

MAY 1952

Vol. 2. No. 5

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

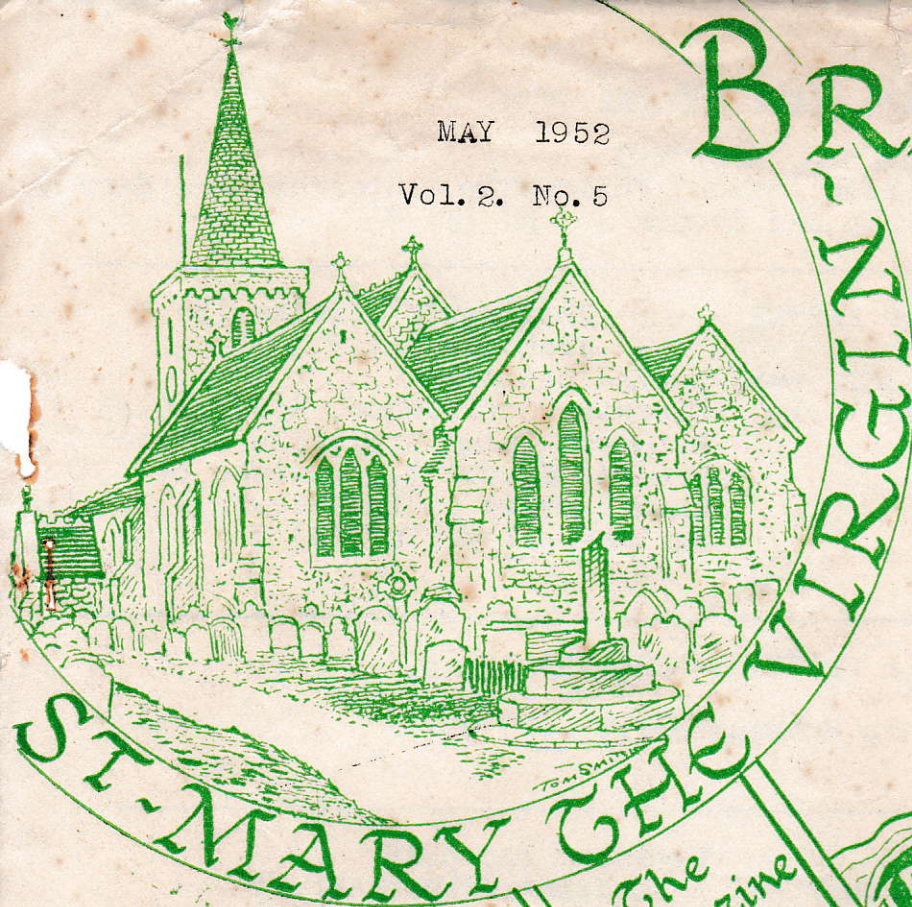
Archdeacon
E. J. K. Roberts
The Revd. D. H.
Street
The Revd. H. F. Shepherd
(Organist)
The Revd. St. J. A. D. Garniss

The
Magazine
of the
Sister
Parishes
of
Brading
and
Yaverland
I.L.U.

SUNDAY SERVICES

Sung Eucharist	10.15
Evensong	5.30

YAVERLAND~



ST-MARY THE VIRGIN

Price 2d

with 'Sign' 4d

BRIDGE

THE

ST-JOHN THE BAPTIST



PARISH DIARY FOR MAY

1. Th. St. PHILIP & St. JAMES, APOSTLES
Young Wives' Fellowship - Speaker, Mrs Parr
2. F. Athanasius, Bishop and Doctor HC (B) 7
-
4. S. 3rd SUNDAY after EASTER Children's Service (B) 3
Evensong (A) 7
6. T. St. JOHN EVANGELIST, ante portam Latinam
7. W. HC (Y) 8. HC (A) 10.15 Diocesan Conference, Ryde, 10.45
8. Th. HC (B) 10.15 Mothers' Union Admission Service)
Brading Church 3, followed by)
Summer Party at the Vicarage.)
Parish Fellowship (CH) 7
9. F. HC (B) 7
-
11. S. 4th SUNDAY after EASTER HC (B) 12.15
14. W. HC (Y) 8
15. Th. Parish Fellowship Working Party (V) 7
16. F. HC (B) 7
-
18. S. ROGATION SUNDAY Evensong (A) 3.15
19. M. Rogation Day Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury
20. T. Rogation Day Archdeaconry M.U. Service, All Saints,)
Ryde 3)
21. W. Rogation Day HC (Y) 8
22. Th. ASCENSION DAY HC (B) 7 and 10.15
24. Sa. Guild of Friends of Portsmouth Cathedral Annual Service,)
Cathedral 2.30)
-
25. S. SUNDAY after ASCENSION Aldhelm, Bishop
26. M. Augustine, first Bishop of Canterbury
27. T. Venerable Bede, Presbyter and Doctor
28. W. HC (Y) 8
29. Th. Parish Fellowship Coach Tour
30. F. 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 porches.
3. Arrangements for Baptisms, Churchings, Banns etc. should be made with the Clergy

SAINT OF THE MONTH.

St. John ante portam Latinam, May 6th

This Festival was instituted to commemorate the traditional deliverance of St. John the Apostle from being thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil outside the Latin Gate of Rome.

