

Brading & Yaverland Monthly Magazine.

APRIL — 1949



CHURCHWARDENS

Brading: Mr. A. G. Joyner & Mr. E. A. M. Hall.

Yaverland: Mr. A. W. Waller & Mr. H. C. Rayner

Services:

Holy Communion Sundays 8.
1st and 3rd Sundays 12.
Matins Sunday 11.
Evensong Sunday 6.30.

CHURCH CALENDAR FOR APRIL, 1949

1	F	Evening Service, Church Hall, 7.
2	S	
3	S	5th Sunday in Lent. Holy Communion 8 and 12. Collections for General Fund.
4	M	
5	T	
6	W	
7	Th	
8	F	Evening Service, Church Hall 7.
9	S	Institution and Induction of The Venerable E. J. K. Roberts, M.A. at 3 p.m.
10	S	Sunday next before Easter (Palm Sunday) Holy Communion 8. Collections for General Fund.
11	M	Matins 7.30. Matins 7.30 Evensong 6.30.
12	T	Matins 7.30. Evensong 6.30.
13	W	Matins 7.30. Evensong 6.30.
14	Th	Maundy Thursday. Matins 7.30 Holy Communion 8. Evensong 6.30.
15	F	Good Friday. Three Hours' Service 12—3. Evensong 6.30.
16	S	Easter Even. Matins 7.30. Evensong 6.30.
17	S	Easter Day. Holy Communion, 7, 8 and 12. Easter offerings for the Vicar.
18	M	Monday in Easter Week.
19	T	Tuesday in Easter Week. Easter Vestry and Annual Church Meeting, Church Hall, 7.
20	W	
21	Th	Sale in aid of Church Funds, Town Hall 3.
22	F	
23	S	
24	S	1st Sunday after Easter. Holy Communion 8. Collections for General Fund.
25	M	

26 T S. Mark, E.M.
27 W
28 Th
29 F
30 S

The Sunday Services during April will be at the usual times. Matins and Evensong will be said daily at the times advertised on the notice board, as directed by the Prayer Book.

CHURCH COLLECTIONS

Feb.	27.	General Fund	...	3	4	9
Mar.	6—	"	"	2	15	3
"	13—	"	"	3	12	7

Envelopes

Feb.	27	6	0
Mar.	6	19	0
"	13	9	0

Alverstone

March — Collecting Box — £2 - 5 - 6

EXTRACT FROM CHURCH REGISTER

Baptism

Mar. 20.—John Arthur Shutler.

Marriage

Mar. 5.—Charles James Bishop and Mary Isabella Baker.

Burial

Mar. 9.—Louisa Deacon, aged 83.

Mar. 26.—Ada Isabella Bridle, aged 81.

March 9th, 1949

My dear friends at Brading and Yaverland,

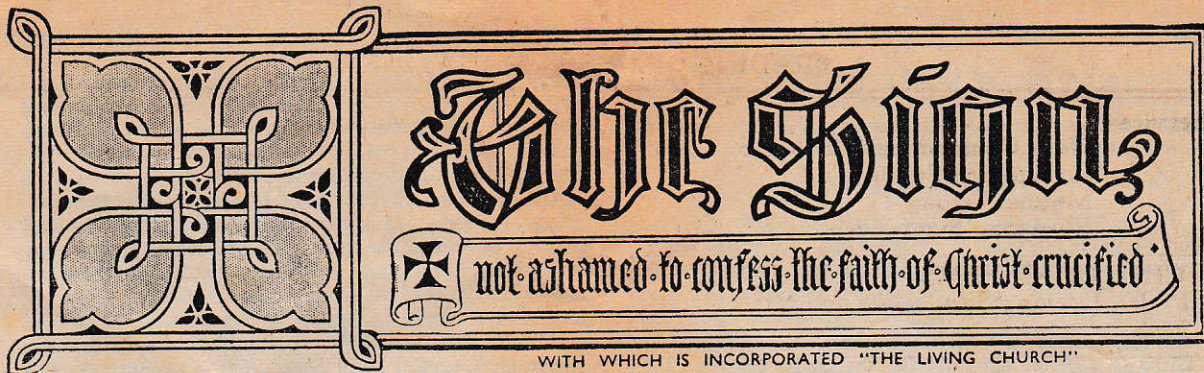
My wife and family move to Brading on March 29th, and the Bishop will make me your Vicar and Rector on April 9th at 3 p.m.

There has been much to do at the Vicarage. You can imagine that a house in which a bachelor has lived for many years needs a number of alterations when it becomes the home of a large family.

You may like to know that we have five children: Pamela who is 17, Christopher 7, Martin 6, Frances 3½ and Hugh 12 months. This will show you how much we are looking forward to the beautiful garden and the lovely country around Brading. It is all what we should have chosen for our growing children.

I am very glad to be coming back into parish life again after nearly four years. When I was a Vicar in Southsea everything was a good deal different from Brading in almost every way, except perhaps for two things: first, I had two separate parishes, which worked happily together as one family; and second, as in Southsea so in Brading it is the same Lord and Master Whom we serve and worship.

We shall undoubtedly be faced right at the start with all sorts of baffling problems. If



THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS

By the Rev. T. M. Parker, Librarian of Pusey House, Oxford

THE English translation of the *Te Deum*, when it speaks of the noble army of martyrs, familiar and fine as it is, fails to bring out the full sense of the original. What we are accustomed to think of as the

"noble" army of martyrs is, in the original Latin, the "white-robed army of martyrs" (*candidatus . . . exercitus*). It is no doubt true that those who are "clothed with white robes" and have "palms in their hands" (*Rev.* vii. 9) do become noble, with a nobility perhaps superior to any on earth, but the mistranslation overlooks a point.

