

AUGUST 1951

Vol. 1. No. 8.

# BRADING~

## SUNDAY SERVICES

Holy Communion 8  
2nd Sunday 12.15  
Mattins 11.15  
Children's Service 3  
Evensong 6.45

## At Alverstone

1st Sun. 7  
3rd Sun. 3.15

## CLERGY

Archdeacon  
E. J. K. Roberts

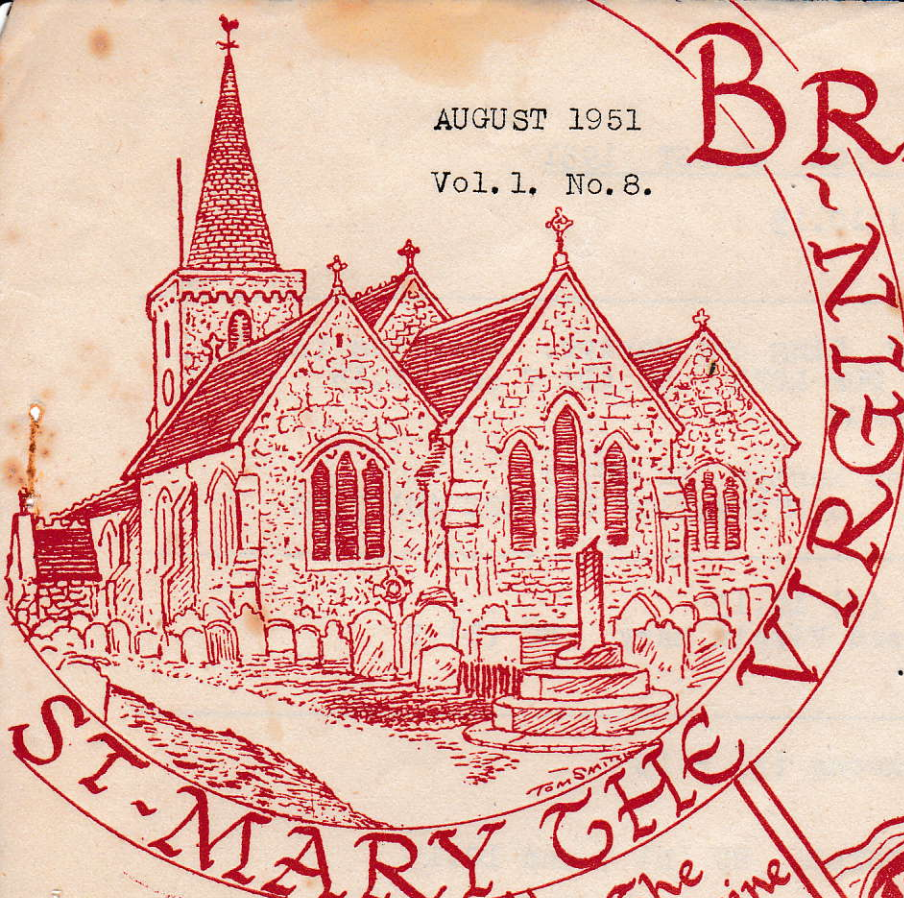
The Revd. K. C.  
Henson

The Revd. H. F. Shepherd  
(Organist)

## SUNDAY SERVICES

Sung Eucharist 10.15  
Evensong 5.30

# YAVERLAND~



Price 2d.

with 'Sign' 4d.

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





PARISH DIARY FOR AUGUST 1951

- |    |    |            |              |
|----|----|------------|--------------|
| 1. | W. | Lammas Day | HC (A) 10.15 |
| 3. | F. | HC (B) 7   |              |
- 
- |     |    |                                     |                    |
|-----|----|-------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 5.  | S. | TRINITY XI Oswald, King and Martyr. | Evensong (A) 7     |
| 6.  | M. | TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD         | HC (B) 7 and 10.15 |
| 7.  | T. | The Holy Name of Jesus              |                    |
| 8.  | W. | HC (Y) 8                            |                    |
| 10. | F. | Laurence, Doctor and Martyr         | HC (B) 7           |
|     |    | CONFIRMATION SERVICE (B) 7.30       |                    |
- 
- |     |    |                                   |              |
|-----|----|-----------------------------------|--------------|
| 11. | S. | TRINITY XII                       | HC (B) 12.15 |
| 15. | W. | Repose of the Blessed Virgin Mary | HC (B) 7     |
| 17. | F. | HC (B) 7                          |              |
- 
- |     |    |                          |                    |
|-----|----|--------------------------|--------------------|
| 19. | S. | TRINITY XIII             | Evensong (A) 3.15  |
| 20. | M. | Bernard, Abbot           |                    |
| 22. | W. | HC (Y) 10.15             |                    |
| 24. | F. | St.BARTHOLOMEW, APOSTLE. | HC (B) 7 and 10.15 |
- 
- |     |     |                                  |          |
|-----|-----|----------------------------------|----------|
| 26. | S.  | TRINITY XIV                      |          |
| 28. | T.  | Augustine, Bishop                |          |
| 29. | W.  | Beheading of St.John the Baptist | HC (Y) 7 |
| 30. | Th. | HC (B) 10.15                     |          |
| 31. | F.  | Aidan, Bishop                    | HC (B) 7 |

NOTES.

