

BRADING~

SUNDAY SERVICES

Holy Communion 8
3rd Sunday 12.15
Mattins 11.15
Children's Service 3
Evensong 6.45

At Alverstone

1st Sun. 6.30
2nd & 4th
3.15

CLERGY

Archdeacon
E.J.K. Robert

The Revd. K.C.
Henson

The Revd. H.F. Shepherd
(Organist)

The
Magazine
of the
Sister
Parishes
of
Brading
and
Yaverland
I.W.

SUNDAY SERVICES

Sung Eucharist 10.15
Evensong 5.30

YAVERLAND~



JANUARY 1951

Vol.1 No.1

Price 2d



PARISH DIARY FOR JANUARY 1951

1 M CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD HC (B) 7 & 10.15
 4 Th Mothers' Union Service (B) 6, and Christmas Party (CH) 6.30
 6 Sa EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD HC (B) 7 & 10.15

7 S EPIPHANY I Evensong (A) 6.30
 11 Th HC (B) 10.15
 12 F HC (B) 7
 13 Sa St. Hilary, Bishop

14 S EPIPHANY II Evensong (A) 3.15
 17 W St. Antony, Abbot
 18 Th Revision of Brading Electoral Roll begins
 19 F St. Wulfstan, Bishop Parish Party (CH) 7 to 10 HC (B) 7
 20 Sa St. Fabian, Bishop

21 S SEPTUAGESIMA St. Agnes, Virgin & Martyr HC (B) 12.15
 22 M St. Vincent, Deacon & Martyr
 24 W HC (Y) 10.15
 25 Th CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL HC (B) 7 & 10.15
 26 F St. Polycarp, Bishop
 27 Sa St. John Chrysostom, Bishop

28 S SEXAGESIMA Evensong (A) 3.15

NOTES

- 1 The Diary shews additional Sunday Services and all week-day celebrations of the Holy Communion.
- 2 Mattins and Evensong are said daily as advertised on the notices in the Church Porches.
- 3 Arrangements for Baptisms, Churchings, Banns etc. should be made with the Clergy.

SAINT OF THE MONTHST. HILARY - January 13th

St. Hilary was a Frenchman, born of heathen parents at Poitiers. He was converted to Christianity after he grew up, and entered the Ministry of the Church.

In 350 AD he was made Bishop of his own home town. He was a local lad who made good.

During Hilary's time as Bishop he had to contend with important Christians who tried to teach men to believe less than the whole truth about Jesus. Said Hilary, "Jesus Christ who was born at Bethlehem is God of God, Light of Light, and Very God of Very (True) God." Nothing less than what Hilary taught is our true faith to-day.

St. Hilary died on January 13th 368 AD.

THE BRIDGE makes its bow, and wishes readers everywhere a happy New Year. This small paper knows its limitations, and proposes to make the best of them.

And the chief problem is space. There's going to be very little room. Just about 900 words a month. So the new parish Magazine will have to dispense with pious paragraphs and letters from the Vicar.

We shall confine ourselves to comment on parish and local affairs, with perhaps an occasional jump into a bigger pond, if need be.

.....

THE FRONT PAGE is the work of Tom Smitch, clever County Press cartoonist. It's message should be obvious. THE BRIDGE is out to link up Brading and Yaverland in the cause of Christ, and it will be the foe of all nonsensical ideas which suggest that two parishes under one Vicar can't share and halve their burdens, and share and double their joys.

.....

THE PARISH PARTY. There's a change of date. Our Party will now be on Friday January 19th at the Church Hall, and all over the age of 15 are invited. The point of the occasion is to give us the chance to get to know better those with whom we worship on Sundays.

We are going to cater for 100 guests. This means that about a quarter of those whose names are on our Electoral Roll will be expected. But we should like to have all 400 !

.....

THE BRIDGE thinks Electoral Rolls are one of the Church of England's greatest failures. They represent absolutely nothing, and are an out-of-date catalogue which shows up each year at revision time those who have conspicuously failed in their obligations of Churchmanship.

But we shall be obeying the law of the land and undertaking the annual revisions at Brading and Yaverland shortly, and there's nothing to prevent our two parishes showing up this Editor for the pessimist he undoubtedly is.

.....

LITTLE ALVERSTONE is a tonic. A higher proportion of its inhabitants come to church than in any other part of our two parishes. Because the men of the village can't mix milking and afternoon church-going we are trying out a monthly Sunday evening service at 6.30, beginning on January 7th. We hope for the usual good turn-out

The next celebration of Holy Communion will be at 10.15 on January 10th.

THE BRADING CHARITIES. The trustees and the representatives of the Parish Council met before Christmas to distribute the Brading Charities. An accumulation of funds made it possible to provide a Christmas gift for 62 parishioners.

Next year there will of course only be a twelvemonth's accumulation to disburse. This means that about 20 people only will receive gifts.

The annual amount available does not decrease, but at Christmas 1950 the accumulation since Christmas 1947 was disposed of.

The trustees and representatives are anxious to avoid undue disappointment next December, and they have asked THE BRIDGE to point out those facts, and to make it clear that the number of beneficiaries will be considerably less in 1951.

.....

NEW MUSIC AT YAUERLAND. During Advent we used a setting for the Holy Communion service which was composed by John Merbecke (pronounced Marbek). This music is the earliest ever written for the English Communion service. We shall be returning to it in Lent.

Merbecke was a chorister of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. His efforts were not much thought of by some of his contemporaries, but to-day there is no more familiar setting in parishes where the Holy Communion is sung.

.....

PRAYING TOGETHER. Church people in Brading are invited to join the Prayer Meeting which is being held in the Congregational Church on January 11th at 7 o'clock.

During the second week in January Christians all over the world of many denominations pray for the re-uniting of the Christian communities into one Body - the true and undivided Body of Christ.

Note this date, and even if you cannot be present, please say a prayer for Christian Unity, at home that day.

FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS

Holy Baptism

Nov. 5th Ian Leslie Douglas - son of Douglas Walter John and
Lisbeth CARTER
Dec. 10th Jaques Vivian - son of James Vivian and Christina
Dec. 24th VILLOWES
Kathleen Ann - daughter of William John and Vera Lily HARWOOD

Burials

Nov. 20th Dorothy Lilian HUDSON (62) Frederick James SMITH (69)
Nov. 27th Ethel Jessie KERR (72)
Dec. 27th Laura HANSON (83)

1250

THE SIGN

Not ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified

No. 553

JANUARY, 1951

Vol. XLVII

THE BEST WAY What we may try to do in 1951

By the Bishop of Wakefield

A MORE excellent way.' Such is the preface to that hymn to love which we have in St. Paul's thirteenth chapter to the Corinthians, which you will be considering this year. It is a rather misleading title. He has been describing various gifts which enrich the life of the Church and for which Christians should strive. There are the gifts of the apostle, the prophet, the teacher, the worker of miracles or healing; all these are desirable. And then he turns to this new way, the way of agapè or love. 'A still more excellent way show I unto you,' as the Revised Version puts it.

In our common life

You can see what this means more clearly in the context, in which he is thinking of our common life. Every society will be composed of people with varying abilities: they will have different gifts, or as we can popularly put it, be good at different things. The health of the society depends upon all using their own abilities to the full. They must be encouraged to give of their best. And yet it so commonly happens that this serves to feed their ambitions, breeds a spirit of selfish competition, and turns those very things, which were meant to enrich the common life, into a source of envy and division. Every one wants to be principal actor, or to receive special rewards for work well done. Only when men are infused with a desire for the common good, and seek to serve this, can society thrive.

So it is with the Church. God gives many different gifts for its life, and they are unequally given. But it is like a body, composed of different organs and functions, healthy only when each part does its own job well and harmoniously. Although each

soul has its separate life, hid with Christ in God, yet it can never live out of relationship with the whole family of the Church. And the spirit



THE BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD

breathing through all must be agapè, the spirit of loving, selfless service which leads each to contribute his all.

Every one's best

That is why love is the pre-eminently excellent way for us all. It is basic. We may hold some special office or function in the community, or our own gifts of usefulness may be in the home or neighbourhood; but we shall do even the right things in the wrong way if we have not love. Like a piano out of tune, we shall spoil even the sweetest melodies. No gift can be properly used without love, for the note of pride or envy can so easily creep into our best work. How right the child was to pray, 'Make the bad people good, and the good people nice!' There is something

unlovely about goodness when it proceeds from a proud or impersonal sense of duty.

More than this, love is what every one can give. It is the way for all, and upsets all the world's values about greatness. The spirit of generous giving shown in the widow's mite is more precious to God and more valuable to His Church than a munificent donation which smacks of patronage and pride. After all, there are a good many poor widows, and others, who will be helped by that example, but there is nothing so edifying to us in the rich man's gift which costs him nothing or the ordeal of the martyr who likes being made a martyr.

How to find the way

All this time we have assumed that we know what this love is. It will be considered more fully in subsequent articles, and it is not my purpose to try to define it. Read this thirteenth chapter carefully. St. Paul's hymn carries us away, but it does not try to explain. We have all seen something of what he is describing in Christians we have met. But the source of his vision goes beyond that: it is his experience of the Incarnate Love in Jesus Christ. We can see that too. The Worker, so patient in His ministry to people; the Friend, so free from puffed-up self-righteousness as He sits down with the publican and the sinner; the Teacher, understanding all mysteries and all knowledge, yet bringing these down to the level of simple hearers; the Pastor, loving His own unto the end, hoping all things for His wayward disciples; the Victim, 'giving His Body to be burned,' while forgiving His crucifiers. The whole chapter comes to life in Him, and is a lyric of praise to the Spirit of Jesus Christ made available to His followers in the fellowship of His Church. 'Have this mind in you which was also in Christ Jesus,' urges St. Paul. And here is the mind and heart of Jesus, the Excellent Way, which we are to learn to share with Him.

THE MAKING OF A PRIEST

By the Rev. Canon G. A. Lewis Lloyd, M.B.E.

I. THE CALL

IN the recent Advent ordinations in Barchester Cathedral, Godfrey Young was ordained deacon to Framley Parish Church.

It all began five years ago. Godfrey, invalided out of the army as the result of having his leg smashed by a bullet in North Africa, recuperated quickly and obtained a good post with an old-established firm in the City. His home was in North London, where his father had a small grocery business, and a good deal of his spare time was devoted to his parish church. His experience of leadership as an N.C.O. made him an invaluable aid to the vicar both as a Sunday School teacher and as a Scoutmaster, and he found more and more of his time taken up with leading some young people (and holding others) to Church membership and loyalty to our Lord.

A Decisive Moment

What proved to be a decisive moment in his life came on a certain Trinity Sunday. A deacon was being ordained to Godfrey's parish, and a bus-load from the Church went to the service. Godfrey was deeply impressed by the searching words of the preacher, who preached on Isaiah's 'Here am I: send me.' He stressed the privilege of being a pastor to the faithful and the responsibility of being an evangelist to all around: and while the ordinands all listened with prayerful attention, none did so as earnestly as Godfrey, to whom every word seemed personally addressed. When the service came to its climax in the consecration of the Sacrament, he knelt in humble adoration, repeating again and again to his Lord: 'Here am I: send me.'

That night, after the Youth Fellowship had gone home, a rather tired vicar was approached by Godfrey with a request for 'a few minutes.' The few minutes developed into a full hour, which was the forerunner of many similar hours during the next few weeks. To the vicar, overworked and often a bit dispirited, to be told by one of his congregation that he wanted to offer himself for ordination was quite one of the most cheering and refreshing experiences he had

ever had, and was an answer to one of his most fervent daily prayers.

What do I do next?

Godfrey, having explained his sense of being called by God, asked him, 'What do I do next?' The vicar answered, 'Your first step is to go to C.A.C.T.M.,' which is the Central Advisory Council of Training for the Ministry. 'But surely I haven't to go before a selection board, like those in the Army?' The vicar smiled. 'No, Godfrey, it's not like that: but there is a selection board, and a very valuable one too. The bishops have to decide whom to ordain, and they have very little chance in, say, an hour's interview to test the reality of a man's vocation; so they have appointed a number of assessors from the various dioceses who are called together, five at a time, to meet the candidates.'