The Claims of Truth

For there is a peculiar appropriateness in the conception of the martyr's triumphal garment as white in colour. White is the colour of light, and light is the biblical symbol for truth: and the martyr is pre-eminently the champion and the victim of truth. His very title, "martyr," "witness," signifies it. He is one who has borne witness to the truth, not only by confessing it, but by dying for it—the follower of Him Who said to Pilate, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth" (*St. John* xviii. 37), and "before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession" (*1 Tim.* vi. 13). Our LORD Himself died a martyr to the truth. Truth is the very essence of martyrdom. Apart from the imperious claims of truth there would be no reason why martyrs should not conceal their faith and save their lives, thereby, according to worldly standards, giving the Church as a whole a better chance to survive. But Christianity can never be an underground movement which preserves itself by lies and evasion. For GOD is true; He is Himself the Truth and can only be served by truth. So it was that the duty of proclaiming one's faith when brought before the Roman courts on suspicion of Christianity was impressed upon the early Christians by the Church. Some Gnostic heretics would have advised instead a prudential hiding of conviction. In the second century Pliny, the Imperial governor of Bithynia, was told that to ask for a formal cursing of CHRIST was an infallible test of Christianity, since no true Christian could

be constrained to curse CHRIST. Such a one would not deny with his tongue what he believed in his heart, because truth requires that the mind and tongue should go together in reverence for that Truth, which is GOD Himself. "Eighty-six years have I served Him and He has not wronged me. How can I blaspheme my King Who saved me?" said Polycarp at his trial; the martyr *must* bear open witness to his LORD and to "the truth as it is in JESUS" (*Eph.* iv. 21).

EASTER DAY

WHEN Mary in the garden walked alone
With heart of stone
On that first Easter Day
'Twas winter all the way.

So every year again
The miracle returns on hill and plain
And out of Death
As at a breath
In answer to our need
Life springs again
And in each bursting seed
Cries, "He is risen indeed!"

Jessie Bayes

Consistency of Faith

The noble army of martyrs, then, in their white robes, represent above all those souls whose first devotion is to truth. Theirs is a characteristic which must be in all Christians, but which in them is the most prominent feature of their minds. They may be intuitive in their perception of truth, like the prophets, or they may reach it by the slower but none the less solid way of patient, careful reasoning. In either case the truth, once found, becomes the very centre of their being, for the sake of which they are prepared to brave death.

Devotion of this kind to truth is not peculiarly a Christian virtue; it can be found in pagans like Socrates, who died rather than deny or dissemble their convictions, and even in those whom the Church herself, forgetful sometimes of the respect due even to mistakenly held beliefs, has persecuted. But in Christianity consistency of faith is raised to the supernatural level, because Christian faith comes from adherence to a true divine revelation. It is in itself an act of worship of GOD the True, Who reveals Himself to man. So, even in their act of dying, as well as in the eternal worship of heaven, the "noble army of martyrs" praise GOD.

Our LORD spoke of the time coming when whosoever killed His disciples would think that he did GOD service, or, as the Greek really means, "offered worship" to GOD (*St. John* xvi. 2). The full irony of this prophecy is apparent only when we reflect that the persecutors of the Church *did* offer GOD worship when they slew the martyrs, the martyrs who, like the Holy Innocents of whom the Prayer Book

collect speaks, glorified God by their deaths. The judges and executioners *did* sacrifice to God, but in a way very different from that which they imagined, when they provided their victims with the means of self-immolation.

The Pursuit of Truth

In the worshipping Church, therefore, there is a place, and a notable place, for the type of mind for which truth is the supreme pursuit. The martyrs are its highest exponents, but their white-robed army is joined by those many Christians who, though not called upon to die for the truth, have given up for it wealth, ambition, rest and reputation. There is a place, not only for the confessors who have suffered all but red martyrdom for the Faith, but also for those who have suffered for other aspects of truth. All truth is of God, and there is not the rigid division between sacred and secular truth which some imagine. The patient scholar and the devoted scientist are seeking the truth of

God in their own sphere, no less than those concerned with theology and the investigation of the Faith. Not only, if Christians, do they share the faith of their fellow Christians in God's revelation, but, in fields which do not at first sight seem so closely connected with divine things, they seek God, Who is found in nature and history as well as in supernatural revelation. If in their own peculiar vocations they have the same zeal for truth which sustained the martyrs for the Faith in their passions, they too will share the white robe of martyrdom. Of them, no less than of confessors in the technical sense, i.e. those who have suffered for the Faith even though not put to death—and indeed many seekers after natural truth have suffered as much as confessors or martyrs—is the saying of the Venerable Bede true: "He who gives in persecution the purple crown as a reward for suffering will give the white one also as a reward to those who overcome in peace, as a reward for what their righteousness has deserved."

OLDHURST PROBLEMS

By Fedden Tindall

II. NO SIMPLE CASE

"WHAT do you think of my Christabel?" Aunt Prudence asked on Sunday, when Roger returned from Tinsley with the report that Tim was behaving himself and the doctor was satisfied with his condition. Roger smiled quizzically. "I think she is very young."

Aunt Prue forbore to make any direct comment on this verdict and merely remarked, "She and Alison are orphans. She had been sent from pillar to post, poor child, till she came to me in wartime. She was not an easy girl to manage, but I got very fond of her."

"I remember you often mentioned her in your letters to me when I was in India." Chris came into the room at that moment and no more was said, though Miss Prudence smiled indulgently at the obvious state of armed neutrality between her two favourites.

It was three months later when Christabel and Roger again proposed themselves for the same week-end. Mr. Grimley again protested, and Miss Prudence merely smiled approval. "Chris has grown since I saw her last," Roger said to his aunt. "What has happened?"

Miss Prue did not attempt to misunderstand the cryptic remark.

"You have noticed it, too, have you? I shall probably hear in time."

She did hear something that very evening. Roger and his uncle had gone out together and the two women were sitting alone in the twilight.

"I have had such a worrying time at school lately," Chris said suddenly.

"Is that what is on your mind? I wondered."

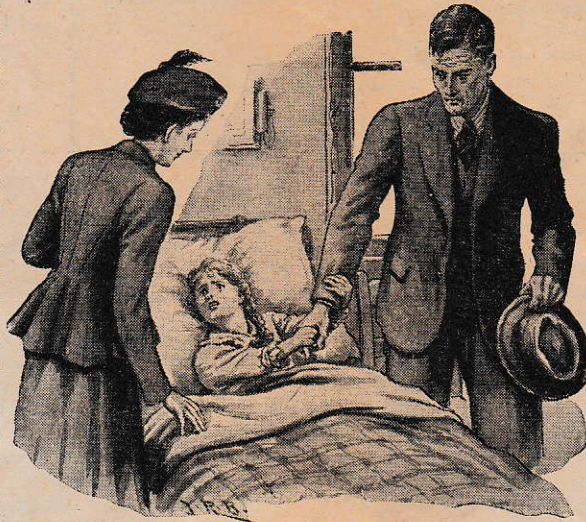
"You know me too well, Auntie. I didn't realize that I gave myself away so badly. You always told me I was cocksure of myself, didn't you? Well, I am up against a situation I don't know how to tackle. College training in psychology doesn't always seem to fit individual cases."