1. The Diary shows 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 porch
3. Arrangements for Baptisms, Churchings, Banns etc. should be made with the Clergy.

SAINT OF THE MONTH

St.Laurence , August 10th

St. Laurence, a deacon of the Christian Church in the ancient life of Rome, was fried for his faith on a gridiron in 258 A.D. What wonderful men and women the martyrs are ! They witness unto death. Yes, and to-day and in the days to come Christians hear and will hear again the call to witness to Christ. Would you be prepared to be roasted for religion ?



# THE SIGN

*Not ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified*

No. 560

AUGUST, 1951

Vol. XLVII

## CHRISTIAN COURTESY

*By the Rev. R. W. A. Phillips*

LIBRARIAN OF PUSEY HOUSE, OXFORD

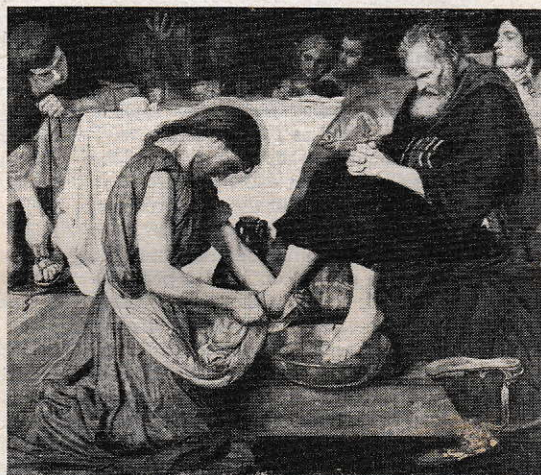
ON the third Sunday of this month we shall hear the parable of the Good Samaritan read in the Gospel for the Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity. This parable is our Lord's answer to the question 'And who is my neighbour?'

A Jew was attacked on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho by robbers who left him naked and wounded and half dead by the roadside. A priest and a Levite, both Jews, came along the road and saw the man lying there. But they did not go to his aid; they passed by on the other side of the road. Then there came a Samaritan, who did not pass by but went to the man, dressed his wounds, and got him to an inn and paid for him to be looked after. 'Which now of these three, thinkest thou,' said our Lord to His questioner, 'was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?' And the lawyer replied, 'He that showed mercy on him.' Then said Jesus unto him, 'Go and do thou likewise.'

That is our Lord's answer to the question 'And who is my neighbour?' In effect He says that all men are our neighbours, and that 'Who is my neighbour?' is really the wrong question to ask. The right question is, 'Whom can I make my neighbour? How can I prove myself a neighbour to all whom I meet?'

For in the parable the man who was set upon by thieves was a Jew. The priest and the Levite were Jews too. They were the man's neighbours inasmuch as they belonged to the same

race. But so far from proving to be real neighbours, they were most un-neighbourly to him. Then came the Samaritan. Between Jews and Sama-



*Ford Madox Brown*

ritans, who had been bitter enemies for centuries, there was a deep racial hatred; the Samaritan was by race no neighbour of the wounded Jew. He might have said, 'The only good Jew is a dead Jew,' and left the man to die. But he did not; instead he proved himself a real neighbour to the wounded man by befriending him.

### Our Neighbours

All men are our neighbours. We must not ask 'And who is my neighbour?', trying to narrow down the number of our neighbours; but instead ask, 'How can I prove myself a neighbour to all whom I meet?'

And even 'all whom I meet' must be understood in the widest sense to

include not only people whom we actually meet face to face, but also those whom we hear about and read about. We read in the newspapers about the persecution of Christians in Eastern Europe, about the plight of refugees, and of the miseries of war in Korea. It is so easy to read about such things and yet really to ignore them; that is, 'to pass by on the other side.' But if we pause to think about what we read and try to imagine what is happening, our compassion cannot fail to be aroused; we should try to enter into the fears of the persecuted and ask ourselves how we should stand up to similar treatment; we should think what it must be like to have been driven from our home with no prospect of ever returning to it, and to have no idea what our future may be or where our relations are or what is happening to them. These are our 'neighbours' for whom our compassion can and ought to take the form of constant prayer: 'we commend to Thy fatherly goodness all those, who are any ways afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estate; that it may please Thee to comfort and relieve them, according to their several necessities, giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions. And this we beg for Jesus Christ His sake.'

### Courtesy

And in our dealings with people whom we do actually meet face to face, let us not forget or overlook the neighbourly virtue of courtesy. Like other virtues, it is not always easy to practice; it means going on being patient and polite when we are in a hurry and when we are hot and tired. Let us strive to cultivate it in ourselves and encourage it in others. If we are

(Continued on page 64)

Illustration by courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery.



# I MARRIED A CLERGYMAN

By Angela Hoggstock

**I**F you want to live an exasperating, exacting, eventful but infinitely delightful life, then marry a clergyman. It amuses me sometimes to look back and recollect what I visualized the life of the clergyman's wife to be before I actually embarked upon it myself. The position, I considered, was a fortunate one, because it would give one an entrée into every walk of life. The parson's wife was one to whom people came to confide their troubles, for she was neutral ground. I believed it was her job not to run all the parish activities like an unpaid curate, but to keep open house, to make a gracious home where all might come and see true Christian family life in action. Laughter, too, would be important, for the strain of constantly giving out to people when dealing with personal problems is much greater than that of conducting business in an office.

