



St. John-in-Bedwardine  
Worcester

*News Letter*

NOVEMBER 1950

Price 3<sup>d</sup>.



# 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,  
November, 1950.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I have just returned to my study after the Anniversary Service. I feel inspired. I am so happy. I give thanks for the truly loyal response to my invitation to join in His Service of Praise and Thanksgiving and Dedication. Now that the Service is over, it is my first duty and pleasure to write a further personal message to you.

I felt a positive thrill as I stood at the West End, and watched my many friends pouring into the Church. Everyone was smiling and happy. I saw many hundreds of men, women and children. The first arrivals made their entry very soon after 5 p.m., and by 6.15 p.m. our friends were finding considerable difficulty in finding a seat *anywhere* in the Church.

There was a distinct air of expectancy as the Cross-Bearer emerged from the Vestry followed by a full choir of Boys, Men and Servers. Yes, we were all there. The opening chords of the organ summoned us to stand up and raise our voices to the utmost in that great hymn—"Onward, Christian Soldiers," the hymn that so clearly 'rang in' the opening of a new year in my work as your Vicar and your friend. The hymn ended—Sister (much to my surprise) stepped forward and gave the warm-hearted message of the Parish—the message which surely lay in the hearts of all present. This touched me so much and I am grateful for all that was said in words of such simplicity and sincerity. We then proceeded with the Service.

The singing of that grand Psalm—No. 90, and the hymns was superb. It was, in truth, a family Service. The presence of representatives of the Boys and Girls School and their Greetings conveyed in beautiful hymns was a special feature of the Service and was appreciated by us all. After the third collect, presentation of a mace was made to Mr. W. H. Thomas, our faithful and much beloved Parish Clerk. Prior to my Institution and Induction to St. John's, I had a welcome opportunity to talk over several Parochial questions with the Churchwardens. One point stands out very clearly in my mind. Mr. Smith and Mr. Higgins emphasised the value of the services of our Parish Clerk. Mr. Thomas is of immense help to the Parish in general as well as to me in particular. He is a grand fellow and a true gentleman. It surely behoves those of us who are younger to emulate his spirit of Christian devotion and faithfulness.

Later in the Service, our Choir Master, Mr. Llechid Williams, and Mrs. Godwin sang solos and a duet. This was a magnificent contribution to the Service. I often feel that a good and suitable piece of Drama or Choral work can be an invaluable instrument of evangelism. The fine rendering of musical works by these accomplished singers certainly conveyed a message to us. As someone remarked on leaving the Church—"Verily and indeed God is in this place." There followed the sermon by the Archdeacon of Dudley, Dr. A. P. Shepherd. I spent five very happy years as the Archdeacon's curate and naturally it was my wish that he should come to us on this great occasion. Dr. Shepherd struck a firm and helpful note when he said that though we were so grateful for these last two years and all that they have meant to each one of us—yet we must now look forward and build on. Yes—Onward, Christian Soldiers was the theme throughout the Service. I feel with a sense of extreme intensity that we are on the verge of stupendous developments in the life of the Parish. More than ever before in the history of this Parish, the Church has become the hub of the daily round. This places a tremendous responsibility on the shoulders of those at the centre—the Churchpeople of St. John's.

The Future rests with us under the guidance of God's Holy Spirit.

Nothing is impossible with God, and, relying upon Him we shall transcend all that has been done already

and *March Forward*—advancing continually in His service and ever seeking to share with others the joy of Fellowship with God and with each other through Him.

*Yours sincerely,*  
*John Hunt.*

#### FLOWERS ON THE HIGH ALTAR

- Nov. 5.—Mrs. Baynton, 7 Winchester Avenue.  
" 12.—Miss Davis, 22 Coventry Avenue.  
" 19.—Mrs. Roy Elt, The Chimes, Malvern Road.  
" 26.—Day School Festival: The Scholars.  
MARGARET E. LANCEY, *Hon. Sec.*  
103 Bransford Road.

#### REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY

NOVEMBER 12TH

THE Services will be as follows:

- 8 Holy Communion.  
10 Holy Communion.  
11 Matins. Preacher: The Reverend C. H. Carver.  
12.15 Holy Communion.  
6.30 Evensong. Preacher: The Reverend Maurice

Dean, Director of Religious Broadcasting.  
You will notice that there will be Holy Communion at 12.15 as well as at 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. The Worcester Branch of the British Legion will attend the Service at 6.30 p.m.

#### IMPORTANT DATES

##### NOVEMBER

1. ALL SAINTS' DAY.  
Holy Communion at 7.30 a.m.  
Dramatic Society Production at 7.30 p.m.
2. COMMEMORATION OF ALL SOULS.  
Holy Communion at 10.30 a.m.  
Dramatic Society Production at 7.30 p.m.
4. Children's Fancy Dress Parade. 3 p.m.  
Carnival Dance at Christopher Whitehead, 7.30 p.m.
5. TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
7. Drama—Youth Group and Girls' Club at Boys' School.
8. Drama—Youth Group and Girls' Club at Boys' School.
9. Grand Whist Drive, Boys' School.
11. Choral and Orchestral Concert at 7.30 p.m. in Christopher Whitehead Hall.
12. TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.  
*Remembrance Sunday.*  
6.30 p.m., British Legion Parade.
14. St. John's Church Sports Club Dance at Guildhall, 8 p.m.
15. Parish Hall Committee in Vicarage at 7.30 p.m.
16. British Legion Whist Drive, Boys' School at 7.30 p.m.
19. TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
22. S.P.G. Sale of Work.  
8 p.m., Social Committee in Boy's School.
25. St. John's Church Cricket Section, Social Gathering.
26. SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE ADVENT.  
*Day Schools' Festival.*  
6.30 p.m. Preacher: The Very Reverend, The Dean of Worcester.
30. *Saint Andrew, Apostle.*  
7.30 a.m., Holy Communion.

#### THE INAUGURAL SERVICE OF THE BISHOP'S MISSION IN THIS PARISH

SOME years ago, our Missioner, the Reverend W. Haydn Rees, who was at that time Canon Missioner of Llandaff wrote these words:—"Missions and Crusades take place whenever there are a sufficient number of people who are 'interested' in their Faith."

The word "interested" is quite important for it holds the key to the secret of our progress in this Parish during the last two years.

Here in St. John's we have clearly demonstrated that we are interested in the Christian Faith,—Yea more,—we are concerned and even involved in the task of presenting the true picture of Jesus to those who have forgotten Him—or have never known Him at all. This Missionary Spirit, demonstrated by our Church members of all ages, has led to a tremendous increase in our congregation, each week bringing new faces.

This has been going on steadily and quietly for two years.

On October 15th the magnitude of this missionary enterprise became obvious to all who attended the great service, both in Church and in the open air.

During this great demonstration of our Faith one could not fail to be conscious of the tremendous driving force represented by hundreds upon hundreds of Christians who are proud to be called Workers for Christ. Without you all nothing could have been achieved.

Casual passers-by and those who perhaps were attending at St. John's for the first time could not fail to be impressed, not only by the occasion, but by the cause which gave rise to such a demonstration.

Open witness to our Faith must always be a vital duty of those who share in the fellowship of the Church, and we in St. John's are coming to feel more and more that what we have found as followers of Jesus must be shared by those people in our Parish who are as yet outside our ranks.

The greatness of our opportunity must surely be clear to everyone. Already, and as a direct result of our demonstration, people are coming forward to ask what part they can play in the grand offensive;—whilst others, conscious of their neglect of the things that be of God have confessed that their souls were stirred with the desire to enter once again into the Courts of the Lord and to take upon themselves the responsibilities of Sonship.

What an opportunity is ours then—what a privilege.

Some words of that great prophet, Archbishop William Temple, make clear what many of us feel as we stand on the threshold of this great venture.

