

WARSOP PARISH MAGAZINE.



SEPTEMBER, 1937

WARSOP PARISH MAGAZINE.

Rector—Rev. W. E. MORGAN, M.A.

Assisant Clergy—

Rev. D. M. Francey.
Rev. G. S. Marshall, B.A.

Lay Readers—Mr. M. Ranson, Mr. H. L. Bray.

Woman Worker—Miss D. Eastwood.

Churchwardens—

Messrs. F. Blackburn and F. Thornton.

Sidesmen's Rota:

1st Sunday in month.—Messrs. Clarvis, Avery, Lewis, Howard, Blackburn and Ball.

2nd Sunday.—Messrs. F. R. Eales, Vernon, Hinchliffe, Riley, R. Lucas and H. Rooke.

3rd Sunday.—Messrs. Eaton, F. B. Dawson, Duckmanton and Pratt.

4th Sunday.—Messrs. E. Dawson, Taylor, Ranson, Daniels and H. Stirland.

5th Sunday.—Messrs. Eastwood, R. Eales, Ranson, R. Lucas, Hinchliffe and Pratt.

Secretary, Parochial Church Council—
Mr. F. Blackburn.

Organist—Mr. A. Witham.

Organist Emeritus—Mr. F. Lowe.

Chairmen of Committees of P.C.C.—

Finance: Rector.

Missions: Rector.

Churchyard and Fabric: Mr. F. Beeston.

Altar Flowers: Mrs. Wilson.

Altar Linen:

Electoral Roll: Mr. A. Young.

Socials, etc:

Church Hall and Mission Room: Mr. H. Rooke.

Secretaries of Organisations—

Mothers' Union: Mrs. Bray, Miss Francey.
S.P.G.: Mrs. Beeston.

Choir:

Sunday School: Mr. J. Ranson.

C.E.M.S.: Mr. T. Duckmanton.

Bible Society: Mr. H. L. Bray.

Warsop Church Institute: Mr. H. Chadwick.

Bell Ringers: Mr. H. Rooke.

Magazine: Mr. J. Hinchliff.

Sexton and Verger—Mr. F. Rolling.

The Clergy desire to be informed immediately of any serious sick cases, and would be glad to call upon new residents if they will notify their arrival in the parish by placing a slip of paper, with their name and address, in the Goodwill Box at Church.

Information as to Banns of Marriage, Holy Baptism, etc., can be obtained from the Rector, who is ordinarily at home to sign papers, etc., at 9.30 a.m. and from 5.0 to 6.0 p.m.

SUNDAY SERVICES (for Celebrations of Holy Communion see Notices).

PARISH CHURCH.—Mattins, 11.0; Evensong, 6.30.

VALE and WELBECK CHURCHES.—Evensong, 6.30 p.m.

SOOKHOLM.—Mattins, 11.0 a.m.

SPION KOP.—Evensong 6.30 p.m., first Sunday in the month, and third Sundays also during winter months, and Festivals.

Kalendar for the Month.

1. Wednesday. Giles, Ab. c. 720. H.C., 7.15 a.m. Missionary Committee, 7.30 p.m.
2. Thursday. H.C., 9.15 a.m., Welbeck. Choir Practice, 6.0 p.m.
3. Friday (Fast). H.C., 8.0 a.m.
4. Saturday.
5. TRINITY XV. H.C., 8.0 a.m. and 12.0 noon. Welbeck, 9.15 a.m.
6. Monday.
7. Tuesday. Evurtius, B. c. 340. H.C., 9.45 a.m. Working Party, 3.0 p.m.
8. Nativity of B.V.M. H.C., 7.15 a.m.
9. Thursday. H.C., Welbeck, 9.15 a.m. Choir Practice, 6.0 p.m.
10. Friday (Fast). H.C., 8.0 a.m.
11. Saturday.
12. Trinity XVI. H.C., 8.0 a.m. Welbeck, 9.15 a.m.
13. Monday.
14. Tuesday. Holy Cross Day. H.C., 9.45 a.m. Working Party.
15. Wednesday. Ember Day (Fast). H.C. 7.15 a.m., M.
16. Thursday. Ninian, B. c. 430. H.C. 9.15 a.m., Welbeck. Choir Practice, 6.0 p.m.
17. Friday. Ember Day (Fast). Lambert, B.M., 709. H.C., 8.0 a.m.
18. Saturday. Ember Day (Fast).
19. TRINITY XVII. H.C., 8.0 a.m. and 12.0 noon; 9.15 a.m., Welbeck.
20. Monday. Vigil.
21. S. Matthew, A.E.M. H.C., 9.45 a.m. Working Party, 3.0 p.m.
22. Wednesday. H.C., 7.15 a.m., M.
23. Thursday. H.C., 9.15 a.m., Welbeck. Choir Practice, 6.0 p.m.
24. Friday (Fast). H.C., 8.0 a.m. Magazine Meeting, 7.0 p.m.
25. Saturday.
26. TRINITY XVIII. H.C., 8.0 a.m. Welbeck, 9.15 a.m.
27. Monday.
28. Tuesday. H.C., 9.45 a.m. Working Party. Church Council, M., 7.0 p.m.
29. S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS. H.C., 7.15 a.m., M.
30. Thursday. Jerome, P.D. 420. H.C., Welbeck, 9.15 a.m. Choir Practice, 6.0 p.m.

Dear Friends,

No one has yet responded to my suggestion that we should provide some new Prayer Books for mourners and others who come to Church without books of their own. I have no doubt that the reason is twofold. One because you don't see the need, and think that this is some idea of the parson's; two, that you did not understand that I am thinking of an entirely NEW kind of Prayer Book.

Now about the need. Most of the congregation sit behind the parties of mourners and so do not see the pathetic way in which they sit or stand huddled together, dumbly, unable to take any part in the service except to find and sometimes join in, a hymn. They are there because they feel that they are in some way helping the soul of the person for whom they mourn, and they like to know that they have been to worship on the Sunday after the funeral, even if they may not have been to Church since the last funeral they attended before this one.

We who attend regularly have our own Prayer Books; we would hate to think that we might be without our service books which have often been given to us by people whose memory we treasure every time we use the books. The people I am talking about are not regular church-goers, they do not know their way about the Services as we do; and when they come to worship they have come into what is almost a foreign atmosphere. We should do all that is at all possible to make them feel at home; to help them to know that God LOVES them; that we are glad to have them to worship with us.

Here we come to the second of my points. Very few Prayer Books are paged alike. I might give out the page in one book and that might only apply to a very few in the congregation. If I said the "Venite" is on page 10 all the congregation would automatically look to the page in their own book, and if it was not 10, then they would look to see what was on page 10; the consequence is that it would be necessary to give out all kinds of notices about pages so as to ensure that everybody knew where they were. It is because of this, and the fact that most regular church-goers know something about the way to find their places that nothing is given out.

The book I have in mind is called "The Church People's Prayer Book." Only one or two of you have ever seen it, and those who have seen it are unanimous in favour of it. It is quite a fresh way of printing our old Prayer Book, and it gives very simple directions about place finding. It is well printed, in good size type, and puts just what a stranger coming to church for the first time would need.

To my mind it is the furthest advance towards helping ordinary people to worship which has been made for many years. We need to remember that the people we are dealing with have not been educated in Church Schools, they have not grown up with a Prayer Book as we have, and all we do is to antagonise them if we allow them to come to a service which is all strange to them.

The publishers of the book I am speaking about will give us one copy in every four. The reason I said 100 copies was that all of us, whether mourners or not, should have the same book in our hands and so do something to avoid there being a difference between any who are worshipping together. Of course, I feel clear that many of us would soon wish to buy copies to keep for ourselves or to give to others. If we ordered 100 copies we could do that. To get 100 we should have to pay for 75. The total cost would be too much for any one person to give; but if anyone could give three, costing 9/6, we would have four sent to us.

I think this would not be a bad way to remember someone we love. Give some Prayer Books to the Church, which they and we appreciate, so that others may learn to begin to love God through using them.

Your sincere Friend and Rector,

W.E. Morgan.

NOTES.

Altar Flowers.

Sept. 5th, Mrs. Dawson; 12th, Mrs. Latham; 19th, Miss D. Eastwood; 26th, Mrs. Riley.

Missionary Exhibition.

The dates are Tuesday, October 26th, to Thursday, October 28th. I am calling a Missionary Committee on September 1st at 7.30 p.m., when we will be able to take the first steps towards making this a success.

Other Missionary News.

Again there is something about the C.M.S. Congress in Nottingham which appears elsewhere in the Magazine, and I have included an interesting side light upon conditions in Russia so far as religion is concerned.

I would like to commend a book about Russia which I have only just finished reading. It is called "*Forty Thousand Against the Arctic*." Of all the brave adventure, coupled with far-sighted vision and idealism which I have either met or read about, I think that this is the outstanding example. There is much which we read which is either consciously prejudiced in favour of Communism or equally prejudiced against that system. It is the most difficult of all systems to understand because of this prejudice. The book I am writing about appears to be pure journalism, in as much as it records facts without interpreting them. So far this is the only book about Russia which I have met of which I could make that statement.

It seems to me to be vitally important that we all should be able to form our own judgments about important matters, and it is notorious that much of our to-day's news is presented to us, not as facts, but as the proprietor of the paper we favour wishes us to see events.

It is almost impossible to read of an event in such a manner as will allow us to see each aspect of it.

"*Forty Thousand Against the Arctic*" is such a book, I believe. I was absolutely thrilled with its story; more stimulating than most detective stories; more adventurous than men imagine, and yet true to life. Read it, if you can possibly get hold of it, and remember this paragraph I am publishing about religion in Russia.

To think that all that fine enthusiasm, that heroism, that self-denial is lost to God's service because the rulers of Russia have been antagonised by the Christian presentation of God, is the biggest challenge which has yet been given me about my own presentation of the faith which is the biggest thing in my own life.

The Oxford Group News shows how this is being worked out in many lands.

Visit to Girls' School in Russia in 1936.

"In his halting French he resumes his dialogue with the head girl. 'Do any of you ever go to Church?'

There is a second's stupefied silence. The girls look at one another—and then they suddenly all break out, quite spontaneously, into young, merry laughter.

'They are amused,' says the guide, superfluously. The head girl turns to the Professor, still smiling. 'We know,' she explains, politely, 'that churches teach only superstition, and we cannot help laughing at the thought that we should waste our time in thinking about such things.'

'What do your parents say?'

'They also know that it is superstition. It is only the very old people, the grandparents. But we are the lucky Children of the Revolution.'"

(Extract from "*Straw Without Bricks*," by E. M. Delafield.)

Miss Thornton.

We are grateful to Violet Thornton for taking on a share of the work which Sister Florence did. We had hoped that she would find in that work a life calling, but things have not so turned out, and we are to lose her help at the end of August. We are very sorry about this, even when we are certain of her unpaid help in many ways.

I could not let this Magazine go to the printers without putting on record our gratitude and regrets.

W.E.M.

WELBECK COLLIERY VILLAGE.

For most of us the holiday season is now over, and recollections are all we have left. We welcome holidays as a change from our everyday surroundings and occupations, but we should remember that their real value lies in making us fitter and stronger for our work. I hope that you have all had that kind of holiday, and that the results will be obvious during the coming winter, in new energy and enthusiasm for your jobs, your homes, and your church.