The Training

'But surely, Vicar, after God has called me like this, they wouldn't reject me?' 'I hope not, Godfrey: but they might. There are several things to be considered. First, although we are all called to serve God to the best of our ability, not every call must be taken to be one to the ministry. Nothing could be more tragic than for a man to be ordained to the priesthood and then to find that he had no true vocation. Then, secondly, if the Church is to help pay the expenses of a man's training, as she does in many cases, she must make sure that the money is well and wisely spent. Thirdly, they have to satisfy themselves that the man can last the University and College course.' Godfrey could contain himself no longer: 'But look, Vicar, I know I've a lot to learn, but I don't want to waste time at a University. I should need a few terms at a Theological College, no doubt, but I want to get on with the job. You've often said yourself that we're desperately short of priests in the Church. I want to start work just as soon as I possibly can.' The vicar shook his head. 'Now listen, Godfrey, this is most important. I know perfectly well that a University degree doesn't make a man a better parish priest. Some of our greatest and

finest had no degree. None the less, the mental discipline and training of a University is invaluable to you.

No trouble too great

'If you want to serve God, no trouble is too great for you to take in fitting yourself. As to your natural desire to begin, you will have to learn that the years spent in training are really quite essential. Just think; our Lord Himself spent thirty years in quiet and prayerful preparation for a ministry of only three years!'

On the day of his interview, Godfrey went to Communion early, and journeyed to Church House in a state of considerable nervousness. But the interview was nothing like the terrifying ordeal he had expected. In fact, his hopes and fears were sympathetically understood and discussed.

The Question of Money

He himself raised the question of money: 'How much would it all cost?' 'Well,' came the answer, 'with three years at a University, £900; vacations and books, say, £100; two years at Theological College, £400; yes, about fourteen or fifteen hundred.' Godfrey was aghast. 'But I've no hope of raising half that: I've a good job, but not one in which one can save. I've a little money coming in from my wound pension, but as I'm practically fit again, that'll soon stop, and my father has practically nothing put by.' His adviser smiled. 'Now, don't get all worked up. Naturally, we shall ask you and your parents and your parish to do all that they can: in your case, too, it may be possible to get a grant out of the Army. But all the rest of the cost will be borne by the Church. That's why parishes and dioceses are constantly giving to Ordination Candidates' Funds. No man must be prevented from ordination by lack of money. His fitness for the ministry is the one thing that matters, so I want you to go before a selection board. As it happens, a board is meeting next month and there is a vacant place owing to one man having withdrawn. I'll send you along in his place, and then we will meet and talk again.'

Godfrey then went back to his parish, thrilled with the knowledge that the first step had been taken along the road which he hoped was to lead him to the service of Christ in the sacred ministry of His Church.

(To be continued)

NOTE: The characters in this article do not refer to any living person.

Photographs from our Readers



O ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord

KINGSTHORPE, NORTHAMPTON

Photo by C. E. Palmer

A Shower of Curates

‘Of late years,’ Charlotte Brontë wrote just over a century ago, ‘a shower of curates has fallen upon the north of England. They lie thick upon the hills. Every parish has one or more of them.’

One or more? Few or none would more accurately describe the position to-day. Who does not know the parish, so typical of our mid-twentieth-century Church life, with its one overworked priest?

Changed drastically, then, has been the situation since Miss Brontë wrote *Shirley*. And though ‘crisis’ is an overworked word, it seems fair enough to use it in describing the situation now.

Not enough clergy. That is the pithy way of stating to-day’s problem. What, in few words, are the facts about it, the causes of it, and, under God, the remedies for it?

The facts are that in modern times, when the population of our country has grown to the huge figure of forty-eight million, the number of ordained clergy of the Church of England has actually decreased. How grave can be the result is shown by some recent

figures quoted by the Archbishop of York. ‘For Liverpool, Manchester, Southwark, and London there is only one priest to over 5,000 people. Hull has one to 7,600, Middlesbrough one to 6,300.’

TOPIC FOR
THE
MONTH

The causes include a tremendous rise in the cost of training a man for the ministry. How many of us know how long, how costly that training is? They include also the difficulty in inflationary times of providing a fair living for the ministry at work.

But these, though important, are surface causes. Too exclusive an enumeration of them can, and sometimes does, lead to the false thinking that surface cures will suffice. The deeper issue, we would suggest, is that in the modern world the call to the adventure of a life spent in the sacred ministry sounds, like other calls to other high and hard vocations, less clearly than it did.

That is why, in our view, the long-term remedy for our shortage of clergy must begin with far more prayer and far more concern on the part of all of us. This must be not only for the well-being of the sacred ministry, but also for a reinstating in

many minds and hearts of a truer sense of the glory and the splendour appertaining to the life of even the humblest priest of God.

Once that is done, the men and the money will be forthcoming. But prayer is the first need: prayer that the call to be fishers of men shall be heard more clearly: prayer that there shall be more parents within our Church who will give every encouragement to their sons to enter her ministry.

* * *

This, we suggest, is the long-term way to that ‘shower of curates’ we need so badly. To our forebears the cause of the sacred ministry was one which they cherished. Can we afford to do less?

SIGNET

THE KALENDAR

JANUARY, 1951

- 1 M. Circumcision of our Lord.
- 6 S. Epiphany of our Lord.
- 7 S. First Sunday after Epiphany.
- 8 M. Lucian, P.M., c. 312.
- 13 S. Hilary, B.D., 368.
- 14 S. Second after Epiphany
- 17 W. Antony of Egypt, Ab., 356.
- 18 Th. Prisca, V.M., 265.
- 19 F. Wulfstan, B., 1095.
- 20 S. Fabian, B.M., 250.
- 21 S. Septuagesima.
Agnes, V.M., c. 304
- 22 M. Vincent, Dn.M., c. 304.
- 25 Th. Conversion of St. Paul.
- 26 F. Polycarp, B.M., c. 155.
- 27 S. John Chrysostom, B.D., 407.
- 28 S. Sexagesima.
- 30 Tu. [King Charles, M.]

