

AUGUST 1952
Vol. 2 No. 8

BRADING~

SUNDAY SERVICES

Holy Communion	8
2nd Sunday	12.15
Mattins	11.15
Children's Service	3
Evensong	6.15

At Alverstone

1st Sunday	7
3rd Sunday	3.15

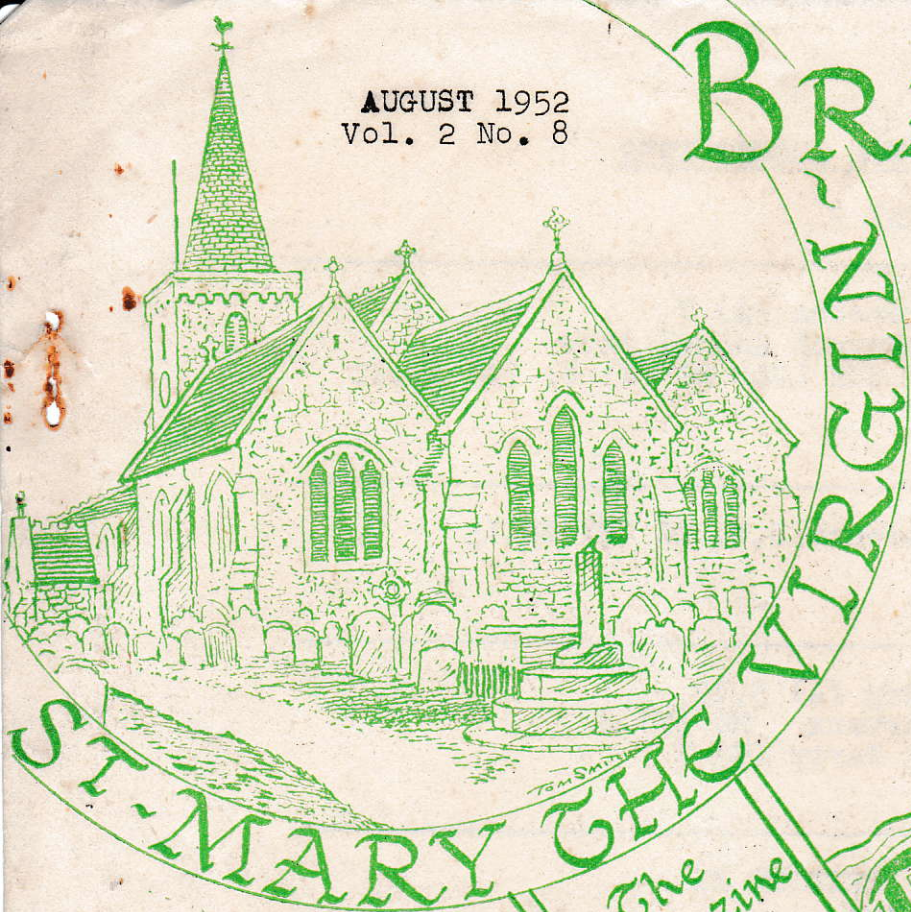
CLERGY

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

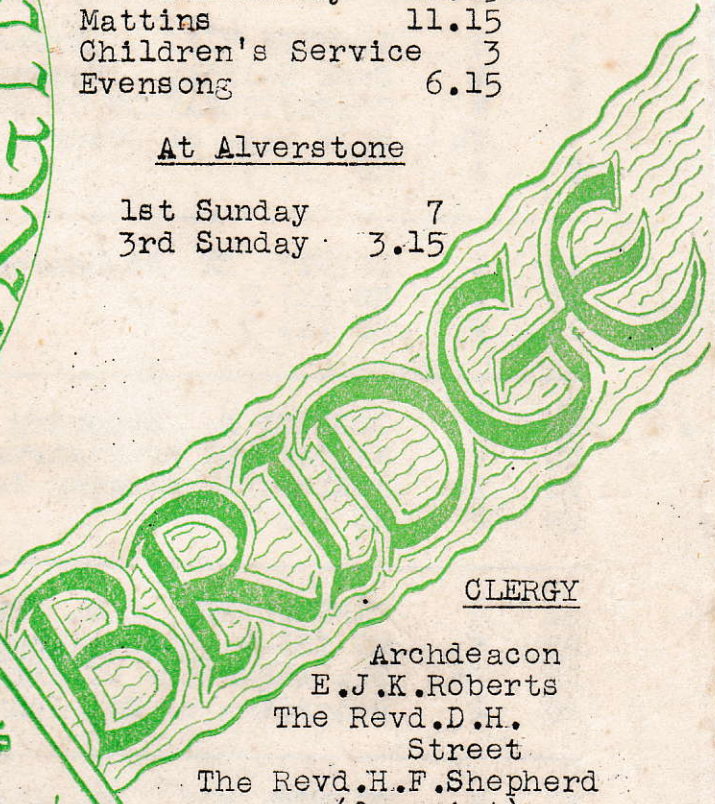
SUNDAY SERVICES

Sung Eucharist	10.15
Evensong	5.30

YAVERLAND~



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



PARISH DIARY FOR AUGUST 1952

1 F Lammas Day HC (B) 7

3 S TRINITY VIII Evensong (A) 7
4 M Bank Holiday Newchurch Annual Show
6 W TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD HC (Y) 8; (A) 10.15
7 Th Holy Name of Jesus
8 F HC (B) 7

10 S TRINITY IX St. Laurence, D.M. HC (B) 12.15
13 W HC (Y) 8
15 F HC (B) 7

17 S TRINITY X Evensong (A) 3.15
20 W St. Bernard of Clairvaux HC (Y) 8
21 Th Fellowship Working Party (V) 7
22 F HC (B) 7

24 S BARTHOLOMEW, A.M. TRINITY XI
27 W HC (B) 7 Note change
28 Th St. Augustine of Hippo B.D. see below
29 F Beheading of St. John Baptist HC (Y) 8 Note change

31 S TRINITY XII St. Aidan B

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. Augustine of Hippo, Aug. 29th

St. Augustine was born in 354 in Numidia. He was a young man with a good brain and fair prospects who fell into idle and dissolute ways, and subsequently joined an heretical sect (yes, there were some odd hot-gospellers even in those far off days). Through the prayers of his mother he was converted to the true faith in 387. He was ordained and in 396 he was consecrated Bishop of Hippo. Many a man owes his soul, humanly speaking, to the prayers of a good mother.