Good-Will Offerings.—I should like to bring this Scheme to the attention of all at Welbeck who read this magazine. Some of you prefer to give simply to the Sunday collection. That is good, but the Good-Will Scheme is better, because it enables both you and the Church to be business-like. Year by year, the Church has to meet expenses caused by such matters as salaries and the upkeep of buildings. These responsibilities, which must be undertaken if the spiritual needs of our parish are to be met, are your responsibilities. That is why we ask you to give regularly and methodically. Mr. Savage, of 3, Budby Crescent, will give you any information you wish for about the Scheme.

Dates.

Sept. 4—Sunday School Treat.

„ 11—Girls' Club Outing.

Some time in September—A Mystery Ride.

November 1st—Gift Day.

G.S.M.

The Oxford Group in Oxford, July, 1937.

During this month at Oxford, Dr. Frank Bushman, leader and founder of the Oxford Group, has conferred with more than fifteen hundred men and women from all parts of the world, who take responsibility for the Movement in their countries. This spiritual revolution has spread from Oxford to more than fifty countries, and almost every nationality has been represented here—French and Germans, Japanese and Chinese, Dutch and Burmese, etc. From all parties, classes, and religious points of view, they have been planning the building of a united Christian front across the world against the forces of materialism and moral rot. One of their main concerns has been to see how the homes of their nations can once more become the inspiration for God control in business, education, and politics.

Leaders in industry, education, the Church, and politics have visited Oxford during the month to discuss in this positive atmosphere of trust and good will a solution to the problems in their spheres. A coal owner, and a Miners' Union secretary, meeting for the first time declared that only here had they been able to find a basis for permanent co-operation between capital and labour. Mr. Chris. Story, owner of a fleet of oil tankers on the Atlantic coast of America reported that during the recent shipping strike his fleet remained unaffected. He attributed this to the complete understanding and mutual trust which now exists between him and his men, since he has put into effect in his business the four standards of absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love.

Others who have been present include Captain Loudon Hamilton, in whose rooms at Oxford the movement began; Canon Streeter, Provost of The Queen's College, Oxford; Mr. Austin Reed, well-known London business man; the Bishop of Rangoon; Alderman Locke, ex-coal miner and recently Lord Mayor of Newcastle; Lord Addington; Mr. Frederick Ramm, Norwegian editor who flew over the North Pole with Amundsen; Dr. Patijn, Dutch Minister in Brussels; Dr. Runestan, Professor of Theology in Upsala University; Baroness Dinah Hahn, of Latvia; Sir Lynden McCassey, Head of the Parliamentary Bar; Mr.

Arthur Baker, Chief of the "Times" Parliamentary Staff; General Peter Winsor, C.M.G., D.S.O., Oxfordshire racehorse trainer; Lady Nanton, widow of the late Sir Augustus Nanton, Director of the Canadian Pacific Railway; Mrs. John Henry Hammond, of New York; Johkheer Albert de Brauw, Head of the Netherlands Law Association.

Representatives of the different nations have sketched their plans for national advance. For instance, the Scandinavian countries, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland, explained how they are building together with other countries of the Oslo Pact, such as Holland, a spiritual Oslo Front. For the recent National Assembly of the Oxford Group in Holland, when audiences totalling 100,000, came to Utrecht, the Rt. Hon. J. L. Mowinkel, present leader of the Liberal party in Norway, sent the following message: "It is with the greatest joy that I greet the idea of laying the foundation of a Spiritual Oslo Pact. In the present condition of the world, with its great and dangerous antagonisms between the nations, it is of the utmost importance that the spiritual links between countries be developed and strengthened.

"The Oslo States from their character and their political mentality, and their international position are especially qualified with united forces to keep the flame of the spirit high among men. Increasingly they are coming to realise that above the daily war for selfish and materialistic interests there is something higher, richer and greater that can be worked out in co-operation for the benefit of the whole human race."

Five hundred young men, leaders from many countries in the Oxford Group New Enlistment, have been camping at the same time just outside the city, Canada sent a contingent of 26. Largely workers from the prairies and the factory, they travelled across their country in a colonists' car paying a shilling a night; most of them came at great sacrifice. One of them, for instance, liquidated his entire savings of four years. A coloured porter from an Edmonton hotel helped one of them by sending a pair of shoes the other day.

Before they left Canada these young men were commissioned by the Premier of Saskatchewan, who described them as a "New Canadian Expeditionary Force, fighting for the spiritual re-birth of their Empire."

Each has given his life to bring his country and the Empire under God's control.

The following statement was made by the Rt. Hon. Ernest Brown, Minister of Labour.

"Dr. Frank Buchman and the members of the Oxford Group are rendering to the nations the greatest possible service that any man or movement can give to the nations at this critical time.

"They are insisting upon the necessity for listening-in to God, to find His plan for ourselves and the world.

"Human ingenuity and human intelligence have not found solutions for the heavy problems resulting from conflicting interests and passions which the statesmen of the world are facing to-day.

"There are to-day more, graver, and more complex problems than men have ever been called upon to face.

"We can only find the only possible ways out in a Quiet Time with God."

MAGAZINE ARTICLE.—II.

Church Missionary Society Northern Congress, Nottingham, November 1-3, 1937.

Who Are the Speakers?

First of all must come His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York. He is so well-known for his deep learning, profound writings, and courageous outspokenness on Social and Political problems, and on the part that the Church should play in them, that one is apt to overlook the very great interest His Grace has always taken in the world-wide work of the Church. In his most recent letter to Parochial Church Councillors he has laid it upon the laymen as their primary job to see that The Unified Statement is really studied by their Council. He is bound to receive a warm welcome when he visits the Diocese which has only recently become a part of his Province. For the service, at which he will preach, seats will only be reserved for those

The Sign

not ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE LIVING CHURCH"

Cracking Nuts

Some Thoughts for September

By the Rev. A. P. Kirkpatrick, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Barnes



THE REV.
A. P. KIRKPATRICK

IN the *Pilgrim's Progress*, when Christiana and her children, with Mercy and Mr. Great-heart, stayed at the Inn kept by Gaius, we read that supper ended with a dish of nuts. Then said some at the table, "Nuts spoil tender teeth, specially the teeth of children." Gaius, however, pointed out that you cannot have the kernel without cracking the shell. Then were they very merry, and sat at the table a long time, talking of many things.

Prebendary Mackay said of this scene that it shows the delightful character of Christian family life. "It is an outcome of this that its members can crack nuts gaily in a circle, and this is the way in which the problems of life should always be discussed. Every problem of earth and heaven and hell should come up in turn in the family circle and should be examined with that strong and sweet tranquillity which comes from the knowledge of God."

This is true of the parish as well as of the family circle. In our Church life there are often hard nuts to be cracked, and there need be no spoiling of tender teeth if they are dealt with in this spirit of calm and cheerful confidence. This month, when the evenings draw in and an occasional fire is not unwelcome, is just the time for cracking nuts, looking ahead and planning what we shall do this winter.

In every parish there are things waiting to be done. Sometimes it is lack of funds that holds up advance; sometimes it is because the right man or woman is not forthcoming for a particular piece of work. Or it may be that something is left undone because no one has had the vision to regard it as possible.

In towns, at least, there are probably more than

enough organizations in existence already. It is not likely that any new guild or society or committee is wanted. Let a few keen and like-minded people come together and start cracking nuts in the right spirit. Then things will begin to happen.

The nuts to be cracked will be different in every parish. Here are a few gathered at random from the dish. Are we enthusiastic about the wider aspects of Church life? Is the congregation eager to support the diocese of which it is a part? Does it take an intelligent and practical interest in missions overseas? Is it alive to the social responsibilities of the Church, such as housing, slum clearance, child welfare? These things are the concern of the whole family of Christ's people, not amiable fads for the pious few. What is being done about evangelizing the indifferent in our district? The clergy cannot by themselves cope with this huge task. If our churches are to be filled, all Church people must pluck up courage to let their friends and neighbours know how much their religion means to them, and to show themselves eager that others should share it. Do any of the existing societies or clubs need the quiet backing of those who may hesitate to take the lead, but are anxious to do something for the Church? Here is an opportunity for work that may be far more worth while than much that earns greater praise.

Study circles and prayer meetings sound more alarming than they really are. They need not be started or conducted by the Vicar. His approval and encouragement will surely be given to any little group of people who meet informally in each other's houses to think and to pray about such problems as these.

Whatever we attempt, we shall need that gift of the HOLY SPIRIT called Counsel, the practical wisdom which includes sanctified common sense and tact. It is ours as part of our Christian endowment, and like all God's gifts it must be used and cultivated.

Even the least gifted has some contribution to

make in the service of our LORD. There are things we can do and things we cannot. The really humble person never says, "I am no good at all," but, guided by practical wisdom, admits frankly, "That big thing is beyond me, this little bit of work I can offer."

Then again, in making plans, practical wisdom suggests that we should always ask, "What are the needs of the moment? What do other people really want?" With the best will in the world we shall not help things forward if we insist on giving them only what we think they ought to want. This is a nut which can often be cracked most easily in company. Our own pet notions are sure to be the better for the friendly criticism of the "family circle."

Lastly, there is the tough nut of authority. Some one devises a wonderful plan and brings it, full of enthusiasm, to the Vicar, only to be greeted

with, "Splendid, but——" We know those "buts." "It has been tried and failed. It won't work in this parish. It would offend So-and-so." Or it may be that the Parochial Church Council refuses proposals on which we had set our hearts. Their attitude often appears to be sheer die-hard conservatism, and even if we have to admit that it is justified by experience, it is disheartening.

In any case do not lose courage. Be quite sure that if the plan is sound, practical wisdom will find a way. The scheme may be modified, or the opposition converted, with time and tact. Keenness, with counsel, will win in the end. The venture will be made and the result is in God's hands.

Get together then round the fire, and set yourselves to the cracking of nuts, however hard.

Ope then the shells and you shall have the meat.
They here are brought for you to crack and eat.

Over the Teacups

Result of June Competition

Thank you, everybody, very much! The judges feel that this is the way they must open this Report on the June Competition, *A Flower-Fairy Story*, for the entries were really splendid both in quality and quantity. There were many types, which, roughly, may be divided into five classes: (1) The Nature Story. (2) The Myth; for instance we were told how the pimpernel became scarlet, and how the sweet-pea came into being. (3) The Coronation and other "Party" stories. (4) Stories connected with visits of Fairies to humans, young and (we are glad to note) old. Finally there were (5) just a very few Parables. In view of the high standard attained it has been decided to give more prizes than were offered.

Two First Prizes have been awarded, and they go to Miss Mary Robinson, 8 Stonewood Avenue, Hall Green, Birmingham, whose story is printed on p. 119, below; and Mr. J. E. F. Tod, 32 Heyville Road, Bebington, Wirral, Cheshire. The Two Second Prizes go to Miss K. Bailey, 5 Southfield Road, Norton, Stockton-on-Tees, Co. Durham; and Miss Eva Johnston, Ingestre, Hanover Crescent, Victoria Park, Manchester. *Special Mention*—The Rev. Edwin J. Matthews, The Rectory, Calstone, Calne, Wilts.; Miss Margaret Hancock (aged 15); and Miss Anne Mackintosh (also aged 15). *Very Highly Commended*—H. M. Evans, Miss Edith George, Miss Grace Gordon. *Highly Commended*—Miss Cynthia Cordell, Miss B. V. James, Miss Catherine Park, Miss E. J. Powell, and Miss Doris Timbrell. *Commended*—Miss K. E. Chamberlain, Miss M. Chase, Miss E. J. Grav, Miss Anne Rigby, Miss Cynthia Rogers, Miss Winifred Stuart, Miss Mabel Tunnicliffe, Miss Vera Warren, and Mrs. Agnes Watson.