## Ideas Modified

Time has proved that fundamentally my conception was right, but some of my ideas had to be modified and others expanded. I discovered, for instance, that far from the position of clergy wife being an 'open sesame,' it is sometimes a barrier. There are people who regard her as something odd and not quite normal. They expect her to be so involved in good works that she has no outside interests. If she does not conform to this standard, instead of being gratified by it, these people are shocked. So I found that one of the barriers a clergy wife has to break down in dealing with many people is their preconceived and caricatured conception of her. I found, too, that people are reluctant to confide their troubles, especially if they are of a not very reputable nature, as they want to retain her good opinion. They do not realize that sooner or later she and her husband will probably get to know of the trouble. These lost opportunities are very saddening, and are sometimes caused by reticence on both sides, but it always seems to me that it is vitally important for the clergy wife not to appear to be poking her nose in where she is not wanted, or give the impression of interfering or meddling with people's lives in any way.

## Hospitality

Apart from the difficulty of teaching the lion and the lamb to lie down together, the clergy wife to-day is usually faced with the necessity of having to run parish organizations at the expense of her own under-staffed home. I found it quite impossible to maintain my ambition to keep open house with a hospitable welcome always ready, and at the same time deputize for unobtainable curates and do something towards covering up the sad lack of leadership which is experienced by every voluntary body to-day. But although hospitality is not what it used to be, I like people to feel they are always welcome to come to the vicarage. In summer we rarely have our lawn to ourselves as it is used almost every day by the choir boys, scouts, or youth club; and there are numerous parishioners who know their way about my kitchen almost as well as I do myself.

Although nowadays the work of the clergy wife is not usually expected to include dealing out flannel petticoats, invalid broth and soothing syrups, or to diagnose whooping-cough and measles, one's job may often involve persuading people to go to the doctor before it is too late, or, in the country, driving them to hospital in one's car. Some elementary psychology is also useful, for there are times when a tactful word in season can put the parents of

the maladjusted child on to the right lines; and if this can be linked with a chat with the day and Sunday school teachers, an unobtrusively useful piece of work may have been done. Even if the clergy wife is no good at running guides, youth club, or Sunday school, or detests organizing bazaars or socials, she may do far more good in a quiet way by inducing the right kind of visitors to call upon lonely invalids, and finding jobs in Church life to suit people who need to feel wanted.

## Variety of tasks

There are other tasks, however, which may never enter your calculations before you marry a clergyman. In the country, for instance, the farming community was not the least impressed with my efforts to run a sewing party, but they did appreciate the fact that I could set a fallen sheep on its feet, help with the fruit-picking, or fight a fire in the barn. Life in the town involves more routine work such as giving out banns and baptism forms, and endless treks from the kitchen to the front door or the telephone, but one meets an infinite variety of people.

There is fun in it all. The sheer hard work and absorption in other folk's problems in which one becomes involved has its compensations: the Sunday school children who grow up to be our keenest helpers; the Confirmation candidates who remain faithful.

Far from the clergy and their wives being the sheltered, unworldly, rather one-track-minded people which they are sometimes believed to be, they probably, in fact, obtain a cross-sectional view of life which few folk other than doctors are privileged to see. Though our work is centred in the church in which we worship, and nothing makes us happier than to meet our friends there, yet we can reach a far wider public than the church-going one. The way the clergy wife behaves in shops and buses, the friendliness she shows to people at the clinic, the Women's Institute, or the mayor's garden party, all those opportunities for making Christianity apparent in an attractive and interesting way are ones where the clergyman's wife can be most useful. But the fundamental secret is that she must believe she is doing a vital job for the kingdom of God—and enjoy the doing of it.



Reece Winstone

EARLY ONE MORNING



## Photographs from our Readers



Finchingfield, Essex

Mildred Perry

'O SEND out Thy light and Thy truth, that they may lead me:  
And bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwelling.'

## Why Work?

A BISHOP in a country of the British Commonwealth, writing in his diocesan paper, tells two significant stories. The first is of a talk he had with an immigrant recently arrived from Yugoslavia. Asked if he liked his new surroundings, he replied: 'Yes; but people do not work here, not as they do in my country.'

The second story is of how a boy of twenty, returning, out of work, to his father's farm, was asked by his father to help repair the road leading from the farm to the nearest township. The work would benefit the farm, and was paid for by the local council at the rate of £1 a day.

The boy turned it down. The rate was less than he had been getting.

The Bishop concludes his account with these words: 'If such an attitude to life is typical of the rising generation, then the future outlook is grim.'

But why should it be? Before we can answer this question we must consider the query raised by our title: Why work? It is a vital point.

Millions of us now are having our

annual holiday from our work. We shall spend the rest of the year, and the vastly greater part of our lives, at the same commitment—work. Why do we do it?

The obvious answer is, because we have to in order to live. But that is not the whole truth. Unfortunately, it is so often presented as the whole truth that this business of having to work comes to be looked upon as a disagreeable necessity.