PARISH NOTES

YAVERLAND FETE. On August 6th, favoured, as we hope, by the best of 1952 weather, the Yaverland Fete is due to be opened by the Dowager Lady Dunboyne at Craigellachie, New Road, Brading.

This happy annual function makes a move this year from the Manor at Yaverland to the hospitable home of Mrs. Black, Miss Black, and Miss Black the younger.

It is true that the decision to move was made because Commander and Mrs. Monck are away, and the Manor is closed. But we welcome the chance of bringing the Fete into Brading where we know it will be generously supported by all our friends.

Yaverland parish has no endowments at all. By comparison we look upon our sister parish of Brading as the wealthy partner. So every penny we raise at Yaverland has to be carefully husbanded and shrewdly expended.

In the past few years we have done very well, financially. And the reason is not far to seek. It is two-fold. First we have tried to price our goods fairly. You expect to have to pay a bit more for hand-made and home cooked produce, but we have learnt long since that unfair pricing leads to low takings.

The second principle which has guaranteed our success has been the readiness of the Church Council to allocate 10% of the proceeds to some charity outside the parish.

By doing this we remember that there is always someone in greater need than we are ourselves, and we are doing our best to acknowledge the straightforward Bible teaching of the seventeenth chapter of the first book of Kings, from which it is clear that however desperate our own position, it is still necessary to "make me thereof a little cake first" before satisfying our own hunger.

It is these two principles, together with an avoidance of the sin of raffling, which in their observance bring a blessing upon a parish fete, and a benison upon the use to which the proceeds are subsequently put.

.....

AT BRADING the summer has seen some more urgent repair work on the Church. The bells progress - in fact when you read this paragraph it is probable you may already have heard the bells ringing.

And the north wall, which only in a summer such as this gets really dry, had been splendidly and dexterously repaired by Mr. Simmonds and his competent staff.

MR. STREET is better. He has obviously had a very much worse turn than any of us - even the patient himself - realised. In his last letter he said the "fibrositis" persisted.

Fibrositis is a smart name to cover any sort of attack of the "willies", and we are full of sympathy with him. And how we long for his return! His absence has laid a great burden of added care upon Mr. Garniss, who has nobly responded in spite of anxieties of his own.

It is still not possible to give a date for Mr. Street's reappearance, but his jovial self striding up and down the parish will before long we trust herald a complete recovery.

.....

WE HEAR SPLENDID REPORTS of Mr. Henson's work with the Army. There was little doubt of the rightness of his departure for the work of a Chaplain to the Forces. And it is clear that he is providing just the sort of atmosphere in which our young men as they leave home for National Service can preserve the moral standards of decent family life in which so many of them have been so carefully brought up.

.....

THE BISHOP'S MISSION TO PORTSMOUTH. No event since the foundation of our diocese in 1927 can rank in importance with the forthcoming Mission to the City of Portsmouth. In the main the preparation must rest with the Portsmouth parishes themselves, but in one special respect we are asked to help - by our prayers.

We are linked in prayer with two parishes. Brading with the Holy Spirit, Southsea, and Yaverland with St. John the Baptist Rudmore.

Denis Marsh and Richard Roseveare are the Missioners to these two parishes. Both are monks in two important Church of England Communities.

Portsmouth lies at the heart of the diocese. Let us pray for a change of heart. If the heart beats strongly the body is healthy, and Brading and Yaverland are part of the body. So what happens at Portsmouth makes a vital difference to us at home here.

..... "PONTIFEX"

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

Baptism at Brading

June 29th Heather Anne, daughter of David James and
Jean Margaret ELLINOR

Baptism at Yaverland

July 22nd Jane Elizabeth, Daughter of John Douglas
and Olive Ann. BOWYER

Wedding at Brading

July 12th John William Albert Shears and Rosemary
Elizabeth Pomfret

THE SIGN

Not ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified

No. 572

AUGUST, 1952

Vol. XLVIII

THE CHURCH IN WALES

By the Bishop of Monmouth

THE Welsh Church Act, which received the royal assent on September 18, 1914, provided that the establishment of the Church of England in Wales and Monmouthshire should terminate. Another Act in 1919 fixed March 31, 1920, as the date of disestablishment. The Constitution which then came into force has needed little modification during the first thirty years of its operation.

Two bodies were set up: the Representative Body to hold and manage the Church's property, and the Governing Body to be the legislating and directing organ of the Church in Wales. The archbishop, bishops, deans, and archdeacons are *ex-officio* members of the Governing Body, and there are twenty-five clerical representatives and fifty lay representatives elected from each diocese, together with ten co-opted clerical members and twenty co-opted lay members. Only the archbishop and diocesan bishops are *ex-officio* members of the Representative Body. In addition, there are four elected clerical members and eight elected lay members from each of the six dioceses, fifteen co-opted members and ten members nominated by the bench of bishops. It will be seen that apart from the *ex-officio* members the laity are given twice as much representation as the clergy. This is particularly important as regards the Governing Body, for although it usually votes as a whole, any proposal concerning faith, discipline, or ceremonial, or concerning any article, doctrinal statement, rites, ceremonies, or formularies of the Church in Wales, can only be introduced and enacted by bill procedure extending over at least two years and voted upon finally

by each Order separately, a two-thirds majority of the members of each Order present and voting being necessary for a bill to pass. The laity thus



ORDINATION CANDIDATES
AT ST. DAVID'S M. Wright

have an effective voice in such matters, although at the same time the rights of the bishops and clergy according to Catholic order are also preserved.