Photograph Competition

Now for a new, and, we hope, equally interesting, Competition. Prizes (First, 10s.; Second, 5s.) are offered for *An Original Amateur Photograph to illustrate a Nursery Rhyme*.

All entries must reach "Over the Teacups," c/o The Editor of THE SIGN, 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1, by the first post on Tuesday, September 21st. Please note the following conditions: (1) All photographs become the property of The Editor, and cannot be returned; (2) No

competitor may submit more than two photographs; (3) Every photograph must have the name and address of the sender clearly written on the back.

Mushroom and Curry Butter.—Grill the mushrooms (big ones) head down, adding a little cayenne pepper, salt, and butter. To make the curry butter, mix well into 4 oz. of butter a teaspoonful of curry powder, half as much lemon juice and meat essence. Serve the mushrooms piping hot on hot toast on which has been spread curry butter.

A Summer Savoury. *Green Peas with Carrots.*—Half a pint of carrots measured after washing, scraping, and shredding. Put them into a pan with two oz. of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, salt and pepper to taste, and half a pint of stock or water. Simmer for five minutes, add the peas and simmer till the vegetables are tender. Beat up an egg yolk with half a gill of milk and add to the vegetables; also a little chopped parsley. Heat and stir without letting it reach boiling point, then serve.

A Cold Savoury. *Appetizing Spinach.*—Steam some spinach (quite a lot of it as it shrinks considerably) in its own juice with the addition of a very little butter. Chop it finely, moisten with lemon juice and add a little chopped onion and finely shredded celery. Put into a buttered mould and let it get quite cold. Bone and skin a small tin of sardines, soak them in a lemon juice in which there are quite a few specks of red pepper. Then stand them upright on their heads round and against the spinach.

(Miss S. Evans.)

Finally one or two household hints which may be new to some.

Damp a piece of greaseproof paper and wrap it round cheese. This keeps the cheese moist and prevents it from going mouldy.

Cake tins should be greased with suet, which is better than butter or lard.

When jellies will not set, add the juice of a lemon.

If a raw potato is placed in dripping and boiled it will absorb all impurities. It can then be removed and the dripping will be clear.



"NOW CAME STILL EVENING ON"
(Photograph by Mr. A. G. West)

Ancient Lights

By Dr. Evelyn Dickinson

I. THE FREEDOM OF THE SPIRIT

IN the older parts of some towns there can still be seen an occasional board affixed to some shabby dwelling with the legend: Ancient Lights. It shows that the inhabitants of the poor place have a statutory right to light and air, with which improvements and commercial enterprise must not interfere. It is a simple claim, but it is made for two of the best and basic things in life, space and vitality, which cities and civilization tend to take from us, and man, being an adaptable animal, learns to do without them.

The true town-dweller has outgrown the natural craving for wind and weather, and the pageant of the heavens. Except on holiday, aptly called a change, he shuts them out, and lives and moves by many inventions. His home, preferably of the smallest dimensions, has become a hutchful of gadgets; the mighty alternation of night and day no longer regulates his activities, for he can switch on electricity at any time during the twenty-four hours, and he breathes "conditioned" air. He takes his exercise at the bottom of huge ravines of masonry in a crowd of his fellow cavemen; and while he takes it he is governed by signals and traffic controls. Unless very poor or very energetic, he takes it sheltered in a car, a smaller hutchful of gadgets, which bears him as fast as maybe through such a complication of the like that, as has been wittily said, he now seems to live rather than to die by accident.

His personal characteristics are modified. We are leaner than our forefathers, and livelier, because our nerves are incessantly tingling. The ear must bear the orchestral attack of the noises of the streets, and the subconscious mind must learn how to be deaf to them while it must be alive to the shrilling of the telephone. News comes, not by broadsheet to be read at leisure, with pauses in which to mark and digest, but by broadcast on the tick of the clock, miscellaneous, impersonal, and should the attention linger for a moment on the terrors of an earthquake in central India it will lose the close of play score in a cricket match, and as you memorize the runs of your favourite batsman the price of bar gold will blur the figure in your hurrying mind.

Nor can the eye rest. We demand ever more of this not too perfect organ, and the numbers of the spectacled increase yearly. We skim the journals, race through the novels, and strain for examinations. Again there is the incessant accommodation of delicate muscles required by all who walk or drive in busy places, and when we are bored we seek relaxation at the "flicks" where the weary eye must scamper against time. Finally most of us smoke tobacco, which has a deteriorating effect on vision.

As for our brains, a multitude of interests keeps them fermenting. Wireless brings the tumult and the shouting of all the earth into quiet spots, and only the most self-centred or the dullest (and

how few of us are dull in this age of intelligence!) can avoid living in continuous excitement. To the generation of the past this would have seemed a matter for envy. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote:

The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

But excitement is not happiness. The states have been compared to a cocktail as against a glass of milk. The one is a kindling and a thrilling, costly in nerve stuff; the other is a serene gladness which is a very fount of well-being, and conserves. Expressed in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence the one makes the money fly, while the other is a sound investment. In these days excitement is frankly sought as an end in itself. "How exciting!" is a cry of welcome, but happiness is rarely mentioned and more rarely felt. It seems that we do not expect it, and in the intervals between excitements there are too often depression and irritability with things in general. In the penny papers we see daily portraits of people laughing wildly at full stretch of teeth, and when two or three are gathered together we hear high, heartless voices talking usually about some sort of haste or amazement; but solitary faces are grim or fretful, and casual conversation is often no more than an exchange of grumbles.

Shakespeare wrote of his English: "this happy breed of men." There were only four million of them, but they were the forebears of us forty million, and I am sure they grumbled—and were comforted. For there is virtue in a good grumble, and the gossips parted with a pious "God be wi' ye." We mask our inward unrest by indifference, and cover our nervous apprehension by nervous laughter, and we part with a careless "cheerio!" as who should say: "Oh, well, it has all been quite jolly, but we may either of us come to grief at the next cross roads!" There is even a variant so common that it is no longer shocking: "Cheer up; we shall soon be dead!"

In truth I believe that our deep dissatisfaction with this brave new world of ours is caused by intellectual indigestion. It is a scientific world, and a marvellously mechanized one. There is too much education, with its burden of general and special knowledge, with its inquiry and research in all directions, and its habit of analysis and argument. There are so many of us, rubbing up against one another and crowding the mental atmosphere with waves of thought, and there is such a number of things to keep our brains at full stretch that they lose the power of rest, and become weary, worried, wakeful.

Man is a three dimensional being, compound of body, mind, and spirit, and in this century he tries to live in two dimensions only, his body and his mind. Now intellect is but a part of us, and a smaller part than we think. Its incessant: "Why?" however well put and brilliantly answered, does but push the point of ignorance one degree further back. It never gives the conclusion of the whole matter.

The intellectual life is full of interest and excitement, but it is inhuman, and needs a broad base of natural affections and the higher illumination of the spirit if it is not to become barren and despairing. Nowadays we are afraid of the emotions because of their greater force, and like to explain them in terms of physiology and psychology lest they should make us feel "silly." And we have a fear of religion, lest it should sweep us into an unknown realm where we could no longer feel ourselves masters of our fate. But mastery is a pride, and does not fill the heart. Speed, mechanization, many inventions, are good only so far as they ease our material circumstances, enlarge our leisure, and so maintain the body that the spirit may have free play.

There is an Ancient Light which states simply that man is a spirit. Now the spirit moves to love, joy, and

peace by ways and means which cannot be weighed or measured, and we must seek it of set purpose by unhurried immaterial methods, wise or foolish, as they help us. There may be odd quiet hours by the window with the sky and air, or the small hobbies which are dear to us for their own sake. There is a cultivation of the gentler affections, and the adventure of those higher emotions which alone are stable and illumine our lives. And there is study of the great poetry which is our national inheritance and stirs the soul. Other roads also may lead us into our third dimension, and each must take that which suits him best; but once we are within, our wonder is that any effort should have been required to find that which is our own. It is fullness of life: it is love; we need it in our turmoil of to-day.

(To be continued)

The Peace Offering

By L. Parkinson

"Do you know that girl?"

Liddy Greenroyd stood by her stall in Thornsyke Market. It was Saturday night and nearly closing time. She nodded towards the slim figure in the shabby coat with affected carelessness; but she waited eagerly for the answer.

Mrs. Smith of the toy-stall looked up from her task of packing dolls in a cardboard box.

"Yes, that's Mary Best; poor girl!"

Liddy turned away.

So that was Ruth's daughter! The likeness to her old friend was no trick of the imagination. "Best" was the name of the man Ruth had married soon after the quarrel that had made her and Liddy strangers to each other. Liddy remembered hearing of the birth of a child who had been named Mary.

It was now more than twenty years since Ruth and Liddy had spoken to each other.

There had been a day when they had met in Thornsyke, not very long after Ruth's marriage, and Ruth had hesitated, had looked inclined to stop and speak to her old friend; but Liddy had passed on with set lips and averted eyes.

Mary Best drew near the stall. Her basket was filled with the plums and vegetables and the small piece of meat that could be bought at a low price on Saturday night; but she had still a few pence left in her purse, and she looked wistfully at the Michaelmas daisies, sole remnants of the bunches of autumn flowers brought by Liddy from her garden that morning.

"How much are the flowers?" she asked timidly, and Liddy noticed that her face was pale and thin.

"Why," she said, "you can have a bunch for two-pence; those are all I have left."

The bunches of Michaelmas daisies were of generous size. Mary's face lit up with a pleased smile.

"You're fond of flowers?" Liddy suggested, wrapping paper round the wet stalks.

"Yes; but these are for my Mother. She loves flowers, and she can't get out of doors to look at them."

"No?"

The note of interest in Liddy's voice encouraged the girl to say more.

"She has to lie in bed all day long. It's lonesome and the flowers seem to cheer her. She says they remind her of the garden at home when she was a girl."

Ah, that garden! Liddy remembered it as a fragrant place of roses and gilly-flowers. She put the flowers into the girl's hand, and turned away to attend to another customer.

It was always late when Liddy went to bed on Saturday night. Usually she fell

asleep directly, so tired was she, after the hours spent at her stall in the market.

That night her mind was disturbed by old memories that made her restless and wakeful.

She saw herself as a child playing with Ruth on the village green; they had gone together to the old school-house, worshipped side by side in the grey church by the river, and shared each other's joys and sorrows.



"Liddy was holding out a great bunch of chrysanthemums"

When childhood was past, they found employment in the same workroom in Thornsyke and travelled to and from the town by the same train. Liddy recalled Ruth's merry ways, her pretty face and nut-brown hair. Everybody liked Ruth; but Liddy felt no jealousy of her friend, though she herself was homely in appearance and lacked Ruth's lively spirits.

She thought it quite natural that Ruth should be loved and admired. There was something protective about her affection for Ruth, who had grown to rely upon strong, capable Liddy.

Then one summer a cloud rose between the two friends.

Liddy had taken it almost as a matter of course that she and Ruth should spend their week's holiday together, as in former years. It had indeed been due to her that Ruth had enjoyed those visits to the seaside, for Liddy's people were better off than Ruth's widowed mother. So it was an unpleasant surprise when Ruth told her, with some slight embarrassment, that she had accepted an invitation to visit friends in the country and could not go with her to Bridlington. Aggrieved and resentful, conscious of benefits bestowed, Liddy had reproached her friend.

