was very glad that she had come.

"Now, David, while we have our lunch do please tell me the rest of the story. I promise I won't mention smugglers till you've finished. What did Parson Darby do?"

"He used to keep a great lantern in here, and on stormy nights he kept it burning so that the sailors should see and be warned. Think of it—all alone in here, night after night, with the gales howling over the cliffs. Look, he hollowed out pieces at both sides, so that he could shelter. Some people say he shortened his life by the exposure, but he saved a good many others. If there were a wreck, in spite of his lantern, he used to go down and help. Once a brig with twenty-three hands on board was smashed to

atoms on the rocks, and he saved them all."

"He must have had superhuman strength," said Peggy, and added a moment later: "I suppose that really was the case. I see now what you meant about the watchman. Because he was doing such a wonderful job, he was given the power to carry it out. Do you know, I can see marks on the floor where the lantern must have stood. And—oh, David, that little hole at the back might lead to a secret passage!"

"It does," he said. "Not a secret one, but it's nearly impassable now. It leads into the heart of the cliff. I've only been in once or twice; it isn't so safe, really, so I won't take you. Why are you laughing, Peggy?"

"I shouldn't have thought you had much of a safety-first complex, that's all!"

"If you're thinking about our climb," he said, laughing himself, "I can assure you that if you keep calm and use your head, climbing is just as 'safe' as anything else that's worth doing. No, thanks—that last sandwich is yours."

"No, David, it's yours—I've been eating hard while you've been talking," said Peggy, just as if she had not uttered a word herself. "Isn't it lovely up here—so snug and Robinson Crusoe-ish! I wish we could bring some furniture and make it into a summer-house."

"I'm afraid a grand piano would hardly squeeze through the entrance! But I've got some things—a few tools over there, because one never knows when they'll be handy, and some books in that piece of oilskin. I was quite a kid when I came here first."

"I wish we could rig up a staircase," sighed Peggy, "and then I could come here by myself sometimes when you've gone back to school."

"A staircase!" David gave an indignant snort. "I suppose you'd like to turn it into an ice-cream parlour, and sell picture postcards! No, but seriously, Peggy, you'd better not explore these cliffs on your own till you've got some idea of the lie of the land. And you needn't start talking about my going back to school yet, when I've got eight weeks' freedom ahead of me!"

"Sorry," said Peggy, who was absently drawing little figures on the chalky floor with another piece of chalk.

"I suppose we'll have to think about going home," went on David, looking at his watch. "I say, you can draw! What are they doing—dancing a hornpipe?"

"They're smugglers, celebrating an



extra good haul!" she told him, with a wicked grin. "Here they are, running away from the excise men. But, David, wouldn't it be dreadful if someone got up here, and—couldn't get down again? What would happen?"

"It *would* be rather awkward," he agreed, coming quickly to her side. "If it were you, I'd have to go home and bring you blankets and a pillow, and come every day with food."

Peggy looked up at him, laughing. "I didn't mean it, you know. I just said 'someone.' Of course, I'm not a bit scared, with you. Besides—" "Besides what, Peggy?" he asked gently.

"Well, one wouldn't dare to be a coward here, in the very place where Parson Darby was so brave. Did he drive in this stake, by the way?"

She indicated the stout wooden post round which David had slung his rope. The boy shook his head.

"No, a sailor put that there for me when I was a kid. I always give it a tap with the hammer each time I come up here, to make sure it's still all right."

He went to the stout box in which he kept his tools, and gave the stake a sharp rap.

"Feel," he said, and Peggy felt. It was like the rock itself.

They went down to the shore. This time Peggy felt no fear at all, but only the pleasant feeling of a job well done. When they had climbed up the cliff, they set off at a good pace towards West Dean, the spire of its tiny church guiding them as they cut across the downs.

As they neared the village they came to the road, and soon a small car overtook them and stopped. A pleasant, sunburnt face smiled at them both through the open window.

"This is Dr. Stafford," said David, wondering if he ought to introduce Peggy as Miss Keith. With her round, childish face and shock of brown hair she looked far too young for any kind of formality. But Dr. Stafford took matters into his own hands.