Shortage of Clergy

The shortage of clergy is accentuated in Wales by the tendency of younger men to seek posts in England. In past years Wales produced more ordinands than it needed, but this is no longer so.

An appeal for £500,000 for clergy stipends was launched by the Governing Body last Easter, and parishes are responding with enthusiasm and courage. We aim at raising the sum within the year.

Grouping of parishes has been going on at a varying pace in the dioceses, and with surprisingly little friction once the necessity of it has been clearly explained to the parishioners.

Current Problems

Efforts to grapple with current problems have been made in recent years by the setting up of a Provincial Youth Council and of a Provincial Council for Education on the English model. The report of an Archbishop's Commission on the Nation and the Prayer Book has led to the appointment of a Standing Liturgical Commission charged with the duty of recommending to the Bench of Bishops changes that are thought to be necessary or desirable in the Book of Common Prayer, and another report by a Publications Commission dealing with the needs of the Church in Wales for literature in Welsh and English is under consideration by the Governing Body.

What is the general verdict upon thirty years of freedom from the ties of establishment? I have never heard any Welsh Churchman express a wish that the Church could be re-established. We value our freedom to order our affairs as we think fit, and we rejoice that the true character of the Church is no longer obscured by connection with the State. There were many outside our ranks who hoped, and some within who feared, that without the support of the State connection the Church in Wales would become merely one sect amongst many that exist in Wales. Most emphatically that has not come to pass. The Church in Wales still claims spiritual responsibility for all who live in the province, and although the Nonconformist bodies have taken to calling themselves churches, the Church in Wales both in fact and in popular regard is still the Church.

The Holy Catholic Church

By the Rev. Canon Ian White-Thomson

THE Church of God began in Old Testament times with the call of Abraham. It is important to realize this when we begin thinking about the Church. Abraham was the friend of God, and the Church throughout the ages has been composed of God's friends, called out by Him into membership of a society created by Him and not by men. The Church is a divine society, not a human one, though it is made up of human beings. The Church of the Old Testament was the people of Israel. The Church as it appears in the New Testament is the successor, or rather the continuation, of Israel in the Old Testament. The Church of the New Testament is the New Israel. 'On this rock,' said our Lord, 'I will build My new Israel.' It is wonderful to think that we belong to a society which goes back to the call of Abraham, the first friend of God. The word 'Church' comes from a Greek adjective meaning 'belonging to the Lord.' As members of the Church we belong to God in a special way.

People sometimes ask the questions: 'Why do we need a Church?' 'Can't God deal with us as individuals?' 'Isn't religion a personal matter between the individual soul and God?' The answer to these questions is, I think, this. First, man needs a society just because he is man. Man is by nature a social being. He cannot live in any adequate way by himself. He needs company if he is to develop moral and intellectual powers. The same is true of his spiritual faculties. 'In religion,' as has been said, 'as in all our higher life, we are dependent upon others for the training and realization of the possibilities that our nature contains.' In religion, as in other things, the individual is heir to the past experience of the society into which he is born. Religion is from first to last social, just as all human life is social, and Christianity more so than any other religion, for it is a religion of life and of love, and life and love cannot be lived or practised in isolation.

A Way of Life

But secondly, the work that Christ came into the world to do demanded

a society if it was to be continued. Christianity is a way of life. It is not a mere moral code which could be written down in a book and handed on to successive generations. It is a way of life lived out by men and women in the world. And such a way of life can only be lived out in a society.

CONTENTMENT

I DO not seek to know my length of days;
But for Thy grace to walk in holy ways.

I do not pray to see to-morrow's sun;
But for content in which my course to run.

I do not seek a life of wealth and ease;
But in life's little things my Lord to please.

I do not pray for talents great and rare;
But for my own to know and greatly care.

I do not seek the friendship of the world;
But faith and love to keep Thy flag unfurled.

And oh! for this I would most humbly pray—
To live more close to Thee from day to day.

A. W.

This society, the Church, has four characteristics which are to be found in the Creeds. The Apostles' Creed uses the words 'holy' and 'catholic,' and the Nicene Creed, in addition to the word 'catholic,' uses 'one' and 'apostolic.' It is important for us to remember when we use these words that they describe the Church not as it actually is, but as it is meant to be, an ideal which has not yet been completely achieved, but towards which the Church is moving.

The Church is One

How can we claim this when we see the Church visibly divided? Yet despite this there is a one-ness, a real unity, and it is seen in the members of the Christian society through their sharing in the life of Christ. There is, despite all the outward divisions, and they are as deep as they are disastrous, a sense of unity among all those who love our Lord in sincerity. The Holy Spirit does succeed in overcoming the divisions based on religious tradition, ancient culture, social and economic conditions, and the sexes. 'There is neither Jew nor Gentile, Greek nor Scythian, bond nor free, male nor female, but all are one in Christ Jesus.'

Holy

The Church is holy for two reasons. First, because it is God's society, created by Him, and now having Christ as its head. It is holy because of its union with our Lord. And secondly, it is holy because it is the home of the Holy Spirit, the Body in which and through which the Holy Spirit works in a very special way.