"You went with me when you'd nothing better to do, and now you throw me over for the sake of these new friends."

"It's not that, Liddy," Ruth had remonstrated uncomfortably. "You needn't take offence because I want to go to Oakdene."

"You can please yourself. I don't want an unwilling companion."

That had been the beginning of the quarrel. A few more bitter words on Liddy's part stung Ruth into the angry retort,

"You think just because you've been kind to me I ought always to do as you want. You're too fond of bossing people, Liddy Greenroyd."

From that moment the friendship between the two girls was ended.

Ruth, quickly repentant for her hasty words, would have been ready to forgive and be forgiven; but not so Liddy. Ruth's taunt rankled. The girl's timid efforts for a reconciliation were ignored. Liddy told herself that Ruth had been guilty of base ingratitude.

Yet now, looking back, Liddy owned there had been some excuse for Ruth. She had wanted to visit those new friends because they were the cousins of Ned Best, the young man she afterwards married.

And now Ruth was a widow and a helpless invalid. Strange to think of the bright, lively Ruth unable to leave the house, with no glimpse of the outer world but the view from her bedroom window.

Sometime in the early hours of Sunday morning Liddy fell asleep to dream of the friend of her girlhood. She was walking to church with Ruth across the fields, and they were talking together happily as in other days. The bells were ringing, that musical peal she had always loved to hear.

She woke to find herself listening to the bells of Thornsyke Parish Church.

Saturday night again and all the hurry and bustle of the market!

Amid the press of business, Liddy cast searching glances at the passers-by, looking for one girlish figure. At last she came, a little later than usual, and—or so it seemed to Liddy—more wan and tired looking. Her basket was heavy too. That evening's purchases had left no pence for flowers; besides, the rain had spoiled the Michaelmas daisies, there were no cheap flowers for sale.

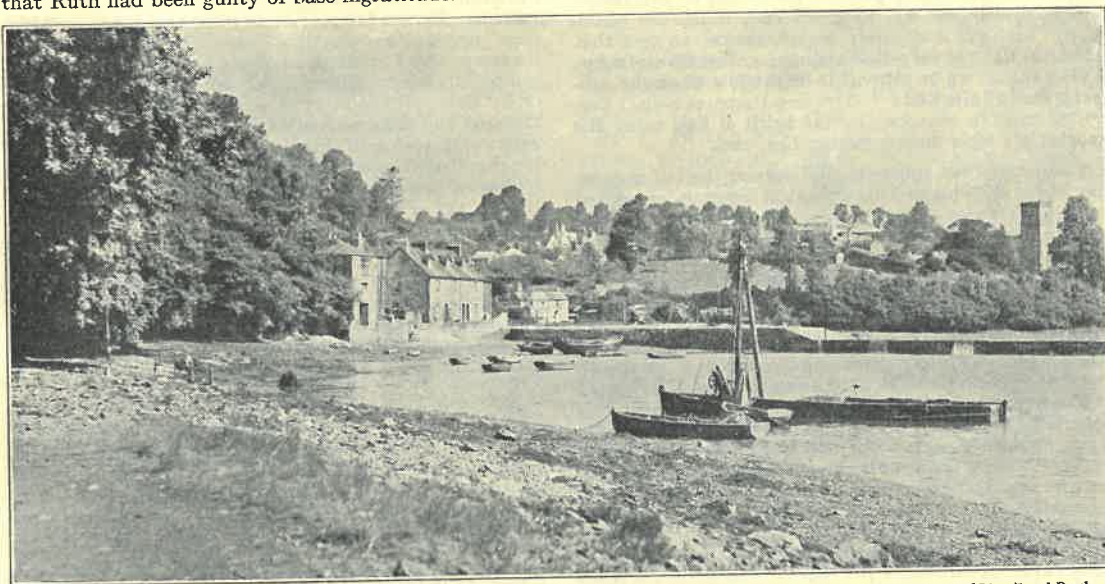
Mary Best was passing Liddy Greenroyd's stall when she felt a touch on her arm. She turned in surprise. Liddy was holding out a great bunch of chrysanthemums, all bronze and golden. She spoke abruptly.

"Give these to your mother, and tell her that Liddy Greenroyd sent them."

"Liddy Greenroyd!" Mary echoed the words. "Why, Mother was talking about you only the other day and wishing she could see you. She said you were her dearest friend when she was a girl."

So Ruth had spoken kindly of her. Liddy looked into the blue eyes of Ruth's daughter and read there nothing but friendly interest and gratitude.

"I'll come to-morrow afternoon," she said, "if your Mother is able to see me. I'd like to have a chat about old times."



STOKE GABRIEL ON THE DART

[Staniland Pugh

Moves the Church of God

Notes on the Beginnings of the Christian Church, for our encouragement to-day

III. CREEDS AND LITURGIES

CHRISTIAN GEOGRAPHY. The world's Paths and Routes vary little. But trade, fashion, wars, cause them to be used or disused; sometimes Christian writers best knew the way to Constantinople, at others to Rome, but the background of the early Church was along the **Imperial Roman** and some **Eastern lines**. We probably owe the chief early care for the families of Scriptures to Antioch, the now silted up port on the Orontes, to the province of Asia, containing Ephesus and Smyrna (repeatedly to this day terrorized), and to Alexandria; to Rome in other ways and to Latin speaking places. Even apart from persecution, local Churches waxed or waned, but it is clear that in early times (again partly on imperial outlines) the larger ones, particularly **Ephesus, Smyrna, Corinth, Rome, Alexandria, Caesarea, Jerusalem** had special influence. It is not always what we might expect. It is obvious why Jerusalem could not be from the first the centre of Christendom, and why later the Roman Papacy was "the shadow of the Empire"; it is also clear that the dominating Churches had powerful influence in their own regions; but the links between them were **writings, creeds, and Apostolic traditions** "in CHRIST." The **Apostolic traditions** were the charge, as persecutors knew, of **presidents and officers** for the whole body, though the laity formed part of that priesthood (1 Pet. 2⁵) which was continually offering to God "the Christ and His Church in the Christ." The Good Shepherd's flock—one Flock, not one Fold—were shepherded under Him, wherever they were, by appointed persons.

THE CHRISTIAN CREEDS. Apart from sins, and the "varied minds of human beings," when we look back we see that those who are approved and matters that are ratified must emerge from states often painful for contemporaries, sometimes disgraceful (1 Cor. 3¹⁻¹⁶). But while ordinary Christians may simply use what they possess, according to the teachings received, scholars at great cost must use philosophy, history, and lately some science, to test that **technical work about religion** which is called **theology**. "Why should we be content to be shallow when the subject is the Infinite God?" The deep things of God (1 Cor. 2^{10, 11}) must be searched by the **Spirit of God** using His appropriate tools among men (1 Cor. 12⁴).

These tools are spiritual and learned men of insight, but they are checked by practical officials, weighted by the inertness of most people, and this in the long run shows the work of patience. With many mistakes, inclining first one way and then another, the Church came to hold everywhere what it has put into its **common Creed**. We call its form **Nicene**, after the first great Council of the Unpersecuted Church; but it went through various processes, it was called "of Constantinople," and now is traced back to what was said at **Jerusalem**. The word "**Ecumenical**" is used of some Councils, four especially, **Nicea, 325; Constantinople, 381; Ephesus, 431; Chalcedon, 451**. But this word was not stamped on a Council until **what it concluded was seen by later ages to commend itself to all**. The **Creeds**, then, are the results of **controversies** so to speak, a smelting of what is valuable by heat and fire, and leaving as it cools the removable by-products not fit for the main purposes of the process. "Nothing but Christianity could have

survived some Christians." But the object of Creeds, not yet apparent to all, is to guarantee **that the teachers may have a standard whereby they may see that they do not neglect any part of what has been selected as "generally necessary to salvation" in Christian tradition of the past**; even if what is not expressed therein can gradually go through the same processes as its predecessor, as new needs arise. So the Christians learnt in the early ages to know why they had a right to say, for instance, that **CHRIST is not "from God," but "out from God."**

LITURGIES AND OFFICES. The individual may pray wherever or whoever he is **so far as he knows God**; still more, does the Christian pray, with **his own right of access to the Father**. We are seeing to-day, behind the Hebrew training, how teachers were forced to form for the sake of orderliness what we call **Liturgies** (public services), wherever they had sufficient education. The framework for **rites** (traditional, written forms, explaining or commanding ceremonial) is there in **human nature**; but first we see that Judaism sanctified known common forms of worship, and gave them to our Holy Supreme God—there had been other prophets, other psalmists, before them—and then Christians continued many of these methods—down the same roads with fuller knowledge of God "in the face of JESUS CHRIST." It is the **contents**, not always the **forms**, which must be different.

We trace to-day **Kalendar customs** influencing **festival celebrations**, and many **local or human** elements in our methods of worship. Scholars tell of the great and stately public **Liturgies**. These influence our present methods of making the **Christian offering**, just a few small fragments belonging to all races everywhere, for the baptized. Where the State required to know about **namegiving, marriage, burial**, Christians added their rites and sacraments. They in their daily acts and thoughts learnt how other Christians connected a Christian and all Christians with the **Divine Life**. Where in the world thoughtful men urged "recollection" or other little aids to memory, the Christian, according to his opportunity, joined himself to **offices** which any could say by night or by day. What matters is that a Christian got his **Creed and Sacraments**. They formed his character and endowed him with the strength that he required, of coming from God, going to God; he was to have "**no gaps of death in the middle of his life**" (1 Cor. 12³⁻¹³).

Thus "by their fruits" Christians have made their way in spite of the human "kink." These **outlines** are meant to inspire people to take some little point of these great **historical subjects of Christendom** as their own and to **work at it with good tools**. Study circles, library work, etc., are available to-day, if somebody takes trouble for a local effort.

NOTE—C. P. S. Clarke, *Short History of the Christian Church* (6s.); Mrs. Duncan Jones, *Story of Christendom* (part 1, 2s.; 3 vols., 6s.), may help those not requiring larger books, among which Dr. Kidd, *History* (3 vols.) and *Documents* (2 vols.) of the *Early Church* are now chief authorities. But a guide, trained historically, will be needed for the advanced study circle, and he or she will know what is available. Libraries supplying books by post are Mothers' Union, Mary Sumner House, Tufton St., S.W.1; V.T.B.S. Library (mainly for those of secondary and college standard), 352 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square; and National Central Library for Students, Malet Place, W.C.1.

The Apple-Tree Fairies

By Mary Robinson

LONG ago there were no apples, no pears, no plums, and no cherries. There were all kinds of trees, and all kinds of fairies; but the trees had no flowers and the fairies flew anywhere they liked.

Now on moonlight nights all the fairies held feasts, and they loved to hold them under the trees. Of course the trees always stayed awake those nights to watch the dancing and to listen to the music. They used to see the lovely fairies coming to the parties, wearing green and yellow, pink and white, orange and brown, red and black, frocks. The trees loved the fairies, and were always sorry when morning came, and the

"Isn't the apple-tree lovely? See, she is covered with pink and white fairies. Oh! they are beautiful." The wind came and kissed them, and the fairies gave the wind a faint sweet scent; the brown bees came to look, and the fairies gave them golden bread and sweet honey. The sun-fairies would not go away; they stayed all day watching the beautiful apple-tree.