One of the earliest and most glorious of the churches of the city of Rome was built upon the spot associated with the Apostle's deliverance.

(Continued on page 4)

PARISH NOTES

SPRING. The Editor, looking up at the old watchdog of Brading, already established in his summer quarters before Easter, felt sure we were in for a good spell of April weather, and so it has proved.

The Island's best commodity is the untaxable, free for all, loveliness of spring. Only one thing mars the beauty of the downs and lanes on a sunny day, and that's the common paper bag and his vulgar little associate, the cigarette packet, and his even more recent cousin, the ice-cream carton.

Untidiness is simply a form of lack of self-control and the absence of personal discipline. Isn't it really just a case of treating the countryside as though it were your own garden?

Let's all, visitors and locals alike, make 1952 a clean summer as well as, we hope, a fine one. We shall all enjoy it the better for so doing.

MEETINGS. The season of Easter vestries is over. For Brading and Yaverland it was a peaceful enough season of goodwill. At Yaverland where we met in Lent, Mr. Bell and Mr. Rayner again took on office as churchwardens, the councillors were all largely re-elected and business was done with despatch.

At Brading Mr. Carter took over office as Vicar's warden in lieu of Mr. Hall, and Mr. Barton was re-elected people's warden. There were a number of changes on the Council, and we are now left with a predominantly male council. This is unusual in church councils and therefore worthy of comment.

Mr. Hall's resignation was received by the meeting with a deep sense of gratitude for years of most faithful and selfless service.

We think it almost worth recording that politics play no part in elections to church councils, since the disease - and it is a disease in local government in our opinion - has now spread to elections to parish councils.

It becomes increasingly difficult to take local government seriously if even parish councillors must flaunt their politics to the electorate. What good can it do the community to suppose that one must be a Tory or a Socialist or a Liberal before one can adequately attend to village drains, footpaths and lighting? We want the best local men and women to manage local affairs, and don't give a rap for their politics.

CONFERENCE. The Portsmouth Diocesan Conference comes to the Island on May 7th. Quite apart from the pleasant trip which this involves for those who live on the mainland, there is a value in this occasional visit to the Archdeaconry of the Isle of Wight, for it reminds us that we belong to the diocese, and the mainlanders that the Island is closely linked with them in church affairs.

PUNCHING THE VICAR. The Admiral had to pay £20 for taking a swipe at the Vicar. The Court fined him. Reading the absorbing account in the press we felt how dull life is in our parishes, and we are tempted to suggest a possible way to raise money for church repairs.

One swipe at the Vicar costs you £20, a good crack at Mr. Street for say, £10, and a five-pound note to let off steam at the deacon. If we can't soon sell St.Catherine's we may have to think about a scheme of this sort.

SIN is a little word with an ugly meaning. The ugliest sin is not to think sin is really ugly at all. If you don't think it very wrong to lie and pinch and cheat and corrupt and gossip maliciously then you have been gotten hold of by a disease which is far more deadly than cancer.

There's only one remedy for sin. It's the healing power of the saving Blood of Jesus.

ASCENSION DAY falls this year on May 22nd. The message of this great Day is "Christ reigns." Where? In the hearts of men, in the midst of His Church, on His heavenly Throne. Claim Him as your King, let Him rule your life.

The Holy Communion, when the faithful are invited to receive the King into their hearts, will be celebrated at Brading at 7 and 10.15.

POSTSCRIPT from the Press.

Four stuffed owls have been placed among the rafters in Bourne, Lincolnshire, parish church, to scare away bats.

We showed this cutting to a friend who said "Why not leave them in their usual pews?" We don't profess to know about Bourne, but in Brading and Yaverland one of the great joys of recent months has been the way in which every member of the congregation seems to have been taking a real part in the services. Don't ever let us be thought of as stuffed owls.

"PONTIFEX"

FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS

Baptism at Brading

March 2nd Victor John, son of Victor Albert George
and Patricia DERBRIDGE

Marriage at Brading

Frank Salmon WOOLSTON and
Vera Louise BEESTON

Burials

February 13th	David William SMITH	(13)
March 28th	Francis James COLLEN	(65)
March 29th	Charles PURSEY	(72)
April 4th	Jane ATTRILL	(72)
April 26th	Elizabeth Mary CROCKFORD	(81)
April 29th	William George BERRYMAN	(73)

SAINT OF THE MONTH (Cont.)

It is a seemly thing to express our thanks to God by gifts to beautify the Church where He is worshipped.