"Tell me all about it, dear."

"There have been constant petty thefts in the school lately, balls and pocket-knives and money, too, taken out of coat pockets. The Head thought she had traced it to my class, and very decently said I had better see into it and deal with it. It was horrid, more or less spying on the children. I spoke in class about honesty and sensible respect for each other's property, but it didn't seem to have the least effect. One day I caught a child red-handed, Sheila, an e'even-year old, who had always been one of my problems. It confirmed my own suspicions. She was the ring-leader, but not the only one I felt sure, for she had a bad influence on a number of other children. I

took her into my own room and had a long talk with her. I tried scolding, coaxing, cool common sense, but I couldn't get anywhere with her. She was cheeky and defiant. Then I went to see her mother. I expected to find an indignant champion of the child, but instead she said coolly, 'I am not surprised. I can't do anything with Sheila, and I don't expect you can. Punish her any way you like. I don't mind, but it won't have any effect.' I was fairly taken aback. 'Has she always been so difficult?' I asked.

"She has never been easy, but she has got much worse lately. She won't do a thing I tell her, and her new father has been ever so good. He's tried talking to her, and he's tried smacking her, but it's all wasted energy.' I caught at the words 'her new father' and asked her what she meant.



"She clutched his hand and glared at me"

"I divorced Sheila's daddy two years ago, and it is my second husband who is giving her up as a bad job."

"Poor little Sheila," Miss Prudence broke in. "What a tragedy!"

"That is what I feel, Auntie. Is it possible that the home changes have affected the child and made her so difficult?"

"I should think it is more than likely. I have heard social workers say that nine cases out of ten incorrigible children come from unhappy homes. It must be so unsettling to their minds, such an upheaval of their whole little worlds when things like that happen."

"I had never thought of it in that way before. You remember that we have often talked of divorce, and I thought you were old-fashioned and too churchy when you condemned it so strongly. I said if a couple could not get on together, why shouldn't they re-shuffle. I am afraid I gave very little thought to the possible suffering of the children."

"I know, dear. People don't, and children can suffer so intensely, and the trouble they only half understand can give such queer twists to their natures."

"I am glad I have had this talk with you. I must be very patient with Sheila and see if I can win her confidence."

Christabel did try in the weeks that followed to control the snub-nosed, carrot-haired little rebel, whose defiant attitude made her a heroine to her class-mates and a disturbing influence to all who came in contact with her.

"I have failed badly," she told Miss Prue, with a complete lack of self-confidence. "The petty thefts are still going on, and there will be an awful row sooner or later."

Roger came into the room at that moment, and very much to Miss Prue's surprise, Christabel gave him a brief account of her difficulties. "You were a huge success with Tim. He might have grown into quite a likeable little chap under your influence. Of course, Alison spoils him more than ever now, and he's growing impossible, so that one only hopes some unlucky school teacher may help him. But now can you suggest a way of dealing with my new problem?"

"It's not a simple matter like teaching obedience. Moral standards seem to have been lowered of recent years. One came across plenty of 'scrounging' in the army during the war. Can you wonder if the children are affected?"

"But Sheila's a special case."

The young man was silent for a moment. "She sounds like an illustration of 'I care for nobody and nobody cares for me.' I suggest that you try to make her fond of you."

"Easier said than done," Chris declared.

"You will have an opportunity if you really want it," Miss Prue said very seriously. "You are not the only person who is sorry for little Sheila." Chris knew vaguely that Miss Prudence was "talking religion," which she lived every day of her life, but only put into words occasionally. The chance did come.

"Sheila has been in hospital with pneumonia," Chris said some weeks later. "She is neglected at home, poor kiddy. She caught a chill, and then things happened pretty quickly. I went to see her several times, and one day there was a big, sheepish-looking man sitting beside her. He got up as I went to the bedside.

"I'm her father," he said to me, and somehow from the child's face I knew he was the real one.

"Don't send him away," Sheila said, and she clutched his hand and glared at me.

"I don't want to send him away," I told her. "I will come another time," and I explained to him that I was her school-mistress. The man looked at me with the expression of a lost dog.

"Be good to her," he said. "Poor kiddy, I can do nothing."

"I spoke on impulse. I suppose you would have said the words were given me, Auntie. 'I want to be good to her, but she won't let me, and I can't win her love or her confidence. Can't you help me?' He looked more sheepish than ever, but he turned to Sheila and blurted out, 'I'd like you to be—be friends with this lady, kiddy.' I went away then, but next time I visited the hospital Sheila was quite different.

"Daddy thinks you mean to be kind. P'raps you do," she said, and then it all came out in a rush—her dumb, fierce resentment against every one after she lost her daddy, the one person she loved passionately, her feeling that she hated everybody, her determination to be a nuisance all round. It will be hard going, but I think I may win the child's heart at last, and then I can perhaps do something with her. I suppose you would pray about it all, Auntie?"

"I am praying for little Sheila as well as for you every day," said Miss Prudence.

[To be continued]

BUILDING THE CHURCH

THE MESSAGE OF GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL

Written and Illustrated by Freda Derrick

WHEN I saw Guildford Cathedral for the first time in the autumn of 1946 it was still the "unfinished fragment" described in last month's article. The grey shape, seen through the mist above a rain-swept landscape, had a simple impressiveness. In the spring of last year I went again to Guildford to draw the Cathedral as it then was. The wind that is always blowing on the height above the old town seemed indeed the breath of God, that stirs up men in every age to their best endeavour. As the Poet Laureate's hero says:

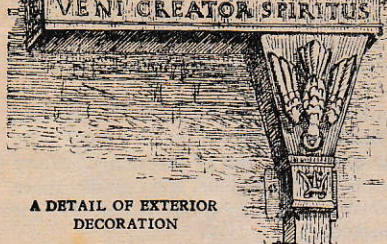
For they'd the skill to draw their plan,
And skill's a joy to any man;
And they'd the strength, not skill alone,
To build it beautiful in stone;
And strength and skill together thus
O, they were happier men than us.

Masefield: *The Everlasting Mercy*.