Catholic

This word literally means universal. It is used first by St. Ignatius with the aim of contrasting the one universal Church with the various local communities of which it is composed. Later on it was used to mark the contrast with heretical bodies who by one heresy or another had cut themselves off from the universal Church. The Church exists to teach the whole truth in its fullness and proportion. So catholic teaching comes to be opposed to teaching that is defective and one-sided. A heretic is one who isolates and exaggerates a truth to such a degree that it becomes as near as no matter untrue. A catholic-minded person is one who welcomes truth from whatever quarter it may come and however distasteful it may be. 'We need greater earnestness and humility in searching for and welcoming new or forgotten truths. Only so will the Church be truly catholic and all nations will find in her Gospel that for which they are seeking.'

And Apostolic

We mean by this that the Church teaches the doctrine taught by the Apostles, has the same form of ministry as the Apostles, and can trace that ministry back in unbroken succession to apostolic times. It is on this last characteristic that we differ so critically from the Nonconformists. Nothing is to be gained by ignoring these differences, by pretending that they do not exist or do not matter. The visible unity of the Church can only become a reality when these differences and the differences between the Anglican, Roman, and Eastern Communions, too, have been resolved. It is our business as Christians to pray for that unity and to work for it wherever and whenever we can.

Photographs from our Readers



Macclesfield Forest Church

Miss M. K. Tetlow

So many people attend the annual Rush-bearing Service at Macclesfield Forest in August that the Rector preaches in the Churchyard.

Deck Chair Thoughts

IT is winter in Australia, down at the bottom of the world. It is the holiday month with us, up here towards the top. Yet the same big thought increasingly unites us with our friends 'down under.' It is the thought of what we can do to revive and rediscover that moral greatness and strength of personal conviction which has made our race great wherever it has spread over the world.

A few months ago six leading Churchmen in Australia, with six eminent judges, issued a 'call to the nation' to pull itself together.

This call—to replace with the practice and the profession of the Christian faith the empty godlessness which has become a habit with so many—attracted great attention. Three hundred thousand requests for copies of the 'Call' were soon received, and have been pouring in since.

And why was the Call made? Because thinking people in Australia, like many of us in Britain, are beginning to be worried by what they see

as signs of moral disease, of weakening of national character. 'The trouble with Australia,' a man there said recently, 'is that everybody thinks everybody else ought to work a bit harder.' Add a background of rising prices chased by rising wages coupled with feverish pursuit of personal advantage, change the word 'Australia' for 'Britain,' tack on an economic crisis similar to theirs, and the result is familiar. In other words, we are in the very same jam as they.

TOPIC FOR THE MONTH

One thing they have seen about this situation, however, is that if we are ever to struggle out of it we must individually become better, stronger, less selfish, more inspired. And we must start with ourselves.

The Bishop of Adelaide put it well when he said, commenting on the 'Call': 'It is a fact that the virtues which have given our British stock what greatness it has have sprung from one root only—a practising belief in God as made known to us in Jesus Christ. I am not thinking,' he goes on to say, 'of all the people who don't go to church, I am not thinking of all the folk who want too much money and too many holidays for too

little work. I am thinking of my own shortcomings—as we all should.'

In other words, reform begins, like charity, at home, with ourselves. 'Most of us,' to quote this Australian bishop once again, 'have never been game enough to commit our lives wholly to God's will. Most of us have taken the line that "a little religion doesn't do a man any harm." Most of us have thought of our religion as a mild form of ethics suggesting how one nice man should behave towards another.'

All that, of course, is true. And it is true of us, as well as of the Australians. Certainly, we wish them a soul-searching response to their 'Call.' We could do well with the same thing here.

SIGNET.

THE KALENDAR

AUGUST, 1952

- 1 F. Lammas Day.
- 3 S. Eighth after Trinity.
- 5 Tu. Oswald, K.M., 642.
- 6 W. Transfiguration.
- 7 Th. Name of Jesus.
- 10 S. Ninth after Trinity.
Laurence, Dn.M., 258.
- 15 F. [Falling asleep of B.V.M.]
- 17 S. Tenth after Trinity.
- 20 W. Bernard of Clairvaux, Ab., 1153.
- 24 S. St. Bartholomew, A.M. Eleventh after Trinity.
- 28 Th. Augustine of Hippo, B.D., 430.
- 29 F. Beheading of St. John Baptist.
- 31 S. Twelfth after Trinity.
Aidan, B., 651.

OSWALD, KING OF NORTHUMBRIA

Oswald distinguished himself as a Christian soldier by defeating the heathen Caedwalla at the battle of Heavenfield in A.D. 635. Before the battle he erected a cross, and held it with his own hands while it was being made fast in the ground. He then called to his men, 'Let us all kneel, and together implore the living and true God to defend us from our proud and wicked enemy.'

Days of fasting, or abstinence:

Fridays, 1, 8, 15, 22, 29.
Saturday, 23.

Church Detectives

PUZZLE PICTURE

By the Youth Editor



F. J. Chapple

WHO could guess what these people are doing? Even Anona Winn would need more than twenty questions to puzzle this one out. No, it is *not* Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday. It is part of a vast congregation assembling for the Sunday open-air service at Kirk Braddan in the Isle of Man. Manxmen, you will remember, have queer traditions; they hold their own parliament and vote their own taxes, and breed cats without tails as well. This summer service, in the field outside the church at Kirk Braddan, is a tradition nearly a century old.

