

Wise Richard

FEBRUARY, 1936

# Holy Trinity Church Magazine.



## THE PARISH CHURCH.

Vicar and Surrogate	REV. H. G. F. HICKS, M.A. <i>(Holy Trinity Vicarage, Kirkby Road.)</i>
Hon. Lay Reader	MR. H. MANN THIRLWAY, J.P.
Churchwardens	CAPT. COATES. MR. A. J. BAINS.
Organist	MR. P. R. PFAFF, Mus. Bac.
Worser	MR. P. LANGLEY. <i>(21, Kirkby Road.)</i>

## HOLY TRINITY MISSION CHURCH. ALLHALLOWGATE.

Licensed Lay Reader	MR. J. D. STERN, 19 <i>Brewster Terrace.</i>
Churchwarden	MR. ACKROYD.
Hon. Organist	MISS PRATT.

### HOLY COMMUNION.

8 a.m. Every Sunday. 10.30 a.m. First and Third Sundays.  
6.30 p.m. Second and Fourth Sundays and at Mission Church Third Sunday.

### WEEKLY FIXTURES.

SUNDAY—Sunday School, 2 p.m. Men's Class, 2 p.m. Lads' Class, 2 p.m.  
Young Women's Class. 2 p.m.

MONDAY (Oct.—June)—2-30 Mothers' Meeting. 1st MONDAY—Mothers' Union, 3 p.m.

TUESDAY.—Choir Practice, 7.30 p.m.

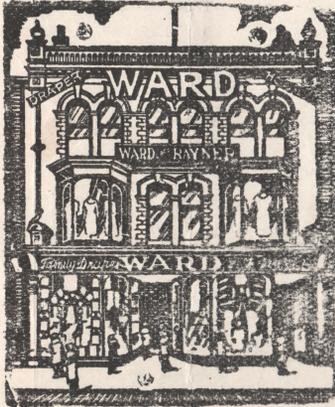
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My Dear Friends,

Our magazine comes out under the shadow of our great national loss. Never had our land a better King than George V who must go down in history as "George The Beloved." We all felt we had lost a friend, when the tragic news flashed over the wireless to millions of listeners that the King had passed away peacefully.

Tuesday, January 28th, was a day that will never be forgotten by those who have lived to see it, nor will it be ever effaced from the pages of English history. The hush of our great sorrow was upon the whole world. The hum of Commerce gave place to the silence of grief culminating in the two minutes silence.

The Empire and world paused its busy life to follow in thought and sympathy that pathetic journey of its dead monarch from Westminster Hall to Windsor, and all hearts turned to that sad last scene in St. George's Chapel, where the mortal remains of George V. were laid in their last resting place.

He has gone to his grave, not only with the pomp and splendour due to a great Ruler, but amidst the universal grief of the whole world.

Forty-seven nations took part, and he was followed by Six Kings, Seventeen princes, and numerous heads of other Countries. The crowds which assembled to read the bulletins, the innumerable multitudes which waited hours to pass in solemn silence by the Royal Coffin at the Lying in state, the vast throngs who lined the streets to watch the Funeral Cortège pass, the signs of mourning everywhere, the countless congregations who met to pay their last homage to their King, all testified to the love and devotion in which our beloved King was held, not only in the land and Empire, but throughout the World, where by means of the wireless all that passed was so clearly heard.

Thus passed in state and pageantry to his last resting place, George V.

The King is dead. Long live the King!

Our sincerest sympathy must go out in this time of deep sorrow to Queen Mary in her lone widowhood, while our most earnest prayers must ascend to God, by whom Kings reign, for our sovereign, Lord King Edward, that grace may be given him to follow in the steps of his illustrious father, and strength to shoulder the heavy responsibilities of government, so very suddenly thrust upon him.

If we had no such King in history as King George V., certainly no king ever ascended the throne so well prepared for his work as King Edward. He has assured himself of a place in his people's hearts.

May our prayers ascend for Edward VIII.  
"May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God Save the King."

It was with great regret that I had to give up for two Sundays, but lately my throat and voice have been giving me trouble, and, then having lost it, was obliged to have a complete rest, in the hopes that this would have the desired effect. This was all the more trying when matters of such national import were happening.

I am most grateful to those who so kindly at such short notice took my place, the Archdeacon, Rev. W. Harland and Mr. Stern.

Your sincere friend and Vicar,  
HAL HICKS.

**The Week of Prayer.** Although not attended quite so well as usually, yet it was a great thought to feel that we were linked up all round the world with the Throne of God by Prayer.

On the night when the Rulers of the world were borne up in prayer before God, we little thought that so soon would come the Call to our beloved King.

"Come, enter then into the Joy of thy Lord."

We feel God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform.

Yet we can rest assured His way is always the best and through prayer we are led to see that this is so.

## PARISH NOTES.

**Past Month. Sunday School New Year's Gathering.** Alderman Miss Wells very kindly presented the prizes and spoke words of great help to the scholars, about being on the look out for doing little kindnesses. Those who won prizes were :—

**Girls' Bible Class.** Elizabeth Handley, Nellie Barker, (Edith Murphey, Special Bible searching prize, given by Canon Walker).

Class I. Girls. Winnie Lowther, Florence Oliver.

Class II. Joyce Hodgson, Annie Ibbitson.

Class III. Margaret Skirrow, Joan Sherwin

Class IV. Sadie Espie and Kathleen Orton (equal) Dorothy Handley.

**Boys' Bible Class.** Eric Lowther, Maurice Kay, Ronald Tate, Special given by Mr. Stern.

Class I. Nigel Handley, Douglas Espie.

Class II. Geoffrey Mackley, Norman Skirrow.

Class III. Donald Adamson and Kenneth Ayton (equal) Arthur Cousins.

**Infant Prizes.** Brenda Hodgson, Vera Orton, Kathleen Bake, Audrey Bake, Margaret Grainger, Bobby Mackley, Dennis Skirrow, Joan Leckenby, Stanley Mann, Hugh Atkinson, Reggie Sherwin, Dorothy Beckwith, Gertrude Coulson, Alec Harper, Bobby Harper.

After the prizes we all went to the Criticism room where we found Rev. Pegman, who had very kindly brought his Cinema to show us various pictures, some of lovely scenery where the Olympic Winter Sports are held, some of a defence of a city, and of course a Mickey Mouse film! which was most amusing.

Such a programme made a welcome change from our ordinary prize givings, and was a fitting close.

All very heartily thanked Mr. Pegman for so readily giving up his time.

**Confirmation.** This rite will be "held" by the Bishop, on March 18th, in the Cathedral. It is a time when we receive, as it were, our Commission in Christ's army, and should be one of real crisis and decision in the life of every Candidate. We trust it may be so. Classes are being held on Sunday afternoons, 2 p.m., but the Vicar will be very glad to arrange for classes at any other time to suit others thinking of coming forward for this step.

**Mothers' Union.** Our first meeting of the New Year was addressed by Mr. Witchell, the Police Court Missionary, who based his remarks on "Pleading Guilty." Those who raise an excuse for their wrong doing are liable to suffer severe consequences as did Adam, Achan, man with the Talent, and many others. On the other hand, those who plead guilty are far more likely to meet with complete forgiveness as did David the Prodigal and others.

**Present Month. Mothers' Union.** February 3rd., 3 p.m. in the Mission Church, we look for a visit from Mrs. Broadbent of Tanfield. We trust that a large gathering will attend to welcome her.