THE SIGN

Not ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified

No. 569

MAY, 1952

Vol. XLVIII

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

THEN AND NOW

By the Rev. H. J. Carpenter, Warden of Keble College, Oxford

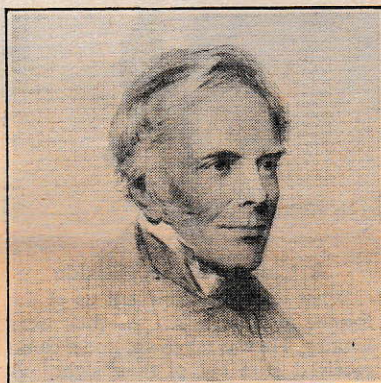
I. HOW THE MOVEMENT BEGAN

THE Oxford Movement received its name from the fact that it began in the University of Oxford in the year 1833. It took the Church of England by surprise, for it was hardly expected that the University of those days would produce a religious revival of any kind, much less a revival which would spread to town and country parishes and affect the lives and worship of people all over the land. The leaders were learned men prominent in the narrow circle of Oxford scholars but hardly known at all outside it. John Keble was perhaps an exception, for he had already in 1827 published a book of religious poems, *The Christian Year*, which was beginning to be widely read. Of the other two leaders John Henry Newman was a Fellow of Oriel College and Vicar of St. Mary's, the University Church, and Edward Pusey was Professor of Hebrew in the University, a distinction which he had reached at the early age of twenty-eight in the year 1828. Twelve years after the Movement began, Newman was received into the Roman Church, leaving Keble and Pusey with their unshakeable loyalty to the Church of England as the acknowledged leaders for the rest of their lives. Keble died in 1866, having been for the greater part of his life in charge of a country parish, and Pusey died in 1882 still a professor in the University.

Getting the Message Across

How did these men get their message across to the rank and file of the clergy and people? Each of them in the course of his life wrote many books which gave the solid support

of learning to their principles. Newman in the early days, and Pusey all through his life, were able to influence young men who were studying in Oxford. But the Movement made its



JOHN KEBLE

first impact on the Church through the *Tracts for the Times* (and so its supporters were sometimes called Tractarians). Ninety of these tracts were published between 1833 and 1841. Some were short pamphlets and others were of the size of a small book. Of some of them many thousands of copies were sold and eagerly read in vicarages and educated homes up and down the country. The tracts at once stirred the minds of clergy and lay people who were unhappy about the state of the Church.

In the previous century John Wesley's Methodist Movement had begun within the Church of England, but by the beginning of the nineteenth century the Methodists had formed

a separate society, leaving the Evangelical Movement to carry forward in the Church of England some of the principles for which the early Methodists had stood. Great as was the spiritual revival due to the Evangelicals in the early nineteenth century, their emphasis on the need for every individual to undergo the experience of conversion seemed to many Church people to be one-sided; it said a great deal about the experience of the individual Christian, but overlooked the place of the Church as a corporate body in the divine plan of salvation. To many who could not be satisfied with the Evangelical revival the message of the Tractarians came like a new revelation. And it came at a time when the Church was facing the dangers of criticism and attack from outside and of slackness inside.

But the authors of the tracts did not claim to be saying anything new, still less anything invented by themselves.

Catholic and Apostolic

Perhaps it should be said at once that Keble and Pusey were not concerned with the use of ceremonial in the Church services. That stage was to come later in the history of the Movement. Their chief concern was with the familiar phrase of the Creed, 'I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church.' Here is one of the fundamental articles of our faith. What does the Church of England mean by it? Clearly, said the Tractarians, the Church of England believes itself to be part of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church. Now that Church was founded by our Lord, Who gave to it everything that makes it a true Church, its faith, its ministry, its sacraments, its rule of life. We must not then suppose that our English Church depends for its essential character on the fact that it is 'established' and recognized by the State. The government might decide to disestablish the Church of England,

(Continued on page 35)

HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN

By the Rev. Canon Ian White-Thomson

WE do believe,' says the Collect for Ascension Day, 'that our Lord has ascended into the heavens.' There is something very refreshing about this collect. None of your 'After careful consideration of all the relevant facts we have reached the tentative conclusion that' or 'Though scientifically there can be no proof one way or the other, we venture to assert that.' Nor does the word 'understanding' appear anywhere. But simply 'We do believe Thy only-begotten Son to have ascended into the heavens'—that is, that in a manner which left no doubt at all in the minds of the disciples, the incarnate life was ended.

Put yourself in the place of the disciples for a moment. For some forty days they had seen their Lord and Master, the same as He always was, and yet different in that He was in one sense no longer dependent upon time and space. He could and did appear and disappear at will. Yet in another sense He was still dependent upon time and space in that He could only appear in one place at one time. Now this self-limitation was a necessary part of God's whole plan of redemption; necessary, that is, for those first disciples. Completely shattered by the events of Good Friday, their faith was gradually and wonderfully restored by seeing their Master alive again. So by easy stages their hearts and minds were prepared for the day when the appearances would cease and the promise of a new relationship with their Master would be fulfilled.

'I Will Not Leave You Desolate'

The words 'I will not leave you desolate: I come unto you' echoed in their ears. But how was our Lord to indicate to His followers that the appearances were coming to an end; how to strike the note of finality in a way which they would understand? This is a really important point, and a strictly practical one—'I go unto the Father.' How? Now we must realize that those who witnessed the Ascension would undoubtedly have regarded the earth as flat and heaven as a place above their heads. They supposed that our Lord travelled there through space. Such a mental picture pre-

sented no difficulties to reason then or for many centuries to come. But even though such a naïve conception is impossible for us to-day, it is not in the least a vital part of the Christian faith. For what matters is not the outward and visible method of our Lord's return, but the spiritual significance.