When evening came the Queen sent little cream moths to find the pink and white fairies; the moths thought the apple-tree was so beautiful they stayed there, and at last the Fairy Queen came herself. She said the tree was lovely and sent for the other fairies to come and dance around it. When the dance was over the Queen said the pink and white fairies might stay seven days and seven nights, then they must come back to Fairyland.

Six days and six nights the apple-tree was quite happy, but on the seventh day it began to be sad. The leaves cried little tears, for they hated to say "good-bye" to the pink and white blossom fairies. When the Queen came she was sorry for the tree, and asked her little subjects: "What can we do to comfort these weeping green leaves?" The fairies said: "We are leaving them some little brown babies in green cradles; they will be so busy taking care of them that they will have no time to weep for us."

pretty little things flew home.

But one moonlight night, while all the fairies were dancing under the trees, some black clouds came over the sky. Pitter patter, down came the raindrops, and the silver moonlight faded away. "Come under our leaves, quickly," called the trees; "fly to our branches, or you will be drowned." The leaves rustled in the wind, the fairies heard, and soon every fairy was safely hidden in a green tent, a "leaf-tent," curled round to keep out the rain and wind.

When morning came the tiny fairies peeped out to see if it was fine enough to go home. But it was still raining heavily. So they crept back into the shelter of the leaves and went to sleep again. It rained all that day, and the next night, and still the fairies slept.

Early on the second morning the sun-fairies came out, to chase away the raindrops. The trees were sad, for they wanted the fairies to stay. But the fairies were afraid their Queen might need them, so they could not stay. They spread out their green and blue, red and yellow, wings, and flew away—all except those under the apple-tree leaves, and they were still asleep.

At last they too awoke, but the sunshine was so hot that they could not spread out their little wings; they could only stand and weep in their green "leaf-tents." "Do not cry, stay with us till evening," said the apple-tree leaves. "We will keep you cool; dance here in the shade where the soft breezes blow."

The other trees looked, and looked again; then all the leaves in that wood began to whisper:

Then the Queen said, "Come!" A little breeze blew, and all the fairies rose up, and flew away home. Some of their pretty pink and white dresses were soiled, so they dropped them like snowflakes on the ground. But the apple-tree stayed awake all night weeping for the fairies, until the sun-fairies came in the morning and said: "What have you there, in those little green boxes?" The leaves stopped crying to look, and then listened, for the boxes were talking. "We are cradles, we have little brown babies inside, and oh! we are so hungry. Feed us, and feed the babies." Then the leaves forgot to cry, and began to feed the green boxes.

When autumn came the brown babies were dear little fat "pips," safely hidden inside rosy apples. And if you do not believe this story, go and watch the apple-trees, and you will see that it is so true that it happens every year.



"They crept back into the shelter of the leaves"



"The fairies rose up and flew away home"

The Orange Free State and Basutoland

Some Impressions of the Church in Action

By the Rev. Basil Oddie, S.S.M.



BISHOP OF
BLOEMFONTEIN
(Lafayette, Ltd.)

IN spite of modern communications South Africa is still to many English people an unknown quantity, but it is a land worthy of a visit.

Twenty-four hours after leaving Cape Town we get our first view of the Orange Free State, seeing little but vast spaces of semi-desert, with little apparent vegetation. The impression is one of loneliness. Occasionally the roof of a farm-house appears on the horizon. Where these farms are in English occupation, they are shepherded by a priest of the Diocese of Bloemfontein,

who may live as much as fifty miles away.

Then on to the capital, Bloemfontein itself, a well-planned town, the seat of the Provincial Government and of our own Bishop. If we stay here, we shall see one of the differences which mark off most South African towns from their English counterparts, in the way in which a section of population is isolated from the rest. For here we are in the country of Native Locations, where the main supply of labour

is housed at some distance from the European section.

There are many critics of this system, but much may be said in its favour during the present stage in the development of the country, provided that the Locations are arranged on properly planned systems. One great advantage of them is that the missionary has the opportunity of finding his people within a limited area, which makes it easier for him to concentrate his work.

A visit to the Bloemfontein location brings us into full contact with the activities of the diocese. There is the big Church of St. Patrick, with its schools, and its daughter churches. These form part of the mission work of the Society of the Sacred Mission, Kelham, an intensive work with many difficulties.

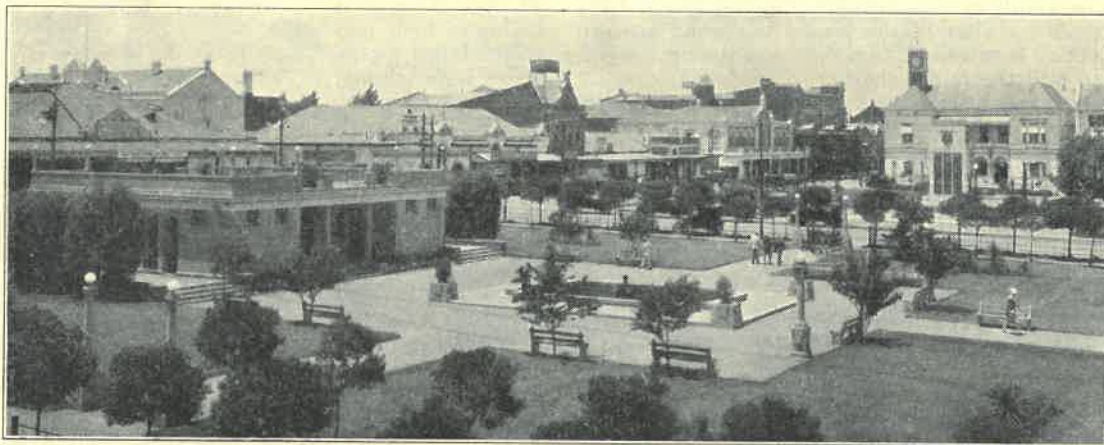
The Orange Free State falls naturally into two main divisions, the western half being arid for the most part, whilst the eastern is a rich agricultural area. From Bloemfontein we can travel north to Kroonstad, another centre of missionary activity, where the Kelham Fathers are building a great church to replace an altogether inadequate building. If we travel eastward we pass through Thaba 'Nchu, yet another mission centre. When we think of these centres we must not visualize them in the same way as an English parish.



SCHOOL AT MASITE
(South African Railway Mission)



PRIORY CHURCH, MODDERPOORT
(South African Railway Mission)



HOFMANN SQUARE, BLOEMFONTEIN

(Exclusive News Agency)

For each is indeed a real centre, with its big church for the native Bantu, and with a long string of out-stations served from the centre at fixed periods. Some of the centres also serve the white people of the district.

From Thaba 'Nchu we pass on to Modderpoort, a junction with a few railway houses, but one of the big missionary centres of the diocese. For here, in addition to the church, there are the Modderpoort Schools, training the young Bantu, some for teachers, others for matriculation and all that is opened to them after that is passed. When we remember the difficulties of our Church Schools in England it is gratifying to realize that here practically all the education, from sub-standards to High School, is in the hands of the Church.

Then on to Basutoland, a Crown Protectorate, and yet surrounded by the Union of South Africa. The Protectorate Government provides social service for its people, hospitals and schools, whilst the Church does its best for a country in which there are few main roads. Here again we find really live missionary centres, serving great areas. One of the most thrilling sights is to see one of our priests, probably accompanied by a native "boy," either getting ready for, or returning from, a trip into some distant mountainous area, to administer the Sacraments, prepare candidates for Baptism and Confirmation, and settle cases of discipline. For here, as in most missionary dioceses, there is a real and not merely a theoretical Church discipline, and at times the missionary is confronted with many "cases" to be dealt with through the medium of the Church Court, in which he may have his catechist as assessor.

A TYPICAL WEEK-END

Here is a typical missionary's week-end. He will arrive on the Saturday afternoon, unpack his belongings and settle in the hut assigned to him, which is generally near the church. This will probably have been cleaned out and water and other supplies carried in by members of the congregation. Probably a cup of tea follows, and then to church for confessions, which often occupy the greater



A NATIVE RELIGIOUS
(South African Railway Mission)

part of the evening, and are followed by some interviews and preparation for Communion. If the missionary is fortunate he may have with him his "boy" or native servant, but if not, he will have to cook his own meals on the ubiquitous primus stove.

Next morning there will be one or more celebrations of Holy Communion, with large numbers of communicants, after which there may be a



A ZULU

Church Court dealing with cases for discipline or the readmission of a penitent. The first meal follows when all this is finished, which is never very early. On Monday morning after the Eucharist he may return to the central station, or go on to some other outpost. The distances are enormous, and travelling takes considerable time, sometimes by motor, or more likely by train to the nearest available point, and then on by any means of conveyance available. In many places a motor is needed, and this is a very different experience from driving on our well-made English roads.

All this country forms one large diocese, that of Bloemfontein, covering an area about the size of the British Isles. Like most missionary dioceses, it never has a full supply of priests, and one of the most encouraging factors is to see how scattered congregations are kept alive by voluntary catechists, and by an enthusiasm for the Faith which inspires the people to overcome many disabilities, such as long distances (it is not uncommon to find that some have walked over twenty miles, or even come in the night before), and buildings which are frequently too small and certainly not elaborately fitted or decorated.

In addition to work amongst the various native peoples, Basuto, Baralong, together with Zulus and small communities of other tribes, with their varying languages, there is also the work among the white population and the scattered railway workers.



NATIVE HUTS

UNPROFITABLE SERVANT

HE spent his life in fever-haunted lands
Among an alien people, whom he led
By patient prayer and consecrated hands
To CHRIST, the Living Bread.

Lonely he toiled amid his scattered sheep,
And when the fever claimed him in the end,
Only a Native boy was there to weep
A well-beloved friend.

Just at the last, he raised himself to cry
(As earth grew dim, and heaven seemed opening wide),
"LORD! Thy unprofitable servant—here am I!"
And as he spoke he died.

Yet as his spirit sped through unknown spheres
Into the glory brighter than the sun,

He must have heard, with half-incredulous ears,
His Master say, "Well done!"

Christian Burke



The HIDDEN GARDEN

By J. Aiton Cowdroy

SYNOPSIS

JEAN BOURNE, a young girl of artistic temperament, is out of work, and the family finances are at a low ebb. Her friend, HAROLD CONROY, is able to help by securing TOM CARTWRIGHT as a lodger. Tom is the London representative of a well-known Staffordshire pottery firm. As Jean's mother has, unfortunately, no idea of housekeeping, Jean decides to abandon her ambition to become a sculptor, and takes over the management of the household. The family troubles come to a head when GREGORY, Jean's married brother, is arrested for fraud, and remanded in custody. His wife, VIOLET, with her two children seek refuge with Mrs. Bourne. Tom discovers some samples of Jean's china work, and, impressed by their high quality, offers to find customers who will purchase her goods.

The story continues—

CHAPTER XVI

WHERE THERE'S A WILL . . .

THAT first week while Gregory Bourne was being held on remand while an unknown fate that no one dared to think about hung over his head, was gloomy for every member of his family, but to Violet it seemed like a nerve-racking, interminable nightmare from which she could not free herself by waking.

One hour had torn from her not only her husband, but security, the shelter of home, her very furniture and jewellery, for everything had been seized by the tradesmen to whom, as Gregory's instalment payments were hopelessly in arrears, they really belonged.