The building neither imitates nor forgets the past. Its design and execution follow a middle way, suitable for the needs of the present but not breaking with the venerable tradition of English church architecture. It is planned as a cruciform church, to consist eventually of a nave, aisles, a central tower rising to a height of 163 feet, transepts, a choir, and subsidiary chapels, including a Lady Chapel at the east. The crypt at the eastern end will provide accommodation for vestries, cloak-rooms, and a choir practice room. The choir is already complete externally, and has its copper roof; the transepts have only a temporary covering, and the westernmost of the great arches that are destined one day to carry the tower shows afar off, soaring naked into the air; for above ground the Cathedral ends where the nave should begin.

The material is mainly brick. The use of much stone would neither have been in keeping with the way of building that has been natural to Surrey, nor an economic possibility. In the green setting (which it is intended shall always surround the Cathedral) the exterior walls show a delightful range of soft reds. The facing bricks were hand-made from clay dug on the site, in the brick works whose chimney

shafts can be seen to the south-east of the hill. A workman at Guildford told me that the bricks, which varied in colour, were sorted out most carefully to avoid a monotonous wall surface.



A DETAIL OF EXTERIOR DECORATION

Something of the impression of having grown out of the earth it stands on, which gives to many a simple old country house much of its appeal. The walls rise from a "battered" plinth, and above that the north and south walls are themselves a little battered. This, together with the wide and slightly recessed jointing of the courses of brick, gives a liveliness of outline and texture. Good brick, used with sympathy, is a beautiful material.

Allied to the brickwork is the stonework of windows and doorways, yellowish Clipsham stone, also widely jointed. The pipes necessary to dispose of the rainwater falling on the roofs are frankly confessed. They are of lead, and their heads and collars have been given decorative relief in the casting, consisting of heraldic devices of the first two bishops of the See, stags in reference to Stag Hill, and religious symbols such as the haloed dove, and crown formed of tongues of fire, that speak of the dedication of the Cathedral to the HOLY SPIRIT.

Otherwise, the decoration of the exterior is concentrated in the stone carving, which has to be executed in place, since the stones are so much an integral part of the building. This gives a unity which is aimed at in the whole building and fitting of the Cathedral.

While I was drawing the exterior of the Cathedral, a faint chip-chipping from within the porch told where Vernon Hill was carving the arms of the donor, below his statue of St. Ursula in its niche on the wall. It gave a touchingly intimate feeling, to hear and see a detail of the great house of God taking its form from the hands of a craftsman of our day. The carver told me how he had worked on a scaffold high up in the choir, with the snow drifting through the unglazed window whose tracery he was shaping to symbolize the towers of heaven. We sometimes forget the patient endurance and effort that have brought into being the churches in which we worship comfortably. At Guildford, I felt they had been a willing offering on the part of all engaged in the work; the personality of the building had a quiet everyday and workmanlike devotion stamped upon it.

The interior of the choir is as yet uncompleted. The floor awaits its stone paving, and the walls lack the plaster that will link them to the stonework in colour and texture. The final effect can to some extent be guessed at. The rising of the piers with their arches, from pavement to vaulting, with lines unbroken by bases or capitals, should convey a feeling of lofty aspiration akin to the impression made by some late French Gothic. In the latter part of 1948 a building licence for £4,500 was obtained and the diocesan authorities decided that this amount shall be spent on roofing and completing the south transept.

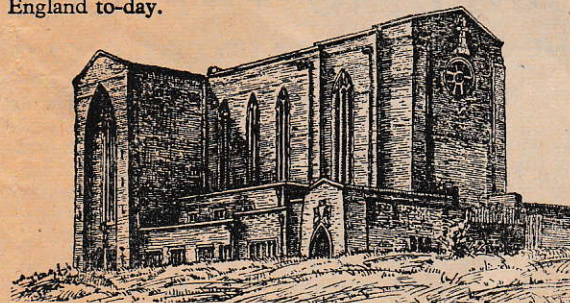
The Cathedral is intended to be, not only the focal point of worship for the whole diocese, but the parish church of the new centre of population growing in the neighbourhood. From the first, occasional open-air services have been held on Stag Hill beside the unfinished Cathedral. From April, 1947, the small wooden building to the north-west, known as the Pilgrims' Hut, was used for regular services. Meanwhile the part of the crypt intended eventually for a choir practice room was fitted as a chapel, in a simple yet dignified manner, being provided with an altar at the east and a font at the west. On December 6, 1947, the crypt chapel was consecrated for worship, and the first Cathedral baby baptized.

We have to remember that the Church of England is to-day to some extent a missionary Church, at home as well as abroad. Owing to the gradual secularization of modern life, and the disintegrating effect of the wars, a whole generation has grown up in our land, a large proportion of whom are outside organized religion. It is the task of the Church to see that the next generation recovers the consciousness of the need for God in our lives.

Craftsmen at their work were not the only people I saw in and about Guildford Cathedral. Apart from grown-up visitors, who were often fortunate in the kindly guidance of the priest-in-charge of the new Cathedral district, a large number of boys and girls haunted the place, with a smiling yet reverent familiarity which was good to see. Confirmation classes were being held in a vestry, and the number of young people taking active part in services in the crypt chapel was most encouraging. For one middle-aged member of the congregation their presence gave new meaning to the old hymn, sung at the first Whitsunday service ever held in the Cathedral Church of the HOLY SPIRIT at Guildford. Clear and sweet, sung by mainly quite young voices and with perfect naturalness, rang out the words,

Come down, O Love divine,
Seek Thou this soul of mine.
And visit it with Thine own ardour glowing. . . .
And so the yearning strong,
With which the soul will long,
Shall far outpass the power of human telling;
For none can guess its grace,
Till he become the place
Wherein the HOLY SPIRIT makes His dwelling.

That service was no spectacular event, no consummation of a great work accomplished. Rather it was a faithful beginning, an old story being re-written in the life of England to-day.



THE CATHEDRAL IN 1948

A CORRECTION

We much regret that there was a mistake in the article "The Church in Westminster" which appeared in our January number. It was there stated that Holy Trinity Church, Vauxhall Bridge Road, had been "burnt out." Our readers will be glad to know that this is not so, and that the damage sustained by this church during the war was mainly from blast to the windows.

Treasured Possessions

A Serial Story by JOHN ELSWORTH

SYNOPSIS

HUGH MORTON, a journalist, is in love with MARY FIELDING. He is invited to supper by Mary's aunt, SUSAN TURNER, and after his departure a silver and gold box is missing. It seems quite certain that Hugh has stolen it, and Mary determines to have nothing more to do with him. On her return journey to London she meets ARTHUR VANE, another friend, an artist, and accepts an invitation to dine with him. When she arrives home her friend, MARJORIE BURNHAM, tells her that Hugh has called, and is much distressed by the way she is treating him.