Raphael

A Cloud on the Hillside

What does the Bible tell us of the former in Acts i. 9? 'As they were looking, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight.' A cloud on the hillside above where He and His disciples were standing into which He rose. That is all. Three of the disciples would remember a previous occasion on a mountain-side, the mount of Transfiguration, when our Lord entered into a cloud and, when the cloud passed away, He was still with them. Now He entered the cloud and He did not return. As one writer¹ has put it, and surely this is the point of it all: 'The whole constituted a sign marking this departure as different from His previous departures and expressing its finality. Some visible sign was needed to assure the disciples that they were to look for no more manifestations of the risen Lord. Such an expectation would have distracted them from their work. During the forty days they had

¹ Dr. Bicknell, *Thirty-nine Articles*.

been trained to live in the knowledge that at any moment He might appear among them. Now that stage of their education was finished. They had been made ready to go forth and wield authority. The work for which they had been trained was about to begin. The sign was understood by the disciples. The expectation of any further visible manifestations of the risen Lord ended abruptly. They were content to await the descent of the Holy Spirit and to find in Him the pledge of the invisible presence of their ascended Lord.' The measure of their content is revealed in St. Luke's account: 'And they worshipped Him and returned to Jerusalem with great joy.'

Significance

What, then, is the spiritual significance of the Ascension? 'The Ascension of Christ is, in a word, His going to the Father—to His Father and our Father—the visible pledge and symbol of the exaltation of the earthly into the heavenly. It is a revelation of heavenly life, the open fulfilment of man's destiny made possible for all men.' For in His heavenly life our Lord is still fully man: He did not leave His human nature behind Him. 'He has entered upon the completeness of spiritual being without lessening in any degree the completeness of His humanity.' This is a difficult thought, but one which we must believe even if we cannot fully understand it. Through His humanity He still acts in our world of space and time whenever and wherever He wills to do so. He acts through His humanity in the Holy Communion, using the outward symbols of bread and wine to convey His sacramental presence in answer to the prayers of the Church and in fulfilment of His own promise. Because He is still fully man, He is the 'mediator between God and man.'

God's Scheme of Redemption

The Ascension, therefore, is an integral and vitally important event in the whole scheme of God's redemptive plan for mankind. It is as important as the Incarnation and the Resurrection. On Ascension Day our Lord returned to the Godhead bearing with Him our human nature. He went to prepare a place for us, that where He is, there we may be also. The stage was set for the next act in the great drama; the coming of the indwelling Christ through the power of the Holy Spirit.

Saint Philip and Saint James's Day



St. Stephen's, Bristol

Reece Winstone

SO God doth bring the world to spring;
And on their holy day
Doth the Church proclaim her Apostles' fame,
To welcome the first of May. P.D.

God's Acre

GOD'S acre can be, and often is, a headache to those who have to look after it, especially as the grass grows long at this time of the year.

To maintain it in a worthy condition, even to mow the grass once a year, for many country churches with large churchyards nowadays represents a serious drain on their finances. 'God's acre' is frequently a considerable area which, if neglected, and the grass allowed to reach knee-high at least, would impart a down-at-heel look to the whole neighbourhood. A tidy churchyard is an amenity from which, therefore, all benefit. Further, since the churchyard forms the last resting-place of all in many villages—for 'chapel' as well as 'church,' for the faithful as well as for those who never pass through the church door in life—it follows that the churchyard is of concern to all.

How did our forefathers manage? They had their churchyards too. Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' would never have been written if they had not. It is almost certain that their habit was to keep the grass short by allowing sheep to graze among the tombstones. To keep sheep off, in fact, was often the reason for the iron railings round the more elaborate tombs.

TOPIC FOR THE MONTH

from the facts that there are now less sheep and more dogs in this country, and that dogs tend to chase them in a public place, can never again be the same solution. Why? Because the carefully-tended graves of to-day, the vases of flowers, the polished kerbs, are not made for the rough treatment which the mounds of our forefathers withstood.

But there is also another reason. The modern tendency is to regard the churchyard as a place for numerous individual graves, privately cared for and maintained, instead of seeing it, as our forebears rightly did and the law still does, as the common grave of the parish. The change is, of course, all part of the breakdown of a sense of community gathered around the church as its centre. It is a change which, theologically as well as practically, in its bearing upon the problem of 'God's acre,' needs to be resisted.

The fact remains that somehow the Church must go on maintaining its 'God's Acres' for the benefit of everybody, including the Church's critics and the vast army of the 'couldn't care less.'

Of course, it is a duty which will gladly be discharged, as for so many centuries it has been. But it does seem fair to ask this: that those on the outside should realize, as hay-time comes round again, and the grass sways in our country churchyards, who it is who keeps all this in order, out of whose pockets the rising costs must come—and judge accordingly. SIGNET

Their churchyards, also, did not grow larger to the same extent as ours do. To prevent that, our 'rude forefathers,' as the poet Gray called them, in their wisdom cleared God's acre and started again as it filled up.

Neither of these factors can operate now. The latter would be resisted by many devoted people. And sheep, quite apart

THE KALENDAR

MAY, 1952

- 1 Th. SS. Philip and James, A.A.M.M.
- 2 F. Athanasius, B.D., 373.
- 3 S. Invention of the Cross.
- 4 S. Third after Easter. Monnica, Matron, 387.
- 6 Tu. St. John E., ante Port. Lat.
- 11 S. Fourth after Easter.
- 18 S. Fifth after Easter (Rogation Sunday).
- 19 M. Dunstan, Abp., 988.
- 22 Th. Ascension Day.
- 25 S. Sunday aft. Ascension. Aldhelm, B., 709.
- 26 M. Augustine of Canterbury, Abp., 605.
- 27 Tu. Ven. Bede, P.D., 735.