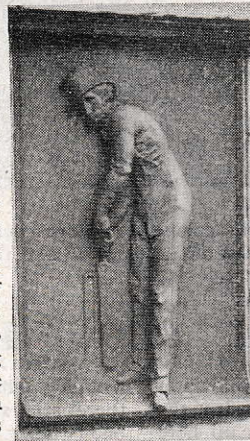
There is, of course, nothing new about open-air services. The Jews, where they had no synagogue, used to worship by the river, like the little group St. Paul found at Philippi. Our Lord did nearly all His preaching in the open; and, until the Christians had their own churches, they often did the same. In Reformation times preaching was also often out of doors. Some of you may have seen the open-air pulpit at St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

In our own days there has been a revival of open-air evangelism, in which the Church Army and many of the clergy have played an honourable part. The first of the open-air services at Kirk Braddan was held in June, 1856, by the Rev. William Drury, who was vicar for forty years, and preached to the crowds in the churchyard, standing on the 'Drury stone.' But soon such multitudes assembled that the service was transferred to the adjoining field, and as many as 5,000 people at once have heard an address by the Rt. Rev. Stanton Jones, Bishop of Sodor and

Man, with the Governor of the island, Lord Granville, taking part in the service.

On a fine Sunday morning in the summer at Douglas, I.o.M., all roads seem to lead to Kirk Braddan. Pedestrians, cyclists, motor coaches, all join in a great trek to the site of the old church, where the ancient seventh- and eighth-century crosses remind the wayfarer how many generations of Christians have worshipped at this spot.

The field rises in tiers up broken banks to the high ground, where, from a small rustic building on a commanding site, the service is conducted. This tradition has now become as much a part of Manx life as the Pardons are part of Brittany, and the crowds that throng the road to the Kirk are a cheering sight to all who, like the Apostle of old, are 'in the spirit on the Lord's day.'



Reece Winstons

End of the Season

Here is a picture for cricket enthusiasts. In St. Gregory's Churchyard at Canterbury is a striking bronze tablet in memory of Fuller Pilch, one of the great Victorians. His cricketing friends erected this memorial as a tribute to his skill with the willow and his worth as a man. In those days, when men played cricket in top hats, he ranked as a magnificent batsman. Born at Horningtoft, Norfolk, in 1803, he died in 1870 at Canterbury, and in the course of his career played many fine games for Norfolk and Kent. In those pioneer days, the laws of cricket were much more flexible than they are to-day, and he preferred to play with a bat of his own design, of regulation length but with an unusually short handle. Fuller Pilch had a tremendous reach, so much so that he invariably played forward to the ball, effectively smothering it at the pitch before the spin could take effect. In those days of uneven pitches, it was probably the only thing to do. One cannot help wondering how these old masters would fare against fast bowling on the first-class pitches of to-day. Never mind. There are few finer tributes to any man in our language than to say, 'He played the game.'

From the Church's Kalendar

A.D. 617: OSWALD, A YOUNG PRINCE, HAS TO FLEE NORTHUMBRIA AND TAKE REFUGE IN SCOTLAND.



IN EXILE HE BECOMES A CHRISTIAN.



NOW CHRISTIAN KING OF NORTHUMBRIA, OSWALD CALLS AIDAN, FROM IONA, TO BE HIS BISHOP.



ONE DAY AT A FEAST





The Broken Bowl

by Mollie Field

A Story of a Problem of To-day

Phyllis Reckitt, a widow with whom he had been seen a good deal. Things went from bad to worse. Jean made one more effort to follow the vicar's advice and straighten out the tangle. She went to see Phyllis Reckitt who refused to leave Harry and the children alone. Feeling that she had lost her husband irrevocably, and that the children's affection had been alienated, she arranged for a Mrs. Mead to look after them, and went again to her friends the Pellings at Ashurst. The vicar heard what had happened and drove over at once to see Harry. As he passed by the farm pond he saw the children playing with the old boat which their father allowed them to use. He was not making much headway with Harry when they heard screams, and rushed out to find the children in the pond.

THE STORY SO FAR

For some time past, Jean Marshall had been trying to overcome the domestic tension between herself and her farmer husband, Harry. At first he used to frighten the children, especially Nick, who was highly strung, but after she had taken the children away for several weeks, and he had begged them to come back, he had spoilt them until they became out of hand. Angry scenes began again, and Harry turned up at a village Hallowe'en party the worse for drink, and in the company of

CHAPTER XV

LAST-MINUTE Saturday shoppers were drifting away from the market square in Ashurst.

Jean had been for a long walk with Tom Pelling, and now they returned through the square, dodging the drifting newspapers which crossed their path. It had been a delightful afternoon for a walk, and the balm of it was steadying to Jean's nerves. Tom had been a good companion, too, not talking overmuch nor discussing

business to the exclusion of everything else.

She knew he had always thought it ill-advised of her to return to Selcombe, but she was sure it had been right to try again. The fact that she had done so made her feel now that she could proceed with the divorce with a clear conscience. But of course she knew what the vicar would say to that: if you have tried literally everything you can think of without avail, then separation is possible—but not divorce. No, she could not go with the Church so far as that. If you

were going to have a legal separation you might just as well make it divorce. As Tom said, it would be simpler and far more satisfactory in the long run. Divorce might be contrary to the will of God, but surely a happy marriage was in accordance with His will; and she knew that if she had a second chance, it would be a truly happy one.

Thoughts of Andrew engulfed her. She longed eagerly to hear his voice again: she would ring him up this evening. She could hear in her imagination the warmth that would come into his tone when he heard who was speaking to him; she could guess at the light which would transform his long angular face. She would feel safe, relaxed, free, and utterly at home with him. She had steadfastly kept her love for Andrew in the deepest recesses of her mind during these months when she was trying to build life afresh with Harry. Only now, when she was free from mental conflict, did she realize what a sacrifice she and Andrew had been making. A few months now of distasteful action, then a safe and happy home with Andrew. If only she could have custody of the children! Tom seemed to think this was likely, and had told her not to worry about it, but she would like to be certain.