"As we look out into the future," he said, "we seem to see a vast army drawn from every nation under heaven, from every social class, from every section of Christ's Church, all pledged to one thing and to one thing only—the establishment of Christ's Kingdom on earth by His method of sacrifice and the application of His principle of brotherhood to every phase of life. And as we labour, there takes shape a world much like our own, and yet how different! Still City and Country life with all their manifold pursuits, but no leading into captivity and no complaining in our streets. Still sorrow, but no bitterness; still failure, but no oppression; still richer and poorer, but no thoughtless luxury, no grinding destitution; still priest and people, yet both alike unitedly presenting before the eternal Father the one unceasing sacrifice of their own lives; still Church and world, yet both together celebrating the one Divine Service, which is the service of mankind.

"And in the climax of a vision, *which if we are faithful* shall be prophecy, what is it that has happened? The Kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our God and of His Christ."

What a glorious vision—and in that vast army are the men and women of St. John's—all who witnessed to their Faith on that memorable night of October 15th, 1950—and all those who will join our ranks as a result of our zeal and effort.

The efforts of our loyal and regular congregation together with the unstinted co-operation of the Boys and Girls of the Christopher Whitehead School and the Band of the British Legion, who have been so good to us on so many occasions, gave us a picture of what can and shall be—for at that service "Young men and maidens, Old men and Children" praised God—and made others praise Him too.

This Bishop of Worcester, in his book "The Missionary Church", has pointed out that—"from many sides, and with great insistence comes the Challenge to the Church to show reason why it should exist at all, equally urgent,

therefore, should be the call to Christian people everywhere to accept that challenge boldly and fearlessly."

We in St. John's have accepted the Challenge.

C.H.C.

## THE WISDOM OF ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE

### *On the Holy Communion*

In the Eucharist, above all, we find our unity with Christ, and with one another in Him. All the symbolism in the Service insists on this. There we kneel side by side in virtue of our common discipleship. Differences of rank, wealth, learning, intelligence, nationality, race, all disappear. We, being many, are one.

We receive the food which has, by its consecration, become for us the Body and Blood of the Lord, so that it may build us up into His Body the Church, and that we may carry out His purpose.

It is not the movement of our bodies up the Chancel, it is the movement of our attention from selfish or worldly aims to the purpose of God and Christ, it is our ascension in heart and mind to the heaven which is ever about us, which gives the Eucharist its significance.

"Here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee."

When you can say that, with nothing held back and with nothing forgotten, then you will receive the gift of the life of Christ with all its fullness and will say with St. Paul, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Until we can say that, and say it truly, we must no one of us be content.

The Eucharist is the family meal, where the Children gather round the Table to receive what the Father gives them. And what He gives, through Jesus, is His own nature; in other words, His Love.

But if we receive Love we become more loving; we become more closely united with our fellow men.

"If a man say that he love God and hateth his brother, he is a liar."

If a man say that he has received the Body and Blood of the Lord, and is void of love to other men, he is a liar.

If we are in fellowship with God we are by that very fact in fellowship with one another.

If we are envious, if we bear hatred or malice, if we are snobbish or exclusive, we are not in fellowship with God.

## CHURCH OF ENGLAND CHILDREN'S SOCIETY

### *St. John's Representative Presents Purse to H.R.H. the Princess Elizabeth*

ONE of the items in the concert to be given by the Choral Society on November 11th, is a part song called "London Town", and I little thought, when we first started rehearsals that I should soon be going to London on a very exciting mission.

Collectors of £5 and over for the Church of England Children's Society were invited to present their collections personally to Her Royal Highness The Princess Elizabeth, on October 23rd, and as Parochial Secretary of this splendid movement, I was thrilled to accept this invitation.

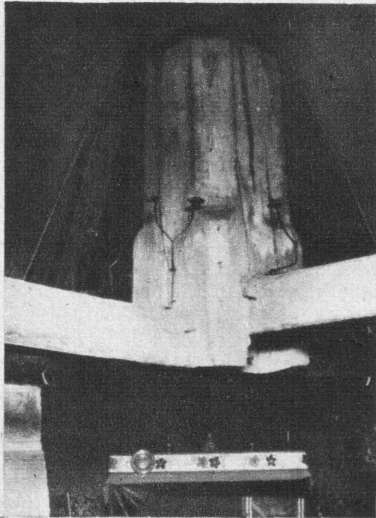
On Monday, October 23rd, therefore, I travelled to London, arriving at 11.45 a.m. After lunch, I made my way to Central Hall, Westminster, where the presentations were to be made. In the great Hall, 3,700 adults and children were assembled from all parts of the country. A short service was held before the arrival of Her Royal Highness, at 3.30 p.m. The advent of The Princess was the signal for the National Anthem, followed by tumultuous applause. She looked very attractive, as usual, in a wire two-piece suit, wearing a velvet hat of the same shade.

The children, carrying their respective banners, presented their purses, and curtsied, and were followed by the adult purse holders.



# CHURCH PICTURE PAGE

NOVEMBER, 1950



## What is it?

**T**HE answer is: The great central post of a windmill, the only windmill which is in use as a church. It stands on Reigate Heath, seats forty people, and has been so used since 1880. It was in action as a mill in 1869. This year it is being repaired, thanks to action by the Society for Protection of Ancient Buildings.—J. D. U. WARD.

## St. Bernard.

**O**VER this doorway of the church in the village of Saas Grund in the beautiful Saas valley in Switzerland is this picture of St. Bernard, the mountaineer in his climbing kit, and the St. Bernard dog. The picture is in tones of brown and even from my small photograph the beauty of the original can be gathered.—Miss E. M. PRIET.



The Mountaineer's Saint

## Blew and Sang at Nine.

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

## The Ideal Wife.

**I**N the churchyards of St. Mary and St. Cuthbert, Workson, there is a tombstone bearing in queer spelling this Inscription: "Hear lyeth the body of Alce, wife of Francis Richardson, who departed this life, Jan. 25, 1748, aged 37: Behold this grave, it doth embrace a virtuous wife, with Rachel's comely face, Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open hart, Martha's care and Mary's better part."—H. F. WALLIS.

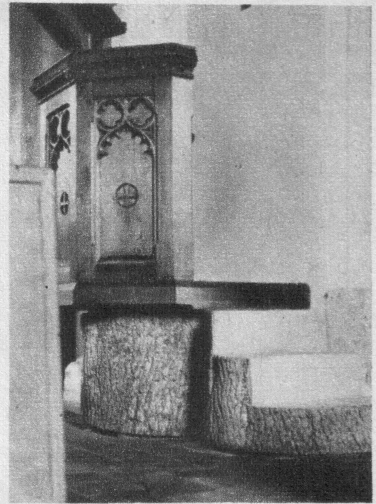
## 1,500 Feet High!

**L**AST year the Rev. G. S. Hewins claimed that the Church of Flash, N. Staffordshire, is the highest (1,300 feet) above sea level in England. Wales can go one better. The Parish Church of Colva, up in the Radnorshire hills, is 1,500 feet above sea level—the highest in Wales.—THE REV. A. REED.

## "For All Ages."

**H**INGHAM Church, Norfolk, contains a unique memorial, the bronze bust of an American President, Abraham Lincoln. Its inscription explains: "In this parish for many generations lived the Lincolns, ancestors of the American Abraham Lincoln. To him, greatest of that lineage, many citizens of the United States have erected this memorial in the hope that, for all ages, between that land and this land, and all lands, there shall be malice toward none with charity for all."

Close ties still exist between the Norfolk Hingham and its sister town, Hingham, U.S.A.—R. W. GRAVES.



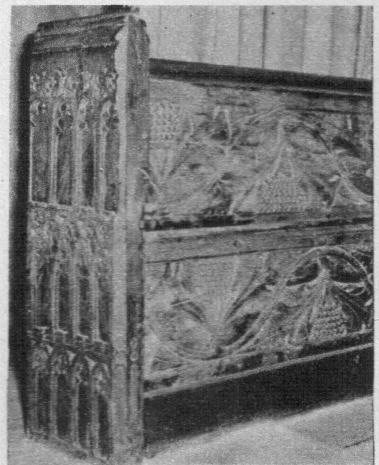
## Stands on a Trunk.