LUCIAN, PRIEST AND MARTYR

St. Lucian spent most of his life at Antioch, in Syria. He published a revised Greek version of the Old Testament which was afterwards used by St. Jerome.

During a persecution he was tortured by having his legs dislocated at the hip, and was left to starve to death. On the Epiphany, after he had lingered fourteen days, and being unable to sit or stand, he celebrated Holy Communion using his breast as an altar.

Next day Roman soldiers came to see if he were still alive. He died as they looked at him, saying three times, ‘I am a Christian.’

Days of fasting, or abstinence:
Fridays, 5, 12, 19 and 26.

THE RIDDLE OF THE RANGE

A Parable for Boys and Girls

By John Lastingham

ALL this happened because Paul disobeyed an order. But perhaps we had better begin at the beginning and see how the whole exciting thing came to happen at all.

The first person to notice is Uncle Michael, who has a red, healthy face as though he has spent a lot of his time in especially fresh, fresh air, as in fact he has, because for a long time he was a Chaplain in the Navy. He has a church down by the water at Withybourne, so that he can live by the sea even though he doesn't any longer sail on it.

And the second person to notice is Paul, who, as I have said, disobeyed an order, which was a very serious thing, especially as it was given by Uncle Michael himself. But more about that in a moment, because there is a third person waiting to be noticed, and that is Pat. It isn't enough just to tell you that Pat is Paul's sister, because she is his twin as well, and has been for ten years, which has always meant that what Paul does Pat does also, and the other way on, too.

So, although it was only Paul who was ill during the winter, he and Pat went down to Withybourne together as usual to stay with Uncle Michael in his big vicarage, so that Paul could be bucked up by the extra fresh, fresh air that always seemed to be snoring in the dunes, and breathing hoarsely down people's chimneys, like the ghost of an old seaman trying to get in. It's very important to remember that Paul had been ill, because I think that's perhaps what made him act so crossly later on. Anyway, you'll see.

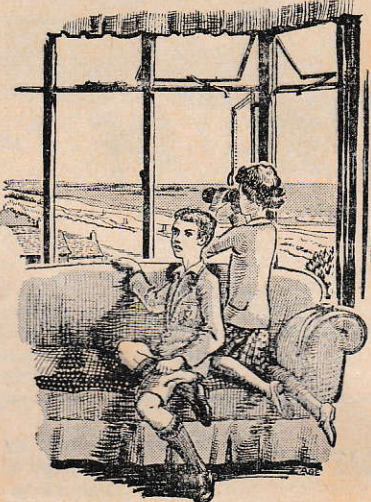
Well, one of the first things Paul did was to look for the binoculars that lived in a corner of the dining-room's bay window, in Uncle Michael's house. They were still there. He trained them on the great sweep of sea below and twiddled the centre screw for focus, as he remembered doing the summer before.

Instantly all sorts of thrilling things sprang into view. The tide was full out, and the waves at its edge, just crinkling lines of white to the eye, became alive in the binoculars. Specks became gulls, so that he could almost fancy he could hear them calling as they hovered. And then he lifted the glasses further to the distant sandbank whose yellow back was sticking up like the flank of a great beast.

He gave a gasp, because he had seen something very important.

'What is it, Paul? Do let me have a go!'

He passed the glasses to Pat, and she gasped too. 'It's a ship!'



'Is it wrecked, Uncle Michael?'

'Is it wrecked, Uncle Michael?'

'What's it doing there?'

'What are those flat things?'

Uncle Michael took his pipe out of his mouth. 'Danish cargo ship,' he

said. He always knew about things like that. 'She went aground there during the big gale last month, with thousands and thousands of pounds worth of stuff aboard her. Now they're busy on salvage. Those flat things alongside are lighters, bringing off cargo.'

'What do they do with it then?'

'It goes to the Customs people.'

'Won't any one have any of it?'

'Not at first. If they did it would be smuggling. Come on, let's get down to things. Your grub's ready in the galley.'

He really meant in the kitchen, of course, but he always talked like that, as if everything was in a ship.

So Paul and Pat ate their lunch in the galley, and Paul asked with his mouth full:

'Uncle Michael, can we go out this afternoon?'

Uncle Michael didn't answer until Paul had chewed and swallowed and asked again. Then he said politely:

'Why not?'

'We'll watch them bringing in that stuff off the wreck,' Paul said, 'and then we'll go on the dunes. We'll run up and down them for hours and hours. Won't we, Pat?'

'Rather!'

'Nothing doing,' said Uncle Michael.

The twins could only stare at him.

'You mean we—can't go on the dunes, Uncle Michael?'

It meant a terrible lot to them, the answer to that question. There were all sorts of reasons why the dunes were such a marvellous place—so marvellous that you remembered them long after you'd left Withybourne and had forgotten most other things.

From the Church's Kalendar



ANANIAS IS SENT BY THE ANGEL OF THE LORD TO VISIT SAUL.

ANANIAS VISITS SAUL.

For the dunes were lonely. No one ever went there. And the only sounds which broke the silence there were the gulls, squeaking like hinges needing oil, and waves talking far off where the dunes gave on to the sea. You could walk miles on the dunes in bare feet and then find your way back by your own footmarks going up and down over the sandy hills topped with spiky grass. And, above all, in the middle of the dunes was a secret thing.

The twins had found it the summer before. It was a long, low building, once used for keeping coastguards' rocket apparatus, but long since abandoned. The wind used to rattle its corrugated iron roof, and there were never any one else's footmarks going to its crazy door. Paul and Pat had loved the shed, and had left an old tobacco tin there the summer before with a piece of chocolate in case they ever got lost and were starving.

And now, of course, they wanted more than anything else in the world to go back and see if the tin was still there.

But Uncle Michael was shaking his head. 'Sorry, but you can't. The dunes are definitely out-of-bounds to all ship's company. The military have the dunes as a range now. They shoot over them, and as no one can tell when they start you'd better keep away. Both of you. And that's an order, understand?'

Pat said, 'Oh yes,' and meant it. But Paul didn't say anything. He was thinking.