**Lantern Lecture.** The China Inland Mission will be holding a meeting in our schools on Wednesday, February 19th at 7-30 p.m., when we hope that a large company will gather together. This Mission proves the value and efficacy of prayer, perhaps more than any other; and to hear of the successes of the work of the C.I.M. Missionaries is a tremendous incentive to believing prayer.

**C.M.S. Working Party.** This will recommence operations on Shrove Tuesday, February 25th, 2-30 p.m., at the Vicarage, when we look for our loyal band of workers to rally round, "cut up," and make up," for the work overseas.

**Lent.** Before the month is out Lent will have commenced. Ash Wednesday falls on February 26th., when there will be (D.V.) Holy Communion at 7-30 a.m. (this especially for workers and Teachers) and 10-30, and the Communion service with a short address at 7-30 p.m.

## PARISH NOTES.

May this Lent prove to be a real time of spring-cleaning in our hearts and lives, a time of getting to know more of God and His Word, and carrying out that Word in love to our neighbour.

**Bereavements.** To many sad hearts at the opening of the New Year we tender our sincerest sympathy to the relatives of Mr. Newbould, who was laid to rest on December 28th.

To the bereaved father and mother of Sara Jean Watts, whose death occurred in such tragic circumstances, the result of a motor accident.

Also to those who mourn the death of Thomas Brandrick, who for years was a most regular attendant at our Church, and latterly the Mission Church, whose cheery face bore testimony to the bright hope he had. He was borne to his last resting place on January 10th.

To those who sorrow over the loss of Arthur Colley, we would say, "look upward and onward, sorrow not as those who have no hope."

Then while the Vicar was in bed came the news of the death of Kevin Gilroy, at one time Churchwarden of the parish, and a regular attendant, while his parents lived, but who of late years had moved to a considerable distance from the Church. What a time of rejoicing in the meeting those who have gone before, whether parents, sister or brother.

The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and we can leave them there assured that those who sleep in Jesus, will be caught up together with those who remain on the earth, when He the Chief Shepherd shall appear.

### Extracts from Registers.

#### Baptisms.

Dec. 29. Noel Ashby, 52 North Street.  
 Jan. 5. Doreen Renton, 3, St. Wilfrid's Place.  
 ,, 26. Audrey Natrass, Littlethorpe.

#### Burials.

Dec. 28. Press Newbould.  
 ,, Sara Jean Watts.  
 Jan. 10. Thomas Brandrick.  
 ,, 13. Arthur Colley.  
 ,, Kevin Gilroy.

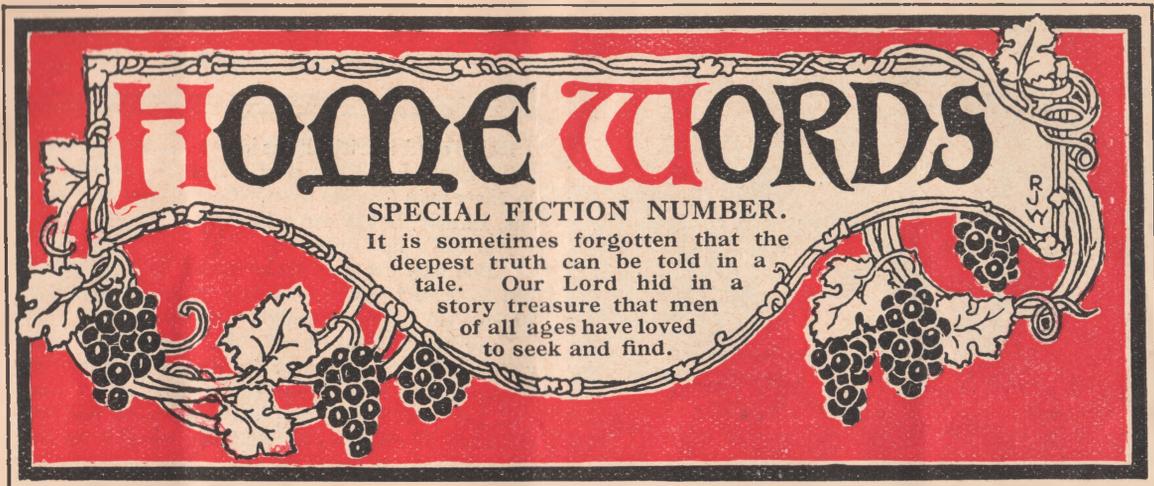
#### Collections.

		£	s.	d.
Church Expenses...	...	8	15	0
Alms Fund (part)	...	6	0	0
Envelopes—Home	...	2	11	4
Abroad	...	17	4	0
Mission Church ...	...	1	4	10
Communicants—Holy Trinity, 51.				

#### League of Nations Union.

"The General Council

Is concerned about the religious intolerance at present shown in certain countries :  
 Believes that any Government which denies to its subjects the free exercise of religious practice and teaching creates a serious hindrance to good international relations :  
 Requests His Majesty's Government to take any steps it thinks possible whether by private representations or by public action at Geneva or elsewhere to influence such Governments to grant religious freedom."



## THE SEVENTH GUEST.

(Reproduced by special permission of *The Times*.)

"CAN you possibly call at the school to-morrow morning at ten o'clock and take a child (urgent case) to the Royal Eye Hospital? Father was to have gone but has happily found work; mother has a stall in the market, she can't leave. . . ." So ran a postcard from a Care Committee secretary to one of its members, with the result that next morning Miss Hilda Harris, usually known as "Ilderarris," found herself at the hospital in the company of a strange "lidy."

Hilda's appointment was evidently a special one, and a nurse took charge of her at once. There was a form to be filled in. "Name? . . . Address? . . . Age?" Hilda hesitated over the last. "Don't you know how old you are?" "Yes, miss. Ten, miss." "And when were you ten?" "A still longer pause. "Can't you remember when your birthday is?" "Yes, miss." Hilda was blushing as though guilty of a misdemeanour. "Please, it's to-day, miss." "To-day!" Hilda looked down, extremely embarrassed.

Nurse became absent-minded. "Ten years old to-day," she murmured, and the "lidy" wondered if she, too, was remembering her tenth birthday, and if it had been anything like her own. A summer morning: family prayers in an old Wiltshire rectory: the pleasant whirr of a mowing-machine, and the smell of new-cut grass drifting in through the open windows: a voice reading ". . . a lad here, which hath five barley leaves and two small fishes." How impossible it was to pay attention when out of the tail of one's eye one could see one's birthday-table, decorated with bunches of cowslips, and laden with entrancing packages!

Nurse blew her nose and suddenly became very businesslike. The form was completed and Hilda led off for examination. "Miss" examined her purse. The result was depressing. Two and fourpence with a reputedly lucky sixpence, was all she had with her, and in any case hers was not a household that could afford the luxury of playing fairy godmother in a properly lavish style. A birthday cake for half-a-crown? There was no such thing to be had, surely! It would have to be buns and chocolate biscuits.

Hilda soon came back with a box of ointment to be rubbed on her eyes twice daily, and instructions to

return in three days. "Have you simply dozens of brothers and sisters, Hilda?" asked her guardian anxiously on the way home. "No, miss." "How many?" "Ite, miss." "Help! All at home?" "No, miss. Only me and Alfie and Mizie and the biby, miss." Whereupon "miss" began calculating how to lay out her half-crown to the best advantage.

She became conscious of a panic-stricken voice at her elbow. "Please, miss, I've lorst me yointment. It must 'av gorn fru the 'ole in me pocket, miss." On examination there proved to be no pocket, only hole, and the precious ointment was undoubtedly "gorn." Hilda's face assumed a look too often worn by children in her circumstances—a sort of "well-let's-have-what's-coming-to-us" expression, a hard little shell behind which they hide away their feelings.