**O**N entering the church of Bilsby, Lincolnshire, one is immediately impressed with the rude simplicity of the pulpit, supported as it is on a portion of tree trunk. The steps up to it are also ingeniously cut out of another piece of tree trunk as shown in the accompanying photograph.—R. F. WELLS.

## A Pilgrim Father's Pew?

**T**HIS is a photograph of the famous Brewster pew in the church at Scrooby, Notts. William Brewster worshipped in this church and became a Pilgrim Father, but it is not certain if the pew was actually his. It is known that the vine and grape carvings which the photograph shows were actually part of the chancel screen in about the year 1500. The traceried bench-end is fifteenth century work.—E. RICHARDSON.

\* \* 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.



A Pilgrim Father's Pew?





St. David's Cathedral

# ANCIENT and MODERN

St. David's and  
Truro Cathedrals

By

J. D. U. Ward

**T**HE counties of Pembroke and Cornwall have been compared times without number: the one is "little England beyond Wales" and the other is "Corner (of) Wales." But though the coasts and countryside of these most beautiful extremities have much in common, a visitor cannot help noticing the great contrasts between the two counties' Cathedral cities. This despite the fact that both are the most westerly (the one in the Principality of Wales and the other in the Kingdom of England) and Truro is the "runner up" to St. David's for the distinction of being the smallest in its country.

Scarcely anyone mentions St. David's, whether in print or in a letter, without referring to it as the village city. The population of the place is under 2,000 and often there is not a single car, stationary or moving, to be seen in the city's main street. Thus St. David's seems to slumber happily. Not so long ago one of its chief diversions was provided by an old tradesman who would, from time to time, set up some wooden steps near the city cross and then, having perched himself on the top, proceed to read in a loud voice a list of those customers who were in his debt, and how much they owed him.

Truro, with about 11,000 inhabitants, would indignantly and with some justice reject such an appellation as "village city." Less than ten years ago I overheard a lady who was shopping in Truro say to her companion, "I declare this place grows more like London every day!" Half an hour later another lady announced within my hearing, "I am going to the opera to-night." Reference to hoardings showed that the opera was a musical comedy produced by the local amateur operatic and dramatic society, but the splendour of the announcement, "I am going to the opera to-night" was scarcely dimmed.

While the people of St. David's and the surrounding country have to traverse sixteen miles (famous for having seventeen hills) to find a good shopping centre, Truro is itself a

market town and cars and buses are so numerous that there is nearly always one and often two traffic "cops" on duty in the main thoroughfare. Sometimes, too, one may see a sandwich man walking with the dismal mien of his kind through the streets of Truro.

But perhaps the greatest contrasts are to be found in the two cathedrals. The cathedral of St. David, with its grey and violet tinted stone, is over 700 years old. The cathedral at Truro is not yet 70 years old. At St. David's there is a great square tower with little ornament: even the bells formerly hung there have been moved to the gatehouse, lest their weight should overstrain the fabric. At Truro there is a spire with lesser spires—one the bright blue-green of weather-exposed copper.

Within, St. David's looks splendidly old: one wooden roof is enriched with carved pendants and another sparkles with red and blue and gold. Yet the choir is darkened by the tremendous (and beautiful) stone screen which separates it from the nave. At Truro there are vaulted roofs of stone—the cathedral is in the Early English style—and though there was evidently some intention partially and lightly to separate the choir from the nave, the screen was never built, and the reredos may be admired even from the western doors.

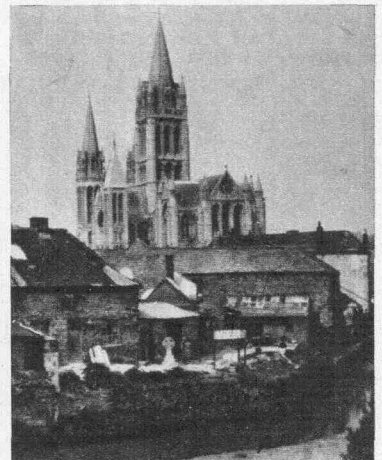
While St. David's Cathedral nestles in a verdant hollow, and black Welsh cattle graze to the very walls of the precincts, Truro Cathedral is so tightly wedged among houses that photographs can only be taken from a distance. There is no smallest patch of lawn: the narrowest of pavements separates the walls of the cathedral itself from the street. So limited was the available space that the architect who built this one great Victorian cathedral had not only to incorporate the south aisle of the ancient parish church (the rest of which was demolished) as part of the new building, but also to set some of his new aisles at a slight angle, so that they point inwards when viewed from the west to the east.

In days gone by, two pilgrimages to the Cathedral of St. David ranked as the equal of one to Rome, and three pilgrimages as the equal of one to Jerusalem itself! The superb ruins of the bishop's palace—perhaps the finest ruins in Wales—certainly the rose window is among the most perfect in Britain—remain just southwest of the cathedral as a reminder of former magnificence and importance. Lis Escop, the palace of Truro's bishop, is not where the precincts might have been but a full mile away upon the hill overlooking the city and the Cathedral's spires. It is, in fact, the unusually commodious old vicarage of the parish of Kenwyn: here John Wesley once stayed, and the appreciative reference in his diary first led the ecclesiastical authorities to regard the house as a possible bishop's palace.

In one respect the cathedrals of St. David's and Truro resemble each other: they share the odd tradition of our island that its cathedrals shall not be visible to mariners at sea. Though waves break upon a beach within one mile of St. David's, no voyager can gain a glimpse of the square tower. And though Truro is no great distance from the coast and sea-going vessels come into the city, even the tip of its spire is invisible from the sea. Of our ancient cathedrals, Chichester was the only exception to this rule, but now Portsmouth and Liverpool cathedrals can both be descried from the decks of ships at sea.

## Penny a Look.

**T**HE Rev. E. H. Knell, Vicar of Christ Church, Reading, in an appeal for 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 represented 252 looks.



Truro Cathedral



# STRANGE QUESTIONS

By

The Padre

Q.: If a man could make his own Heaven, what would it be like?

A.: It is told of Archbishop Frederick Temple, the somewhat rugged Primate who was father to the William Temple of our own recent times, that once a rather gushing lady said to him something like this: "Oh, Archbishop, my sister who was going abroad, having booked her passage on a certain ship, cancelled it at the last moment. On its voyage the ship was sunk. Wasn't that a miracle?"

"Madam," Temple replied, "I cannot say. I didn't know your sister."

I feel somewhat similarly about this question. I don't know the man you're thinking of, and therefore I cannot guess what kind of Heaven he would invent for himself.

But notice, that is not a trivial point. On the contrary, it is a very important one. Centuries of thinkers have dwelt upon the question: "What is Heaven like?" And almost all their answers have suffered from the same defect: their imaginings have been conditioned by their own needs.

What do I mean? Well, put it this way: if you were a Bedouin Arab, living perpetually a hard life among desert thirst, what would you put first of all in your imagined Heaven? Water. Exactly! Cool fountains of it, and shade, and endless time to take it easy. Now if you have a chance to look at descriptions of Paradise in the Mohammedan Koran, you will actually find such things, and for the reason I have suggested. And why is the old Norsemen's Valhalla as depicted in their poetry rather like, as someone wittily put it, "a rowdy regimental guest night," a place full of warriors boasting of their exploits? Because that is precisely what the Norsemen liked doing: being warriors, and talking about it afterwards.

You see, it is a very human trait to picture the ideal as a place where we shall get what we want. "It would be Heaven"; the very phrase was used to me only the other day by a couple who had been waiting years for a house. Their "Heaven" was where there would be a home fitted with all modern conveniences. And I shall always remember an old lady, who had brought up a big family, making the unexpected, unconsciously



Photo by

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

## The Sun Breaks Through

gallant remark, when the doctors had gently told her she was booked for the other side: "No more getting meals ready *there*, at any rate."