"You must be Mrs. Cleveland's niece," he said. "How nice for Anne to have you!"

Peggy smiled, omitting to say that Anne did not appear to share his opinion. Dr. Stafford evidently thought her shy, for after one or two remarks he turned to David.

"I'm sorry I was called out last night in the middle of our conversation," he said.

"Oh, that was all right, thanks," said David. "I oughtn't to have **butted** in, when you're so busy with all this summer 'flu. Anyway, I feel quite different now."

"That's the stuff!" said Dr. Stafford. "Well, I'm on my way to Tamarisk Farm," and with a parting wave he drove on.

Peggy thought how good-tempered he looked, and wondered why Anne disliked him so much.

"A decent chap," said David. She saw that he was rather red under his tan. "I went round to his surgery last night and grumbled a bit, I'm afraid. I'm going to stop grouching for good, because I shall only make a nuisance of myself to everybody. I shan't study on my own—what's the use? This isn't a game; it's real life. I'll go into that office and like it." He gave a rather forced laugh. "Behold the model office boy!"

Peggy looked at him anxiously. "That's silly, David. Stop grouching, by all means, but don't go to the other extreme. And *don't* stop studying the thing you like best. If God wants you to be a doctor, you'll be one," she said simply, "and if He doesn't—"

"Yes, Peggy?" "Well, you could still be a watchman, couldn't you? Oh, is this the vicarage? How pretty—and that must be your father at the gate! And," she said blissfully, "I believe I can smell the scones!"

#### CHAPTER IV

Peggy liked Mr. Poole very much, and he liked her. Tall, thin, and fragile, he wore his faded clothes with an air of distinction, and on his fine face there was a look of serenity which could change in a flash to humour. It was obvious that to him poverty had no terrors; but then, as Peggy was quick to realise, he had chosen this way of life, and found his happiness in giving away the little he had. It would not be possible for someone of David's age, on the threshold of life, to share this detached tranquillity.

They had tea in a vast dining room furnished with oak which time had darkened to the colour of ebony. Mrs. Wicks, a tiny dumpling of a woman who looked very odd beside the two tall Pooles, had made a plateful of scones, and announced that they must all be eaten. Peggy felt at home here at once, and after tea she asked if she might have some socks to mend, as she had always mended her father's.

Mrs. Wicks was delighted, as her eyesight was not very good these days. She brought Peggy a basket filled with fearsome objects which had once been socks, and the vicar liked the way the girl tackled the first one, without showing signs of dismay. This was a girl of spirit, he thought, and he was glad that David had made friends with her.

Peggy was very sorry when it was time to go. David showed her the room that used to be his nursery, and was now a combined study, library, and sports room. He lent her an armful of books on local lore.

Hillside seemed very dull and depressing after such an exciting day.

Mrs. Cleveland asked her in a perfunctory manner if she had enjoyed herself, but Peggy detected real interest and a certain envy in Anne's questions, and she gave her a full description of her activities.

Anne laughed at her. "As far as I can make out, you've been dragged by the hair up and down the cliffs, had a boring tea at the vicarage, and then, by way of entertainment, you sat darning socks! And you come in looking like the Cheshire Cat. Did you see anyone else beside the Pooles?"

"No," said Peggy, and corrected herself. "I was forgetting. Dr. Stafford overtook us in his car. He seemed very nice."

"Oh, everyone seems nice to you," sneered Anne, and paused. "Did he speak to you? Did he mention your lazy hypochondriac of a cousin?"

"Yes," said Peggy mischievously, and waited for Anne to pounce.

"He did? What did he say?"

"Only that it was nice for you to have me here!"

"You little imp!" Anne relaxed, and smiled against her will. "Do you know," she said, "it is! Though you're quite the most exasperating person I've ever come across. The most exasperating *girl*, that is!"

Peggy chuckled. Evidently she could not compete with Stephen Stafford!

Anne's engagement ring flashed in the sunshine.

"Where will you live when you're married?" asked Peggy.

"Oh, London. Bernard has a flat." Anne spoke without the faintest interest. Peggy wanted to shake her.

"Well, you love London, don't you?" she said.

"Yes. Only—" Anne sighed. "I don't love Bernard, that's all!"