(To be continued)

Query corner

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

3496. What is the meaning of Epiphany and why is the festival kept?

It means 'Coming to Light,' 'Coming into View,' 'Appearing,' or, if you like, 'Manifestation.' Applied to our Lord the term signifies the making clear that He Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary was in truth 'God manifest in the flesh' (1 Tim. iii. 16).

At Christmas we think chiefly of the Godhead of the Incarnate Lord. At Epiphany the Church seeks to present to our minds the further fact that this Incarnate Son of God revealed His divine glory and disclosed His divine nature to mankind.

3497. Why is it that there are no meal-time prayers, such as 'Grace before Meals' and 'Thanksgiving at the Close of a Meal,' in the Book of Common Prayer?

Because the Book of Common Prayer was constructed as a book for public worship, although, as a fact, people often use the psalms and collects and other prayers for private devotion. None the less, we cannot help feeling that your question raises a valuable point. Perhaps some day there might be a 'private devotions supplement' to the Book of Common Prayer, in which case no doubt those which you have in mind would find a place. Meanwhile, of course, you will find excellent examples in most anthologies of prayer.

3498. I have always believed that a difference of three years exists between the actual birth of Christ and the date Anno Domini. Is this true?

It is true; but it would take more space than we can afford to explain the mistake made by some writers, even as early as the sixth century, in their attempts to

QUERY COMPETITION

A PRIZE of 10s. 6d. is offered each month for the question of most general interest to Church people. A payment of 5s. will be made for each additional question published. Names will be printed unless a request is made to the contrary, and in all cases names and addresses must be given.

All questions to QUERY CORNER, 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1, whether published or not, will be answered by post if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

solve the problem about the birth of our Lord. You have touched here upon a very interesting subject and we wish we could let ourselves go on it. However, failing that, we suggest you do a little research for yourself. You will find the whole subject treated in full in the article called 'The Chronology of the New Testament' in *A New Commentary on Holy Scripture*, edited by Bishop Gore, and also in Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*. You are almost certain to find these well-known books in your public library.

3499. Are there any laws relating to the ringing of church bells? In this district (Cheshire) only the Church of England does this. What is the position elsewhere?

The ringing of bells to summon people to divine worship is permitted to places of worship of the Church of England. In legal language, this bell-ringing is permissive but not compulsory, which means that a church can ring its bells if it wants to, but doesn't have to if it doesn't want to. Permission to ring does not extend to Nonconformist places of worship. As the Church in Wales and the Scottish Episcopal Church are not established, the law we have mentioned would not extend to them, so that the ringing of bells would be governed by their own regulations.

Bells have been used to summon worshippers to church at least from the sixth century.

3500. I contribute to our Free-Will Offering Scheme by banker's order. The names of subscribers are, quite rightly, not published. If other churchgoers see I apparently make no customary gifts to the collections may not this set a bad example?

We appreciate your difficulty. In some churches Free-Will Offering envelopes are placed in a box at the door, and no collections are taken during Mattins or Evensong. Where this arrangement is possible it is to be commended. If collections are maintained, as in your own church, we suggest that you give a banker's order for the greater part of your contribution, adding a smaller amount in the collection.

The only service at which the Prayer Book directs that a collection should be made is the Holy Communion, and this custom should always be observed.

The Conversion of Saint Paul: Acts, Chapter 9



THE PENDRAGON ADVENTURE *A Serial Story by Fedden Tindall*

CHAPTER I THE HEIRESS

JACK COCKBURN, junior partner in the old-established firm of Cockburn, Cox, and Cockburn, Solicitors, walked into his father's room one morning in April. John Cockburn, Senior, was seated at his desk, his keen eyes intent on the papers spread out before him. He looked up quickly.

'Morning, Jack. Anything special?' 'Nothing new, I think. So the heiress has come up to town. I confess to curiosity about such a very lucky young woman. Will she know how to use so much money?' 'I should doubt it,' his father said deliberately. 'She was a very ordinary, insignificant little thing so far as I remember. She has had an extraordinary upbringing, and she's not so young either—must be getting on for forty.'

'It is a good many years since you last saw her, isn't it?' 'Yes; she was only a child then and she had been with her great-uncle for about two years. I couldn't stand old Reuben. I liked Tom, her father.'

'Killed in an accident, wasn't he?' 'Yes, I must do what I can for her. I don't expect she will have an idea what to plan for herself after the way she has had to live, doing nothing—seeing nobody.'

A clerk came into the room. 'Miss Lovejoy, Mr. Cockburn.'

'Show her in here. I should prefer to see her alone, Jack.'

The son's eyes twinkled. 'The governor fancies himself playing the heavy father,' he thought to himself. He moved in leisurely fashion towards the door which led to his own room, but he stayed long enough to satisfy his curiosity. Thomasine Lovejoy was no beauty, but certainly she was not insignificant and she looked as though she had a mind of her own. She was tall and slim, and she carried herself with a certain quiet dignity. Her head was well set on her shoulders, her complexion pale, her features not particularly regular. He had time to notice that she had the slightly pronounced Lovejoy nose, and thoughtful grey eyes which were almost beautiful. His father had risen on her entrance.

'I am glad to see you, Miss Lovejoy. I had a great regard for your father, and I hope that you will allow me to do anything in my power to be of service to you.'

Jack shut the door. He would like

to have heard how the heiress received his father's carefully prepared little speech of welcome.

Thomasine bowed slightly and then, after a momentary hesitation, she held out her hand.

'Thank you. There is a great deal that I want you to be kind enough to do for me.'

Mr. Cockburn shook hands and then drew forward a chair for her before retreating behind the bulwark of his desk.

'I was exceedingly sorry that I was unable to attend Mr. Lovejoy's funeral. I had intended travelling to Graystoke this week, but you have forestalled me.'

'I wanted to come to London for some shopping, so I thought I would call on you at the same time.'

Mr. Cockburn bowed again. 'We have everything well in hand. The will leaves you so completely your own mistress that it simplifies matters considerably. As you will have noticed, with the exception of the few legacies to old servants, yours is the only name mentioned.'

'It seems strange to me that my uncle should have kept me in such complete ignorance of his affairs, and then left me free to do what I like with his property.'

'He evidently formed a good opinion of your judgement.'