It is easy to smile at these fancies; but not necessarily wise. After all, whence should we draw our pictures of Heaven, but from our own earthly experiences?

That is not just a rhetorical question. There is an answer to it. Moreover, it is the Christian answer, pointed to over the ages by saints and men of God who have dealt with spiritual truth at a far higher level than is granted to us. Heaven is where God is. To be in Heaven is to be near Him. There is a hymn which gets fairly close to it:

"Lead us to Heaven that we may share

Fulness of joy for ever there;  
Lead us to God our final rest,  
To be with Him for ever blest."

Not many of us, perhaps, would picture Heaven in exactly those colours. But that is because we cannot easily rise to the level of such a mystical conception. Yet, of course, it is the true one. It is even a logical deduction from the teachings of our faith. For if God is Father of all, Creator of all, the source of love and power, what more heavenly place could there be than just somewhere near Him? So, as I say, the Christian conception of Heaven, on a much higher plane than any eastern Paradise or northern Valhalla, is as the dwelling place of God.

Even then we need to use picture language to give the conception form and substance. This is a necessity some people never seem able to grasp. I have heard even an educated man—a bitter opponent of our faith—claim that "the Church teaches about heavenly crowns and harps as a way of distracting attention from the realities of the present."

Did you ever hear such drivel? The fact is, of course, that all the celestial furniture of the imagination:

the clouds, the crowns, the golden floors, are picture-language; the language of poetry vesting with colour the highest and rarest of religious truths. For instance, to quote another hymn, what in terms of cold fact are we supposed to make of this:

"... all the Saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns  
around the glassy sea?"

The answer is that we are not supposed to deal with it as a slab of cold fact at all. The cynical critic I have mentioned would probably want to know where the glassy sea was, and where the saints got their crowns from! But only the blindest ignorance of the necessities of the human mind could ask such questions. For one of these necessities is, such are our earth-bound limitations, that we just have to colour our ideas of Heaven with the kind of colours we enjoy. And on a more everyday level we even go so far, though very understandably, to dream of it as the place where, if we deserve it, we shall at long last get some of the things we've always wanted.

So, as I say, I think the answer to your question of what sort of a Heaven a man would make, if he could, is: It depends on the man!

## WHEN JESUS WALKED BY GALILEE

When Jesus walked by Galilee  
He called the fishers three;  
Among the ships, above the winds  
He cried: 'Come unto Me.'

\* \* \*

They heard His voice across the waves;  
They harkened to His word,  
And straightway all forsook and then  
They followed their dear Lord.

\* \* \*

When Jesus walked by Galilee  
O all the seas should know  
His call crossed every tide and time  
Wherever men might go.

\* \* \*

His voice now speaks to every soul  
By every shore and sea,  
And still men find and follow Him  
As once by Galilee.

PADRAIG O'HORAN

## Floating Churches.

ALONG the Parana River in the Argentine, seventy-five thousand scattered settlers have no churches on land, but a fleet of seven floating churches pass up and down the river, calling at all places where there are sufficient people to form a congregation. Except for the wheelhouse, the entire superstructure of each boat is a church complete with a steeple containing a bell.





Mrs. Alexander  
From a painting in the Chapter House,  
Derry Cathedral

## THE QUEEN OF HYMN WRITERS

By E. W. Martin

**W**HEN that great French composer of oratorios and church music, Gounod, undertook to set to music Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander's hymn, "There is a green hill far away," he declared that the magic of the words seemed to make his task unnecessary. There is an almost indefinable quality and appeal about some hymns which mark them out as certain to become "classics." They stand the test of time; weather all the storms of comment and criticism, and come into daily use to deepen faith or gladden worship.

In her long and dedicated life, Mrs. Alexander was to write many such hymns that were to make themselves an indispensable part of Christian thanksgiving. Her maiden name was Humphreys and she was born in County Wicklow, Ireland, in 1818, the daughter of a major in the Marines named John Humphreys. Her abilities began to show themselves early. When no more than nine years of age she set out to study history, to write verses commemorating such historical occasions as the death of Lord Nelson and the terrible massacre of Glencoe.

In 1846 Miss Humphreys published her first separate book of verses, entitled *Verses for Holy Seasons*; but this was over-shadowed two years later when there appeared what was undoubtedly her most popular book—*Hymns for Little Children*. This book, which reached its sixty-ninth edition by 1896, contained a preface by the English poet and divine, John Keble, author of *The Christian Year*.

On October 15, 1850, Miss Humphreys was married to the Rev. William Alexander, then Rector of the parish of Termonamangan in County Tyrone. Five years later he moved to Upper Fahan on Lough Swilly and in 1867 was created Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, an office which he held until he became Archbishop of Armagh in the year following his wife's death in 1895.

Besides the notable hymn "There is a green hill far away," Mrs. Alexander composed, among many others, such hymns as "Once in Royal David's City," "Jesus calls us o'er the tumult," "When wounded sore the stricken soul," "We are but little children weak" and "All things bright and beautiful." It has been pointed out that not only was this lady a hymnologist, she also wrote a great deal of musical verse.

During the greater part of her life, Mrs. Alexander spent much time in social and charitable work and her labours in this field were distinguished because she possessed a capacity for seeing round the corners of troubles that were not her own. Like most religious poets and writers, Mrs. Alexander found that her religious purpose gave a meaning and unity to all she wrote. Her output as poet, hymnologist and miscellaneous writer can be divided into two parts. First of all she was anxious to influence those who wanted to deepen their religious experience; and she also desired to introduce children to the world of beauty and dreams that had blessed her own childhood.

Mrs. Alexander died on October 12, 1895, at the Bishop's palace in Londonderry and was buried in the cemetery in that city. Her husband prepared in the following year a collected edition of her poems as a tribute and memorial, but those hymns, sung in churches all over the world, will serve as the only memorial she would have sought.



Photo by the Rev. S. A. Cave  
Memorial Window to Mrs. Alexander in  
Derry Cathedral, illustrating three of her  
famous hymns

## The Coat of Courage

By Philip J. Randall



**W**HENEVER Robert Pearman, chief clerk at Bibrock Airport, hears the Old Testament story of the first meeting of Elijah and Elisha, he invariably thinks of "Rabbit" Warren.

Rabbit had been general handyman at the airport for years. His nickname was apt. Some of the younger men used to chaff this mild-mannered, middle-aged handyman, but Rabbit never showed resentment. He merely went about his work, continuing to be all things to all men, in his own quiet way.

But even Rabbit Warren had his human vanities. Robert Pearman discovered that fact when he once caught him in an unguarded moment.

Robert had gone to the crew-room on official business. The man he wanted to see was not there. The only person in the room was Rabbit. He was supposed to be sweeping up, but he had suspended operations. As Robert entered, Rabbit was turning slowly before a mirror, intent on admiring the flying jacket he was wearing.

"Hullo, Rabbit. Don't tell me that you are going flying," Robert laughed.

"Not likely, sir. I like to have both feet on the ground, as the Good Lord intended," Rabbit replied with a shy smile.

"Mr. Smithson gave me this jacket," he added proudly.

Robert could see that the man was obviously very conscious of the fact that his jacket had once belonged to a flyer who had been a famous ace during the war.

Robert forgot the incident in the excitement that followed immediately afterwards. As he left the crew-room he looked skywards. Aircraft were flitting about like so many dragonflies among the bulrushes.

"That was a near thing," ejaculated a bystander.

Something was obviously wrong with the aircraft which, in taking off, had scarcely cleared one of the hangars. Robert watched the craft trying to gain height. It seemed to twist round sharply, at an unnatural angle. One mainplane pointed earthwards for a brief moment and then the aircraft began to fall. The tip of its starboard wing struck the ground first. Then the rest of the machine crumpled on top of it—its tail planes pointing pathetically to the sky.

The ambulance and fire-tender came clanging across the airfield. Robert joined in the rush towards the crash.