Important consequences follow from this now almost

universal misconception. The first is that the highest possible money reward should be exacted for doing any work at all. The size of the bribe, not the quality of the job done, comes to matter most. The second is, the idea that 'time off' is a good time; but that 'time on' is a bore. And the final wrong idea arising out of all this is that the perfect life would be one which somehow contained no work at all.

Both these ideas, of course, are quite false. True, fair reward is important; but money is a very unreliable passport to content, as many have discovered. And time off soon palls, and time on need never be a bore so long as we can be proud of the work we do.

The fact is that to be at work is a natural state of mankind. It is a necessity for us, like fresh air and food. The Psalmist who wrote 'man goeth forth to his work until the evening' expressed it exactly.

\* \* \*

The answer to the question is that work is what God means us to do, for its own sake, and not primarily for its direct reward. And, since God calls us to do them, it follows that we should do our labours with a will, and bring to them the best we have to give.

The spirit in which we do the job, whatever it may be, is just as important as the rate for the job. For this is the way, not only to true content and self-respect, but to honest Christian citizenship as well.

SIGNET

## THE KALENDAR

## AUGUST, 1951

- 1 W. Lammas Day.
- 5 S. Eleventh after Trinity.  
Oswald, K.M., 642.
- 6 M. Transfiguration.
- 7 Tu. Name of Jesus.
- 10 F. Laurence, Dn.M., 258.
- 12 S. Twelfth after Trinity.
- 15 W. (Falling asleep of B.V.M.)
- 19 S. Thirteenth aft. Trinity.
- 20 M. Bernard of Clairvaux, Ab., 1153.
- 24 F. St. Bartholomew, A.M.
- 26 S. Fourteenth aft. Trinity.
- 28 Tu. Augustine of Hippo, B.D., 430.
- 29 W. Beheading of St. John Baptist.
- 31 F. Aidan, B., 651.

## LAMMAS DAY

Lammas signifies 'loaf-mass,' or feast of thanksgiving for the first-fruits of the harvest. The word is Anglo-Saxon in origin, and it was apparently the custom to offer a loaf, made from the first wheat to be harvested, at Holy Communion on this day, August 1.

The older title of the feast is *St. Peter's Chains*, commemorating the Apostle's escape from prison.

Days of fasting, or abstinence:

Fridays 3, 10, 17, 24, 31.  
Thursday, 23.



# Make Your Own Guide-Book

A NEW COMPETITION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By the Rev. A. J. Watts

**I** EXPECT you have often visited a parish church or great cathedral. Sometimes there has been a guide to help you. But perhaps at other

The book will look better still if you decorate the covers, or overlay them with art paper or wallpaper.

It will be best to use plain drawing-paper for the illustrations, but those who want to do so may use lined paper for the notes.

## How we shall begin

1. Look for pictures of your church; first of all, one of the outside for the cover of the book; and then one of the inside for the frontispiece.

These should be nicely mounted and suitable wording added. Most churches are named after a saint, and you should include the name on the title-page.

2. If you are good at drawing plans, measure the floor-space of your church and draw a scale plan of it. You can then label the largest part (where the congregation sit) the 'NAVE'; the place

where the clergy sit for Morning and Evening Prayer, the 'CHANCEL'; and the part which contains the altar, the 'SANCTUARY.'

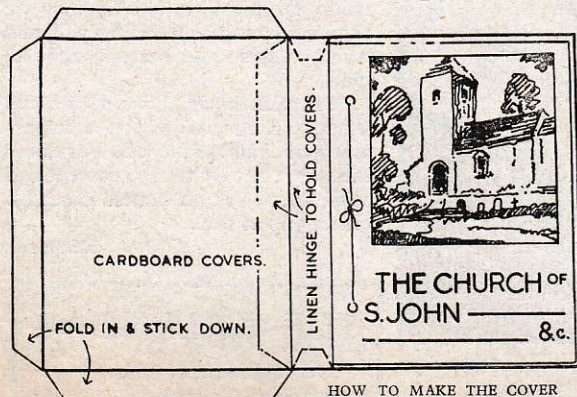
3. Find the answers to the following questions and write the answers in your book.

If your church is very old it probably faces east. Why? It may also have a tower, with battlements and little slits for windows. Why were these made? Perhaps it has a spire. Why? You could include your answers on the picture-page of your book if there is room—or add an extra page.

Most of you have visited a post office or a fire station. Even if you didn't know beforehand what such buildings were for, it would be easy to discover their purpose by looking at the furniture. A post office has a counter, stamp-machine, posting-box, and so on. A fire station has ladders, hoses, and, of course, a fire-engine.

In just the same way a stranger can learn what a church is for by noticing what it contains. Some of these things are important; others are unimportant. In these notes I am going to suggest the more important things. You can also include any other details you may think interesting, such as its age, history, or architecture. Next month we shall begin examining the church's furniture. In the meantime look out for pictures of churches, your own in particular, fonts, and so on. They will be useful when we want to illustrate our book.

[To be continued]



HOW TO MAKE THE COVER

times there has been no guide, and you would have been glad of a really helpful and interesting book instead—with pictures, diagrams, and reading—to show and explain the things of importance.

When people from other places visit your own parish church, perhaps they feel the same as you have done; but unfortunately many of the guide-books I have found in my travels have not been very interesting, and often there are no illustrations to help.