But to Hilda's relief the "lidy" didn't start "leading orf" about the lost box. Although she said, "How perfectly frightful!" she didn't seem much perturbed. "We shall have to go and ask Nurse for some more. She will think us a couple of mutts, won't she?"

They jumped off the bus and started walking back to the hospital. Suddenly the "lidy" stood stock-still in front of a shop. "Hilda," she exclaimed, "I have a brainwave!" and disappeared inside. "One of those half-crown birthday cakes in the window, please!" It was ridiculously small, of course, judged by Rectory standards; but still, it was a real birthday cake, with pink and white icing, and "Many happy returns" on the top. Also, when the situation was explained, the lady in the shop threw in ten candles.

The next day "miss" had a letter from the head mistress of the school. "Hilda was *thrilled!* I heard all about it. She asked six of her friends to tea to share the cake. . . ." "Heavens!" thought "miss," as she read; "they couldn't have had more than a crumb each." And then there came the echo of words read long ago on a summer morning, amid the scent of cowslips and new-mown grass: ". . . but what are they among so many?" And with the words came a comforting assurance that there had been a Seventh Guest present when 'Ilderarris lit the candles on her half-crown cake, a Guest Who saw to it that every one had plenty.



Photo by

A Motherless Lamb.

[GARLAND, Petworth.]

**H**E was grateful when he saw the light. He stepped from the gaunt line of trees, and saw it shining out, steady yet hazy rimmed in the grey dusk. Though it was part of his life to see it, just as he saw the beeches on Devil's Knoll each day, just as he saw the sheepdog padding by his side, still was the light welcome.

He paused by the wooden gate. His head went up and he sniffed the night air. He saw the wide bowl of the sky: there would be no stardust that night. Snow was near.

He opened the door of the cottage and the glow of light became a dazzle. He stood and blinked his eyes and laughed silently, letting the sensation run its course: it was an age-old experience, yet ever fresh.

"Lo, Jo."

"Hello, Ralph. Tired?" The girl in the murrey-coloured blouse left the rough table and came over to him.

"Justabout," he answered as he stooped to kiss her. "Them ewes be going to have some trouble, I rackon." He moved wearily to the sink and, despite the cold, gratefully swilled his face.

Jo stood at the fireplace.

"What you got, Jo?" Ralph asked in muffled voice, as a white towel set his cheeks glowing still more.

"Steak," came the laconic reply. "An'n apple-pie. Will that suit 'ee, Mas'r Burley?"

"Ar, I'd say ut would," Ralph laughed, buttoning his shirt-sleeves. "Thaat's justabout what I needs in my inside afore I goos out for the night——"

"Goos out? Where?" demanded Jo, her cheeks flushing. "Oh, Ralph, you said 'ee'd stay in wid me to-night. You know it's our wedding day." She turned to the oven and brought out a smoking dish.

## SHEPHERD OF SHEEP.

By ALAN JENKINS.

Ralph eyed it critically as he sat down at the table. "I knaw I did, Jo dear. But I mun goo out to them ship (sheep) agen. Certainsure it's tedious, I knaw, but it can't be helped."

The girl's lips quivered.

"But why fer any saake must 'ee goo out to 'em to-night? Why, you said yourself their time weren't till nigh a fortnight and more."

"No more shud it be, Jo. Some'ut's gone wrong wid 'en. Some of 'en'll cast their lambes to-night, long afore their time. Do 'ee 'member that fox what run among 'em time back, and the houndses followed un so that the ewes were fair skeered to death, poor critturs. Rackon that were to blame. That's why I mun goo out to 'em. And there'll be snow afore long."

"Them ship be a real nuisance, that's what I say," cried Jo, biting her lip. "'Tis all you live for, I rackon. Ship, ship, ship! I doan't count." She slapped a piece of steak on to a plate so that shaples of gravy leapt to the cloth. "I tell 'ee, I'm sick to death of 'en. Rackon 'ee 'ud rayther spend the night wid them ewes than wid me. You pramised."

The shepherd shifted uncomfortably. His knife and fork halted irresolute in middle air.

"Now look 'ee, Jo," he pleaded, his blue eyes searching for hers. "You du know lambing-time be unaccountable difficult. It's worse still wid them ewes coming on afore they're due. I cassn't help it."

"You said they were all right last night," Jo answered, half-heartedly nibbling her food.

"Iss, they looked all right, but they bean't, some of 'en. How cud I tell? Things laike this happen sometimes——"

"I suppose it doan't maake no odds to you whether I stay in alone all night?" Jo demanded. "It's your silly old ship and nothing else."

"Ar, and there wudn't be nothing else ef it wasn't fer them silly ship. Your bread and mine, Jo. We bin married a year, and you haven't realized that yet. I an't ashamed of being a common shepherd: there's one Who's a sight greater Shepherd than me, and you knaw Who I mean," Ralph went on, almost fiercely. "He's never left off looking after His ship, trying to maake 'em go right. You never should 'a' bin a ship-herd's wife. You ought not to be near a farm, a pretty little thing like you——"

"Doan't try to flatter me!" muttered the girl, her fingers petulantly crumbling bread.

Ralph gazed at her in amazement. He wasn't trying to flatter; he was just saying what he thought. Smell of sheep and the wind and snow and rain don't breed flattery and glibness.

Miserably he continued his meal in silence. When he had finished he rose, still weary. From behind the door he took a thick sheepskin jacket. A rattling lantern and the clatter of his hobnails heralded his going. The grey-and-white dog followed him.

The door closed behind them.

Already the snow had begun to fall. There was the faintest of white veils over the earth, and at first the

man trod carefully as though fearful of sullyng it, like one walking amongst primroses.

The lantern-light sent his shadow stalking huge and grotesque by his side. There was a grand silence under the yellow-grey sky. Silence not without sound, for at night in the fields the small noises are all part of it.

To Ralph, his footsteps were soundless; all he heard was the soft hiss of snow and the rustle of grass, and now and then the faint baying of a housedog. Once, too, above him there was the arrowfast rush of wings and a subdued "quork-quork."

He glanced towards Rag padding by his side and said, "Duck." The dog flagged its tail. The sord had come inland before the storm. Unseen they circled above and bent down in the direction of the river.

Little cold flaws of wind came down the hill-side. Cold flaws that lightly whished on the straw-and-sack stuffed hurdles and set candles and wicks guttering in the lanterns. There was the soft whisper of wind in the grass and the faint-budding trees, and then the murmur of men's voices.

Even the piteous bleating of ewes was subdued and infrequent. Here was the mystery of birth; life coming in the darkness. And even the men who tended them could not understand: how then could the pitiful ewes? Wrapped in their warm coats, the shepherds went quietly about their work. Their flickering candles shone like swift-moving glow-worms, green-yellow and comforting in the dark.

Round the fiery brazier in a far corner was a circle of bare grass, and round the crowded ewes, too, the grass showed, for the heat melted the snow as it drifted down. Mercifully the first steady fall had dwindled, and now the snow came down slowly and intermittently; the flakes like petals of some white flower, now single, now in a faint skein like the most delicate filigree against the black screen beyond.

And like petals came the lambs.

Near a shelter of wattles stood Ralph.

"Any more in your fold, Janny?" he asked. The lantern-glow made his face pallid. Despite the cold, his brow was greasy with drying sweat.

"Ar. Fower more Kentish, Ralph. Queer sickly things they be tu. That's twelve of 'em now long afore their time. 'Tis a cruel awful thing."