And Violet had not even guessed that her seeming-possession, the pretty things of which she had been so proud, even Gregory's birthday presents to her, were not paid for, were not her own at all. She knew that these minor losses were trifles beside her greatest disaster, but surface stings have often poignant power to hurt, and it was sudden memories of little, foolish losses—a brooch that she had specially liked, a favourite chair, the children's rocking horse—that reduced her to passionate, helpless weeping, while her grief for Gregory lay too deep for tears.

In some ways she was much more helpless and inexperienced than Louie or Jean who had learned in the difficult school of necessity to think and act for themselves, and she accepted all that was done for her without protest. Even Eric and David were taken off her hands, for they had attached themselves to their Grannie, and trotted about at her heels like a couple of lively young puppies.

But underneath her outward languor she felt deep gratitude for Mrs. Bourne's motherly affection, the girls' sisterly kindness. She had shunned them, even looked down on them when she and Gregory were prosperous. She was ashamed to remember that now, and to feel, though they never so much as hinted at such a thought, that she and her children had been thrown, a heavy additional burden, on their scanty resources. As she grew stronger in health she longed to repay the care and affection she received in such abundance, but diffidence held her back. The

very fact that Jean cheerfully waited on her as a matter of course seemed to make her just a guest in the house. She feared with real humility to overstep a guest's privileges. Then one day her opportunity came.

When Tom Cartwright announced bluntly to Jean on Monday evening that the shop-keeper had bought her two sample pairs of candlesticks for fifteen shillings and ordered three dozen pairs of each design at three shillings each, she was stricken dumb with awe.

"Mr. Cartwright, this is simply marvellous!" she cried with shining eyes when she recovered her voice.

"If you mean that the price is marvellously small, I agree," he said with vigour. "But I had to take the fellow's own terms, and it must serve for a beginning. But fifteen shillings capital won't carry you far, Miss Jean, and after months of disuse that kiln must require thorough overhauling if you aren't going to destroy more models than you can afford to waste; won't you consent to let me come in as financial partner?"

But grateful as she felt, Jean was adamant on that point, and Tom, who had never condescended to borrow a pound from any man in his life, could only respect her spirit. Late that evening Jean slipped out to visit an old friend of her father's, now himself a master builder in the neighbourhood. It was Joseph Brown indeed who, still working with her father, had originally installed her kiln, and the rugged builder listened with indulgent attention while she poured out her breathless tale, and finally patted her shoulder with fatherly affection.

"You did right to come to me, little Missy, for you and me have always been pals since you was a toddler and come trotting about the yard with me," he said. "And don't you worry your head about paying me bills at this time of day. I'll be round myself, first thing in the morning, and put your little kiln ship-shape for you, my dear, and if you want to reward me labour," he chuckled wheezily, "you give me one of your bits of models on me next birthday."

"How extraordinarily good people are to me," Jean thought, as she sped home elated beyond words at the prospect of so soon working again at her beloved clay and paints. "First Mr. Cartwright, whom I thought was so stiff and formal, and now dear old Joseph, though I knew he would help at once if I asked. Oh, the joy of feeling that I can slip off into my workshop at last without being conscious-stricken over wasted time! But I've still got to be stern with myself, not even let myself think about my pots till the domestic chores are finished."

But Jean ought to have known after two months' hard experience that household work never is definitely finished, especially in a house that held two children, and two grown-ups who needed even more waiting on than David and Eric did.

The first job, that of making fresh moulds from unpainted specimens of the poppy and crocus designs, was one that required prolonged care and attention, and those she attempted to make in too great a hurry in an odd hour or so snatched between tea and dinner were complete failures.

At the end of a wasted week she felt despairing.

"I ought to tackle a tricky job like this in the morning, before I feel fagged out," she thought. "Mr. Cartwright stipulated I should have three months to carry out the order—sensible soul that he is. But at this rate it will never be begun, let alone finished." Then sharply she checked her tendency to grumble. "Now then, Jean Bourne, have patience! Dogged does it. Cheer up! If Mother really takes the boys to spend Tuesday with Aunt Julia as she promises to do, I ought to manage a real day's work, and make a proper start."

On Tuesday she rose early to set her house in order. Mrs. Bourne, after various maddening delays, departed looking like a ship in full sail with a pair of small tugs puffing at either side, and Jean ran upstairs to take Violet into her confidence.

The girl was dressing listlessly, but when the true inwardness of Jean's wildly disjointed story dawned on her she brightened up with the first sign of animation she had shown since she came to Beck Street.

"O Jean, you *must* carry out that order to time or you might never get another! I do wish I'd known about your modelling before, but do let me take my share in the house from now on to give you more free time. Then I shan't feel so idle and useless, and I'm sure I shall feel ever so much better if I have something to do. I didn't like to suggest it before for fear of seeming horrid and interfering when you and Mummie are so sweet to me." With affectionate impulsiveness she gave Jean a warm hug. "Truly, if you will let me help, I shan't upset all your orderly ways. I've watched you so often that I know exactly how you like things done."

"Vi, you are a perfect brick." Jean laughed, immensely relieved. "But for goodness' sake don't cleave to my methods if you know any better. I've had to hammer mine out by sheer experience. But I can set to work at those moulds with a clear mind if I haven't got to listen for the bell, and run in every few minutes to attend to a saucepan. It's cold lunch to-day, and everything is prepared."

"I'll see to it. You go off to your workshop, Jean, and don't waste another minute. And," she added shyly, "thank you for telling me your secret. I'll keep it safely, and love to feel I'm helping a little."

The arrangement worked well for both girls. With occupation to fill her empty hours Violet's nerves steadied, and her fits of crying ceased. She was quick too, and presently displayed an aptitude for cookery at which Jean both marvelled and rejoiced since it relieved her of her chief bugbear. Jean still did her full share, but with new energy, inspired by knowledge that when domestic duties were over she could dedicate five or six uninterrupted hours to the other work that was a labour of love.

CHAPTER XVII

A CRAFTSMAN AT WORK

VIOLET was present with Mr. Conroy in the Police Court on the dreaded day when Gregory and his companions, brought a second time before the Magistrate, were committed for trial.

Forewarned by Mr. Conroy's previous explanation that, as the prisoners had decided to reserve their defence, their committal was a foregone conclusion, she sat through the brief proceedings, and heard the inevitable sentence pronounced, with no outward sign of emotion, tearless and self-controlled.

Afterwards, when she was permitted a minute's interview with her husband, they stood close, quiet and tense.

"My darling," he whispered, "it's the disgrace I've brought on you with my conceit and folly that is the

worst part. I believe only Sly could prove I had no share in this swindle, and he's not here. You realize that if I can't prove my innocence I shall be sent to prison?"

"Gregory, my dearest, you must not fret about us. All this is terrible for you. That's what I suffer over. But even if the worst happens when the trial comes on you haven't disgraced us, for you haven't done wrong yourself."

The passionate gratitude for her faith in him that she felt in the kiss he gave her as they were parted, went straight to Violet's heart.

This time, when they conveyed the bitter news to Beck Street, it was she who soothed away Mrs. Bourne's heartbroken tears.

"Mummie, don't cry so," she murmured lovingly, her arms round the sobbing mother. "See, dear, it isn't as if Gregory

had done wrong himself. All this is just a test of our faith and courage. What we must do is to look beyond all this to the time when he will come back to us. And he loves you so for all you have done for me and his sons."

Eric and David were their Grannie's most effectual comforters, and with real unselfishness Violet left them to her care, and gave her time to practical tasks to set Jean free.

Jean's secret was an open one by this time, and now that she could shut herself in her workshop, and know that Violet, who was far more naturally efficient than she, was in charge, she attacked her modelling with such absorbed earnestness that the work grew apace. Here, engaged on her true work, Jean changed from the anxious, fumbling "maid-of-all-work" to the artist, clever, skilful, sure of herself. The dream flowers of her visionary "hidden garden" shaped themselves in visible form at last.

The initial difficulty in making perfect moulds at length overcome, the process was a fascinating one. She would mix the powdered clays with water in a big



"Afterwards, when she was permitted a minute's interview with her husband, they stood close, quiet and tense"

jug until the mixture looked like thick cream, then into the base of the mould (the two sides of which she had bound firmly together) she would steadily pour the prepared "slip," feeding it a little at a time as the porous clay of the mould absorbed the water in the mixture and left the solid ingredients in the slip to harden into a crust that took the exact form of the mould, until at last it would hold no more, and the liquid residuum that remained unabsorbed must be poured gently away.

The whole process needed delicate care and judgement, but soon, as she gained assurance with repeated practice, this part of the task became mechanical, though she still felt a little nervous when it came to opening the mould and smoothing away from the model the mark of the join. Certainly she heaved a sigh of relief when she set on a tray ready for firing a model which passed her exacting standard as flawless. Then the process began again, till she had a batch of models ready for the kiln.

That kiln, even after Mr. Brown's attentions to it, could behave like a demon when it felt like it. The muffle—that is, the fireproof clay lining of the kiln—perpetually betrayed her trust in it by breaking into tiny cracks, and Jean never knew when she opened the door after seven or eight hours whether she was going to be enraptured by the sight of a flock of "biscuit" models perfectly fired and ready for painting and glazing, or thrown into despair by sight of those same models, that had cost so much of her precious material and time to prepare, hopelessly blackened by sulphur fumes in the gas that had penetrated the treacherous cracks.

"What you want, young Missy," said Mr. Brown one day when he dropped in to find her industriously patching the muffle after one of these disasters, "is an electric kiln. They don't serve you that dirty trick like what gas does. It 'ud be a saving in the long run."

"It will be a long run indeed," she laughed cheerfully, "before I can afford an expensive electric kiln, and meantime gas must serve my turn. After all, it's a poor workman who quarrels with his tools, and I hope it won't let me down next time. It would have been much worse if the things had been painted and practically finished. The painting really does take a lot of time though it is the most adorable part of the work."

She wiped her hands and opened the cupboard to show him a dozen candlesticks that were finished. Against the purity of the biscuit ware, and a few which were in the earlier stages of painting, the finished models glowed with delicate colour.

"Well, if you haven't turned that cupboard into a regular garden of flowers!" he exclaimed; and picked up one of the crocus models to examine it critically. "I see you stick on the paint before glazing. Find it works better that way?"

"For this sort of thing it does. The colour comes through the glaze as it is fired. But of course these simple sort of models aren't in the same category as the marvellous painted china that the really great people produce," she explained eagerly, delighted to discuss the subject nearest her heart with an intelligent listener.

"But those great factories," she went on, "all have their own secrets of material, and mixing of slip and glaze which make their china so wonderfully beautiful, apart from the matchless skill of their artists."

"Um. Seems to me there's a bit of an artist hereabouts," he grunted. "You're not attempting to run a model china factory yet, my dear, but it won't

surprise me to see you turn this into a tidy little business yet, for you'll find, if you go back far enough, that every famous china factory started once on small premises like yours, with one man's vision and skill in the heart of it. And that," he eyed her keenly, "brings me to what I've come about to-day."

Jean looked surprised, but before she could speak he went on:

"A lady what I'm building a country cottage for wants some special, hand-painted tiles for one of the fireplaces, the whole design to be purple irises growing against a pale blue background. The trouble is she can't draw the design herself though she's given me a muddled pencil sketch of her idea, and she's one of those fussy artistic ladies and the pattern and tones have got to be just so or they won't suit her. Now I'd like to give this here little job to you, Missy. You'd have to study her sketch and submit a design and a specimen tile ready painted. I've got bits of brocade to match the tone of the colours by. I'll provide the tiles of course, and a scale plan of the fireplace, and if you want a bit of expert help over glazing and firing—tiles being tricky things—there's a chap with me has been at the job all his life, will be glad to come round and lend a hand."