ST. JOHN BEFORE THE LATIN GATE

The somewhat puzzling entry in the Prayer Book Kalendar on May 6 probably commemorates the dedication of a church, in honour of St. John, near the Latin Gate at Rome. It was at one time believed that the Evangelist himself visited Rome and was banished to the island of Patmos by the Emperor Domitian.

Days of fasting, or abstinence:

Fridays, 2, 9, 16, 23, 30. Rogation Days, 19, 20, 21. Saturday, 31, Vigil of Pentecost.

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

(from page 33)

but that would not make the least difference to her spiritual authority. If the mission and powers of the Church were derived from our Lord, no earthly government could take them away. Let the Church of England then remember her divine origin and authority, and go forward with her work confident that if she remained loyal to the Catholic and Apostolic character of the Church as shown in the Scriptures, and in the early centuries of Church history, she could not fail to accomplish God's work. We shall see next month some of the practical consequences the Tractarians drew from this fundamental principle.

(To be continued)

CHURCH DETECTIVES

A new feature for Boys and Girls

WE recently received an illustration of a tombstone with an engine on it, and were very curious to know what it was all about. So the Editor asked a friend of his to do some investigating. British Railways helped, and the result is this story.

THE BROMSGROVE EXPLOSION

A visitor to Bromsgrove, in Worcestershire, may be puzzled by the two curious tombstones in the churchyard, which commemorate a railway accident of long ago. From Bromsgrove to Blackstock Station is the famous Lickey incline, which rises on a gradient of 1 in 37 for more than two miles. This line, which originally was part of the Birmingham to Gloucester railway, was opened in 1840, and to assist a train to climb this gradient it was necessary to use a second engine to push it from behind. In November, 1840, the first tank engine made in the new locomotive construction shops at Bromsgrove was ready for trial, and was tested as a banking engine on the incline.

After two successful trips, the engine had come down again and was standing in Bromsgrove Station when the boiler exploded. The driver, fortunately, had left his engine to report on his trip, but the fireman, Thomas Scarfe, and the foreman of the locomotive construction shop, Joseph Rutherford, were killed, and many onlookers were injured.

At the inquest, the jury found that the boiler plates of the engine were too thin, and this had caused the accident. They awarded a sum of £60 to be divided between the dependants of the two men.

The graves were to be maintained by the railway, and a sum of five pounds is still paid every year by British Railways to keep up the graves of the two men. In June, 1951, the stones were broken by boys playing in the churchyard, but have since been repaired out of the funds available.

Railway experts observe that the engine depicted on the two grave-stones is not that which met with the accident, but an American 4-2-0 engine, first used on the Lickey incline.

The two long epitaphs on the men's graves, composed by an anonymous friend, are quaint.

Thomas Scarfe, poor fellow, who was to have been married only three weeks later, was only twenty-eight, and the lines tell his story:

No more I feel each urging breath,
My steam is now condensed in death,
Life's railway o'er, each station passed,
In death I'm stopped and rest at last.
Farewell, dear friends, and cease to weep,
In Christ I'm safe, in Him I sleep.



Reece Winstone

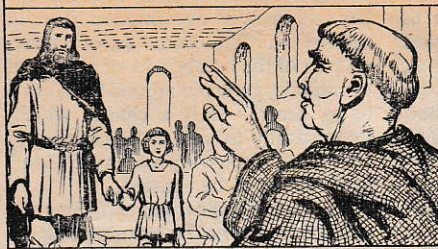
The verse to Joseph Rutherford is less comforting:

Oh, Reader, stay and cast an eye
Upon this grave wherein I lie,
For cruel death has challenged me,
And soon, alas, will call on thee.
Repent in time, make no delay,
For Christ will call you all away.
My time was spent like dew in sun,
Beyond all cure, my glass is run.

The original stones were erected by

From the Church's Kalendar

BEDE AS A LITTLE BOY IS TAKEN TO SCHOOL AT THE GREAT MONASTERY AT JARROW.



HE REMAINS IN THE MONASTERY AND BECOMES A GREAT SCHOLAR.



OLD AND ILL, BEDE TRIES HARD TO FINISH HIS TRANSLATION OF ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL.



HIS BROTHER MONKS HELP HIM TO FINISH HIS GREAT TASK.



the men's workmates, and we do not hear of any repetition of this unfortunate accident.

There are many other strange and curious things like this—unusual memorials, interesting inscriptions, odd survivals from olden days hidden away in our churches—and the Editor very much wants to hear about them. Therefore, will you be a Church Detective? To be a Church Detective you must investigate very carefully your own parish church, especially if it is an old one, and keep your eyes open in other churches as well. In fact, you must go into as many as you can. The first duty of a Church Detective is to investigate a church whenever he or she sees one.

When you come upon a discovery which you think will make an interesting story for this page, then you should do the following things:

1. Write out the facts of your discovery in about 300 words.
2. See if you can make a drawing or get a photograph of it.
3. Send the story with the drawing, or the photograph, to the Editor of THE SIGN, 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1. Only boys and girls up to sixteen can be Church Detectives.

The Editor will award as a prize each month a book token to the value of £1 1s. for the best story sent in.