"Ar. Won't be no extra money this year, I'm thinking."

They heard the rustle of a hurdle being moved, and peered out. Rag the sheepdog rose and went to his master's side.

"'Oo'll this be now?" queried Janny, twisting his neck. A dim figure was coming up the slope. Rag trotted out. It was Jo.

She paused, embarrassed at finding Janny there also.

"Good evenun, Mrs. Burley," said the under-shepherd. "Well, I'll be getting oaver the other side, Ralph." He moved out of the light. When he had gone Jo came forward.

Her hands went out.

"I brought 'ee some tea, Ralph," she said faintly.

"What 'ee come here for?" the shepherd demanded, though the girl had told him. He set the lantern on the ground and the thermos flask as well.

"I thought 'ee might be cold without anything," she whispered, and came closer. He laughed shakily.

"You shudn't 'a' done that, Jo dear." Ralph took her in his arms. "You'll get 'or death of cold," he remonstrated jokingly. She was warm against him. He felt the young shape of her and his body stirred uneasily. She trembled slightly and held fast. She wore no hat and her hair was damp as it brushed the man's cheeks.

"Oh, Ralph, I'm sorry," she cried softly, and her small face lifted, eyes astrain to see him.

He laughed, shaking her gently. "Doan't 'ee think no more about that, midear. Come oaver here." He took her to the wattle shelter and wrapped her in sacks and an old horse-rug, and left her. She smiled after him.

The bleating was hushing. The dying coals dropt lower in the brazier. The hurdles shifted lightly under the wind.

When the yellow of dawn began to show he brought her a can of tea. He came again with a lamb, so small against his towering gauntness. White and frail as any snowflake. Small, frail, white, and knowing nothing of its mother, for she was dead.

The girl took it, crying with joy and pity. Joy because here was so lovely a glimmer of life; pity because it was so feeble. She kept it warm in her arms.

"You can take that un home, Jo. His mudder's dead. He an't the only one I'll have to put tu the bottle, not by a long chalk."

When she went home the snow had ceased.



Photo by

A "Bottle" Lamb.

[GARLAND, Petworth.



Photo by]

"Now, where *did* I put my spectacles?"

[Mrs. MOLLOY.

## SPECTACLES FOR ALL.

By the Very Rev. W. R. INGE, D.D., K.C.V.O., formerly Dean of St. Paul's.

**I** WAS once asked to reply for the guests at a dinner given by the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers. I spoke to the following effect, as far as I can remember.

We ministers of religion are spectacle makers, as you are. Our job is rather more difficult than yours, because you help people to see what is visible, while our business is to help people to see the invisible. "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." But our duty to our patients, penitents, or consultants is the same. They come to us because they cannot see properly. We have to find them a pair of glasses through which they can see properly.

No two people's eyes are exactly alike, and no one person's two eyes are exactly alike. And no one's sight remains exactly the same for more than a few years. It therefore requires a great deal of skill to be an oculist or an optician.

But we have the same trouble in our profession. No two people want exactly the same religion. No one in spiritual matters sees quite straight with both eyes. And no one, in his attitude towards the unseen world, remains exactly where he was ten or twenty years ago.

We all have to live in two worlds. We call them by many different names—the temporal and the eternal, the natural and the spiritual, the visible and the invisible, the world of facts and the world of values, or sometimes, borrowing our imagery from time and space, we talk of the present and the future, or of earth and heaven. We have to cross from one of these worlds to the other constantly, for we have a footing in both, and we need bridges to take us across the chasm which seems to separate them.

Most of what we usually mean by religion—creeds and services and sacraments and codes of duties—are bridges of this kind. If they will bear our weight and take us across, that is what we want from them. A "true" bridge is one that serves the purpose of a bridge.

There are of course many people who seldom wish to cross. On one side there are the worldlings, who "mind earthly things," and on the other side there is a small number of contemplative mystics, who are detached from all worldly interests. Both are apt to be indifferent to institutional religion, because they live almost entirely on one or the other side of the gulf. They do not need a bridge to take them across. But the mass of men and women, if they think about spiritual things at all, do need bridges.

The bridge is a good illustration of what religion does for us. My comparison of ministers of religion to spectacle makers may also be helpful. There are some people who seem able to realize the spiritual world without difficulty. They are natural mystics; they have the gift of spirituality. It is a precious gift, like a fine ear for music or a fine taste in art and poetry; but it is not a proof of the highest character.

It is significant that the men whom Christ chose for His apostles were not at first, if we may judge from the rather dense sayings which are recorded of them, spiritually gifted men. They were brave, loyal, devoted, true-hearted men. There was not a priest among them.

We have then no right to think poorly of those who are devoid of the mystical sense. Many people are spiritually short-sighted or colour-blind. They try to do their duty, but the inner light burns dimly

within them. It is partly temperamental, but very often the cause is simply lack of attention. If we hardly ever try to think about the invisible world, of course it will seem unreal to us. Or there may be some ugly fault in our characters which comes between us and the sight of God.

The large majority, whether they are naturally religious or not, need spectacles, by which I mean all that in my other figure were called bridges. But the Churches cannot provide standardized spectacles for everybody. No two people have exactly the same defect of vision, and as they go through life both their characters and their minds change. The real creed of an old man is not and ought not to be quite the same as that of a young man.

We must test our spectacles for ourselves; no one else can do it for us. A very wise seventeenth-century writer, Whichcote of Cambridge, said: "I will not make a religion for others, nor will I let anyone make a religion for me." Our real religion is what life has taught us.

If you want to know what you really believe, ask yourselves two questions. First, if I had a fairy godmother, who promised me to grant me three wishes, what would those wishes be? Consider this quite seriously. And second, what are the things, if any, that I would die rather than do?

But as I have said, we most of us need spectacles—all that the Churches, all that institutional religion, can provide. They help us to see what we could not see without them. Religious doctrines are not meant to be taken out of their context. They have their proper place in mediating between the two worlds of which I have spoken.

My special point, in making this comparison with

spectacles, is that we cannot have a standardized confession of faith for everybody. We cannot draw up any formulas which will be equally suitable to the learned professor and to his kitchenmaid. The Churches are always making this mistake. They want tests, shibboleths, and they try to make everybody swallow them. Those who refuse are dubbed heretics.

Erasmus long ago protested amusingly against this habit. "It is disgraceful to hurl recklessly at anyone the name of heresy, which is so hateful to Christian ears. But these people are perfectly ready to shout heresy, before they think what they are talking about. And as when one pig grunts, all the rest grunt too, they all join in chorus and say, Down with heresy."

There is plenty of that sort of thing in our day. We are all to wear the standard spectacles, and not to think of providing our own.

If this obvious truth were more generally recognized, that all truth is symbolic, except the highest; that while we live here we all "see through a glass darkly"; and that each man must be allowed to wear the glasses

which suit him, we should have much more tolerance and charitableness in religious matters.

The half-educated majority would not storm at the Christian philosopher or man of science, who quite properly tries to harmonize his faith with the convictions to which he has been led by his life's work. And the scholar on his side will not think scornfully of the "fundamentalist" or simple believer, who finds that the standard spec-

tacles suit him well enough.

We all need such help as we can get, and we need not be ashamed of it. For "to see the invisible" (the phrase comes from the Epistle to the Hebrews) is not a simple matter.