As Jean tidied her hair before tea she wondered what the children were doing now, and if they were missing her at all. It was wonderful how Nick had come on this autumn. He had lost his fear on Joey, and was looking forward eagerly to the Pony Club Rally—his first—in three weeks' time. A stab of pain shot through her when she realized that she would not be there to see him. Supposing he didn't do very well at it, and his father was cross? She would not be there to comfort him.

After tea, in Lucy Pelling's charming drawing-room, they sat with books, sewing, and the wireless. Tom piled more logs on the fire and Jean relaxed, lying back in her chair and dreaming delightful dreams. The Pellings noticed that she looked younger and less haggard already, though she had only been with them for twenty-four hours. Over their dead bodies, they decided, would Jean be allowed to go back into purgatory now.

About half-past six the front door bell pealed urgently. Tom went to the door and Jean could hear a familiar voice talking to him. The vicar entered the room, his face set.

'I am sorry, Jean,' he said after a perfunctory greeting to the two women, 'I have disturbing news for you about the children.'

'They're not dead?' Jean whispered,

Oswald, King of Northumbria

RETURNING, OSWALD PRAYS BEFORE FIGHTING THE HEATHEN CAEDWALLA AT THE BATTLE OF HEAVENFIELD.



OSWALD IS VICTORIOUS.



MANY POOR PEOPLE ARE WAITING OUTSIDE THE COURT.



OSWALD HAS ALL THE FOOD FROM THE FEAST BROUGHT TO THE BEGGARS.



OSWALD DIED IN BATTLE AT OSWESTRY IN A.D. 642.

HE IS REMEMBERED AS THE FIRST ROYAL SAINT.

white to the lips. Her hands clutched nervelessly at the back of a chair.

'No, thank goodness, but they are not out of danger yet. Their boat capsized on the pond, and they have just been taken to Ashurst Hospital. Harry is with them, and I have come to fetch you.'

Lucy fetched Jean's coat for her, and without a word she walked out of the house and into Roger's waiting car.

CHAPTER XVI

AS they drove to the hospital on the far outskirts of Ashurst, Jean heard what had happened. In a few words the vicar was able to conjure up for her a picture of the tense scene at the farm—he didn't go into details about that—the screams, the rush to the pond. Then he told her how they had waded waist-deep in muddy water to reach Nick, whose slight ability to swim had kept him partially afloat. He was, however, frightened and exhausted, and had swallowed a large amount of very cold water. Roger had carried the dripping bundle ashore and straight into the kitchen. Harry had plunged about, seeking Betty, who soon reappeared on the surface. She must have been under twice, and she was unconscious.

They had all worked hard in that kitchen, giving artificial respiration. The vicar telephoned for an ambulance, but the hospital people said they could not send out quickly enough, and advised that the children be brought immediately in cars. So Harry drove Betty with Mrs. Mead keeping up artificial respiration all the time, while the vicar took Nick, well wrapped in blankets.

At the hospital Harry had said, 'Ought Jean to be told?'

'She should be here,' Roger Wilkins had replied firmly. 'And I am going to fetch her.'

Jean listened to the story in silence. An icy terror gripped her heart. It was compounded of fear for the children, and dread lest she should be drawn back into the old life again. She could feel it pulling at her, but she was powerless to fight against it while the children's lives were in danger.

With the kind of incurious observation which grips one in times of emotional stress, Jean saw the coloured lights of the Ritz and the queues assembling for the last show. Life was going on the same as usual there, relentless and unheeding. The fish and chip shop was crowded, and a whiff of hot fat assailed them as they passed. The 'Dog and Horses' and the 'Victoria' were filled with light and

laughter. Ashurst went about its night-life regardless of tragedy in its midst. Life was like that, one's personal sorrows only make a small ripple in the pool.

The night was chilly with a touch of winter frost. The water in the pond must have been intensely cold. Jean's feet were chilled as if they were standing in water. Suddenly she thought of something.

'Aren't you rather wet?' she asked her companion.

'Not so very. Harry lent me a pair of trousers.'

'But your jacket—you carried Nick, didn't you?—and your shoes?'

'They're nearly dry now.' He was glad of this sign that Jean was emerging from her stupor, and coming to grips with the present.

At the hospital the R.M.O. met them at a door leading to a side-ward. His white jacket looked businesslike, as did the efficiency of the ward sister. They gave Jean confidence.

The children were warm and comfortable, they said. Betty, of course, was in a worse state than Nick. Yes, naturally they were not out of the wood yet. Shock might cause pneumonia, but treatment should stave that off. A few days would show which way things were going.

(Continued on page 64)

Query corner

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

3589. Could you tell me the names given to the robes that the priest often wears at the Communion Service?

The names of the robes worn by the priest at Holy Communion, in the order in which they are put on over his cassock, are: (a) The amice, a linen neck cloth which often has a coloured 'apparel' which forms a collar; (b) the alb, a long white garment; (c) the girdle; (d) the stole, which is crossed over the breast and held in place by the ends of the girdle; (e) the chasuble (a cloak), often of coloured material which is changed according to the season; (f) the maniple, a kind of short stole worn over the arm (originally a napkin, but developed into an ornament to match the stole).

3590. Can one be buried in any churchyard? I live in one parish, but attend another church, and should very much prefer to be buried in that churchyard.

A person has the right to be buried in the churchyard of the parish in which he or she resides, or in which he or she dies. Burial may take place in the churchyard of another parish by courtesy of the incumbent, but an incumbent making such an arrangement beforehand cannot bind his successor. In exceptional cases only may a grave space be reserved by faculty.

3591. The fifth verse of the hymn 'O God, our help in ages past' says: 'They fly forgotten, as a dream dies at the opening day.' Is this correct? Do we forget our dead?