The story continues—

CHAPTER VII

HUGH CONFIDES IN MARJORIE

WALKING back by the river that night, after the cinema, Arthur Vane and Mary Fielding had not seen any one they knew. But some one had seen them. Although Marjorie Burnham had not mentioned the fact to Mary, Hugh Morton had only left the flat a few minutes before Mary returned.

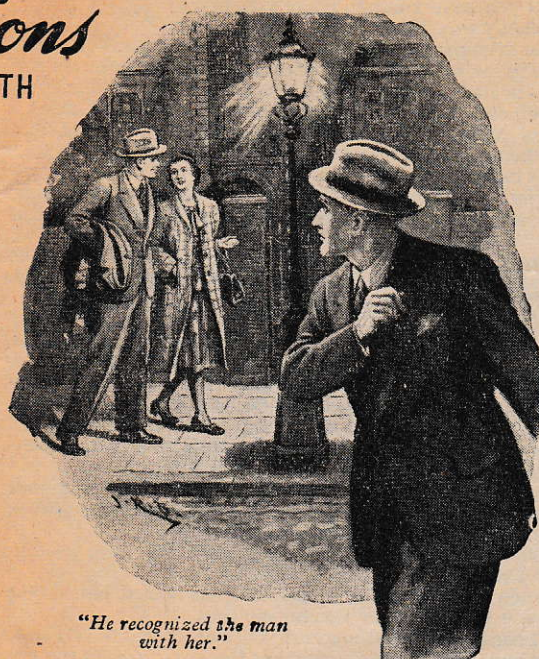
Going there had demanded as much courage on Hugh's part as anything he had ever done in his life. Like many men who have spent most of their lives with other men, he was shy of women; it took all his resolution to approach a girl at a dance, and then, having approached her, he usually found it extremely difficult to think of anything to say. For this reason he seldom went to dances or other functions where he would have to make conversation with girls.

But with Mary Fielding it was quite different. He had fallen in love with her the first time they met, and ever since that day she had been at the centre of all his dreams and plans. But until last Saturday week he had had no idea whether she even liked him, whether there was any possibility that, one day, she might come to share any of his feeling for her. He would never forget last Saturday week; the tennis-party, the drive back, the delightful evening at Miss Turner's and, finally, her seeming pleasure at the thought of their meeting again in London.

The week that followed was one of the happiest of Hugh's whole life. He was in the country having a well-earned holiday, the weather was perfect, his mother seemed to be in better health and spirits than for a long time. There was something interesting to do every day, and, as a background to it all, there was the thought of Mary, of how charming she had been to him, of seeing her again. And then Monday had come and his return to London and that black moment in the afternoon when, coldly and relentlessly, she had sent all his hopes crashing.

The succeeding twenty-four hours had been a bad time for Hugh. Perhaps it was fortunate that his work kept him extremely busy, with little time for brooding over his unhappiness. But all the time, as he worked with the concentration of self-discipline, the questions kept hammering at the back of his brain. What had happened? Why had she suddenly changed like that? What had he done to offend her? What did it all mean?

In Hugh's mind, despite its misery, there was just one ray of hope. His profession, and his experience of life, which was wide and varied for so young a man, had given him something of a faculty for seeing into other people's minds, for perceiving what they were thinking as well as what they were saying. Among the men who had served under him in the war it had become known that it was useless to tell a lie to Captain Morton; he always saw through it. This faculty was at work during his brief, distressing conversation with Mary. He could not see her face; he was separated from her by half a mile of telephone wire. Yet, as she uttered the words which seemed to dismiss him from her life with such cruel finality, he had a feeling that she



"He recognized the man with her."

did not want to utter them; that she was forcing herself to do so. Hugh would have found it quite impossible to explain to any one why he had this feeling, but it was strong enough to make him take the step he had taken on the evening of the following day.

He had been instructed to attend a lecture and to write a report of it for his paper. Just as he was about to leave his office for the hall at which it was to be held, he heard by telephone that the lecturer had been taken ill and the event postponed. There was nothing for him to do, and so he had the unusual experience, for him, of a free evening in the middle of the week.

It was as he was finishing a lonely meal in a restaurant that the idea came to him. Mary had given him her home address as well as her office telephone number. Why not take the bull by the horns and seek her out—ask her to her face if she had really meant what she said? For no other girl in the world would he have risked getting another rebuff such as she had given him yesterday. But she was different. She was Mary. If she looked him in the eyes and told him she never wanted to see him again—well, he would have to take it like a man. But if not . . . Paying his bill, he hurried out into Fleet Street and hailed a passing taxi.

A quarter of an hour later he knocked at the door of Mary's flat. Presently he heard the sound of footsteps approaching, and his courage almost failed him. But it was not Mary who opened the door. Instead he found himself face to face with a fair-haired, pleasant-looking girl, who looked at him with courteous inquiry.

"Is this Miss Fielding's flat?"

"Yes."

"Is she at home?"

"No, I'm afraid she's out this evening."

"Oh, I see. Well—I'm sorry to have bothered you."

"You haven't bothered me in the least. I don't think we've met before, have we? I'm Marjorie Burnham. I share this flat with Mary."

"My name's Hugh Morton. I—my home's at Westwood, where Miss Fielding's aunt lives."

"Oh, I see. Well, look, don't let's go on standing in the doorway like this. Do come in."

Hugh hesitated for a moment, then he followed her into the sitting-room.

"I was just making myself some coffee," said Marjorie. "Will you have a cup? There's plenty."

"That's very kind of you. I'd love some."

She disappeared into the kitchen, and Hugh asked himself why he had accepted her invitation to come in. It was Mary he had come to see, not this girl, pleasant and friendly though she seemed to be. And now he would just drink a cup of coffee, make polite conversation for a few minutes, and then go home, no nearer a solution of his problem than when he came.

"Here we are!" Marjorie reappeared, carrying a tray. She gave him a cup of coffee, put a box of cigarettes on the table beside him, and sat down in the chair opposite.

For a few moments they sipped in silence. Then Marjorie put down her cup and looked at him inquiringly.

"What's the trouble?" she asked.