I wonder, then, whether you have ever thought of making a really interesting guide-book to your church. You could illustrate it with photographs, diagrams and drawings; you could also write the notes and illuminate them like the Church writers of old. Or if you preferred you could print them with a typewriter.

## Prizes

During the next few months I am going to give you some suggestions about how to set to work, and at the end prizes will be awarded for the best guide-books sent in.

Some people may like to make a loose-leaf 'ring-book'; others, like some young friends of mine, may prefer to try their hand at bookbinding proper. In any case you will need some stiff cardboard for the covers, and some strips of strong linen for the hinges.

## From the Church's Kalendar





# THE PENDRAGON ADVENTURE

A Serial Story by Fedden Tindall

## THE STORY SO FAR

Thomasine Lovejoy inherited a fortune from her great uncle, and has bought a house called Pendragon, in Cornwall. She met her companion, Sybil Deane, at an hotel when she was ill. Sybil acted as nurse, and brought a Dr. Trehearne to attend her. But Thomasine's old nurse-maid, Mercy Robinson, is not quite happy about Sybil.

At Pendragon, Thomasine was delighted to find that Dr. Trehearne lived close by, with his ward Kit. One evening Sybil was seen talking to a man named Barton, whom the doctor knew to be a scoundrel. Next morning Sybil and Kit had disappeared.

Thomasine has come to London to seek help from Sybil's friends, Erica and Monica Bruce, and their brother Rupert.

## CHAPTER XV

### DIFFICULT DAYS

NEXT morning Thomasine made an early start. There seemed no more to be gained by remaining in London.

'Can you think of anything we can do to help you to find her?' Erica asked.

'No, honestly I cannot, except to ring me up at once if you get any sort of news of her.'

Rupert gave her his card bearing the address at York.

'Call on me if you feel you want a man's help, and if it is in any way possible you can count on me.'

Once she was alone in the train,

Thomasine began systematically sorting out her tumult of thoughts and emotions. Erica's opinion of Sybil's character was very comforting. She still refused to believe any real harm of the girl and yet she could see nothing clearly. Rupert's theory might be correct, although she felt that he had very little to go upon. That idea involved patient waiting, yet the seriousness of the situation seemed to demand immediate action. She could not fail to see Dr. Trehearne's point of view.

When she reached her destination, the doctor was on the platform to meet her and his face told her at once that he had no good news. At one time these two had been very angry with each other, but on quiet reflection Thomasine had begun to realize the intensity of the man's suspense, and he had kinder thoughts of Sybil.

'You must be worn out with all this rushing about,' was his greeting.

'I am all right. You do not look as if you had had much sleep yourself.'

'I can't rest, thinking what poor little Kit must be suffering.'

'And yet Sybil risked her life for him the day before, so I don't doubt her affection for him.'

'What do the police say?'

'Very little. They have the matter in hand since this morning. They refuse to accept the kidnapping theory as definite, and they are searching the

neighbourhood with the idea that he may have wandered and met with an accident. They know Barton's name and reputation well enough, as I felt sure they would. I gather that he is wanted for fraud, and a warrant has already been issued.'

'And Sybil?' Thomasine's voice trembled as she asked.

'They would like to see and question her, as she was in Barton's company; but they believe she had left the district by train before Kit disappeared.'

Thomasine inquired no more and merely repeated to him in detail what she had learned in London and the opinions expressed by the Bruces. He dropped her at her own door.

Next morning brought an indignant letter from Monica.

'I want you to know that I had not the least idea of the secret way in which Sybil left you, nor of the fact that she was breaking an engagement in Mullion. I am annoyed at the manner in which she has treated my friend, and altogether I consider her behaviour inexplicable.'

Evidently Sybil had not such a stout champion in Monica Bruce as she had in Monica's brother, and sister Erica.

The next three days were difficult for Thomasine. She knew that there was gossip of all kinds going around. The doctor came in two or three times a day, though he had little to report and she had nothing to tell him.

'You don't mind, do you?' he said. 'You are the only person to whom I can speak freely of the whole matter.'

'I am grateful to you for coming. I feel more lonely and miserable than I have ever done in my life before, and so helpless when I want to be doing something.'

'If I could do anything I should not feel so despairing.'

Thomasine comforted him as best she could. She had fought to regain her usual quiet composed manner, and her silence often helped him more than many words would have done.

## CHAPTER XVI

### MERCY HAS A CLUE

MERCY ROBINSON was disturbed by the letter which lay beside her breakfast plate. She had poured out her husband's tea and was waiting while he washed his hands, for he had been out early in his garden. When he sat down she picked up the letter and fixed on her spectacles.

'Oh, such a worry, Benjamin,' she said. 'It is just what I feared, only worse than I expected.'

'What is the woman talking about,' grunted old Benjamin, 'and where's my porridge?'

## Saint Laurence, Deacon and Martyr

INSTEAD OF HAND-  
ING OVER HIS  
CHURCH'S PRECIOUS  
ORNAMENTS, LAU-  
RENCE ASSEMBLED  
TOGETHER SOME  
OF THE POOR  
PEOPLE FOR  
WHOM THEY  
WERE CARING



SO LAURENCE, A CHRISTIAN MARTYR, SUFFERED BOLDLY FOR THE FAITH





'I am sorry, I forgot to dish it up. I am all put about,' said Mercy. She fetched the porridge from the stove, and as she set it before him Benjamin inquired, 'Well, my dear, what is the trouble?'