### WHAT PATIENT HAND?



WHAT patient Hand  
Traced the indelible  
green around  
The snowdrop's cup  
and snipped the  
scented edge  
Of the carnation's  
beautiful rosette?  
Who lit the lamp of  
gold within the  
rose,

Powdered the lily's parchment with gilt dust,  
Curled the chrysanthemum's majestic head  
And crowned the poppy with a dusty wreath?

What patient Hand  
Speckled the millionth orchid's purple tongue,

Wove the bright satin of the buttercup,  
Wrapped the shy pansy in a velvet hood  
And lined the hollyhock with puckered silk?  
Who veined the dark petunia, kindly gave  
A small green hand to the convolvulus,  
Coloured the violet's eye, threaded the grass  
With the frail pimpernel's exquisite bead?

What patient Hand  
Distilled a different scent for every flower  
And laid it like a secret in each heart?  
Oh! sweet, so sweet the secret that each bears!  
Only one Hand,  
The Hand that made  
All flowers and yet  
Wore for our sake  
The Thorn.

IRENE H. LEWIS.

# SHEPHERD'S PURSE. A Detective Story by GEORGE GOODCHILD.

## Chapter IV.—The Satchel.

**I**N the village, Nell Prettyman had the reputation of being ambitious beyond her station. In so small and circumscribed a community there was little chance to hide one's most secret desires, and Nell met the accusation with a kind of stubborn acquiescence.

"Life's different now," she said boldly to Tom Webster. "In the old days a girl had no chance of getting away from the village in which she was born—but times have changed."

Tom looked at her rather furtively as he sharpened a tool on the grindstone. He thought he discerned in her remark a kind of challenge, but remembered that on a previous occasion he had raised quick anger by indiscreet rejoinders.

"Maybe you're right," he conceded.

"Of course I am. Look at you, for example. You've been to a good public school, while your father had scarcely any education at all."

"He's none the worse for that," said Tom sharply.

"Of course he's not. What I mean, is that the world of to-day has so many more things to offer those who are young—and we deserve to have them."

"But we do get them, don't we? Cheap newspapers, wireless, the cinema, cheap and quick transport—"

"What's the use of all that if one is compelled to vegetate in a small village?"

Tom sighed as he ran his thumb over the shining blade of the bill-hook. He could not overlook the fact that Nell had not been prone to complain about her lot before the airplane crash and her meeting with Langton. Since that day she had changed a great deal. Always she had yearned a little for the luxuries of life, but now she had passed this stage and was vilifying the place in which she lived, and circumstances which Tom found pleasant enough.

"Why aren't you happy, Nell?" he asked.

"Are you happy? Is anyone happy?"

Tom smiled and averted his head to gaze at three children who were scampering through the orchard, with goose-feathers stuck all over them in a praise-worthy attempt to emulate red Indians. The squeals and laughter rang through the trees. Nell was quick to catch his meaning.

"They're just children," she complained.

"Who isn't?" he asked.

Later she reflected upon this very small incident, and felt a little ashamed that Tom should have had the perspicacity to read her heart. But it did not change her outlook, and she excused herself on the plea that one was not absolute master of one's emotions. Langton appealed to her in a way that was quite impossible to describe or define. Tom didn't understand. Perhaps he was incapable of understanding. His own needs were so very modest. She recalled when he had returned from school, equipped with the school certificate, and credits in most subjects, and to her astonishment he had expressed his keen delight at being back in the old familiar haunts, and, strangest of all, at facing the prospect of being a farmer. Such curious behaviour was completely outside her com-

prehension, and she could only explain it by the argument that all his forbears had been farmers, and that the smell of the soil had dulled his imagination.

Again she ran into the insurance representative, who was haunting the neighbourhood. He raised his hat to her, and she thought he regarded her suspiciously. It was inevitable that she should be reminded of the missing satchel and the gossip associated with it. With twelve thousand pounds at stake the insurance company was leaving no stone unturned to solve the mystery of its disappearance, and the curious glance which the representative of the company had given her, convinced her that Langton was not the only person under suspicion.

"It's horrible," she complained to her father. "What should we do with a large quantity of jewellery?"

"He's only doing his duty," he replied.

"But we aren't thieves."

"He's not to know that. Besides, finding valuables isn't quite the same as stealing 'em. In the old days a man reckoned he had a right to the things he found, but they can put you in prison for it now—if you're detected."

"I don't believe anybody found them."

He looked up at her in rather a strange way.

"Maybe not," he said slowly.

"Father," she blurted. "You haven't been listening to village gossip, have you?"

"I listen to no gossip. It's no concern of mine what happened to the satchel. Minding your own business is a very good motto to live up to. How's Tom these days?"

"What a question! You see as much of him as I do."

"That's true. I was thinking he wasn't looking up to the mark. Not sick, is he?"

"You know he's never ill," she replied. "He's the healthiest man I know."

"Aye, a mighty fine lad. I mind him when he was just a little chap running around the farm, and full of good sense, asking me questions that no grown-up person would be ashamed to ask. Mr. Webster had to raise a mortgage on the farm to give Tom a good education, but he used to say it was worth it. Some said it was foolish, and that the boy would only leave the farm when he grew up. But Webster knew his own son better than they. There's no fear of losing Tom."

Nell shrugged her shoulders, and Prettyman, having thought that he had said enough, showed her two very fine arrowheads which he had picked up that morning. Nell displayed interest, but all the while her thoughts were elsewhere. Langton had promised to come, and so far he hadn't kept his promise. Did it mean that he had now lost interest in the place? Could it mean that what to her had been the most exciting thing in her life, was to Langton just one of the many incidents that were inseparable from his adventurous calling?

She was growing depressed when another post-card arrived. It was from Langton, and it informed her that he was now fit again, and proposed coming down

the next day. A great load was lifted from her heart and she sang as she went about her work.

"Mr. Langton is coming down to-morrow," she said to her father, with an attempt at casualness which was not very convincing.

"Why?" he asked.

"What a question! Of course he wants to find the satchel. It means everything to him."

Old Prettyman pursed his thin lips.

"The insurance people have looked for it. The police have looked for it, and you and I know it isn't anywhere near the place where he met with the accident. Does the man think his eyes are better than everyone else's put together?"

"But, Father, his whole future depends upon his finding the satchel. If you were in his position, would you sit still and do nothing about it?"

His failure to reply to this led her to believe that he, like so many others, considered there was something sinister about the whole business, and her anger against all those who believed that Langton could be guilty of so mean an act of disloyalty grew apace.

**Chapter V.—  
Suspicion.**

NELL kept a money-box into which she put small sums of surplus cash for emergencies. With Langton

due on the following morning she considered that a case of emergency had arisen, and unlocking the box she counted the contents. The sum total was miserably small and very disappointing in the circumstances. Hitherto she had been careless enough in the matter of personal raiment. Tom, she knew, was quite indifferent to laddered stockings, patched shoes, and shoddy frocks. But Langton—he had only seen her in the badly lighted hut, and on the morning of his departure, when he was not in a state to take much notice. To-morrow the circumstances would be different, and she had a deep objection to being seen by him in "rags and tatters." Her father watched the operation, and its true significance did not escape him.

"Counting your savings, Nell?" he asked with a smile.

"They're not worth counting," she replied. "I'd

forgotten I'd taken thirty shillings out for your birthday present."

"I told you you shouldn't have spent all that money on me," he said.

"Oh, yes—you needed that cabinet for your flints. The house has been much tidier since. Well, it can't be done, that's all."

"What can't be done?"

"Musburys have a sale on. There are all kinds of bargains——"

"How much money do you need?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter."

"But it does. Let's see what we can do."

He pulled out an old leather purse and slowly produced two pound notes, folded to diminutive proportions, and by no means clean.