Before the foremost runner was

(Continued on page 88)



## Weekday Hints for

### Monday's Washing.

**Two Wrinkles.**—(1) You will prevent disappointing and out-of-shape results by ironing all garments cut on the cross the way of the threads, and *not* straight up and down.

(2) When net curtains are old they are easily torn in the wash. To prevent this wash and rinse them in a muslin bag or thin pillow slip as this saves direct handling.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

**Linen Glaze.**—Dissolve 1 oz. of Gum Tragacanth (which you can get at the chemist's) in  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of boiling water. Bottle and use 1 dessertspoonful to every  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of starch you make, and when ironing your tablecloths, etc., they will have that nice glossy appearance which the laundry obtains.—MRS. R. HAWKINS.

**Instead of a blue-bag,** dissolve a crushed cube of blue in a small bottle of water. Keep corked and shake before using. Put as many drops into the rinsing water as will give the colour desired. This avoids the use of a messy dripping blue-bag. Especially useful for use in small kitchens or flatlets.—MISS K. VIALON.

**After washing a woollen jumper,** pin it carefully in its correct shape and size on to an old towel. Then peg out the towel on the line. The jumper cannot stretch, or become misshapen, and it dries twice as quickly as by the old method of laying it out flat to dry.—MRS. E. R. NOBLE.

### Tuesday's Sewing.

**Sheets** will go threadbare in time in the middle. Here's a tip for repairing them in a novel way. Cut off tops where the hemstitch gets so worn, and make two sheets out of three. Instead of turning these "side-to-middle" turn them "top to-middle"—that means the join goes across the bed. Guests then do not see the join when getting into bed. We ourselves do not matter!—MRS. STOCKBRIDGE.

**Fluff.**—Recently, whilst knitting a jumper with angora wool I found fluff and hairs from the wool all over my clothes. So if any other readers have this same problem perhaps they would be interested to know that if you wrap the wool in greaseproof paper and place in a refrigerator for 24 hours it will solve the problem.—MISS A. F.

### Wednesday's Nursing.

**Plastic teeth.**—The best way to clean these is to brush them well with bicarbonate of soda and then rinse them well under the tap.—MRS. M. MEADOWS.

**Novel drink.**—Invalids who drink tea without sugar will enjoy a cup of hot tea into which a teaspoonful of Bovril has been mixed. This is better when sweet cakes, fruit, puddings, etc., are not forming part of the meal. Milk, of course, is added as usual.—MISS E. PLATT.

**To cure a sore throat,** place half a teaspoonful of liver salts on the tongue and allow them to effervesce. You will find that your sore throat will disappear.—MISS D. BAKER.

### Thursday's Cooking.

**Cheese pudding.**—Ingredients: 4 ozs. grated cheese, two eggs, salt and pepper, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoonful made mustard, pinch of bicarbonate of soda. Method:



Photo by the Rev. J. J. Lloyd  
The Old Musician's "Home Sweet Home"

Warm milk. Pour over beaten eggs. Add cheese, bicarbonate of soda, pepper, salt and mustard. Pour into greased pie-dish. Sprinkle a little grated cheese on top. Stand in meat pan of water and bake in slow oven for 40-50 minutes.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

**Spell or figure it.**—An elderly lady could not manage to blow out the candles (92) on her cake and another was equally unsuccessful in lighting (89). To counteract this the candles could be put on in lighted figures or letters.—MRS. E. E. WALL.

**Left-overs.**—When putting away "left-overs," store them in containers in which you can re-heat them. Those to be oven-cooked should be placed in oven ware, those to be warmed on top of the range, in glass jars. At serving time re-heat the food by placing jars in cold water and slowly bring the water to boiling point.—MRS. E. M. TAYLOR.



Photo by Mrs. Carding  
The Young Listener "Who's that a-calling?"

## Women with Homes

### Friday's Household.

**Fires in a moment.**—An excellent and almost everlasting fire lighter can be made from a piece of pumice stone attached to a wire and kept standing in a little paraffin. Place the lighter underneath sticks and apply a match. Leave in until the fire is well alight.—MRS. PEATE.

**A bucket** used for holding hot ashes when fires or stoves are cleaned out can be fire-proofed and made to last twice as long if the inside is given a thin coating of cement.—A. CLARKE.

**A lock** which won't work is not necessarily broken. Very often the trouble is only due to corrosion or dirt. In order to get it thoroughly clean and in good working order, first remove the lock from the door. Take it to pieces carefully and remember where all the pieces go so that it can be put together again. Clean all parts thoroughly with an old tooth brush and a rag dipped in paraffin. Brush each part until it is quite free from rust and dirt, then oil with a good machine oil.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

### Saturday's Children.

**Toddler's shoes** need not be thrown away when they become too short. Cut the toe-cap neatly away: this allows the toes to keep straight, and if the shoes are too narrow, open them and thread together with elastic. They can then be worn quite two months longer.—MISS A. SWAIN.

**That blanket.**—Most coloured blankets for baby are made double. I find it a great convenience to open up the stitching of mine about 10 in. centrally on one of the short sides. Baby can then be popped right in it from armpits down, for carrying about a cold house or sitting in p.m. or high chair, and its usefulness as a blanket is not impaired at all.—MRS. R. HODGE.

**Children's plimsolls and sandals** soon become soiled inside. To keep sandals and feet fresh and comfortable, slip a pair of thin cork-boracic insoles into the sandals. These can be removed frequently, scrubbed and dried quickly. For very small shoes it is more economical to buy the largest size in men's insoles, as two small ones can be cut from one large one.—MRS. ROWLATT.

**Child's sleeves,** trouser legs, etc., can quickly and easily be shortened by running a tuck in lining, then press edge of cuff or leg. The tuck is easily undone as child grows.—MRS. PITHOUSE.

**To make baby's hair curly.**—Every day, after the bath, warm a Turkish towel and gently rub all over the head, rubbing the hair upwards. When dry, damp with rosewater, and with the tips of the fingers form tiny curls in an upward direction.—MRS. ASTBURY.

**Baby's nappies.**—If side turnings are run with a narrow tape, they will not fray and will keep their neat appearance.—N. SANDERS.

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



# THE WATCHMAN WAKETH

By Joan Wayne-Brown



SURE enough, Anne was coming down—and coming with more speed than skill. David wondered what would happen if he had another casualty on his hands, but he did not put her off by uttering warnings. He hoisted Peggy up a little farther. If only it were a strong man coming to help them, and not Anne Cleveland—of all people!

But Anne reached them in safety, pale and rather breathless, but quite calm.

"I came out for a walk," she said. "I thought I'd like to look at the cliffs. . . ." She checked herself, and only Peggy knew that she had been about to say, "for the last time." "Lucky, wasn't it?" Anne went on nonchalantly. "Well, David, you're the boss. Tell me how I can be of most use."

It was a new experience for Peggy to be a passenger, in more senses than one, but she felt so cold and sick by this time, and her ankle hurt so fiercely, that she was thankful not to have to think for herself. Between them, Anne and David got her up the low cliff, and when they had all rested for a little while, David picked her up quite easily and carried her, while Anne walked beside them.

When they reached home, they were surprised to see Stephen Stafford's car approaching. Anne's face set like a stone, and she would have vanished into the house if Peggy had not shot out a hand and grasped her sleeve.

"What's all this?" cried the doctor. "I saw you in the distance and couldn't make out what you were up to. Come along, Peggy, we'll take you the rest of the way in the car. There's room for you, too, Anne," he added.

"Oh, all right," she said ungraciously, and got in.

"David!" cried Peggy, as the car slid forward. "Are you going back to the cave?"

He grinned. "What do you think? I'll ring up this evening to find out how you are."

"Well, be careful," Peggy warned him, in an exhausted voice.

"That's good, coming from you!" said Anne. "What happened, anyway? Did he let you fall?"

"David?" Peggy was indignant. "No, I fell myself on the floor of the cave. He was wonderful, much better than a real doctor—Oh, Dr. Stafford, I'm sorry! I didn't mean that."