"Anne!"

"Don't look so shocked, Peggy. I'd forgotten what a kid you are. I like him—he has pots of money—far more than Pop has—and we shall be able to travel all over the world, and have lovely things. And the parents are so pleased about it. It's *sure* to be a success," said Anne, as if trying to convince herself. "Of course, Bernard's rather old, and has fixed ideas. He'll have to choose everything always, because he says my taste is crude—"

"He sounds frightful," said Peggy, appalled. "He sounds as if he'd be fat and bald, and talk about food all the time."

"Pop has no right to talk about him to you!" Anne said wrathfully.

"He didn't! Your father hasn't said a word! It's what you said. Oh, Anne, don't marry him!"

"Really, Peggy, I fail to see—" Anne was trying to be frigid, but she could not keep it up. "I must marry somebody," she pointed out. "I



can't live like this for the rest of my life. And it's so—suitable. He's one of Pop's business associates, you see, and they both think it's a marvellous idea. Keeping the money in the firm, or something." She yawned. "I don't understand that part of it. I hate thinking about money—I just like spending it. I'd die rather than marry a poor man!"

"It would depend on the poor man, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, naturally. But to be poor and bullied—!" Anne's cheeks were flushed. "While we're on the subject," she said quietly, "I may as well tell you that before my accident I was engaged to Stephen."

This piece of information did not surprise Peggy at all. It fell neatly into place, like the last fragment of a jigsaw puzzle.

"And he's a bully?" she asked. "He would be," Anne said darkly, "if anyone gave him the chance. Oh,

well! All the same in a hundred years' time!"

*To be continued*

## THE ARK AND ARARAT.

*Continued from page 59.*

Former residents in Egypt will remember Sir William Willcocks, the great irrigation engineer, who projected and designed the Assuan Dam and the irrigation of Mesopotamia. A lifetime in Iraq and Egypt in the course of his duties enabled him to study on the spot every passage in the Bible concerned with irrigation and irrigated countries. Added to that, he was a fluent Arabic scholar, with a profound knowledge of the peoples with whom he worked and lived. He would tender, as an explanation of the Mount Ararat conception, that settlers from the deserts of Ararat after Noah's time had carried the name

with them when they migrated into Armenia. "Mount Ararat," he would say, "could no more have been the Ararat where the ark rested, than New York be York."

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**M**Y Father, hear my prayer  
Before I go to rest,  
It is Thy little child  
That cometh to be blest.

Forgive me all my sins,  
And let me sleep this night  
In safety and in peace  
Until the morning light.

Lord, help me every day  
To love Thee more and more;  
To try to do Thy will  
Much better than before.

Now look upon me, Lord,  
Ere I lie down to rest;  
It is Thy little child  
That cometh to be blest.

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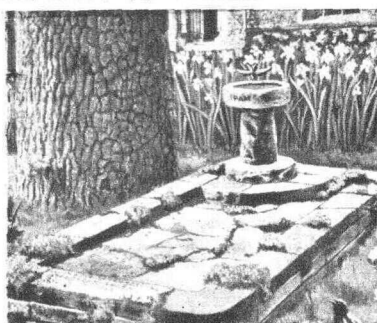
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A Social Evening was held on July 27th as a breaking up party as the Club will be closed down during the whole of August. We hope that all our members will enjoy their holidays.

Notice will be given of the re-opening, and it is hoped that we shall see new faces next session.

All are welcome to join our ranks—our aims and ideals are quite simple, i.e., "To enjoy the fellowship of each other; to endeavour to live Godly lives in obedience to the teaching of our Lord, and to set forth the St. John's young people as an example to those with whom we come in contact."

R.A.B.

## SUNDAY SERVICES IN AUGUST

AFTER Sunday, August 6th, the 10 a.m. Communion Service will be a said Service. On Sunday, August 20th, there will not be a Choral Communion at 11 a.m., but there will be a said Communion Service at 10 a.m. On this Sunday—the 20th, representatives of the Choral Society will be joining gentlemen of the Choir to lead the singing. The question of Choral Communion at 10 a.m. each Sunday will be reviewed when the new Choirmaster and Organist take over.