Thomasine ignored the implied compliment.

'I am right in believing that I am not tied down in any way?'

'You are complete mistress of Graystoke and of a considerable, a very considerable, amount of money; but I suppose you have scarcely had time to consider your position nor to make plans of any kind as yet, Miss Lovejoy.'

'I know exactly what I want to do, as a start,' Thomasine countered quietly.

'Indeed.' The old gentleman looked a little taken aback. 'I shall be most happy to help and advise you.'

'In the first place I want you to sell Graystoke for me. I dislike the house and its surroundings and I do not wish to go on living there.'

Mr. Cockburn was too completely master of himself for his face to register the amazement he felt. There was the briefest possible pause. Then he said slowly, 'Have you fully considered the consequences of such an irrevocable step? Graystoke is a remarkably fine property.'

'Yes, I have weighed all the pros and cons,' Thomasine said with great

deliberation, 'and my mind is made up. There is one other matter in which I need your help. The pensions for the staff are quite inadequate, in my opinion, and I want to augment some of them.'

'That is very generous of you, Miss Lovejoy.'

'Not at all,' came the steady reply. 'Mrs. Robinson has been my own maid for many years, and I have a great regard for her. She married the butler, as you possibly know, and I want to make it possible for them to retire in comfort.'

'Will you not want to retain them in your own service in these days when it is so difficult to get a satisfactory staff?'

'No; I feel they have earned rest and retirement.'

Thomasine spoke very quietly, but she shut her mouth with an air of determination, and a sudden vibration of a chord of memory took Mr. Cockburn back over the years to a day when he had seen her father close his mouth in a similar manner. 'Yes, I remember,' he said to himself. 'It was the time when old Reuben opposed Tom's marriage so unreasonably.'

'Have you any definite figures in your mind?'

'Yes, but I want your advice on certain points.'

There was a little more discussion and then Thomasine rose to go. As he bowed her ceremoniously out of his office, Mr. Cockburn was muttering to himself, 'Not in the least what I expected. Really rather a remarkable young woman.'

CHAPTER II THE OLD HOME

THE Thomasine who returned to Graystoke two days later was a different person from the self-possessed woman in the lawyer's office. Not that her composure deserted her; but with those who had known her so long she was simple and friendly, although never lacking in dignity. A quick smile of welcome greeted Jackson, the chauffeur, who met her at the station. He was an elderly man, who had spent half a lifetime in Mr. Lovejoy's service.

'Drive me round by the church and drop me there,' she said. 'I will walk back across the park; but will you please tell Mrs. Robinson I have arrived and I shall be in soon.'

The village church was a small Norman building, beautiful in its severe simplicity. Thomasine loved every stone of it, and suddenly it came to her how much she would miss the devotional atmosphere which had been the centre of her life for so many years. She slipped into a pew and knelt down for a short time, scarcely praying consciously, but

(continued on page 8)

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refreshing her spirit in the silence. Then she rose and started her brisk walk across the park to Graystoke.

The door was opened to her by Robinson, the butler, whose old age she was determined to make comfortable. He was a tall, spare man, with a thin, lantern-jawed face.

'Home again, you see, Robinson, and with a great deal I want to tell Mercy. Ask her to come up to my room, will you?'

'Certainly, Miss Thomasine.'

The old man's face was impassive and unemotional, yet a stranger might have guessed from his tone of voice that, in common with every old servant at Graystoke, he adored quiet, reserved Thomasine. Mrs. Robinson was many years younger than her husband, and she would always be Mercy to the mistress whom she had served devotedly for over twenty years. She was a short, plump woman, with a plain, eminently sensible face from which the hair was drawn back tightly and primly. Kindly eyes and an obstinate mouth seemed almost to belie each other, but when she smiled, which she rarely did, the whole appearance seemed in harmony with the expression of her eyes. Of course she had been watching and listening, though her dignity would never have allowed her to say so, and she arrived in a very short space of time in Thomasine's own little sitting-room. The girl's composure nearly deserted her as she threw herself into Mercy's arms, kissing her eagerly.

'My lamb,' Mercy said, patting her shoulder gently, 'you must be tired out. Shall I order some tea for you?'

'I want to talk to you first. Come and sit down and I'll tell you everything,' Thomasine said, pulling herself together with an effort. 'You must be thinking me silly, Mercy, but it was so good to see your dear face after all the strange ones in London.'

'I understand,' came the prompt reply in dry tones. Mercy seldom showed her feelings, and now she felt almost ashamed of her momentary display of tenderness, for after all her own Miss Thomasine was Miss Lovejoy of Graystoke now.

'You did all your business satisfactorily, Miss Thomasine?' she went on to inquire.

'Yes, I think so. I have bought some new clothes, which I must show you afterwards. I stayed at that quiet little hotel you told me about, and I was quite comfortable.'

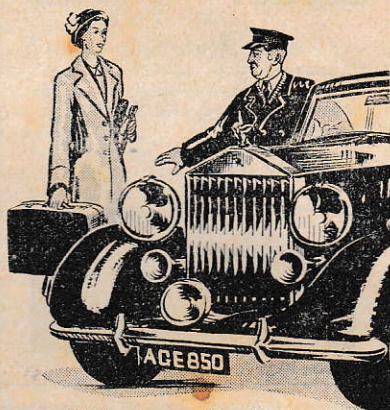
'I knew it was a place where ladies used to put up, so I hoped it would be all right.'

'I saw Mr. Cockburn and I am afraid I surprised and disappointed him. I could tell that he expected a helpless creature, who appealed to him for everything. I don't think he

approved of my ideas, but, of course, he agreed to carry them out, and I do hope he never suspected how terrified I really felt. Wasn't it queer? I seemed to hear Uncle Reuben's voice, that cold, sarcastic voice which used to frighten me so when I was a little girl.'

'Yes, I remember. You haven't had an easy life, my dearie.'

Thomasine laughed, a dry, nervous laugh. 'No, I certainly have not. Well, I have arranged to sell Graystoke, as I told you I should, and I have asked Mr. Cockburn to see to one or two other matters for me. Jackson's legacy is to be doubled and, Mercy dear, you and Robinson can have your dream cottage and the



'Drive me round by the church and drop me there,' she said.

piece of ground where he will grow all the fruit and vegetables. You will have a room for me so that I can come and stay with you sometimes?'