"Oh, I have a tough hide," he said reassuringly, stopping outside the door. "I'll just ask them to turn back your bed and have the doors open, and then I can take you straight up."

"I'll tell them," Anne offered, and got out of the car. She moved lightly and easily, without a trace of a limp. Peggy saw the astonishment on the doctor's face.

"My dear child! This is dreadful," cried Mrs. Cleveland. "You're as white as a ghost. I'll get her to bed, Dr. Stafford, and then you can see her ankle. Anne! Will you ask Rose to fill that nice new hot water bottle with the fluffy cover?" she cried, all her anger forgotten; and although she fussed in a rather tiresome way, nobody could have been kinder.

"Now you'll soon feel better, Peggy dear. As soon as Dr. Stafford has gone, you shall have some strong sweet tea."

"But, Aunt Sylvia, I never take sugar—"

"You must to-day, dear. You've had a shock," said Mrs. Cleveland, with vague recollections of wartime lectures on First Aid. She buttoned her helpless niece into one of her own cobwebby dressing jackets, murmuring distractedly as she did so, "Strong sweet tea."

Downstairs, Anne was trying to avoid Stephen. She had given the message about the hot water bottle, and now, feeling suddenly very weary, thought she would go and lie down.

But Stephen refused to let her out of his sight.

"Sit down and rest, Anne."

"I'm all right. Only rather tired. And cold," she added, rubbing her hands nervously together. He watched her.

"Have you lost your engagement ring?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes," she said, suddenly tense. Their eyes met.

"Do you mean," he asked deliberately, "that you've lost it for good?"

"Yes, Stephen. If you must know, I returned it to its rightful owner on Saturday evening."

"And this is Monday!" he blazed. "If I hadn't met you by chance to-day I might never have known. Anne, can't we forget the last two years? Can't we—"

Both started, and stared in utter stupefaction as Mrs. Cleveland opened the door.

"My niece is ready for you, Dr. Stafford," she said reproachfully,

and then, seeing the dawning happiness on both faces, she caught her breath. She had forgotten that Anne could look like this. She had an extraordinary sensation, as though something hard were melting inside her. In a flash her values had changed, and she searched for words to express this. None came, however, and she looked about her helplessly.

"Well, Stephen," she said at last, as he went towards the door, "when you've finished with Peggy, you'll join us for tea, won't you? I think that's what we all need. Strong, sweet tea!"

## CHAPTER X

David's heart was thudding against his ribs as he entered the cave for the second time that day. He went straight to the hole where he had left the ancient box, half expecting to find it gone. But there it was, and with a certain awe he lifted it from its hiding place.

Bones! A strange legacy from the past! An interesting one, all the same, and he could well imagine the local excitement that this find would cause. He could not think what would happen to the bones, but first of all, no doubt, there would be an attempt to prove whose remains they were. The ring, he supposed, would go to a museum. He looked at it again. The ruby still glowed with its secret fire, though the setting was almost black.

He sighed. Peggy had been so sure that the box contained doubloons and pieces of eight, and he himself had indulged in fantastic hopes of a sudden fortune. He tried to view the matter with the detachment of an antiquarian, and told himself that these faintly grisly relics were of far greater historical interest. His father,\* for instance, would be most excited.

As he remembered this, he roped the box securely and lowered it to the shore. It was ridiculous to feel disappointed. In these over-civilised days, when there are no more unknown lands to discover, not many people had the experience of finding buried treasure of any kind. He braced himself with these sensible thoughts, and realised that part of his depression was due to the terrible anxiety he had just undergone. He saw again Peggy's set little face with the wavering grin, and shuddered. For the second time in the few weeks he had known her, he had held her life in his hands.

Breathlessly he told his father what had happened.

"But this is a wonderful find!" cried Mr. Poole, quite carried away. "This ring—yes, it is of an antique ecclesiastical design. I seem to remember some legend of a Saint Tomaso of Aragon,\* who lived in the fifteenth century and showed great

\* A purely imaginary person.



mercy to the lawless seamen of his time. When he died, his body mysteriously disappeared, and it was generally supposed that some of these men, who had come to regard him as their patron saint, had removed it in all reverence, intending to preserve the bones. . . . There is an account of it in one of my very old books. I cannot think at the moment which it can be, but I'll look. I'll look now. If you want me, I shall be in the library."

"Very well, Father." David knew that there would be no rest in the house until that book was found, and wished that Peggy had finished her self-imposed task of cataloguing all the aged and mildewed books in his father's library.

He went to the telephone and rang up Hillside. Anne answered him, her voice full of suppressed excitement. Yes, Peggy was much better, and the swelling was going down. She would be allowed to get up the next day, and lie on a settee downstairs. Would David like to come to tea?

"Why, yes," he said, surprised at her friendliness. "Thanks awfully. If it's not a bother—"

"Of course not!" Anne said blithely, in a tone he had never heard her use before.

"Anne," he said, "has Peggy told you anything about a box?"

"No. Why? Shall I ask her?"

"No, it doesn't matter. I'll tell you to-morrow," he said, and rang off. He might have known that Peggy would have kept silence about the treasure, believing it to be his secret. He had known from the first that she was no ordinary girl.

Mrs. Wicks called him to deal with the potato cakes, and when he had done so, he joined his father in the library.

"Have you found out about St. Tomaso yet?" he asked, smiling at the absorbed figure seated at the rickety old table.

"What? Oh, no. No, I'm afraid not. I wanted to see what Browne said about rings in *Urn Burial*, and from that I turned to *Religio Medici*,

and his *Letter to a Friend*. Have you read that, David? It's fascinating to see how the doctor in him remains uppermost, whatever the subject of his discourse may be." He closed the book with a resolute snap, and went to the shelves again. Then he turned suddenly, and gave his son a piercing look.

"David, was it a very great blow to you when you were told you couldn't study medicine?"

"I was—disappointed," David admitted. "Yes, I did mind, quite a bit. You see, I'd always taken it for granted," he said rather awkwardly. "But I've got used to it now, and it's all right."

"I took it for granted too, I'm afraid. When I used to work out the sum on paper, it seemed to me that your training could be managed. But I'm not a practical man, I'm afraid," Mr. Poole said humbly, "and, as you know, I have had so many calls. But now I ask myself whether my son's future should not have come before the requests of those whose needs were great, but who had no natural claim on me. I am sorry, David."

"But, Father, the people who needed your help had more claim on you really. I'm young and strong—and you've given me a solid education. I did feel a little winded to start with, but that's over now. I don't think I'd have liked the feeling that you were spending your money on me when it was so badly needed elsewhere, and when you never spend a halfpenny on yourself," he added, eyeing his father's coat. "You'll have to get another. Even Peggy won't be able to do much with that!"

He was glad to have made his father laugh. The conversation had embarrassed him, and yet he was not sorry that it had taken place. What he had said was perfectly true. He did feel a lingering regret, but no longer the faintest trace of resentment.

His father looked at him gratefully.

"Thank you, David. Ha! Is that St. Tomaso over there in the corner, lurking between the *Areopagitica* and that quaint little work on Edible

Fungus? I hope Peggy will soon be well enough to continue her work in here. Such a capable girl, and so thorough!"

David thought that Peggy's thoroughness might easily result in a Salvage Campaign, but he did not say this. He found the little book in question, and eagerly read the dozen pages that referred to St. Tomaso.

"Everything seems to fit in, Father. Whom will you notify about the bones? I say, may I borrow the book to show Peggy to-morrow?"

"Certainly," said the vicar, in reply to the last question, "and you might point out that the centre pages are loose."

Next day he wrote to an old friend who was a well-known antiquarian. David, guessing that the box would soon be removed, suggested taking it with him to Hillside that afternoon, so that Peggy could have one more look at it.

Peggy sat up at once when she saw the parcel.

"Oh, David, I wondered if you'd bring it! What did your father say? Whose bones are they? And how on earth did you haul it up the cliff all by yourself?" she demanded.

She was looking very well, he saw with relief. A light rug lay across her feet.