Yes: inevitably man is forgotten by men, whether we desire it or not. Each of us has eight great-grandparents. How many of these are remembered after only three generations? Even the most famous are forgotten after a few thousand years. The point is that while we are forgotten by succeeding generations, we are remembered by God.

3592. What is the difference between the Church of England and the Free Churches?

The Church of England is the ancient Church of this country, founded by St. Augustine as the successor of the earlier British Church, which was largely overwhelmed by the Anglo-Saxon invasion. The Church resisted in turn the claims of the State in the time of King John, who was forced to sign the declaration in Magna Carta that the Church of England shall be free, and of the Papacy in the time of Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth. Since the time of St. Augustine the chief bishop of the Church of England has been the Archbishop of Canterbury. Free Churchmen, otherwise known as dissenters or nonconformists, consist of groups which broke away from the Church of

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.

England at various times in the past 350 years. They owe their origin largely to the teaching of Continental Reformers, and to their disagreement with the control of the Church by bishops. Although in recent years the title 'Free Church' has become popular, these denominations are, in fact, bound by their trust deeds.

It is the duty of all to pray that these tragic divisions, which have done so much to hinder the work of the Church, may be healed.

3593. I was told recently that the story of the Crucifixion was written seventy years after the first part of the Gospels. Is this true?

The earliest books in the New Testament are some of the Epistles. Of the Gospels, St. Mark was written first and was probably completed by about A.D. 65. St. Matthew and St. Luke followed, incorporating parts of earlier manuscripts; the story of the Crucifixion was thus written down less than seventy years after the event.

WHAT happens when YOU SPEAK

DO YOU hum-and-har and stumble in search of words?

DO YOU gape and gulp and become tongue-tied with embarrassment?

DO YOU shout (or whisper) all the time without tonal variety or interest?

DO YOU lose your point and miss your climax?

DO YOU get worse and worse as you feel your listeners getting more and more bored?

DO YOU forget what you meant to say, as soon as you are on your feet?

or

DO YOU marshal your arguments logically and convincingly?

DO YOU impress your listeners by forceful, calm reasonableness, punctuated by the right emphasis in the right place?

DO YOU reply to critics or enquirers without losing your self-possession—or your temper?

DO YOU feel that your audience is with you?



DO YOU want to be able to wield those most powerful of all weapons—words—to your own advantage and to the advancement of any cause you elect to uphold? If so, this offer is specially addressed to you.

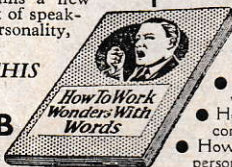
SPEECH is the key to SUCCESS

WHATEVER your walk in life, the gift of speaking convincingly and forcefully will bring you immeasurable advantages—socially, commercially, financially. The ability to express your thoughts and convictions with tact, vigour and persuasiveness, opens all doors, breaks down all barriers, and leads you inevitably to the big things of life.

FREE... This fascinating book, *How to Work Wonders with Words*, explains a new amazingly easy method of acquiring the gift of speaking efficiently, developing poise and personality, banishing timidity and self-consciousness.

SEND 2½d. STAMP FOR THIS AMAZING BOOK NOW!

THE SPEAKERS' CLUB
(Dept. SGN/ES5) Marple, Cheshire



WHAT THIS BOOK WILL SHOW YOU

- How to address meetings.
- How to speak before your lodge or club.
- How to train your memory.
- How to make the right impression.
- How to propose and respond to toasts.
- How to make an announcement.
- How to write better letters.
- How to enlarge your vocabulary.
- How to develop self-confidence.
- How to acquire a winning personality.

LEARN TO PLAY THE PIANO BY POST
by a quicker, less costly, more interesting new method. Thousands of satisfied students. State Beginner, Elementary or Moderate. **FREE** Booklet from: **JAMES TOWNSEND, MUS.BAC.**
Ridge School of Music (Sl. 1), Cleveleys, Blackpool.



OSBORNE CHALICES
finest quality

Send for illustrated list No. S1C
CHURCH COMMUNION PLATE
Send for illustrated list No. S2C

117 GOWER ST., LONDON, W.C. 1

THE BELCLERE Hearing Brooch



Ends "Muffled" Hearing

Finished in Antique Silver

Inexpensive and elegant, the Belclere Brooch Microphone picks up sound at normal strength, free from 'clothes rubbing' noises. Lapel model for men. Write for leaflet to **JOHN BELL & CROYDEN**
117 High Street, Oxford

✠ Erected to the Glory of God a Memorial is a Symbol of Love, Faith and Beauty ✠

Stained Glass Windows for the Church

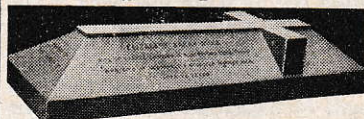
Of rich jewel-like colouring. Individually designed and executed by Ecclesiastical Artist Craftsmen of the highest repute. Drawings and estimates on request. Churches visited and expert advice tendered.

Beauty in the Churchyard

A Cross, suggesting as it does our Christian Faith, will always be a cherished symbol for a Memorial.

St. Ainder Cross
in Yorkshire Stone. Ht. 3 ft., £34. Or in Cornish Granite, £39. Carriage paid & erected.

Symbolising Courage and Endurance



This finely sculptured Memorial, in Solid Stone, £68. Carriage paid and erected.

Send 6d. Stamps for Booklets

1. A Garden of Memories.
2. Memorial Mural Tablets.
3. Stained Glass Windows.
4. Church Furnishings.

G. Maile & Son Ltd. Founded 1785
367 EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1

Try Nature's way

TEST FOR YOURSELF

THE

STAFFORD

ALL HERBAL Formula for

RHEUMATISM

FIBROSITIS LUMBAGO
SCIATICA NEURITIS
MYALGIA GOUT

Valuable Booklet and **FREE TRIAL** for all

All sufferers from Rheumatism should send for a free trial supply. It is a two-fold remedy with a powerful healing effect, ... tablets for internal use and a splendid pain-relieving ointment.