Mercy's face was working. 'I don't know if we shall have a room suitable for you, Miss Thomasine; and anyway, I doubt if we can afford a cottage.'

'But you can,' Thomasine persisted. 'I have arranged it all, and you surely won't disappoint me.'

'How do you mean?'

'You will let me increase Uncle Reuben's legacy to you, just as I am adding to Jackson's. It seems I shall have quite a lot of money.'

There was a long silence and Thomasine's face began to wear an anxious expression. She knew something of Mercy's pride and obstinacy. Then Mercy spoke, and, characteristically, what she said was brief and to the point.

'You are the one person alive from whom I would take almost anything, Miss Thomasine. We have not got chick or child of our own and you have been my first thought all these years—yes, it's true; Benjamin has been almost jealous of you.'

'You and Mr. Christmas gave me all the happiness I ever had,' Thomasine said. 'There is only one way I can

show my gratitude and I don't know what I shall do if you refuse me.'

'I won't, and you shall have your little room.'

Mercy rose slowly to her feet, came to Thomasine's side, and gave her a kiss. 'That is my thanks to my dearie. Benjamin must try to tell Miss Lovejoy how grateful we are.'

They both laughed nervously, then Mercy went on quickly, 'Mrs. Christmas sent a message to say she wanted you to choose some books as keepsakes.'

'That is kind of her. I will go over to the Vicarage to-morrow.'

Mrs. Christmas was the widow of the late vicar, who had passed to his rest only a week after old Mr. Lovejoy. He had played a large part in Thomasine's life; for he had given her the Church teaching which had helped to make her religion strong and sincere, and he had lent her books, discussing them with her and so bringing interest into her lonely days. There was a pause. Mercy broke the silence, saying hesitantly,

'You are quite sure you want to leave your old home?'

'Quite sure. Now perhaps you will order me some tea. To-morrow we must start turning out.'

Difficult things are best done quickly, and somehow Thomasine realized that, despite her very limited experience. The days which followed were full of hard work, and in a fortnight's time everything was arranged.

'I dislike the idea of your going away all by yourself,' Mercy said at the last.

'Don't worry. I will write to you often. Perhaps you will hardly understand, but in all my life I have never been able to go where I liked or to do what I preferred. I have told you how I feel that I must have something young in my life. I know nothing whatever about babies; but I think I might manage a little girl, and perhaps even take her about with me for a few months before I settle down. I have heard of an orphanage at Bentham, so I have made an appointment with the matron and I am going there first of all.'

'God go with you, Miss Thomasine.'

So it came about that Thomasine arrived, tired, secretly bewildered, and feeling strangely unlike herself, at a small town which she had never visited before. She drove straight to a private hotel.

'I want a room for a few nights,' she said to a young, strikingly pretty girl in the little office.

'Yes; number ten is free. Would you like to see it? Let me carry your case, and the porter will take up the heavy luggage if you decide to stay.'

Thomasine felt her heart warm to the girl's youth and her pleasant manner.

(To be continued)

DIOCESAN NOTES

A Retreat for Readers of the Diocese has been arranged for April 27th to 29th, at Catherington. The conductor will be the Rev. J. C. Waters, R.N. Chaplain of the Dockyard.

Missionary Speakers.—It is much regretted that in the list of addresses given in the September issue, a mistake was made in the address of Miss J. Sheppard. Her address is 15 Amberley Road, Portsmouth. We regret any inconvenience caused.

The Linden Players have now given five performances of *The Call*, their new verse play about St. Francis of Assisi. They have one other engagement at St. Philip's, Cosham, on Shrove Tuesday, and are willing to accept bookings for the play during the first three months of 1951. They will play in Church or Hall, whichever is most suitable, anywhere in the Diocese. Inquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, 22 Northam Street, Portsmouth.

OFFICIAL DIOCESAN RECORD

Appointments

To Honorary Canonry—The Rev. A. L. Hill, Vicar of St. Margaret's, Eastney.
To Board of Women's Work (Bishop's nominees)—Mrs. J. A. Maxwell, Mrs. Carver.
To Diocesan Missionary Council (Bishop's nominees)—Mrs. S. Kilvert, The Rev. S. Beck.

Licensing

At Bishopswood, on November 30th, the Rev. John H. de la Hoyde, to Curacy at St. Mary's, Portsea.
 At Winchester House, Shanklin, on December 6th, the Rev. C. R. Elliot, as Chaplain at Parkhurst.

Licensing of Reader

Mr. W. Pakenham-Walsh as Parochial Reader for the parish of Locks Heath in addition to Sarisbury Green.

THE CATHEDRAL

Preachers in January

7th—11 a.m., Sung Eucharist: The Provost. 6.30 p.m.: The Rev. W. J. Fletcher-Campbell, Vicar of St. James', Portsmouth.
 14th—11 a.m.: The Provost. 6.30 p.m.: The Archdeacon of Portsmouth.
 21st—11 a.m.: The Rev. Brother Douglas. 6.30 p.m.: The Provost.
 28th—11 a.m.: The Provost. 6.30 p.m.: The Rev. C. R. Farnworth, Vicar of Newport, Isle of Wight.

Intercessions

Week beginning 7th—Ryde, St. Michael and All Angels; St. Helen's; St. Lawrence. The Diocese of Winchester. The Diocese of Eau Claire (U.S.A.).
Week beginning 14th—Sandown, Christ Church; Sandown, St. John the Evangelist; Sarisbury, St. Paul. The Diocese of Bath and Wells. The Diocese of Edmonton.
Week beginning 21st—Seaview, St. Peter; Shalfleet; Shanklin, St. Paul. The Diocese of Birmingham. The Diocese of Egypt.
Week beginning 28th—Shanklin, St. Saviour; Shedfield, St. John the Baptist; Sheet, St. Mary. The Diocese of Blackburn. The Diocese of Erie (U.S.A.).