"Anne put it there," she explained. Oh, you haven't heard about Anne yet, have you? Or the other wonderful thing that's happened!

David looked bewildered, as well he might. Only yesterday, he knew, the prevailing atmosphere at Hillside had been one of deepest gloom.

"Explain!" he said.

"All right," she promised, just as tea appeared. Rose, the maid who brought in the tray, was by this time very fond of her, and asked her smilingly if her foot felt better now.

"Oh, yes, thank you, Rose. It's as good as new," said Peggy, and moved it to demonstrate this fact. She gave a little gasp, and laughed. "Well, almost," she amended. "Rose! What are you doing with that box?"

"This dirty old thing? Just

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moving it out of your way, Miss Peggy," Rose answered cheerfully, as she seized it, and staggered a little under its weight. "I can't think wherever it came from, but maybe it'll look quite nice if I rub it up a bit—"

"Rose, are you aware that you are embracing a priceless treasure?" David asked impressively, coming forward to take it from her.

"You can't have me on like that, Master David!" laughed the maid, who was a local girl and had known him all his life. "It's heavy enough, What's inside?"

"Bones!" said David and Peggy together, and Rose, with a little scream, promptly dropped it on the floor.

(To be continued)

## THE COAT OF COURAGE

(Continued from page 84)

even halfway towards the wreckage, there was a dull boom. Flames began to lick the front portions of the fuselage. In a few seconds the height of the flames increased. A thick column of black smoke plumed heavenwards.

"Oh, the poor creatures—the poor creatures," sobbed one who ran at Robert's side. He saw that the speaker was Rabbit Warren.

The crew of the fire-tender were busy with chemical extinguishers by the time that Robert and Rabbit

reached the crash. Their efforts seemed to do little to quench the fury of the holocaust.

"The poor souls—the poor souls," repeated Rabbit, panting for breath.

Robert, too, felt awful. There, under his eyes, a crew was perishing horribly and nothing could be done to save them.

"Look—the cockpit cowling," Warren shouted suddenly.

"Come back, you fool," Robert yelled, making a grab at him.

Rabbit eluded his grasp and raced to the point where the nose of the aircraft was lying, the cruel flames steadily creeping towards it.

In a maniacal frenzy, Rabbit began kicking and beating with his hands on the perspex of the cockpit. He was making frantic efforts to reach the trapped pilot.

The folly of it held everyone spell-bound. Not until he had dragged the pilot clear did anyone act.

Overcome by the choking clouds of smoke, Rabbit collapsed on top of the man he had rescued. Willing hands helped to pull rescued and rescuer well away from the inferno. Luckily, they got the men clear before exploding petrol tanks threw flame and wreckage high into the air.

Robert visited the hospital a day or two later. Rabbit seemed to have recovered from the shock caused by his extensive burns, but he was far from being a fit man. Bandages

covered both arms and obscured most of his face.

Rabbit was as shy as ever. When Robert complimented him on his courage, his nose and a small space round his eyes were suffused with a deep blush.

"Oh, shut up," he urged, "you would have done the same."

"But I was with you, yet I did nothing," Robert protested.

"Yes, but you see, you were not wearing my flying coat. I had to do it," Rabbit tried to explain.

"What had your coat to do with it?" Robert demanded.

Rabbit muttered something about "assuming another's mantle," but Robert could make nothing of it.

It was not until some days after that Robert made sense of it all. He reckoned that the fact of being given a coat once belonging to an air ace had so gripped Rabbit's imagination that certain psychological reactions had resulted.

When he had rushed to the scene of the crash, Rabbit had no other thought but pity for the entrapped crew. Once on the spot, he was not responsible for his movements. Ordinarily, he would have been too timid to do what he did. It was just that his fired imagination took charge and compelled him to act. In his own words, he had not only donned another's coat, but he had also assumed the courage of its former owner.

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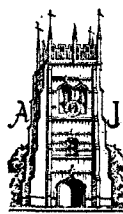
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Any of these inspiring presentation books can be obtained through alert booksellers for the price stated above, or by return of post from the Publisher. All seven will be sent post free and by return of post for 55s. Cheques or postal orders to Arthur James, Dept. H, The Drift, Evesham, Worcs.

FAMOUS BEDSIDE BOOKS



A vote of thanks to Her Royal Highness was given by the Rev. C. de M. Rudolf, M.A., C.R., who is a son of the founder of the Society.

At the close of the ceremony, "Jerusalem" was sung, followed by the Blessing.

The amount in the purse which I presented on behalf of St. John's was £11, and I would like to take this opportunity of thanking, most sincerely, all those who contributed, either by subscription or by supporting the Whist Drive, which was held on October 11th, not forgetting the valuable help received from the Vicar.

F. R. M. HEMMING, *Hon. Sec.*

## CHRISTOPHER WHITEHEAD SCHOOL HARVEST FESTIVAL

As one of a very few persons who enjoyed the privilege of being present at this service in the Church on October 4th, I feel that my impressions would be of interest to many parishioners who were unable to be present.

Very many people visited the Church after the service in order to see for themselves the wonderful way in which the interior had been decorated by the pupils. There can be no doubt that the Spirit of Harvest was abroad.

But the picture of well over a thousand children filling the pews was something which even my wildest imagination had never been able to conjure up.

Here indeed, I thought, is a living response to Our Lord's words when He said—"Suffer the Children to come unto Me."

The singing of the Hymns and the reading of the lessons by the pupils was magnificent, and I was deeply impressed by the glorious blending of youth and antiquity. Our grand old Church, and a thousand odd youngsters—each one representing a year in the life of St. John's.

The rendering of Crimond by the School Choir was both reverent and inspiring, and would have touched the heart of even the most hardened agnostic.

Indeed, the whole service was one of splendid simplicity, and I left the Church with a thankful heart and with the conviction that whilst such a spirit of Christian co-operation is manifest in St. John's we can look forward to the future with supreme confidence; whilst parents can be assured that their sons and daughters are being guided in the right path by Miss Jenkins and Mr. Bourne. The influence of these two persons is something of which we can all feel justly proud.

F.W.D.

THE following letters which have been received from His Worship the Mayor and the Director of Education will be of great interest and a source of encouragement to all who took part in that great Service.

DEAR MR. MORT,

The Mayoress and I would like you to know how much we enjoyed the Harvest Festival Service of the Christopher Whitehead Schools held at your Church yesterday.

It seemed to me from the Christianity point of view a very good augury for the future of these boys and girls who are being brought up in this manner, and are thus having a splendid foundation laid for the life before them. I hope it will be possible to create this spirit in all our Schools.

I have written to Mr. Chandler—the Director of Education—expressing our appreciation of the Service.

Yours sincerely,

H. M. MORRIS,  
*Mayor.*

DEAR MR. MORT,

Thank you for your letter on the Harvest Festival Service for Christopher Whitehead School. It was a wonderful occasion and I think that most of the thanks should go to St. John's Church and its missionaries.

Yours sincerely,

F. E. CHANDLER,  
*Director of Education.*

## PRESENTATION TO MR. H. G. BISHOP

DONATIONS to the testimonial fund amounted to £51 10s. Mr. Bishop expressed the wish that there should be no public meeting for the presentation. In accordance with this wish, I handed a cheque to Mr. Bishop together with a letter of good wishes and appreciation of his services as Organist of St. John's Church. I have since received a letter from Mr. Bishop and he has asked me to thank all his kind friends in St. John's for their gifts.

J.M.

## 3D. BIT SCHEME

THE total amount subscribed to the 3d. Bit Scheme for the year commencing July 1949 is approximately £730.

This is a really splendid effort and we are deeply grateful to all of you for your support in this enterprise.

Our financial obligations are greater now than ever before, and without your continued support we should be unable to meet them. However, I have every confidence that you will continue to support this simple and effective project which relieves us of the burden of continually bringing our financial problems before you.

J.M.

## ST. JOHN'S DAY SCHOOLS

THE Annual Day Schools' Festival will be held on Sunday, November 26th.