The Broken Bowl by Mollie Field

A Story of a Problem of To-day

THE STORY SO FAR

Nick Marshall, aged seven, with his small sister Betty, were suffering from the domestic tension between their mother, Jean, and her former husband, Harry. Harry was also involved in an unwise friendship with an attractive widow, Mrs. Reckitt. Encouraged by the vicar's wise counsel, Jean tried to tolerate her difficult life, but Harry's determination to force Nick to jump his pony when he was too

young for it, and the crisis caused by this action, caused Jean to decide that the children would be better away from him. They went to her old friends the Pellings, at Ashurst. Tom Pelling, a solicitor, advised Jean to divorce Harry, and Lucy Pelling pointed out that Andrew Sloane would make an excellent second husband. Andrew himself hinted as much when he believed that Jean had left Harry for good, and she realized that she was falling in love with him. She was very happy until she met the vicar one day, and had an argument with him which disturbed her complacency. Then Harry rang up, apologizing for his conduct for the first time in his life, and begging her to come back.

CHAPTER IX

IT was almost with a sense of relief that Jean heard Harry's words. She agreed to go home again, and Harry arrived in the car the following morning, strangely and rather touchingly shy and considerate in his manner. There was no doubt about the children's joy on seeing him again. Even Nick danced and shouted with delight, and Harry did not snub him once.

On their way home Jean was so relieved at the ease with which she and Harry slipped back into their normal relationship at its best that

she ceased to feel uncomfortable about her disregard of the Pellings' advice.

The farm looked warm and tranquil in the September sunshine. It was beautiful and mellow, a natural place for a happy home if surroundings have anything to do with the matter.

'It does look good,' she murmured as they drove up to the door.

Harry turned to her with gratitude in his eyes.

'You really do like it? I'm glad.'

To Jean's relief, he became consistently the most indulgent and least irascible of fathers. Although she could not love him as she did Andrew, she did feel a warm affection and

some admiration for him, and she tried her best to match his efforts at home-making with her own.

It was not easy telling Andrew what she had done. It was quite obvious that her return to Harry was a big blow to him, but he took it manfully.

'You must follow your conscience, Jean,' he said quietly. 'You will never be happy unless you do. In my opinion Harry does not deserve to have you back again; but there it is. He had first claim upon you and upon his children.'

'You do see, don't you, that if there is any chance of reconciliation, I must take it? I shall always love you in a way which I cannot feel for Harry.'

'In that case, I don't see how your marriage can possibly work for long. But I do see that you must try. Perhaps it is fortunate that term begins next week, so we shall not meet for a time. God bless you, Jean.'

She felt bad about that. Which-ever way she acted she was doomed to hurt some one, and hurting the man she loved was worst of all. But the vicar had said she was wrong in not always putting her duty to Harry first, and she had considerable respect for his opinion. In fact, over this business she had a notion that he had encouraged Harry to ring her up, though she did not like to ask for fear of destroying the illusion that he had done it of his own accord.

Mr. Wilkins showed no surprise when he met her in the village. He beamed upon her and said,

'It's very nice to see you back, Jean. We are going to need your help in all kinds of things this winter. First, we are hoping to have a Hallowe'en party for all the village.'

'What fun! We haven't had one before.'

'No, and we want your help. I believe you used to run them at the High School, didn't you? So you should be full of ideas.'

'Oh, yes. I wonder if we could manage snapdragon? Then we must have ducking for apples. I must have a good think about it.'

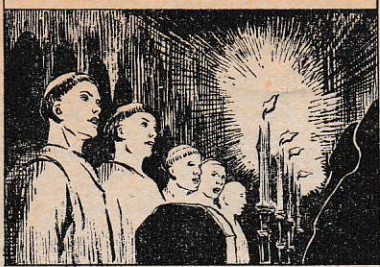
At that moment a smart little car drove by, and Phyllis Reckitt waved a hand at them. She was bare-headed, with long dark hair waving over her scarlet jacket. She had large, mysterious dark eyes, and a wide, soft mouth.

Mr. Wilkins laughed.

'That young woman was born to make eyes,' he remarked. 'I suppose I ought not to say it, but I understand she has discovered a most eligible bachelor at the other end of the county. Let's hope it comes to something. She might be safer married again.'

For several weeks life was amazingly simple. The Meads and all the

~ AND ALSO A MOST HOLY MAN.



BUT HIS CHIEF WORK IS THE WRITING OF BOOKS
HE WRITES THE FIRST HISTORY OF ENGLAND



AS THE LAST WORDS OF THE GOSPEL ARE WRITTEN
BEDE DIES, HIS LIFE'S WORK DONE.



BEDE'S LAST WORDS WERE:

"GLORY BE TO THE
FATHER
AND TO THE SON
AND TO THE HOLY GHOST
AMEN"

other people on the farm seemed delighted to have her back. Perhaps she was taking root in the place after all.

Then clouds began to appear on the horizon again. At first they were small puffs, the outcome of Harry's over-indulgence of the children. He often kept Nick out late, long after his bedtime, and gave him everything he asked for, including a bicycle. Jean tried to be firm about early bedtime, but Harry only laughed.

She then insisted that a child of barely seven should not be allowed to cycle on the main road, but Nick was unafraid, and Harry proudly encouraged him. Even Betty was old enough now to discover that if Mummy said 'no,' Daddy would probably say 'yes.' Slowly Jean began to scent catastrophe in the air again.

CHAPTER X

THE afternoon of the Halloween party was a warm and golden one. Jean had spent the morning baking cakes and making sandwiches for the evening, but now she decided she could stay indoors no longer.