## HOLY BAPTISM

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

- June 25.—Lynne Burnett, 47 Bransford Road.  
 July 2.—Brenda Marguerite Green, 8 Bromwich Lane.  
 " 2.—Hilary Elaine Hemming, 54 Britannia Square.  
 " 2.—Martin Leonard Byng, 23 Little Boughton St.  
 " 2.—Christine Perks, 31 Oldbury Close, Oldbury Rd.  
 " 9.—Robert Edward Florser, 61 Foley Road.  
 " 9.—Brian William North, 74 Margaret Road.  
 " 16.—Cheryll Marion Buck, 15 Woodstock Road.  
 " 23.—Colin Thomas Reynolds, 22 Windsor Avenue.  
 " 23.—Pauline Phyllis Sheen, 29 Blenheim Road.  
 " 23.—Hilary Jackson, 19 Henwick Avenue.  
 " 23.—Victor Robinson, 70 Bransford Road.

## HOLY MATRIMONY

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

- July 1.—Dennis William Bozward and Hilda Iris Brooks.  
 " 8.—Maurice Charles Dodsley and Beryl Vera Christian.  
 " 8.—Jack Victor Freeman and Hilda Clara Parsons.  
 " 15.—Ronald Perry and Olive Joan Davis.  
 " 15.—Kenneth Lindsey Albert Smith and Doreen Betty Mister.  
 " 15.—George Thomas Allport and Irene Phyllis Matthews.  
 " 22.—Cecil Frederick Bulgin and Edna Mary Crampton.

## CHRISTIAN BURIAL

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

- June 27.—Nellie Hudson, 56 years, 58 Malvern Road.  
 July 3.—Albert Edward Drake, 74 years, 80 Severn St.  
 " 3.—Lillie Agnes Cooper, 75 years, 71 Comer Rd.  
 " 6.—Arthur Walter Buckham, 53 years, 25 Bromwich Road.  
 " 10.—Jessie Martin, 64 years, 20 Georgina Avenue.  
 " 10.—Caroline Florence Hall, 74 years, 26 Knight Street.  
 " 13.—Ernest Adcocks, 69 years, back of 31 Bransford Road.  
 " 18.—Graham William Watkins, 5 years, 56 Windsor Avenue.  
 " 21.—Frederick Arthur Millward, 76 years, 123 Bromyard Road.  
 " 24.—Caroline Phoebe Franklin, 80 years, 42 Windsor Avenue.  
 " 25.—Edith May Cullen, 61 years, Sherwood Cottage, Lower Wick.  
 " 26.—Frederick William Cook, 83 years, 8 Stanmore Road, Hanbury Park.

## IN MEMORIAM

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

- Aug. 26, 1946.—Alice Agnes Tranter, aged 77 years.  
 " 27, 1940.—Anthony (Tony) Allen.  
 " 30, 1949.—Ethel Grace Thayer. In affectionate Remembrance. We shall meet again.

## CHURCH COLLECTIONS

|         |     |     |     |    |    |    |
|---------|-----|-----|-----|----|----|----|
| June 25 | ... | ... | ... | £9 | 2  | 8  |
| July 2  | ... | ... | ... | £9 | 16 | 2  |
| July 9  | ... | ... | ... | £8 | 4  | 11 |
| July 16 | ... | ... | ... | £8 | 18 | 0  |
| July 23 | ... | ... | ... | £7 | 16 | 1  |

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

The contributions for the last four weeks amount to £1 8s. 2d., as follows:

| No. | s. | d. | No. | s. | d. | No. | s. | d. | No. | s. | d. |
|-----|----|----|-----|----|----|-----|----|----|-----|----|----|
| 2   | 2  | 0  | 16  | 1  | 0  | 32  | 2  | 0  | 51  | 1  | 0  |
| 3   | 2  | 0  | 18  | 1  | 0  | 37  | 1  | 0  | 55  | 2  | 0  |
| 5   | 6  | 0  | 19  | 4  | 0  | 43  | 1  | 0  | 59  | 2  | 0  |
| 8   | 2  | 6  | 21  |    | 8  |     |    |    |     |    |    |

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