This has, for many years, been one of the eagerly looked-for celebrations in our Parochial Calendar.

The enthusiasm of the people of St. John's can be easily understood, especially when one considers the vast number of people who have received instruction in our dear old Schools.

It is, indeed, an event worth looking forward to—to be present as the voices of Children are raised in praise of God.

The Preacher at Matins will be the Reverend C. H. Carver, and at Evensong the Very Reverend the Dean of Worcester.

## PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

MEETINGS of the Parents' Association have been temporarily suspended owing to the Autumn Fayre. However, it is hoped that it will be possible to call a meeting in November.

O. H. LAFLIN.

## ST. JOHN'S BOYS' SCHOOL SPORTING ACHIEVEMENT

THE St. John's Boys' School Cricket Team—a hitherto little known group of keen young cricketers—have had a very happy and successful season.

They have won every match they have played, and they have secured the prize bats given for the highest batting averages and best bowling in Worcester.

Graham Stone—who is also one of our choristers—gained the highest batting average, and Dennis Bollen came out on top as the best bowler.

This little team has earned a high reputation for good cricket, and their good conduct and splendid achievement reflects great credit on the School. Our congratulations to the boys and to Mr. Langley who is responsible for the school sports.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I WISH to thank Mrs. Hemming of Nelson Road for her kind help to our Church in making lace for the Servers' Cottas and also lace for the Altar frontal. This is a piece of Christian service which is fully appreciated.

## WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP

WE have had some very interesting talks recently at our Meeting, and I am sure the one given by Mrs. Acton proved most helpful. What wisdom and guidance a Justice of the Peace requires: they need to be remembered in our prayers for so much rests upon their decisions.

Another interesting talk was given by Miss Armson on Education, which again gave us much to think about. We



are very grateful to these two ladies for sparing time to come and visit us; I know how valuable their time is.

My sincere thanks to you all for the splendid efforts you have put into the Fayre. Without your help it would indeed be very hard work. Thank you!

The next Corporate Communion will be on Thursday, All Souls' Day, November 2nd, at 10.30 a.m. Please do your best to join us at this service; it is our Lord's own service to which we are bidden to come. E.A.C.

#### MOTHERS' UNION DEANERY SERVICE

THIS year Deanery Service was held in St. John's Church on Thursday, October 5th. The Church was most beautifully decorated by the boys and girls of the Christopher Whitehead School, being the occasion of their Harvest Festival Service.

Each Branch of the Mothers' Union was represented, and Banners were carried. A very inspiring sermon was preached by the Reverend Canon Hurley, O.B.E., which gave us much to think about.

The collections taken at the Service was divided between the Diocesan Funds and the Diocesan Banner Fund.

#### MOTHERS' UNION

THE next Branch Meeting will be on Monday, November 6th at 3 p.m. in the *Parish Hall*, and the Speaker will be the Reverend C. H. Carver.

The Corporate Communion will be on Sunday, November 12th at 8 a.m.

Thanks to all those who sent gifts along to help furnish the M.U. Stall at the Fayre; a very splendid effort!

#### S.P.G.

THE Annual Sale of Work will take place in the Co-operative Hall on Wednesday, November 22nd from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. The Sale will be opened by the Right Revd. R. S. Fyffe, formerly Lord Bishop of Rangoon. An entertainment will be given by the pupils of the Alice Ottley School at 3 p.m.

Any GIFTS for St. John's Stall will be gratefully received by Mrs. Lancey, 103, Bransford Road, or to Sister Caunt, 44, St. John's. We want a fully stocked Stall, please. This effort is for the Missionary Work of the Church, and St. John's will not fail.

#### KING'S MESSENGERS

THE King's Messengers held a very successful Jumble Sale on Saturday, October 14th. Many thanks to those who kindly sent jumble, and to those who helped to dispose of it.

The Sale realised £5 13s. 2d. which has since been made up to £6, the sum sent annually for the education of a little Indian girl, Paulina, at a Missionary school.

C. H. GWYNN

#### ST. JOHN'S SCOUT TROOP

OUR activity has been somewhat curtailed owing to the re-building of our headquarters, but progress is quite satisfactory, and although not yet complete we are back in our hut for Pack and Troop meetings. May I say many thanks to those who allowed us to use the Schools for our meetings.

Congratulations to Patrol Leaders M. Ball, R. Dorricott, M. O'Keefe and B. Knight who have gained their First Class Award; this is also a credit to our Troop.

Our Cub Pack is still improving and great credit goes to those Cubs who made the collection of leaves. Cub Barry Edwards collected 100 different kinds of leaves.

Scoutmaster Seniors K. Cole, who is in charge of our boys over 15 years, has been preparing for this Senior section for some time, and it is hoped to be able to form a Patrol in the near future.

May I, through the kindness of the Editor, appeal to those young men who have been connected with Scouting in some way, at some time, to come and join our Group as Assistant Scoutmasters. Let us pass on to the boys of today some of our Scouting experiences of the past; there is something we can all do in this great movement.

J. W. ROWE, *Group Scoutmaster.*

#### HOLY BAPTISM

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

- Sept. 24.—Eileen Margaret Walker, 59 Carlisle Road, Newtown, Worcester.  
 „ 24.—Ian Malcolm Gerratt, 23 Comer Road.  
 „ 24.—John Charlton Wilkes, 69 Malvern Road.  
 Oct. 1.—Graham John Badgery, 8 Buck Street.  
 „ 1.—Katheryn Joy Cottrell, 2 Redcliffe Street, Barbourne.  
 „ 8.—Helen Stiff, 8 Bloomfield Road.  
 „ 8.—Stefan Tufegdzig, 40 Boughton Avenue.  
 „ 8.—Judith Ann Burton, 78 Carlisle Road.  
 „ 11.—Frank Colley, 7 Kingsbury Road (Baptised at Worcester Royal Infirmary).  
 „ 15.—Susan Patricia Watkins, 29 The Broadway, Worcester.  
 „ 15.—Susan Jane Humphreys, 26 Buck Street.  
 „ 15.—Frank Tyrer, 14 Ripon Road, Newtown.

#### HOLY MATRIMONY

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

- Sept. 23.—Charles Alfred Maund and Sybil Lucy Plumb.  
 „ 30.—Albert Eric Dille and Joyce Elsie Levett.  
 Oct. 7.—Kenneth Alger and Vera Joyce Westwood.  
 „ 14.—Herbert James Charles Davis and Gwendoline Mary Harvey.

#### CHRISTIAN BURIAL

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

- Sept. 12.—Rhoda Louise Rone, 61 years, 31 Little Boughton Street  
 Oct. 5.—Marian Kilpatrick, 78 years, 113 Malvern Rd.  
 „ 5.—Stella Irene Esme Hendrie, 48 years, 35 Boughton Avenue.

#### IN MEMORIAM

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

- Nov. 1, 1933.—Elizabeth May Asson (née Fennell). "In loving memory."  
 „ 1, 1940.—Ellen Ellicott.  
 „ 9, 1934.—John Ashcroft, aged 85 years. "In loving memory."  
 „ 16, 1939.—Fanny Pulley.  
 „ 17, 1936.—Alfred Charles Parsons. "In fond remembrance."  
 „ 20, 1933.—Walter R. Cairns.  
 „ 21, 1943.—Annie Bosworth.  
 „ 23, 1934.—Joseph Heath, aged 75 years.  
 „ 26, 1949.—Emily Brown. "Beautiful memories."

#### SUNDAY COLLECTIONS

October 1st	...	...	£20	11	0
October 8th	...	...	10	8	7
October 15th	...	...	13	3	11
October 22nd	...	...	11	11	1
October 29th	...	...	17	13	8

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

THE contributions for the four weeks ending October 8th, amount to £1 6s. 5d., as follows:—

No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	d.	No.	s.	d.
3	1	6	16	9		32	2	0	51	1	6
5	4	0	19	5	0	37	1	0	55	2	0
8	2	6	21	8		43	1	0	58	2	6
									59	2	0

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