'Come along, darling,' she called to Betty. 'Shall we go up to the wood and pick some branches of hips?'

'Are they for the party, Mummy?'

'Yes, some for the party and some for our sitting-room. We have just time to go now before Nick gets back from school. Run and put your wellingtons on.'

'Don't want to wear my wellingtons. They're nasty and heavy.'

'You must, darling. It will be very muddy after the rain.'

'They make my feet ache. Daddy wouldn't make me.'

'I think he would. He always wears them himself, doesn't he?'

Betty scowled beneath her mop of fair curls. 'Daddy never makes me do things when I don't want. He says you're a fusspot.'

Jean controlled her temper with an effort, but she was determined to stand her ground.

'Run along at once and put them on,' she said quietly but firmly, 'or I shall have to go without you.'

Dragging one foot after the other, Betty did as she was told, and her sulks soon disappeared once they had set out upon the exciting walk to the wood. But sadness and anxiety gnawed at Jean's heart as she pondered upon Harry's lack of loyalty to her in dealing with the children. She knew that a great deal of it was unthinking.

Laden with sprays of glowing hips, she and Betty returned to the house

as dusk was gathering. As they came towards the pond Jean was puzzled to see something dark in the middle of it. She immediately wondered if a bullock had wandered into the water, and left the footpath to go to the pond's edge.

Betty had run ahead, and quickly she called back, 'Mummy, it's only Nick in the boat. It's not a bullock at all.'

'Nick,' Jean called peremptorily, 'come back at once. Didn't I tell you not to use that boat?'

'It's all right, Mummy. Daddy said it's quite safe.'

'Come along in at once or you will have to go without your tea.'

Nick, who was always hungry at mealtimes, and who knew his mother did not issue vain threats, returned to the bank, though not without some show of reluctance.

'You always spoil everything,' he muttered as he drew the boat out of the water. Jean decided that she must have another attempt to persuade Harry of the urgent need for a united policy concerning the children.

She managed to get him alone after tea when the children had gone along the passage to the Meads' quarters.

'I found Nick using the old boat again this afternoon,' she began quietly. 'Couldn't you tell him your-

(Continued on page 40)

Query corner

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

3576. In the General Confession we say we are 'lost sheep' and 'miserable sinners.' Does not the constant repetition of these sentiments suggest that we never advance and that little spiritual and moral progress is possible?

The misunderstanding arises from failure to grasp the Christian doctrine of man. This is, that we are all in a state of sin or, as the Bible puts it, we are all fallen from grace. It is very important to grasp the truth of this, which a little reflection on our own natures will show to be evident. We all know in our secret hearts of our imperfections; we all know it is true that, in the words of St. Paul, 'we leave undone those things we ought to do, and do those things which we ought not to do.' Furthermore, the state of the world to-day, with its wars and cruelties, gives ample evidence of the imperfections of mankind. It is not surprising that the nearer one approaches to God the more one becomes conscious of the imperfections of one's own nature by comparison with the perfection of His. Thus, when Isaiah saw the vision of God in the Temple he cried out, 'Woe unto me, Lord, that I am a man of unclean lips,' and when Peter recognized the presence of Christ he exclaimed, 'Depart from me, Lord, for I am a sinful man.' As our Lord Himself says, even with our best

endeavours we are all unprofitable servants. Thus it is with reason that Christians in the house of God should aver that they are miserable sinners, because such is the truth.

3577. What is the origin of the Mothers' Union?

The Mothers' Union, which to-day numbers over six hundred thousand members, was begun by a country rector's wife in the village of Old Alresford in Hampshire in the year 1876. Mrs. Mary Sumner was the daughter-in-law of the Bishop of Winchester, and already had the idea of the Mothers' Union in mind when her husband was appointed Rector of Old Alresford in 1851. For many years her meetings for women were limited to the village, but they prepared the way for the great expansion which has followed. In 1908, Mrs. Sumner, at the age of eighty, addressed a meeting of over ten thousand women in the Albert Hall. She continued to work for the Mothers' Union for a further ten years, and died at the age of ninety-three.

3578. When and why did the Early Church introduce Infant Baptism?

Infants have received Baptism from the time of the institution of the Sacrament. Households were baptized (*Acts* xvi. 15, 31-33, and 1 *Cor.* i. 16). Let the Early Church speak for itself. Origen, who was

born eighty-five years after the Apostles, says, 'The Church had from the Apostles the tradition to give Baptism to young children. Infants are baptized for remission of sins, for "none" is clean from pollution, though his life be but one day on the earth.' In the year 253 a council of sixty-six bishops declared, '... the mercy and grace of God is to be denied to none that is born. If anything could be an obstacle to persons obtaining the grace of Baptism, adults would be rather hindered by their more grievous sins. If, therefore, no one is deprived of this grace in Baptism, how much less reason is there to refuse an infant who, being newly born, has no sin except such as inherited from Adam.' The early Christians followed the injunction of St. Peter, 'Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the Name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children.' The lambs as well as the sheep are to be made 'members of Christ, the children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.'

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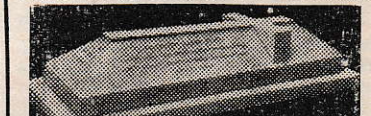
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in casual conversations with new acquaintances, there are ways in which you can make a good impression every time you talk.