He fished a bundle from his capacious pocket and laid it on the table, while Jean stood flushed and silent.

Mr. Brown spoke again, mistaking the cause of the girl's silence. "You're thinking it will mean a lot of work and not too much pay, my dear. Well, that may be right. This here lady, though she's a titled ladyship, isn't rich, and we'd only have to charge her a fair price that would allow a small margin for profit. But if you satisfy her it would be fairly likely to bring in better orders, her being a real lady moving among the right, influential sort of people."

"But Mr. Brown, I've never tried a job of this kind."

"No. But if you're tackling this business of yours in earnest you have got to start with what jobs you can get, my dear. Same as your Dad used to say to me when we first started together, and got handed a job that looked like being more bother than it was worth. 'Come on, Joe, let's get down to it,' he'd say. 'It doesn't do to despise the day of small things.' And I've built up a sound business on a foundation of small things, same as he did himself. He was a sound business man, your Dad, my dear, if ever there was one."

"Then how came he to leave Mother so badly off, Mr. Brown?" she asked with eagerness. "I've never been able to understand it."

"Why, because he'd invested the bulk of his money in buying up building land, my dear. He couldn't foretell his sudden death with the temporary difficulties it would plunge his poor widow in. But the investment will bring her in a good return yet. You may know, perhaps, when the trouble came I offered young Gregory a job myself in the trade he had served his apprenticeship in, and I quoted that saying of his Dad's to him. But me lord was too cocksure of making his thousands with his fishy friends to take warning or advice from his Dad's old friend. Maybe he'll have learned more sense when he finds himself a free man and has to start again from the bottom rung of the ladder. But," he gave her a paternal, approving look, "you're not like your brother, my dear. You're too sensible to despise the day of small things. So just you look over these papers and see if you can't make a design that will satisfy my ladyship, and secure you the job."

(To be continued)

Church Life To-day

Some Points of Current Interest



THE LATE CANON
SIR EDWYN HOSKYNs, BT.
(Lafayette, Ltd.)

By the death of Canon Sir Edwyn Hoskyns, Bt., the Church and the University of Cambridge have suffered a serious loss, for Sir Edwyn was an outstanding personality both as a theologian and an administrator. The son of the second Bishop of Southwell, Sir Edwyn was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, and was ordained in 1908 to a curacy at St. Ignatius, Sunderland, and was later for a time Warden of the Church Hostel at Sheffield University. In 1915 the great work of his life—University teaching—began, when he was appointed a Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. He remained there until his early death at the age of fifty-three, becoming successively Dean of Chapel, Librarian, and President. Sir Edwyn wrote few books, but his influence on his pupils and on the theology of his time was very considerable.

(E&P)

A STAINED-GLASS window depicting John Keble preaching his famous Assize Sermon in the pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford, was recently dedicated by the Archbishop of Melbourne in St. George's, Malvern. St. George's, though a small church, is one of the most beautiful in Melbourne, and possesses a remarkable series of windows illustrating the history of the Anglican Communion. Among those represented are Bishop Heber, the well-known hymn-writer, who as Bishop of Calcutta had the oversight of the Church in Australia; the martyred John Coleridge Patteson, first Bishop of Melanesia; and Bishop Stone-Wigg, the first Bishop of New Guinea.

(E&P)



THE REV. R. V. H. BURNE
(Elliott & Fry)

THE Rev. R. V. H. Burne, who has been appointed Archdeacon of Chester in succession to Bishop Norman Tubbs, will be known to many for his work at the Ordination Test School at Knutsford, first as tutor, under Canon Barry, and since 1923 as Principal. Mr. Burne was educated at Keble College, Oxford, and at Cuddesdon. He was ordained in 1907 and for seven years was a member of the staff of Singapore Cathedral.

THE Bishop of Truro, Dr. J. W. Hunkin, has appointed the Rev. H. G. Mulliner to be Chancellor of Truro Cathedral in the place of the Right Rev. E. W. Sara, now Assistant Bishop of Jamaica. Mr. Mulliner was ordained in 1924 and served curacies at Caversham, Liverpool, and Southport before the late Dr. Burroughs, then Bishop of Ripon, appointed him to his present living of North Stainley, Ripon. He was Domestic Chaplain to Dr. Burroughs, and recently wrote his Life. Since 1935 he has been Examining Chaplain to Dr. Burroughs' successor, Dr. Lunt.

(E&P)

In succession to the Right Rev. E. S. Woods, who has been elected Bishop of Lichfield, the Rev. W. L. Anderson, D.S.C., has been appointed Suffragan-Bishop of Croydon in the Diocese of Canterbury. Mr. Anderson had just taken his degree at Cambridge when the war broke out, and he at once enlisted in King Edward's Horse, in which he rose to the rank of sergeant-major. In 1916 he was transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service and later to the Royal Air Force. He gained the Distinguished Service Cross while in the Navy. Ordained in 1920 Mr. Anderson served for a time as Chaplain of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. He was a naval chaplain 1922-28, and in the latter year accepted the vicarage of Sparkhill. He became Vicar of St. John the Evangelist, Meads, Eastbourne, in 1932, and since February this year has also been Rural Dean of Eastbourne.



THE REV.
W. L. ANDERSON, D.S.C.
(Lavis, Eastbourne)

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(E&P)

THE pulpit of the Church of St. John the Baptist, Wheathill, near Castle Cary, Somerset, one of the smallest churches in the country, was lost for about fifty years. It has now been discovered in a barn adjoining the church and has been restored and replaced as a memorial of the Coronation.

(E&P)

Dr. Wynne Willson, Bishop of Bath and Wells, who is resigning that see in the autumn, has given £7,000 to be used at the discretion of the Finance Committee during the next fifteen years. Only three years ago the Bishop and Mrs. Wynne Willson gave £4,000 to be administered by the Committee, a sum which has proved most valuable in the relief of difficult cases.

(E&P)

THE Suffragan-Bishop of Grimsby, the Right Rev. E. M. Blackie, is resign-

ing his office in November, and will then succeed Dr. Francis Underhill as Dean of Rochester. The Bishop is sixty-eight years of age and is a graduate of the University of London. He was Vicar of Windsor, 1913-21, and in the latter year was appointed Archdeacon of Stow and Canon and Precentor of Lincoln Cathedral. He was consecrated Bishop of Grantham in 1930 and five years later became the first Suffragan-Bishop of Grimsby.



RT. REV. E. M. BLACKIE
(Harrison, Lincoln)

(E&P)

THE Archbishop of York recently dedicated the new work which has been done, at the expense of the Friends of York Minster, in St. Stephen's Chapel, in the north-east corner of the Minster. The new altar and reredos are the work of Professor Tristram. The middle panel, depicting the Crucifixion, is flanked by pictures of the Nativity and the Flight into Egypt, and below it are six smaller panels of the life of St. Stephen. The altar candlesticks are the gift of Mr. Michael Tapper, in memory of his father, Sir Walter Tapper, the late consulting architect of the Minster.

The walls of the chapel have been carefully cleaned by a new process, under the direction of Sir Charles Peers, and give a hint of what the beauty of the Minster must have been when it was first built.



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Our Query Corner

Hints for some of our
Correspondents

**** RULES.**—(1) All anonymous correspondence is destroyed unanswered. (2) True names and addresses must be given. (3) No names are published. (4) Correspondents must give the name of the local Parish Magazine to which they subscribe. (5) As several months at least must elapse before a question can be answered in the magazine, correspondents desiring an answer by post should enclose a stamped addressed envelope. (6) Attempts will be made to answer all reasonable questions in such cases, and to deal as far as possible with others of the same class if sent for answer in these columns; but it must be recollected that THE SIGN goes to press very much earlier than the local magazine, and that it is impossible to answer all questions here. (7) Those who are answered—and others—are asked to recollect that many of the questions are such as can only be adequately answered in a large treatise: our notes are simply "rough charts" to serve till a larger map can be examined. (8) The pages marked THE SIGN are a general Church Magazine, and the local pages only are edited by or under the direction of the Incumbent of each Parish.*

2833. What is meant by the term "Anglo-Catholic"?

The name "Anglo-Catholic" is now commonly applied to those who were formerly known as "High Churchmen," and is not confined to the more extreme members of that school. To understand the doctrines and ceremonial practices of these Anglo-Catholics who are loyal to the English Church and the standards of the Prayer Book you might study any of the following: *The Religion of the Church*, by Bishop Gore (1s. 6d.); *The Catholic Religion and The Ceremonial of the English Church* (2s. 6d. each), both by the Rev. Vernon Staley; *The Faith of the Church* (5s.) and *The Way of the Church* (2s. 6d.), both by Dr. Kenneth Mackenzie, Bishop of Brechin.

It should be noted that the word Anglo-Catholic is not a recent invention but was employed by Mr. Keble and others from about a hundred years ago to distinguish the English from the Roman Catholic Church.

2834. If the Vicar has approved of an organist, why need the appointment be confirmed by the Parochial Church Council?

If the organist is to be paid the Parochial Church Council, who will be responsible for his salary, must of course take part in the appointment. And whether he is to be paid or not we think the most satisfactory method is that such appointments should be made by the Vicar and Council in conjunction.

2835. What is the correct dress for a Lay Reader when officiating in church? May he wear a cope?

The rule is that Diocesan Readers wear a tippet over the surplice. The use of the cope is not confined to the clergy; for instance, it is sometimes worn by cantors. There does not seem to be any objection on principle to a Lay Reader wearing it when singing Evensong in church; it is a matter which would naturally be decided by the incumbent of the parish.

2836. Who decides which of the collections in church shall be set aside for special purposes?

The law about the collections in church is briefly as follows: The alms given at Holy Communion are at the disposal of the incumbent and the churchwardens; those given at any other service are at the disposal of the Parochial Church Council and the incumbent. Thus you will see that if it is desired to have a collection for a special purpose at the Holy Commu-

ON THE MAP

Points for Church People

THE PLACE OF PRACTICAL WISDOM

To fear the Lord is the root of wisdom

Among the many blessings which we enjoy in that part of the Church to which we belong, few are greater than the holy restraint which takes us away from the exclusive contemplation of any one truth.

Bishop George Wilkinson

SEPTEMBER, 1937

Date THE GREATER FEASTS

- 5, S. Fifteenth after Trinity.
- 12, S. Sixteenth after Trinity.
- 19, S. Seventeenth after Trinity.
- 21, Tu. St. Matthew, A.E.M.
- 26, S. Eighteenth after Trinity.
- 29, W. St. Michael and All Angels.

DAYS OF FASTING OR ABSTINENCE

Frídays, 3, 10, 17, 24.
Ember Days, W., F., S., 15, 17, 18.

COMMEMORATIONS

- 1, *Giles of Provence*, Ab., c. 720; 8, *Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary*; 13, *Cyprian, Bp. of Carthage & M.*, 258; 14, *Holy Cross Day*; 16, *Ninian, Bp. in Galloway*, c. 430, of the SCOTTISH CHURCH; [19, *Theodore of Tarsus, Archbp. of Canterbury*, 690;] 30, *Jerome, P. & Doctor*, 420.

nion the decision as to what the special purpose should be rests with the vicar and churchwardens; if at one of the other services the vicar and Parochial Church Council should decide.