"Trouble? I —"

"Oh, don't think I'm trying to pry into your affairs," she said quickly. "I'm afraid I'm a very outspoken sort of creature. I always say exactly what I feel. And the moment I saw you I could tell you were badly worried about something. I suppose it has something to do with Mary, and she's my oldest friend, so if you would like to tell me—well, I might perhaps be able to help."

Suddenly Hugh realized how much he wanted to confide in some one. And this girl seemed such a sensible sort of person. She was Mary's oldest friend, too.

"You're quite right," he said quietly. "I am in trouble. And I think I'd like to tell you about it."

When his story was done, Marjorie gazed out of the window in silence for several minutes.

"Thank you for telling me," she said at length. "I'm so sorry about it. But at the moment I'm as puzzled as you are. I haven't the least idea why Mary suddenly changed like that. She's never mentioned your name to me, and that in itself is strange, because we tell each other most things."

"She never mentioned my name?"

"Never. Now, Mr. Morton," continued Marjorie briskly, "you mustn't let this get you down. It looks to me as though there's just been some misunderstanding. I haven't a notion what it can be, but I'm going to make it my business to find out. Mary's an absolutely splendid person—I'm sure you agree with that—and it's quite unlike her to treat any one unkindly. So you give me your address and expect to hear from me in a day or two—unless you hear from Mary first!"

They talked for a while longer, and then Hugh rose to go. "I'm most awfully grateful to you, Miss Burnham," he said.

Marjorie held out her hand with a smile.

"Not a bit," she answered. "And remember what I said—don't let this get you down."

Out in the street, Hugh took a deep breath of the cool night air. He felt wonderfully relieved. It was certainly true that troubles shared are troubles halved. That girl would get to the bottom of this mystery if any one could. And it would be, as she said, just some wretched misunderstanding. Everything would be put right. Hugh set off homewards, almost happy now.

And then he saw Mary. Clearly in the light of a street-lamp he saw her, walking leisurely along on the opposite side of the street. She was smiling. He recognized the man with her, too; a man whom he had met several times down at Westwood; a man named Arthur Vane.

CHAPTER VIII

IN THE RESTAURANT

HUGH stood watching them. They walked slowly, each apparently absorbed in the other's company. Presently they turned a corner and disappeared by the way he himself had come. Still Hugh stood, staring at the bit of road where he had last seen them. Then he turned and strode quickly away.

So that was the explanation. It was as simple as that. He and Marjorie Burnham had just been wasting their time

when they talked about mistakes and misunderstandings and all the rest of it. The only misunderstanding had been on his own part; the solution of the problem was quite plain. Mary Fielding preferred the company of Arthur Vane to that of Hugh Morton. That was all.

It was strange, he reflected, how you could be plunged from hope to despair in a moment of time, just because you had seen two people walking along the street together. He had come away from that little flat in such a very different frame of mind from that in which he had entered it. Marjorie Burnham had been so reassuring, so level-headed; she had made him feel confident that she would find out the cause of the trouble between him and Mary and help to put it right, but there was nothing she could do about it now. Nothing at all.

Hugh had no use for people who indulged in self-pity. He believed that if life dealt you a blow, however hard, however undeserved, the thing to do was to pick yourself up and start again. His own life had not been by any means free from such blows; here, he told himself, was another one, to be treated like the others. To-morrow, he told himself, he must just take up his life again; try to carry on as though he had never met this girl who had told him so plainly that she never wished to see him again. Yes, that was what he must do to-morrow. But meanwhile there was to-night to be got through somehow. To-night was not going to be easy, with the wound all raw. If he went home to bed he would not sleep.

Lost in these thoughts, Hugh had been walking at a furious pace. Now he suddenly realized with surprise that he had reached Piccadilly Circus. All about him was the bustle and noise of London's night life. Crowds of people everywhere, and in the midst of it all Hugh Morton, lonelier than he had ever been in his life.

Close at hand was a big, brightly-lit restaurant. He was not in the least hungry, but inside there would be colour, music, people; something to distract him from his thoughts. He passed inside, found his way to a vacant table, and ordered a cup of coffee.

It was an enormous place, and almost every table seemed to be occupied. Waiters hurried to and fro; dishes clattered; on a platform at the far end an orchestra was playing a catchy tune. There were couples, oblivious of everything but each other; business men in earnest conversation; family parties laughing and chattering. Behind all the gay talk there might be heartaches in plenty, but at least nobody seemed to be lonely; nobody but himself. And he felt even lonelier in the midst of this throng than in the deserted side-streets of Chelsea.

Hugh sipped his coffee, gradually losing consciousness of his surroundings. Of course she had a perfect right to choose her friends, to prefer one man to another. Only—why had she encouraged him, down at Westwood, to think that she would like to see him again, and then turned him down so hard? Had she met Arthur Vane in the meanwhile? Even so, that would not account for her treatment of Hugh. It was not unknown for a girl to accept the hospitality of more than one man, unless—unless she were in love...

"Hullo, Morton!"

Looking up, Hugh could hardly restrain a gasp of astonishment. There, smiling down at him, stood Arthur Vane.

"Fancy meeting you! May I join you?"

With a great effort Hugh pulled himself together.

"Yes. Please do."

Vane sat down and, as a waiter came up, ordered a cup of coffee and a sandwich.

"Haven't seen you for a long time. Do you often come here?"

"No, hardly ever. I just happened to be passing, on my way home."

"Same with me. Well, how are you? Been down to Westwood lately?"

"Yes, I was down there last week, as a matter of fact."

"I was at Cherrington the week-end before last. I went

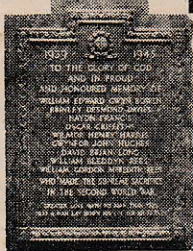
(Continued on page 32)



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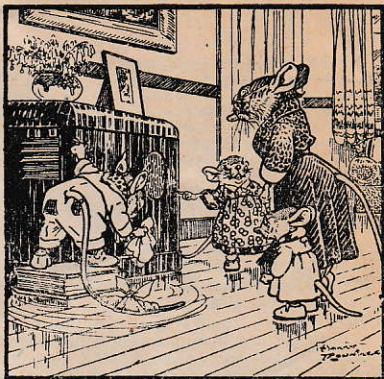


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to have a look at my father, but I wasn't sorry when it was over. London's the place for me!"