"There ye are, lass."

"But, Father—are you sure you can spare so much?"

"Aye. Mr. Webster made me a present for bringing off the lambs so well. I'm not needing it. You run along to the shop before all the bargains are snapped up."

Nell made the most of her available funds, and returned home late that evening with her purchases. She had good taste in the matter of dress, which was due to a large extent to her observation at the cinema and her interest in fashion articles in newspapers and such magazines as came within her reach.

"Well, how did you get on?" asked Prettyman.

"Marvellously—but I've spent

He pulled out an old leather purse and slowly produced two pound notes.

almost every penny of the money."

Her father was no judge of feminine clothes, as his comments revealed when she tried on her purchases and permitted him to see them, but this did not disturb her in the least, for she knew that a thousand-guinea sable coat would have been lost upon her unsophisticated parent—as on Tom.

On the morrow Prettyman went off with the sheep and Nell immediately put on her newly acquired raiment, and took a little extra trouble with her hair, which was always inclined to be rebellious. Tom invariably referred to it as a "mop," but declared he liked it that way. It was rather embarrassing that Tom should choose that very morning to look in at the cottage.

"Heavens!" he ejaculated. "It can't be Nell!"

"Why not?"

"New shoes, silk stockings—— Are you going to



be presented at Court?" he asked with a smile.

"It was time I spring-cleaned myself."

Tom looked at her keenly and saw the colour mount to her cheeks. Since it was not Nell's habit to display embarrassment in his presence, he concluded that it, and her bright raiment, had a definite connection with another personage, whose identity was not difficult to guess. A few minutes later his deduction was proved correct by the arrival of a small two-seater car, at the wheel of which sat Langton.

"The airman who crashed," he said. "He's getting out of his car."

"Oh, yes," said Nell, taking a glance through the window. "He—he said he would call."

"Doesn't look much the worse for his injury."

"But he was—he had rather a bad time, when he got home. I had better go to the door."

"I'll be going," said Tom.

"There's no need."

"As a matter of fact, I've got to get something in the village. See you later, Nell."

He left the cottage by the back door, whilst Nell went to let in her visitor. She was far too excited to take much notice of Tom's unorthodox exit, and once she came face to face with Langton, Tom faded completely from her mind. On this occasion he wore a lounge suit and a light overcoat, and she noticed that he limped a little.

"The return of the wreck," he said with a smile. "How do you do, Miss Prettyman? Is your father in?"

"I'm very well, thank you—but Father's out with the sheep. Won't you come in?"

Langton caught her inquiring eye as he limped into the little sitting-room and shook his head to banish her fears.

"Just a big bruise on my hip," he said. "It didn't develop until I got home. It gets better every day. What a fascinating cottage!"

"It's very old—genuine Tudor, but not built for tall men like you. You'd better sit down before you bang your head on the ceiling."

He laughed and then occupied the seat which she offered. From an interested survey of the room his gaze went to her trim figure, and she breathed hard and was glad she was wearing her newly acquired finery.

"Are you—quite all right now?" she asked.

"Yes, thanks. I had the stitches taken out of my scalp two days ago. You can guess why I came down here?"

"About the satchel, I suppose?"

His face grew very serious as he inclined his head.

"I'm worried to death about it," he added. "Of course the owner is covered by insurance, but that doesn't end the matter. There have been a number of strange inquiries, and yesterday I had a visit from a Scotland Yard man."

"You mean—a detective?" she gasped.

"An Inspector. He was polite enough, but there was no mistaking what lay behind it. I'm under suspicion, and I admit there's justification. They think the mist wasn't thick enough to have caused the accident, but they don't realize it lay thick in patches. I got into a bad patch, and couldn't get out of it. Anyway, the details don't matter. What really matters is the whereabouts of the jewellery. I'm

going to find it if I stay here for a month. Naturally, you've heard nothing?"

"Nothing at all."

"Then it's up to me. I've left my bag at the inn and shall be your neighbour—until I've cleared myself. While I'm here I want to thank you for nursing me."

"There's no need. It was a great adventure to me."

"I robbed you of a night's sleep."

"I've made up for it since. Are you going to start searching immediately?"

"Yes. I can get on to the down from here, can't I?"

"Oh, yes. Would you like me to show you the way?"

"If you are not too busy."

Nell smiled to herself. It was the one thing she had been yearning for—the opportunity to walk and talk with him—to forget that she was Nell Prettyman, a shepherd's daughter!

### Chapter VI.—The Discovery.

To search for the satchel at the spot where the airplane crashed would be obviously a waste of time, for every inch of that area had been investigated. Near the gap in the cliff through which the airplane had come there had been, years before, a big fall of chalk, and there was a possibility of the satchel having been blown into this vast pile.

"It's all downhill from the spot where the machine caught fire," said Nell. "The strong wind which worked up during the night may have caused it to go over the edge, and there are a hundred pockets into which it may have fallen."

Acting on this argument, they scrambled down the face of the cliff and finally stood on the great pile of broken chalk. Some hours were spent in investigating likely hiding-places, but all in vain. Descending on to the beach, they walked by the turbulent sea, and for a few minutes forgot the satchel.

"Wonderful air," said Langton, sniffing hard.

"You're lucky to live here."

"Do you think so?" mused Nell. "In the winter it's terribly lonely, and the big winds make the sea boil and sends the spray into our cottage. It's then I dream about big cities—amusements and such things."

"Have you always been here?"

"Yes. I was born in that cottage. My mother died when I was seven years old."

"Does your father dream of big cities and amusements?"

"No. Father's difficult. You can't move him at all. He doesn't understand that there is any different sort of life, or if he does he isn't interested in it. He doesn't like me to read modern books or magazines. His idea is that you can learn more from Nature, and I'm afraid he hasn't much respect for rich people."

"I thought he seemed interesting."

"He is. It's astonishing how clever he is when it comes to an argument—how he twists your remarks to suit his purpose. I've heard him and the Rector having quite a heated discussion, and I'm quite sure father wasn't beaten—at least not according to his ideas."

"So he disagrees with the Rector?"

"Only on small points. You see, the Rector is

rather high church, and father objects to it. But they are the best of friends."

Langton went to the inn for lunch, and Nell went home to give her father his midday meal. He looked at her inquiringly and she told him that Langton had called.

"Looking for that satchel?" he asked.

"Yes. He's very worried about it."

"Hm!"

"What did you say?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing. I was just thinking."

She gazed at him a little resentfully, believing that his thoughts were based on the village gossip, which rendered Langton suspect. It amazed her that anyone should give a moment's credence to such an outrageous suggestion. Hadn't he come down to the scene of the accident as soon as he was able to search for the satchel? It was clear enough to her that he was feeling deeply the innuendos that were levelled at him— if indeed one could use so polite a term. Because she was absolutely convinced of his innocence, she resolved to aid him to the limit of her ability.

That afternoon she met him again, down under the cliff. It was low tide, and the sea had left great patches of seaweed everywhere. Below them the restless waves were dragging at the stones, making strange music. Langton turned his head at the sound of her feet on the stones.

"I've come to help," she said.

"That's good of you, but there doesn't appear to be anything down here. I know it seems hopeless, but I've a feeling that it will turn up."

"If somebody found it I suppose they could find a way to dispose of the jewellery?"

"Yes. Some of the stones could easily be taken out of their settings and sold separately. There were also two pearl necklaces, which could easily be taken to pieces. But I can't think that anyone down here would take such a risk."