'Miss Thomasine. Evidently that young girl she thought such a lot of is a regular adventuress.'

'You never took kindly to the thought of her. What bee have you got in your bonnet now?'

'Here is a letter from Mrs. Maine, who went to Miss Thomasine as cook, as you will remember. Do you want to hear it or not?'

Mercy spoke with some asperity.

'I may as well hear it, I suppose, though I do not approve of women's gossip.'

'Gossip indeed! Just listen to this.' She read from the letter in her hand. 'Everything here is at sixes and sevens. I don't mean the house, that is orderly enough, but the people and their ideas. Last Tuesday morning Miss Deane walked out early before breakfast and she has not been seen or heard of since. In the afternoon of the same day a little boy belonging to the doctor who comes here a great deal disappeared altogether. There has been ever such a commotion about it. Miss Lovejoy went up to London next day and came back on the Thursday, looking fagged out. The police are in it now, searching the countryside. There is all sorts of talk about a wicked-looking man who was hanging around here and who met Miss Deane the night before she went off. I believe the police want them both and cannot find them. We are all sorry for Miss Lovejoy and we liked little Miss Deane and can't make it all out. It is very upsetting.' 'There,' Mercy finished. 'What do you make of that?'

'I don't know enough to make anything of it; but I am truly sorry if Miss Thomasine is having any anxiety. She has earned a happy life if ever any one did in this world.'

'I knew she was making a mistake when she took to that strange girl, and you would not believe me. What are we to do about it all?'

'Nothing. Don't you go interfering, Mercy, my girl. Just you keep quiet until Miss Thomasine herself says something. She would never put up with interference.'

Mercy knew well enough that this was the truth, but she was not to be subdued too easily. 'You always did find fault with me where Miss Thomasine was concerned. She is like my own child, as you know, and I must do something if she is in trouble.'

'When she asks you to help her, not before,' old Benjamin said firmly. 'Be sensible, my dear. You go off to Bartley and see your sister, as you

spoke of doing, and leave Miss Thomasine to manage her own affairs.'

Grumblingly, Mercy submitted.

In the evening, when she returned, however, Benjamin did not find it so easy to talk her down.

'I've seen her,' she burst out as soon as she entered the cottage.

'Well, that is what you went to Bartley for, isn't it? How did you find her?'

'It is not Martha I am meaning. It is that Miss Deane, who has brought trouble on my Miss Thomasine.'



*'It's just what I feared, only worse than I expected'*

'Whatever are you talking about?' asked the bewildered Benjamin. 'You would not know Miss Deane if you did see her, for you have never set eyes on her.'

'I have seen her photograph, and Miss Thomasine herself said that it was a speaking likeness. I know I am not mistaken, for I recognized her at once.'

'Nonsense! You had her on your mind and you jumped at a chance likeness.'

Mercy spoke with intense emphasis. 'Benjamin, I tell you I am certain. Martha took me a short cut to the station. I saw the girl coming out of a house. "Who lives there?" I asked Martha, who as you know knows most people by sight. "I couldn't tell you for certain," she said. "All I know is that it is a queer sort of house and has a bad reputation."'

Benjamin was silent a moment. 'I hope you are mistaken,' he said slowly.

'I know I am not. To-morrow morning I am going to Miss Thomasine to tell her.'

Benjamin considered, his lean, lantern-jawed face wearing a troubled expression. He might tease his wife about her devotion and pretend to be jealous, but in reality his own devotion to Thomasine was scarcely second to hers.

'Honestly I believe it would be better to keep out of it,' he said at last. 'After all, what have you got to tell her of any importance—just nothing.'

'That is for her to decide,' Mercy countered quickly. 'I should never forgive myself if I kept back anything which might help her to realize the truth.'

'I am wondering if it might not be wiser to write, though I agree it is generally better to avoid putting pen to paper.'

'I know it is,' Mercy said triumphantly. 'Letters may be misunderstood, but I should know how to speak to Miss Thomasine.'

'Well, all I say is, be careful. The journey will tire you, too,' he added, 'and cost a lot of money.'

'But how else could I help Miss Thomasine?'

So that was how it came about that Thomasine, sitting alone and despondent early the next afternoon, was startled by the news 'Mrs. Robinson is here, madam, and asking to see you.'

She sprang to her feet. 'Bring her in,' she said quickly, and the next minute she was hugging old Mercy.

'What has brought you here so suddenly? Is anything the matter?' she asked anxiously.

Mercy, tired and travel-stained, never entirely lost her quiet dignity.

'I hope my coming is not inconvenient, Miss Thomasine.'

'You know you are always welcome.'

By that time they were alone together, and Mercy, who had schooled herself to speak tactfully, explained. 'I heard you were troubled and upset, my dearie, so I had to come.'

The last thing Thomasine wished to do was to discuss Sybil's affairs with a probable critic, but she would not pretend to misunderstand and she was touched by this proof of devotion. She knew how Mercy hated a train journey.