He leaned back in his chair and surveyed the crowded scene. Hugh studied him curiously, this man whose company Mary Fielding preferred to his own. He was strikingly handsome, after a rather film-star fashion. If you analysed his face you found that the eyes were set a shade too close together, the lips, under the small, fair moustache, rather thin. But, after all, it was easy to pick holes in any one's appearance. Hugh was a very fair-minded person and could not deny that Arthur Vane was the sort of man at whom most girls would look twice. He was a muscular, healthy-looking fellow, too. And if Mary liked him—well, that was that. But what an extraordinary coincidence, running into him like this, so soon after seeing them together!

Vane was speaking again.

"I expect your paper keeps you pretty busy, doesn't it?"

"Yes, I don't often get a free evening. I've got one to-night because the meeting I was going to cover was put off."

"Been to a theatre or something?"

"No," replied Hugh briefly. "I had to go and see somebody."

"I've been to that new John Martin film."

"Any good?"

Vane shrugged his shoulders.

"Not bad. More of a woman's picture than a man's. Oh, by the way, I think you know the girl I went with. Mary Fielding. You do know her, don't you?"

"Yes, I know her."

"Pretty, isn't she?"

Hugh, who was lighting his pipe, made no reply.

"And what's more, she's jolly good company. Some pretty girls are so dumb, but she's not a bit like that. Any amount to say for herself. We had a bit of dinner and then went on to this film. I haven't enjoyed an evening so much for a long time."

Hugh still said nothing; only the slight frown on his face would have given an observer a clue as to what he was thinking.

"And I'll tell you something else, old man," continued Vane confidentially. "I've made a bit of a hit with her to-night. Oh, I don't mean she said anything or did anything to give herself away. But putting two and two together—well, a man can always tell when a girl's smitten, can't he?"

"Can he?" said Hugh coldly. "I wouldn't know."

The frown on his face had deepened. This might be Arthur Vane's idea of the way in which a man should talk to another man about a girl, but it certainly wasn't Hugh Morton's.

"Oh yes," said Vane. "It's unmistakable!"

He was leaning comfortably back in his chair, watching the orchestra, a smile on his face. Watching him, Hugh suddenly had a moment of clear vision, as though a bandage had been taken from his eyes. Unconscious of Hugh's scrutiny, Vane was off his guard. And Hugh saw, not a smile, but a self-satisfied sneer. Vane's eyes were not smiling; they were cold and hard. Slowly and thoughtfully Hugh tapped the ashes from his pipe into an ashtray. Then he stood up.

"I must be getting along."

"Oh no, don't go yet! I'm going to have another cup of coffee. Won't you have one with me?"

"Thanks, but I've got a busy day to-morrow. I must go to bed."

"Oh! Well, see you again one of these days."

"I daresay," Hugh answered. "Good-night."

A moment later he was out in the street. It had taken an effort to part from Vane in a polite way, but he had managed it. His chief feeling, as he walked rapidly home-wards, was one of thankfulness that this meeting had taken place. If it had not, he might never have known what he now knew, might never have made the resolve which now filled his heart.

[To be continued

Our Query Corner

HINTS FOR SOME OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS

3411. What are the duties of each Churchwarden?

There is no distinction in law between the duties of the two churchwardens. You will find these duties fully set out in *A Handbook for Churchwardens*, by Chancellor Macmorran (Mowbrays, 2s. 6d) but briefly we may say that although many of their former duties are now transferred to the P.C.C. it is usual for the wardens still to perform these as agents of the Council. In practice therefore they are responsible, subject to the directions of the Council, for the care, maintenance and insurance of the church and its goods and ornaments. They must provide what is necessary for the services of the church and they are responsible for keeping order during the services. In addition to the duties imposed on them by law, the wardens should attend to the seating and comfort of the congregation, allotting seats to strangers and providing Prayer and Hymn Books when required. Together with the sidesmen they collect the alms, count the money, and see that it is banked. The disposal of it is a matter for the P.C.C., except the alms collected at the Holy Communion. The disposal of these rests with the minister and churchwardens. Churchwardens can arrange to divide their duties as circumstances require, but they are equal and inseparable as to responsibility.

Praises and Petitions

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS OF THOUGHTS
FOR 1949

IV. The noble army of Martyrs.

"What does the symbol of the Cross or Crucifix mean? The eternal, infinite, boundless justice and love of God... It reveals in extreme light and shade the hatred of the holy God against all sin, and the love of the merciful FATHER towards the sinner. We dare not, cannot, think of the Cross as all love and pity. If it were, it would be no representation of God."

Archdeacon Furse

APRIL, 1949

Date THE GREAT FESTIVALS

3, S. Fifth in Lent (Passion Sunday).

10, S. Sixth in Lent (Palm Sunday).

THE GREAT FAST

11 to 16, Holy Week, including April 14, Maundy Thursday, and April 15, GOOD FRIDAY, to be observed as far as possible at least by reading part of the Gospels for the weekdays in Holy Week and by special preparation for Easter Communion (as near to Easter Day as can be arranged).

17, S. Easter Day.

18, 19. Easter Monday and Tuesday.

24, S. First after Easter (Low Sunday).

25, M. St. Mark, Evangelist. (day).

April 23. St. George, Patron of England.

* * RULES.—(1) True names and addresses must be given. (2) No names are published. (3) Correspondents must give the name of the local Parish Magazine to which they subscribe. (4) As only a few answers can appear in the magazine correspondents desiring an answer by post should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

3412. May a person's name be removed from the Electoral Roll without his consent?

It has been laid down by the Legal Board of the Church Assembly that the name of any person may be removed from the Electoral Roll if he has joined a religious body which is not in communion with the Church of England or if his name has been placed upon the Roll of another parish in the same diocese. Also that a former resident may be removed from the Roll if he has ceased to reside in the parish, and a non-resident if he has for six months or upwards ceased to attend public worship habitually in the parish. In none of these cases is the person's consent necessary.

3413. Is it right to use blue vestments on festivals?

Some of the leading writers on the subject have laid it down that in any church the best set of vestments should be used on festivals. If you can get *The Sacristan's Handbook*, by Dr. E. Hermitage Day (Mowbrays, 1s. 9d.), you will find a very interesting discussion on the subject on pages 49-58. What is called "the Roman Sequence of Colours" is now followed in most churches, and in this blue does not occur except as violet for penitential seasons. In the "Sarum Sequence" blue is used on a number of days.

we are content to look at them only from our own point of view they will continue to baffle and depress us, but if there's plenty of give and not too much take we shall manage all right, and all of us will benefit from the effort.