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THE BISHOP'S LETTER

Dear Friends,

Last month I published in my letter the address I gave at the October Diocesan Conference. This issue includes part of the address Mrs. Halifax gave at the same Conference. It seems to me to express clearly and concisely a very great need in the Church to-day. The tension and anxiety of our present times make it the more urgent and imperative that we should understand Our Lord's teaching more clearly and be ready to give an account of the faith that is in us to those who stand outside, and, indeed, so that we ourselves may be establishing our religion more firmly on the grounds of truth and not simply on vague ideas of our own.

There are certainly plenty of difficulties in the way of deepening our understanding of the faith; it takes time, and time is at a premium. However, where there is a will there is almost always a way. In the first place we must learn more from the Bible, the essential source book of our faith. The second Sunday in Advent has drawn attention once more to the priority of the Bible, and I would myself underline all that has been written about the Bible Reading Fellowship. I believe that many people think the B.R.F. publications are too stiff, and I do want to draw attention to the fact that the Fellowship publishes notes each quarter for people of various ages and stages of development, and nobody is forgotten.

Then there is the invaluable knowledge and stimulus to be gained from so many excellent books which are published these days about our religion—books which can help us relate Christian belief to the problems and needs of our present times. The number of Christian people who read any kind of book about their religion is, I should have thought, infinitesimal, and we, who are members of a Church that has always had a notable reputation for sound learning, obviously cannot be content with this state of affairs. I am not blaming anybody for this. I do not believe that sufficient help or guidance has been given to people as to the reading within their reach; though the clergy will be more than ready with advice if people take the trouble to ask them. From time to time I propose to suggest in these notes books which I think people can and should read. Whilst I am on the subject, let me remind you that the Diocesan Library is there for you to use.

Another profitable means of growth in understanding is through small groups meeting together for study, and if no such group exists which meets your needs, it should not be impossible to get one started.

This train of thought links up with another matter which I want

to mention. It is not without reason that the Church insists that any man training for the Ministry should spend at least two years at a Theological College, and, as many Ordination Candidates will tell you, this gives barely enough time in which to form a sound basis for the Ministry. Last year an appeal was launched by the Archbishops for men and money to train for the Ministry. This year it has again been decided to ask all the parishes to support the central fund for training for the Ministry, and, where possible, to make this the object of the collections on Trinity Sunday.

Your friend and Bishop,

Launcelet Portsmouth.

Some of the Bishop's Engagements

5th/6th—Attends Church of England Youth Council Consultative Assembly in London. 14th—Preach at Matins at Shedfield. 15th—Meeting of Rural Deans at Bishopswood. 17th/18th—Church of England Youth Council Executive Committee in London. 19th—Confirmation, Titchfield, 7 p.m. 21st—Preach at Matins at St. Catherine's, Ventnor, and visit Royal National Hospital, Ventnor. 23rd—Confirmation at Empshott, 7.30 p.m. 26th—Distribute prizes at Sandown Secondary School. 28th—Preach at Matins. St. Andrew's Church, R.M. Barracks, Eastney. 29th/Feb. 2nd—Church Assembly.

DIOCESAN CONFERENCE

Speech given by Mrs. Hallifax (1)

The bee which above all others buzzes round my bonnet tells me more and more insistently, that we, the church-going laity, are a great deal more ignorant about the Church—indeed about our Christian faith—than the clergy realise.

We are to be used to evangelise, but we fail all along the line, not through lack of will, but through lack of knowledge. We dare not take on the atheist because he knows his stuff and we don't—or, if we do take him on, our knowledge is faulty, however burning our faith, so we may be doing our Church a dis-service, and would perhaps have done better to keep quiet.

"I believe in the Holy Catholic Church" we say blithely, Sunday by Sunday. How much do we really know about the Church we say we believe in? For, as I understand it, belief in God must, for most of us, be realised through a means, and the means which God has chosen is His Church, and surely we, as members, should have a working knowledge of it.

I believe that many staunch churchgoers fear that they are members of a dying society which they are loyally trying to support, whereas with more knowledge could they not be proud to count themselves members of the living Body of Christ?

May I quote from two magazines? First, from a review in *The Spectator* of a new book on Christian education: "The author has been impelled by his experience as a trainer of teachers to consider the disastrous effect upon our education of the ignorance among professing Christians of the implications of their faith... He is not concerned to assail the atheist and the agnostic; he is preaching to those who imagine themselves converted and are yet prepared to accept and hand on ideas which are essentially pagan."

Secondly, from a young Christian overseas writing in a Missionary Magazine: "Coming out here, where it is the exception and by no means the rule to go to Church on Sunday, makes one think very hard as to what one believes. It seems to me that the meaning, and the true object of going to Church ought to be taught so much more, so that if one does go to Church, it is not only a habit ('because we always did at home') that may easily be dropped, but a habit based on understanding and conviction."

The gap which exists so often between clergy and people is caused, I believe, not by ill-will but by ignorance. "Why does he do this?" "Why can't we have that?" It always seems to me that criticism from his people provides the parson with red-hot material for teaching. At a recent conference for young people this longing for knowledge was most marked. There was a really heartrending appeal for more teaching before and after Confirmation, for the kind of knowledge which makes a young Christian sure of his ground when attacking the present-day standards in office, shop or factory. (*To be continued*)

The Diocesan Library

The re-organisation of the Library was decided upon last July and has been proceeding throughout the past few months. Re-organisation is not yet complete, but a substantial portion of the Library is now accommodated in the Small Committee Room at Diocesan House, where it is available for consultation and for the borrowing of books. The sections on Bible (with commentaries), Dogmatic Theology, Christology, Church and State, and Biography are complete, and other classes are being added continually. The purchase of books published in the last six months has been sanctioned by the Library Committee, and these are now being added.

The Library may be used by Clergy, Deaconesses and Licensed Workers in the Diocese, together with lay people commended by their parish priests. It is regretted that, for the present, it is not possible to establish a postal service, owing to the lack of manpower required to operate such a scheme. It is hoped, however, that those who are able to visit the Library personally will find it a valuable stimulus to reading and study. Information on recent additions to the Library will be published in forthcoming issues of the *Diocesan News*. The Rev. T. C. Heritage has agreed to serve as Hon. Librarian.