'It is very good of you, Mercy. I will get some tea brought to you here. Will you come upstairs and take your things off, or would you rather sit still till it arrives?'

'There is something I want to tell you first, Miss Thomasine, while we are alone. I have heard a great deal about your difficulties, and I felt you might like to be told that I saw Miss Deane in Bartley yesterday.'

Thomasine kept a firm hand on herself.

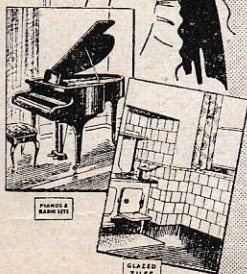
'I am glad to hear that,' she said quietly. 'I want to see her myself most particularly. Tell me all about

(Continued on page 64)



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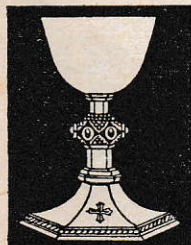
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it. I suppose you did not have any conversation with her?"

Mercy then told the story of the meeting as she had given it to Benjamin.

When she finished, Thomasine acted promptly. 'I am going to ring up Dr. Trehearne and ask him to come over here at once; but you are tired, Mercy, and you must have tea before you do any more talking.' She was thinking quickly. The information really amounted to very little, but she must discuss it with the doctor.

When she had telephoned, she waited on Mercy herself while she had her tea. When the doctor came, she introduced Mercy easily, 'This is the dear old friend I have often spoken to you about. She has come down here specially to tell us that she saw Sybil in Bartley yesterday.' The doctor was all attention. 'Mercy, will you mind saying all over again what you have just told me.'

When the brief recital was finished, he drew a long breath.

'I wish we knew where she is now,' he said.

'Still searching for Kit, I believe,' said Thomasine.

'That may very well be the case,' he replied, and Thomasine thanked him with her eyes for supporting her suggestion. She turned to Mercy.

'Do not think me unkind, dear, if I ask you to leave us alone for a few minutes to talk this over.'

Mercy rose to her feet at once and Thomasine rang the bell. 'Do you mind not mentioning what you have told us to any one else for the present?'

'Everything must be as you wish, Miss Thomasine.'

A maid appeared in answer to the bell.

'Will you please show Mrs. Robinson to her room, Rachel.'

As the door closed the doctor turned to Thomasine.

'It may mean anything or nothing, but I suppose I had better tell the police.'

'I have another idea, and I am wondering if you will agree to it. I fancy private inquiries might succeed better than official ones in this instance. May I ask Rupert Bruce to go over to Bartley? It would not take long in his car.'

(To be continued)

## CHRISTIAN COURTESY

(from page 57)

in any way entrusted with the care of children, let us be sure that we insist on their good manners. For good manners are, so to speak, the grammar of courtesy. How attractive is a well-mannered child, how unpleasant an ill-mannered boy or girl. How charming is a courteous man or woman, how unattractive a rude man or woman.

Good manners and courtesy make for smoothness in personal relationships. If we are going on holiday this month, we shall meet new 'neighbours' on railway stations, in trains and buses, and in lodgings and hotels. There will be occasions for the practice of courtesy in word and act, and for checking the impatient remark or the rude silence.

But, of course, we must be good-mannered and courteous not chiefly because courtesy is an attractive or a useful virtue, but because it is Christian—because it is part, and an important part of that love of our neighbour which is a commandment of God.

# Query corner

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

3534. My mother, suffering from what doctors have termed an incurable disease, has been told that the body can be healed through faith, and has received the 'laying-on of hands.' She has also been informed, from another source, that the body does not matter, and its condition should be ignored. Which counsel is correct?

There is truth in both counsels. The laying-on of hands, or Unction as the full sacrament is called, always imparts a blessing, which may be physical healing, spiritual strength to glorify God in a condition of sickness, or grace to face death with peace and hope. It should be part of the patient's preparation for this service to be willing to accept God's will and glorify Him in health or sickness. We cannot ignore the body, that is why we seek the healing power of God through the laying-on of hands, but we can rise superior to the body, if we are called to do so, in God's strength.

3535. Should young children be taken to a Sung Eucharist, bearing in mind their natural restlessness?

Movement and spectacle rather than words tend to hold the attentions and move the emotions of small children. For this, among other reasons, it is often considered that a Sung Eucharist is the most suitable service for them. But care should be taken that they realize its solemnity. The presence and reverence

of their elders is all-important. Of course, little children will fidget. But this should not unduly disturb other worshippers, nor be regarded too seriously. It was our Lord Who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me.'

ALL questions to QUERY CORNER, 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1, must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and will be answered by post. It is possible to publish only a small proportion of the questions received. Names will not be printed, but must be given in all cases. A payment of 10s. 6d. will be made each month for the question of most general interest to Church people, and of 5s. for each other question published.

3536. Why is it now uncommon for the priest to begin Holy Communion 'at the north side of the Table' as the Prayer Book directs?

In Reformation times altars were generally replaced by movable tables, which were often set in the middle of the chancel. When inconveniences arose from this custom, the holy table was replaced at the east end, where the altar had been. The Prayer Book direction that the priest shall stand at the north side is explained by the position of the holy table when it was brought down. It was set 'table-wise,' the ends east and

west, instead of north and south as before, and the priest ministered on the north side. But when it was replaced at the east end and placed altar-wise the ends faced north and south, so that the rubric lost much of its point.