These pure herbs have a speedy effect on Rheumatism—reducing swollen limbs and banishing pain, and thousands of one time sufferers constantly recommend the Remedy to friends.

ORIGIN OF STAFFORD HERBS

These are a unique blend of herbs, roots and bark (not mineral drugs) in tablet form which attack the poisons in the system. The free book fully explains the Stafford Remedy. Numerous testimonials may be inspected at Head Office.

Write to-day for Free Trial Supply and Explanatory Booklet, etc., enclosing 2½d. stamp.

C. STAFFORD (PTY.) LTD. (S.3)
18 BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

THE CHRISTIAN HOME

A monthly feature for women by Ann Proctor

TOWNSPEOPLE may think of August as a holiday month, but in the country it is the peak period for hard work and harvesting. A few years ago my holiday took me to a lonely part of Sussex, and as August 1st was a Sunday we were present at a Lammastide service. We walked to the tiny Norman church through fields so thick with corn that, like those in the psalm, they almost seemed to laugh and sing. The first sheaf of corn which had been cut that week in the parish was leaning against the altar, and with the offertory the two churchwardens, who were both farmers, carried up a loaf of bread made from local wheat. This was the offering of the 'first-fruits,' the *loaf mass*, at the beginning of the harvest. We asked for God's blessing on the work begun, and we prayed for seasonal weather. The vicar had adapted the prayer which Oliver Cromwell is reputed to have used before a battle, 'O Lord, we will be very busy during this harvest season: if we appear to forget Thee, do not Thou forget us, we beseech Thee.'

Lords and Ladies

Lammastide is an odd word, but it has links which throw some light on the real meaning of the word lady. The word comes from Anglo-Saxon words which mean the *kneader of the loaf*. Even more significant, the word lord means the *guardian of the loaf*. Our daily bread was a matter of real anxiety to our Anglo-Saxon ancestors who built the first churches in this land. A lady was not important because she lived a life of leisure and did no work, she was important because she was the centre of her household, and did the most fundamental work of all—made the bread. I was reminded of this respect for the bread-maker when I went to Durham as a young bride. It is the friendliest of counties, but I soon realized that I was below standard as a wife, because it could be said of me, 'She buys her bread.' I had to remedy this defect as quickly as



possible, and become the maker of the loaf. It is a great pity that commercial baking and war-time flour has almost finished home baking in this country.

Twists

But here is a proper holiday recipe for bread to be made in a properly primitive manner. My son initiated me into the art when we were picnicking. You need some self-raising flour, a pinch of salt, and some milk. Make a nice stiff dough with the flour, salt, and enough milk, and peel some sticks fresh cut from a bush or hedge. Make a camp fire to boil the water for the tea, and then let it burn down till it is a heap of hot and glowing embers. Balance the peeled sticks across the reddest part, and when they are really hot wrap some of the dough round them and return to the embers. In a few minutes you will have well-baked twists of bread which can be slipped off the sticks and filled with butter and jam. A little experimenting will make you all expert, and in the meantime who minds if things are a bit burnt or a bit undercooked when eating in the open!

THE BROKEN BOWL (from page 62)

Then Harry appeared, white and drawn, from the ward kitchen where he had been given tea. He looked smaller and thinner—a pale, deflated shadow of his bombastic self. He avoided Jean's eyes, but she fancied she could detect relief in his face when he saw her.

'You may see the children soon,' said the sister, and indicated two chairs where they could sit beside her desk.

The steady flow of hospital life moved past them. Supper went into the large ward on trolleys, a couple of junior probationers rushed giggling into the kitchen away from sister's eye, a porter came with a message, signals buzzed and lights flickered, and over all was a faint antiseptic smell. Jean didn't care for it very much, yet it was reassuring, an odour one associated with hospital efficiency.

Here she was, sitting beside Harry, the man she had left for good only yesterday, and she suddenly felt embarrassed. Hastily she looked round for the vicar, but he had dis-

appeared. She was alone now with her husband, both of them were intensely aware of it, and neither of them knew what to say. Then Harry muttered,

'Did Wilkins tell you what happened?'

'Yes. It was lucky you rushed into the water so quickly.'

Then Harry looked at her with a mute, imploring glance like that of a whipped dog. With a flash of intuition Jean knew that he was expecting her to say, 'I always knew this would happen, and you wouldn't believe me.' Instead she forced a smile and said, 'Your presence of mind saved them, Harry.'

His face lightened at that, but he shook his head.

'I should have realized the danger. It was my fault it happened.'

Before she could reply to this unprecedented admission from Harry, a nurse came to say they might see the children now.

Nick and Betty lay in high hospital beds in a blue and white room. Their

drowsy faces peeped through the blankets, Nick's pale and Betty's still blue. She was too sleepy to notice any one, but Nick opened one eye and said, 'Night-night, Mummy,' as if it was the most natural thing in the world to see her there. Then he too dropped off to sleep.

As they left the room Jean noticed that Harry was still profoundly disturbed.

'They don't look as bad as I expected,' she said consolingly.

'Betty was frothing at the mouth when I got her out,' he murmured, as though continuing a train of thought. 'They were both quite blue. I thought she was too far gone. It's all my fault.'

Impulsively Jean slipped her arm through his. 'Mine too,' she whispered. 'I should never have left my post.'

Harry glanced at his watch. 'It's time you went back to the Pellings,' he muttered. 'Are you walking, or will they call for you?'

(To be concluded)