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THE CHRISTIAN HOME

A monthly feature for women by Anne Proctor

WAS May ever a merry month? Perhaps this year the weather will be kind and bring us a foretaste of summer and a chance to get the blankets washed. Certainly the last few years have been anything but merry in May, and that sinister jingle 'ne'er cast a clout till May be out' has seemed much more appropriate. But let us live in hope, for a series of cold wet springs may mean that we are due this year for one of the Mays which have inspired so many folk-songs.

Hail, Festal Day

And not only folk-songs! Look at the processional hymn for Whitsunday (*A. & M.* 653). Could any one want a lovelier May than it describes?

The merry country offers all her store,
Now spring has brought its yearly wealth
once more.

White gleam the hawthorn bushes as we
pass, [grass,
And green and tall grows up the waving
Day after day fresh flowers like stars arise,
And all the turf breaks into laughing eyes.
It might be a picture of any English
county, and yet it is not written about

England at all. It is fourteen hundred years old, and its author was a young man who literally sang his way across Europe to give thanks to God at the shrine of St. Martin of Tours for his recovery from blindness.

Holiday into Holy Day

Ascension Day gets rather neglected now that it is no longer a public holiday; in fact, keeping it is a test of our Churchmanship. But since the law allows us to withdraw our children from school to keep the feast, try to make it such a family red-letter day that it stands out in the year, and becomes indeed a *holy day* and not just any old Bank Holiday. My children would never forgive me if I forgot to write to their head teachers in advance (which is all the law requires) to claim the day for them. We begin, of course, by going to worship with the Church, and having sung



HILARY

Christ is gone up; no longer sin shall reign;
Praise Him, blue sky and sunlit sea and
plain,
we pick up our traps and set off to
catch a bus into the country.

Picnics without Tears

The most important thing about taking children out on an excursion is *not to do too much*. Most unsuccessful outings are so, just because they are too long. Tired children soon become cross children. The next thing is to share out the weight that has to be carried. A good plan is to give each child a small knapsack with packed lunch, a pair of socks in case of wet feet, and for girls a spare pair of knickers (for a hundred reasons). Mother carries a larger haversack for extras—the drinks, a first-aid kit, a face flannel, and the fruit. One thing Christian picnickers must not forget is our Lord's words to five thousand holiday-makers in Galilee, 'Gather up the fragments that remain'—we must not spoil God's beauty with our litter. Carry it home in your knapsacks. Remember, too, the Parable of the Lost Lamb, and wherever you go be sure you *Shut the Gate*.

THE BROKEN BOWL (from page 38)

self that it is dangerous? He takes so much notice of what you say.

Harry let out an impatient bellow. 'Good heavens, woman, the things you worry about! Haven't I told you he won't come to any harm?'

'And haven't you told the children I am a fusspot?' Jean retorted with some heat.

He stared at her with eyes which reminded her of an angry bull. 'What if I have? I can't stand all this child psychology and party manners every day kind of business. When I was a child my parents brought us up rough; they didn't go in for coddling and minding people's feelings and all that.'

'But surely they must learn to be obedient? They cannot learn that if you and I do not make a stand for obedience on the same things. If I forbid them something, and you give permission, it is simply chaotic, and most unfair to the children.' She put her hand on his and urged with all the feeling she could put into her voice, 'Please, Harry, for my sake and the children's, do see that this is not just a matter of fancy psychology, but of sound good sense.'

Impatiently he flung her hand away and sprang to his feet. 'The devil knows I've tried to be patient since

you came back. I've done everything I can think of to make you happy, and this is all the reward I get for it. You can go away and stay away for all I care; trying to set my children against me, always grumbling, always nagging. I'm going out where I can get some human warmth and fun.'

'Don't forget the party to-night,' she called after him automatically. She felt beaten and hopeless. After all her efforts he had turned round and accused her of his own faults. She would have liked to go to bed and have a good cry, but she had her duty

to the party to remember, and it was now time to get ready for it.

She made up her haggard face as best she could and cycled down to the Village Hall. The vicar and Anne Wilkins both noticed her quietness and her pallor, but apart from inquiring if she was not feeling well, they could say nothing in such a public place.

But Harry didn't come. During the refreshment interval Jean found herself worrying, and wondering where he had gone for his warmth and fun. She had a feeling he was making a fool of himself, and she became increasingly apprehensive.

It was half-past nine when she heard noisy laughter and the banging of a door as Harry entered. His face was flushed and he was swaying slightly; and close behind him came Phyllis Reckitt.

He turned round and caught hold of his companion's arm. There was a hush as all heads involuntarily turned towards the commotion of their entrance.

'There's my wife,' Harry lisped in a loud voice, pointing at Jean as she stood by the apple-ducking bowl, 'running the silly Sunday School treat.'

(To be continued)

WHITSUN HYMN

GREAT Creator, by Whose word
Form on chaos was conferred,
And from Whom the Spirit came
Wondrously in wind and flame,
Bless our eyes that we may see
All around us signs of Thee,
In the wide horizon find
Witness to the Eternal Mind.
With Thy touch of living fire
All our utterance inspire;
May our cold hearts quickened be
With Thy burning charity.
In our dark depression's night
Fill us with Thy holy light;
That we may have joy in Thee
Here and in eternity. Kathleen Lee