3537. Why is Holy Communion usually celebrated early in the morning?

There are many reasons for celebrating Holy Communion early:

1. From early times it has been the custom to partake of the Sacrament before any other food, as a mark of honour, a help to reverence, and a valuable spiritual discipline.

2. At the Communion, Christians seek the risen Lord, Who appeared to Mary Magdalene early in the morning.

3. In the words of St. Mark, our Lord used to arise and pray 'a great while before day.' We try to follow His example.

4. The faculties are then fresh and undistracted by our daily work.

3538. Why do clergy and choir turn east when reciting the Creed?

The custom of turning to the east in worship is far older than Christianity. The early Church adopted this custom, like many others, and gave it a new meaning. As the first light at dawn comes from the east, so Christians turn in that direction to display their belief in the coming of 'The Light of the World,' 'The Dayspring from on High.' So also a Christian is buried with feet towards the east because it was the pious belief of early Christians that at the Judgement Day our Lord would appear from the east.



## PARISH NOTES

THE CONFIRMATION SERVICE. Bishop Karney comes to take the Confirmation Service at Brading at 7.30 on Friday, August 1<sup>st</sup>. Half past seven ought to make it possible for many of us to be present to welcome into our midst the candidates for whom we have been saying our prayers during these last months.

But let us go a little further than just being present at the Service. We want all communicants to be present at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning August 12<sup>th</sup> when the newly confirmed receive the Holy Communion for the first time.

To begin with, these new communicants will be invited to come to Holy Communion on the first Sunday of every month. And it is up to us who have already been confirmed to set them a better example of regularity and devotion than has always been shewn during recent times.

A Confirmation in the parish is a very good reminder to us all of our duties and privileges as communicants, and there are too many whose names we have observed in the Confirmation Register who have disregarded the teaching and advice they received while they were being prepared for the reception of the Sacrament.

Is it altogether surprising if we find our lives go wrong when we continue to ignore the chief means by which God chooses to feed and refresh our souls?

The clergy wish to take the occasion offered by Bishop Karney's visit to urge upon all Church people in Brading and Yaverland the need to turn in penitence and with faith once more to their Lord and Saviour, and to shew their devotion by coming more frequently and more carefully and more reliably to partake of the Bread of Life and the Wine of Salvation which is made available to us in the Holy Communion.

YAVERLAND CHURCH FETE. Yaverland is a little place with big ideas and large-hearted and enthusiastic workers. Under the truly wonderful leadership of the ladies of Craigellachie, most ably supported by many other helpers, a Grand Fete is to be held in the beautiful Manor and grounds at Yaverland on August 8<sup>th</sup>.

We are most fortunate to have secured Miss Damon, the Headmistress of Upper Chine School, Shanklin, to open the Fete. It is most generous of her to come at the end of a particularly busy term, and we are proud to have her.

All we now want is a kind Clerk of the Weather and heaps and heaps of visitors to buy in a grand cause. Yaverland has no endowments and only tiny reserves, but we are determined to keep the flag flying, not merely for our own benefit and enjoyment, but because we believe our little church has something of peace and charm to offer us and all who care to join us. And in these days of strain and stress an oasis of quiet Christian joy is to be treasured beyond all price.



Mr. HENSON who is becoming increasingly responsible for so much of the day to day work of our parishes will be on leave for most of August, and we hope he will have the rest and enjoyment he so much deserves.

During his absence the Reverend Denys Street, an old friend of the Editor's, will be helping in our work. Mr. Street has many years of experience in the Ministry and we look forward to his stay amongst us with pleasure.

THE BRADING PAROCHIAL CHURCH COUNCIL hopes to launch a new Envelope Scheme to come into force at the beginning of October.

The purpose of the Scheme will be to enlist the sympathy and support of those whose names are on the Church Electoral Roll.

It is sometimes said in Brading that the Parish Church has plenty of money. "Mrs So-and-So left them a lot in her will." Actually we have about £100 a year from investments, the capital of which we are not allowed to use, and our annual expenditure for 1951 will be well over £1,000. The remainder must come from the parish itself.

In due course a letter of explanation will be sent to everyone "on the Roll," with an invitation to join the Scheme. It is very much to be hoped that those of us who have signified our desire to be associated with the Church, and have at some time or another signed a form to join the Roll, will show our interest and give expression to our membership by becoming subscribers.

THE CHURCHYARD). We should like to say how very much we all appreciate the business-like way in which Mr. Morris arranged for the cutting of the Churchyard grass. We have heard many comments on its smartness this season, and that in a large part is due to him. And as for the top part - well, that always looks a picture thanks to Mr. Squibb.

"PONTIFEX"

FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS

Baptisms at Brading

|           |  |
|-----------|--|
| July 1st  | Juanita Teresa, daughter of William Patrick and Corinne Mary BEARDOW |
| July 15th | Allison Lynda, daughter of Edward Henry and Etha DOWER               |

Burials

|           |                            |
|-----------|----------------------------|
| June 29th | Nina HARVEY (71)           |
| July 25th | Selina Alice WOODFORD (81) |