An hour or two was spent in searching, and then Langton sighed and shook his head gloomily. Limping to a rock, he sat down and stared out to sea.

"You've tired yourself," said Nell.

"Only my hip. It soon starts complaining. I shall have to give it a rest. A trip in the car will do that, and I have to buy a few things in town. Anything I can get you?"

"I don't think so."

"Would you like to come along? I'm safer in a car than in an airplane," he added with a smile.

Nell accepted. There was her father's tea to be prepared, but she could do that and leave a note for him, explaining that she had gone into town. Langton arranged to call for her half an hour later, and by that time she was ready. The car appealed to her immensely. It was low-built and rakish to look at. After Tom's very ancient vehicle its performance was startling. Langton, with speed in his blood, whirled her through narrow lanes and up hills in a manner which caused her heart to quake at first.

"Not nervous?" he asked.

"Not much," she prevaricated.

Finally they reached town, and she had the incomparable pleasure of doing a little shopping with him. Occasionally she would turn her gaze to reflecting shop-windows, and be thrilled by what she saw.

"Did you have any tea before you left home?" he asked.

"No, but it—"

"We'll get some. I remember there used to be rather a nice café in this street— That must be it— farther up."

The café was the most expensive and select one in the town, but she had no qualms now. In Langton's company she felt she could face anything— anyone. Tom would have taken her into one of the multiple shops— chiefly on the score of economy, and there she would have seen none but the ordinary townspeople. But here there was a pleasant atmosphere of refinement, which was so marked

that despite her boasted self-possession she kept one eye on her table manners.

"What about a cinema?" asked Langton afterwards.

Her heart thumped. Dare she? It would mean getting home late, and perhaps having to explain to her father, who would undoubtedly disapprove.

"Well?" asked Langton, before she had time to work out the pros and cons.

"I'd love to," she said, and then wondered at her own boldness.

For nearly three hours Nell was caught up on wings of romance and wafted into quite impossible spheres. She put herself in the place of the Cinderella of the film, and somehow Langton's features were superimposed on those of the film actor. When at last she went home it was in a kind of dream. Langton dropped her outside her door, and hoped she had had an enjoyable time.



Trembling with apprehension, she counted the notes roughly. There were more than ninety of them.—

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"Splendid!" she said. "It was awfully good of you."

"Rubbish! See you to-morrow, I hope. I've got to find that satchel, though I haven't the faintest idea how or where."

"We'll find it," she said emphatically. "Good night—and thank you again!"

He waved his hand and shot down the lane at tremendous pace. Nell sighed, and went indoors. To her great relief her father was not at home. She saw that he had had his tea, and under the cold teapot was a note to tell her that there was a farmers' meeting at the inn, and that he had gone to it with Mr. Bellamy.

She slipped on an apron, boiled a kettle of water and started to tidy up. The exciting and pleasant events of the day had thrilled her as she had seldom been thrilled before, and her rich imagination had been so activated that it had started a headache. She thought it would pass, for she was not prone to any aches or pains, but it grew worse as the evening advanced, and she began to think about possible remedies. Two cups of hot coffee had no effect at all, and she decided to try an aspirin tablet. She remembered that there had been a bottle in the drawer of the dressing-table in her room, but on looking there she could not see it. Then she recalled that some weeks before her father had borrowed the bottle, and had not returned it. Going to his bedroom, she searched in the chest of drawers which served him also as a dressing-table. She found the small bottle in the top left-hand drawer, and was taking it out when she disturbed a pile of

handkerchiefs. Underneath the handkerchiefs was a little bundle of what appeared to be coupons. She took them in her hand, and then gasped to realize that they were one-pound notes!

Trembling with apprehension, she counted the notes roughly. There were more than ninety of them—four packets of twenty and a broken packet. Then she remembered the two pounds which her father had given her recently, and reflected that such a thing had never happened before. He had told her that Mr. Bellamy had given him a present, and this had seemed quite reasonable in the circumstances. But now—now she felt that this was not true, and that the money had come from this hoard. It wasn't possible for him to have saved so much money. Had he done so, it wouldn't have been wrapped up in that way. There was but one solution—one means by which he could have got so much money—the satchel.

Its disappearance was unaccountable—at least it had been until now. Langton had said that stones taken from their settings could be disposed of. If her father had found the satchel—! The shock of the discovery had the curious effect of banishing her headache. But worse pain came in its place. All through her life she had admired her father, for his industry and his pride. True, his outlook on life was different from hers, but that did not detract from her deep respect for him. Now to find what appeared to be incontrovertible proof of dishonesty! She felt she was going to swoon, and had to sit down on the bed to fight against this attack of overwhelming disillusion.

(To be continued.)

## FAMOUS CHURCHMEN I HAVE INTERVIEWED. By Mrs. TOOLEY.

### I. DEAN FARRAR OF CANTERBURY.

A VERY memorable occasion for me was a visit to Dean Farrar at Canterbury for the purpose of writing his life story. It was Eastertime, and in April sunshine I sauntered round the lovely old garden of the Deanery listening to the Dean describing the coming of St. Augustine, at the end of the sixth century, to Canterbury. So vivid was the picture that I seemed to see the missionary band coming over the hill carrying aloft the symbol of the Christian Faith.

"Canterbury," said the Dean, "is the cradle of Christianity in our land." As we stood on a part of the city wall which skirted the garden, he pointed out tiny St. Martin's, the Mother Church, St. Augustine's, the Mother College, and Christ Church, the Mother Cathedral.

It was with love and pride that the Dean's eyes rested on the scene. The restoration of Canterbury Cathedral had been the closing work of his great career. In three years he had raised £19,000 for the purpose. He improved the services of the Cathedral and laid the foundation of its position as the centre of spiritual life in the city and in the Diocese.

Even great reputations often fade from the national memory. Many people have almost forgotten, and the younger generation do not realize, the great popularity of Canon Farrar as a preacher during the long period that he was Rector of St. Margaret's and Canon, and later Archdeacon, of Westminster. Those were

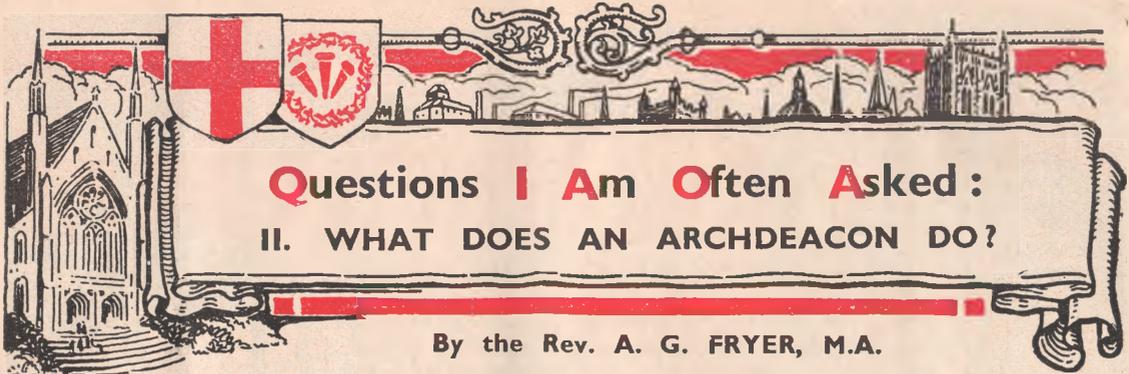


great times when Farrar's eloquence crowded St. Margaret's and Dean Stanley's scholarly discourses filled Westminster Abbey.