Will you please pray for us as we come into our new home, that we may serve God faithfully and generously and patiently in accordance with His Will.

Yours sincerely,

Edward R. Balleine

* * *

FROM THE REV. R. W. BALLEINE

My dear Friends,

Brading has tried to corrupt my morals and turn me into a gross profiteer. I asked you to provide enough money to re-equip the choir. The cost of this (when the hymn books which are at present out of print have been delivered) will have come to £55 10s. 9d. But the contributions have amounted to £77.19s. 0d. Some of you have been kind enough to say that you would have liked to make a personal gift to me. So out of the fund I am getting myself a new Oxford M.A. Hood. This will be a happy reminder to me of the kindness of Brading people during these last few months. And it will relieve my conscience; for, when I criticised the holes in the choir boys' surplices, I was aware that, if anyone had examined my hood carefully they would have found that it was equally ready for the scrap-heap. The balance I am handing over to the Archdeacon to be used for future renewals and replacements.

R. W. BALLEINE

SERVICES FOR HOLY WEEK & EASTER

Palm Sunday, April 10th

	Brading	Yaverland
Holy Communion	8	11 (sung)
Matins	11	
Evensong	6.30	6.30

Monday, Tuesday & Wednesday in Holy Week

Matins	7.30
Evensong	6.30

Maundy Thursday

Matins	7.30	
Holy Communion	8	10
Evensong	6.30	

Good Friday, April 15th

Matins		11
Three Hours' Service	12—3	
Evensong	6.30	

Easter Even

Matins	7.30
Evensong	6.30

Easter Day, April 17th

Holy Communion	7, 8, 12	8, 11 (sung)
Matins	11	
Evensong	6.30	6.30

CHRISTIAN COMMANDOS

The Service of Prayer for the Christian Commando Campaign, held in the Church on Ash Wednesday evening was well attended by a representative gathering of our own Church members and of members of the Congregational and Methodist Churches. The Rev. R. W. Balleine gave a short address on the meaning of prayer and led the congregation in prayer. Hymns were sung and Mr. J. Riddick was the organist.

THE CHURCH HALL LENTEN SERVICES

On March 11th, the first of the special devotional services scheduled for Friday evenings in the Church Hall during Lent, was well attended. The subject of the address was "Giving to God".

The retiring collection realised 10s. which will be given with all the collections at these Services to the Isle of Wight Moral Welfare Work.

SALE

The Sale in aid of Church Funds which is being held in the Town Hall on Thursday, 21st April at 3, has been organised by Mrs. Stent. There will be several Stalls each with an attractive display of goods for sale. Come early, bring your friends and enjoy a pleasant afternoon.

The Induction of our new Vicar, the Venerable E. J. K. Roberts, M.A., takes place in our Church on 9th April at 3 p.m. Although it happens to be on a Saturday yet Parishioners are asked to make a special effort to attend. We shall rejoice to see the Vicarage occupied again and heartily welcome the new Vicar but we do not forget the debt of gratitude we owe to the Rev. R. W. Balleine who has had the spiritual charge of us during practically the whole of the interregnum. By his example and devotional leadership he has endeared himself greatly to us all. Mr. Balleine may be assured of a hearty welcome should he again visit us.

The annual Church Meeting will be held as usual in the Church Hall at 7 p.m. on Tuesday in Easter Week. The Easter Vestry will be held at the same time, and at the meeting the two churchwardens, the sidesmen, and the sexton will be appointed and our representatives on the Diocesan Conference will be elected. The Parochial Church Council will be constituted and other business transacted.

YAUERLAND

Services for April 1949

Sung Eucharist 11 a.m. Evensong 6.30 p.m.
Maundy Thursday, April 14th, Holy Communion
10 a.m.; Good Friday, April 15th, Matins 11 a.m.
Easter Day, Holy Communion 8 a.m.

Sung Eucharist 11 a.m.
Evensong 6.30 p.m.

COLLECTIONS

Feb. 20	1	8	0
" 27	15	7	
Mar. 6	19	0	
" 13	17	9	

Envelopes

	Parish	Outside Parish
Feb. 20	8 0	2 3
" 27	6 9	9
Mar. 6	12 9	3 9
" 13	9 0	2 3

EXTRACT FROM CHURCH REGISTER

Baptism

Mar. 13.—David Allan Sheppard.

PSALMS AND HYMNS

	Morning	Evening
April 10	99	cxxx
	185	98
	98	193
	108	92
	332	99
" 17	134	cxlll.cxiv
	125	134
	133	136
	318	131
	137	135
" 24	140	lvii
	135	125
	136	199
	315	169
	131	137
May 1	218	lxv
	260	140
	499	520
	255	536
	504	544
" 8	298	cxxvi.cxxvii
	217	180
	215	163
	512	37
	197	184

Once more we shall soon be coming to the great events, commemorated on Good Friday and Easter Day, and I want to put down some rather disconnected thoughts, which we as Christians might well meditate upon.

The death of Christ on the Cross followed by His Resurrection meant to the early Christians the gift of a new life. This is also sometimes called "eternal life." With the coming of the Messiah's Kingdom there was to begin a new age. So men, their sins having been forgiven, were to become sons or children of God and inheritors of this Kingdom. So we are set in a new relationship to God by Christ's Resurrection.

To St. John the water and the blood that flowed from the side of Christ, when pierced by the soldier's spear, represent His human life and His divine life. But both water and blood symbolise (a) cleaning or washing away of sin, and (b) giving of life and power. So man's cleansing from the stains of the old life, was also the first stage of his entering upon the new life in Christ.

And this new life transforms man's whole being, and not merely His spiritual side. It is the whole of human life which is "quickened" anew by Christ's risen humanity, operating through the gift of the Holy Spirit which followed the Resurrection. And the chief characteristic of this newly awakened life is love. There is the triumphant love of God, enabling men in return to cry, "Abba, Father!" So then this transformation must be incomplete, so long as this life and this world last.

Though we may be said to have risen with Christ into newness of life, yet there still remains the final redemption of the body together with the transformation of the whole material universe. We cannot escape from our mortal body; nor must we dishonour it; for the body too is Christ's.

When the whole universe is spiritualised and become perfectly responsive to God's Will, then will come the end, and God will be all in all.

H. F. SHEPHERD