In considering such questions it is necessary to guard against the opposite dangers of parochial stinginess and reckless finance. Those concerned should prudently estimate what will be required for essential expenses for the year, and should then decide what can be allotted to other causes which, if necessary, must take their turns from time to time.

2837. Is it usual for an incumbent to pay the rates upon a churchyard?

It is not usual for churchyards to be rated, but when this is done the incumbent is responsible for paying the rates. This of course would not prevent the Parochial Church Council from repaying him the amount if it thought proper to do so.

2838. In a very small parish like ours is it necessary to have a Council election?

It is laid down by law that a Parochial Church Council shall be established in every parish, but there is a special provision to avoid the necessity of an annual election in parishes like yours, with a population of less than three hundred. The Diocesan Conference has the power to determine that in such parishes the lay members of the Council shall consist of all persons who would be qualified to be elected lay representatives if an election were held, together with the churchwardens, provided that they are communicant members of the Church of England. Perhaps your Vicar would care to get in touch with the Secretary of the Conference with a view to having this regulation put in force.

2839. Should the priest change his stole from purple to white during a Baptism?

We think the usual practice at a baptism is for the priest to change from a purple to a white stole after the "Renunciation" and before the Creed, but sometimes a white stole is worn throughout. This is a matter which can safely be left to the discretion of the priest himself.

With reference to a paragraph recently published in THE SIGN in reply to a question about the insurance of vergers we have received the following ruling from the Ministry of Labour.

"I am to inform you that the Minister has had under consideration the question of liability to insurance under the Act in respect of employment as verger, and I am to state that he is now advised that any verger who is ordinarily required to render twenty-four or more hours' personal service weekly, otherwise than on Sunday, in duties of any kind as a verger, including duties incidental to such employment, whether of a domestic nature or otherwise, should be regarded as coming within the provisions of the Unemployment Insurance Scheme."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications as to the literary and artistic contents of this Magazine should be addressed to the Editor of THE SIGN, A. R. Mowbray & Co. Limited, 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1.

Every care will be taken of MSS., sketches, or photos submitted, but the Editor cannot be responsible for accidental loss. All MSS. should bear the author's name and address. If their return is desired in the event of non-acceptance STAMPS to cover the postage must be enclosed. Letters on business matters should be addressed to A. R. Mowbray & Co. Limited, at their London House as above.



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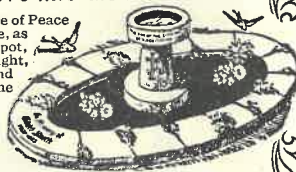
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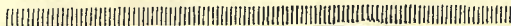
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who have registered as members of the Congress. It is as well, therefore, to do this even though you cannot attend all the meetings.

We have four missionary Bishops among our speakers. Bishop Holden, of Western Szechwan, China, has for nearly thirty years led as adventurous a life as almost any man living. During the greater part of that time he has been deeply involved in a hazardous life caused by the intense political unrest due to Communist raids and militaristic ambitions of various leaders. He has seen workers beaten and slain, churches and schools occupied or destroyed, and yet in all that time has insisted upon spending a large part of his time in touring his vast domain by every known method of transport. Quite recently he spent seven weeks on tour and except for short passages by boat, he made the whole tour on foot. No one should be able to talk better on "The Road to Victory."

Bishop Gelsthorpe, one of our younger Bishops, has won fame in another way. As a small boy his great ambition was to be either a brewer or a keeper at the Zoo! But when he was twelve years old he went to a missionary lantern lecture on Africa, and from that day his daily prayer for many years was "O God, make me into a missionary." He had a long way to go before that prayer was answered, and it really seemed to be an impossible dream. In the time of waiting he graduated at Durham University; commanded a machine gun company in the War and won the D.S.O.; played Rugby football for Blackheath and England, and became a curate under Rev. R. Lasbrey, in Sunderland. In 1923 he achieved his ambition and went out as a missionary to Western Nigeria. In 1933 he was consecrated Assistant Bishop on the Niger under his old friend, now Bishop Lasbrey. The experience he gained in football and the War now fits him admirably for the work he must do among the white settlers as well as the Africans.

Bishop Stevens started his ministry in the West Country, and after two years in Plymouth went out to Hunan in China. In 1933, ~~when~~ ^{as} Bishop Holden was translated to Szechwan, Mr. Stevens was elected Bishop in his stead. He, too, experienced two Communist invasions, and the threat of Civil War, but in spite of that the church has multiplied itself thirty-fold since he first went out, and eleven Chinese have been ordained in his Diocese. Now that the Communist menace has receded into the background, Bishop Stevens can rightly talk about the more hopeful situation in China.

Bishop Norman Tubbs is too well-known in England to need much introduction. Two years after ordination he sailed for Allahabad; then went on to St. John's College, Agra; and then became Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta. He became Bishop of Tinnevely in 1923, and Bishop of Rangoon in 1928. He returned home in 1934, and is now Dean of Chester. The cause nearest his heart, and to which he has given years of whole-hearted service is the question of Reunion. He is one of the most forceful and courageous speakers in England on the missionary question, and his talk at the Mass meeting on "The Call of the Hour," is likely to be one of the greatest contributions to the Congress.

We have two lady speakers. Miss D. M. Orton is no stranger to the Northern Congress, as she spoke some four years ago. She has spent twenty-three years as a medical missionary in India, and for the last four years has been in charge of the dispensary for Women and Children in Montgomerywala. Last year there were 10,000 attendances at the dispensary. She has a vivid story to tell about the appalling and unnecessary suffering among the women of India, and her talk on Maternity work should prove of very great interest to the women of Nottingham.

Mrs. Sharpe has spent thirty years in India in work among the Lepers in Purulia. The Home there has an international reputation, and medical men and others come from all over the world to see it. Her talk on the recent discoveries and new treatment should be an inspiration for new effort to the woman who go to the lunch. Mrs. Sharpe has rightly earned the reputation of one of our best speakers on this question.

Our next article will be on the programme itself of the Conference. The main thing to do now is to be sure that you register at once as a member of the Congress. It will be many years before the chance occurs again in Nottingham.

If you haven't a form, send your name, address, and 1/6 to your vicar; or to the Secretary,

Rev. R. Deaville,
Devon Lodge, Apperley Bridge, Yorks.

SPION KOP.

“How men undervalue the power of simplicity; but it is the real key to the heart.”
—Wordsworth.

Errata.—In the paragraph referring to God's Kingdom on Earth in last month's issue, the two sentences should have read, “Is it to be the means of lifting us above everything that is sordid and ignoble in life? Is it to be an ideal in life for us?” I hope so!

One of the greatest lessons, if not the greatest, we learn from the life of our Lord is that of “humility,” a trait in the human character which hitherto was practically unknown; a trait which will overcome the difficulties in life, where aggressiveness, which is so common, will not, and in the building up of church life, especially in these critical days. I think we should all study this attitude more. Christ's humility caused Him to serve, and it is only when we give ourselves, that good results are seen. During the coming months I hope to see, by serving one another, a happy community.

Sunday School Treat.—The children were entertained at the Cinema at the invitation of the Proprietors, and afterwards had tea, given by the Spion Kop people in the Mission. This change was appreciated. Many thanks to all concerned. After being closed for three weeks the School will re-open on Sunday, August 29th.

Magazines.—Many thanks to Mrs. Ilett who has looked after the Magazines for some years. Mrs. B. Stockdale has kindly consented to look after them in the future.

Baptisms.

- July 25—Barbara Joyce, c. of Herbert and Sarah Ann Emery.
“ 29—June Iris, c. of William and Dinah Ann Deakin.
“ 29—Conn Dennis, c. of William and Emma Deakin.
“ 29—Glenis Mary, c. of Leonard and Mary Philpott.
Aug. 1—Eileen, c. of John and Helen Shuttleworth.
“ 5—Raymond Arthur, c. of John William and Florence Wood.
“ 5—Ernest, c. of William and Dorothy Moreley.
“ 5—Brian Ernest, c. of George and Dorothy Hagen.
“ 6—May, c. of Joseph and Sarah Ann Dunn.
“ 9—Thomas Henry, c. of Arthur Leslie and Lily Cooke.
“ 9—Barry, c. of John Thomas and Phyllis Poxon.
“ 9—Enid, c. of William Henry and Edna Mary Bletcher.
“ 16—Roy, c. of Cyril and Phyllis Fillingham.

Marriages.

- July 24—Fred Munks and Mary Wale.
“ 31—George Henry Parker and Hilda York.
“ 31—Frank Cooper and Eileen Baxter.
“ 31—Albert Dove and Beulah Sanson Green.
“ 31—Bernard Foulston and Nellie Abel.
“ 31—Clifford Gledbury and Doris Calladine.
“ 31—Albert Ainsley Baines and Kathleen Mary Bower.
“ 31—Frances Arthur Riley and Joyce Harper.
“ 31—Arthur Dobb and Alice Maltby.
“ 31—Laurence Heaton Stansforth and Irene Green.
“ 31—Reginald Clive Walker and Evelyn Avery.
Aug. 2—William Priest and Florence Annie Mapletoft.
“ 2—Arthur Pratt and Alice Poxon.
“ 2—Denzil George Turner and Irene Annie Edge.
“ 2—Gilbert Dardnelles Johns and May Pearson.
“ 2—Alfred Henson Lambert and Sarah Ann Hale.
“ 14—Leonard Clamp and Rose Gertrude Waby.
“ 21—Raymond Broomhead and Millicent Emma Pearson.
“ 21—Frederick Herbert Grimwood and Rose Lilian Goddard.

WARSOP PARISH MAGAZINE.

Burials.

July 31—Annie Clamp, 51 years.
„ 31—Charles Edwin Moore, 55 years.
Aug. 6—Fred Yates, 25 years.
„ 9—Elizabeth Hagen, 57 years.
„ 18—Thomas Bowler, 71 years.

Side Altar Flowers.

Sept. 5—Mrs. G. Blackburn.
„ 12—Miss H. Flintham.
„ 19—Miss Rollings.
„ 26—Miss Johnson.

Vestry Duties.

Sept. 5—Mrs. Witham and Mrs. Thornton (all day).
„ 12—Morn. Mrs. Beeston and Mrs. Dawson.
Even. Mrs. Keiling and Mrs. H. Riley.
„ 19—Morn. Mrs. Bray and Miss K. Bickley.
Even. Miss Siddall and V. A. Thornton.
„ 26—Morn. Mrs. Woodhead and Mrs. J. Porter.
Even. Mrs. Baxter and Mrs. Bennett.

WARSOP RECIPES.

PICCALILLI.—2 qts. vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. mustard, 12 chillies (1d. from chemists), $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. brown sugar, 2d. turmeric, marrow, cauliflower (salted 1 day), cucumber, onions, etc. Boil vinegar, sugar, chillies, and turmeric together for 10 minutes. Boil in vegetables and boil again for five minutes. Mix with 1 lb. of flour. Boil about four minutes.
T. Smith.

A Very Good Recipe—Cough Mixture.—1d. ether, 1d. laudanum, 1d. paregoric, 1d. aniseed, 1d. white wine vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. black treacle. Warm treacle till it runs thin, then mix the others with it in a bottle and shake well. It will be too strong for children, so add a drop of water. Dose: 1 tablespoonful for adults, 1 teaspoon for a child, taken any time when cough is troublesome.
—T. Smith.

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