His success as a preacher enabled Farrar to raise £30,000 for the interior restoration of St. Margaret's. He also restored it to its place as the parish church of the House of Commons and filled with distinction the office of Chaplain to the House.

Among the recollections which Dean Farrar told me at Canterbury was an amusing account of his first sermon. On the afternoon of the Christmas Day on which he was ordained a Deacon, it fell to him to preach at a workhouse. He put aside a homily thoughtfully provided by the Chaplain, and preached a sermon of his own. His youthful effort only drew stony stares from the old men and sighs from the old women.

Dean Farrar's writings had a great popularity during his lifetime. He began with fiction while House Master at Harrow and published *Eric, or Little by Little*, a book which Victorian maiden aunts presented to young nephews. It described the author's experiences at King William College, Isle of Man. This was followed by *Julian Home*, a tale of his College life at Cambridge. Among Farrar's religious works, his *Life of Christ* is pre-eminent. It was written while he was Head Master of Marlborough College. Its popularity was enormous. Edition after edition was soon exhausted and it was translated into all European languages.



## Questions I Am Often Asked : II. WHAT DOES AN ARCHDEACON DO?

By the Rev. A. G. FRYER, M.A.

EVERYONE knows the walking dress of a Bishop—the short apron, gaiters and hat with cords attached to it, but perhaps not everyone knows the origin and purpose of this particular dress. A Bishop's life is not one spent entirely within his study, essential as study and the keeping himself informed of modern religious thought must be—but much of his time is occupied with matters which continually take him from home, such as promoting church activities, fulfilling preaching engagements, holding confirmations, attending important meetings, visiting Parishes, and so on. To-day, railways and motor-cars help him to do all this, but in olden days his journeys and visitations had to be chiefly accomplished on horseback, and for such the dress I have above referred to was the most suitable and convenient. The shortened cassock known as the apron, the hat with cords by which it could be fastened under the chin in windy weather, and the gaiters for rough riding through bramble and scrub and mud were just the things needed, and so were adopted.

Undoubtedly the visiting of his diocese has always been one of the important duties of a Bishop, but one at times beyond his physical power to carry out. This has been so when a Diocese has been of enormous area, or when new townships have sprung up with rapidly increasing populations, whose spiritual needs have become a new care for the Bishop. To meet these cases two things have taken place. The one has been the dividing up of unwieldy dioceses into new ones, and the other has been the appointment by the Bishop of one or more chosen clergy to help him in the supervision of the Diocese.

From time to time it has been found necessary to lessen the size of a Diocese by taking away some part of its area to form another. The Diocese of London was at one time of tremendous size, covering many counties. Essex was in those days an important part of the Diocese of London, but in 1846 Essex was cut away (save for nine parishes) from it and joined to the Diocese of Rochester; then a few years later (1875) the new Diocese of St. Albans was formed and Essex with Hertford was transferred to it, and yet another change just before the Great War when it was decided to form a new Diocese to consist of the County of Essex only, and to this on the vote of the majority of clergy and laity the name Chelmsford was given with that town as the Cathedral City. Essex therefore by the subdivision of Dioceses has successively formed part of the Dioceses of London, Rochester, St. Albans, and now Chelmsford.

The other step taken to lessen the heavy task of

visitation was by the Bishop entrusting some part of this work to clergy appointed by him. From very early days Bishops used to take about with them chosen clerics to attend them at important functions. These came to be known as Archdeacons. But presently the Bishops found a greater use for their Archdeacons. They gave to them powers to visit, in their stead, parishes within a certain area or jurisdiction and to report on the condition of things they met with. The position of the Archdeacons grew more and more important, being second only to the Bishop; and because of their supervising a part of the Diocese for the Bishop they received the popular name of the "Bishop's eyes." In English Dioceses of the present day there are two or more Archdeacons with defined areas to look after. They visit and inspect the condition of Church buildings, Church Schools, and other property of the Church. They also inquire into the spiritual needs and provisions in the parishes and report thereon to the Bishop.

There is one important occasion in the year when the Clergy and Churchwardens are summoned to meet their Archdeacon. This is called his "visitation," and is annually held, unless the Bishop is doing so. It is the occasion when Churchwardens hand in answers to questions relating to the condition of the Church Fabrics, the conduct of the services, and report any matter of need or conduct they wish to have inquired into. New Churchwardens are at this time admitted to office; for none can rightly hold such office unless so admitted. The Archdeacon, after a roll call of the clergy, addresses the assembly on current Church problems, and reviews what has happened in his district. An Archdeacon, like his Bishop, has much travelling about, and at one time a fee was required of every parish to meet the cost of entertaining him on his visits as well as the cost of maintaining his horse.

The Church people of a Parish should welcome any visit of their Archdeacon as being the visit of one anxious to see that their Church, their Churchyard, and their Church Schools, etc., are being maintained in sound and good order, and of one ever ready to give advice how best to meet and solve their difficult parochial problems.

**PRIZE OFFER.**—The Award for the best six copies of the CREED received in January from the Superintendents of Sunday Schools will be made in February, and the prizes sent to the successful competitors. Unsuccessful efforts cannot be returned unless stamped envelope was enclosed.



# CHURCH NEWS

## FROM HOME AND ABROAD



If you know of any Church News which would interest our readers, send it to the Art Editor, 11 Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4, during February. Six five shilling prizes are awarded monthly. Photographs are especially welcome.

### Monument to a Dog.

IT is seldom that we find a monument to a domestic animal actually placed in consecrated ground. There is one such—and an exceedingly handsome one—at Newstead Abbey, Notts., within the precincts of the ancient part of this one-time Priory of Black Canons. The tomb is erected to the poet Byron's favourite dog:

"Here are deposited the remains of one who possessed Beauty without Vanity, Strength without Insolence, Courage without Ferocity, and all the Virtues of Man without his Vices. This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just tribute to the Memory of BOATSWAIN, A DOG, who was born in Newfoundland May, 1803, and died at Newstead, Nov. 18th, 1808."

In addition to the above fulsome epitaph to this famous dog, there follows a long verse describing his virtues and comparing him with man, to the latter's condemnation—a condemnation, we might add, utterly unjust and unworthy of so brilliant a writer as Byron. The last two lines seem to betray a feeling on the poet's part that he could claim no true friend among mankind, but was blessed by the friendship of a mere animal. But, perhaps Byron was not the type to retain good friends.

"To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,

I never knew but one, and here he lies."

A. S.

### A Triumph of Youth.

ON Saturday, April 21, 1934, at St. Paulinus Church, Crayford, Kent, a band of the youngest ringers, whose average age was 15 years, drawn from various parts of the country, met and rang a peal of Bob Major, 5,056 changes, in 2 hours and 50 minutes. They are the youngest band to ring a peal, and their performance is one that will live in the annals of campanology. The young band and their ages are as follows: Percy Stone, age 13 (Nuneaton), Treble; Arthur Jones, age 13½ (Croydon), 2; Miss Phyllis Tillet, age 15 (Ipswich), 3; Walter Dobbie, age 14



Monument to a Dog.

(Sittingbourne), 4; Miss Margaret Pack, age 17 (London), 5; John Gilbert (conductor), age 15½ (Sheffield), 6; Joseph Pack, age 16 (Loughborough), 7; Edwin A. Barnett, age 15½ (Crayford), Tenor. There are four generations of ringers behind Miss Tillet, the Ipswich ringer, and two

behind E. A. Barnett, the Crayford ringer. The latter rang his first peal in 1929 at the age of 11 years, and the young peal given above was his 106th peal of 5,000 changes.—E. B.

### An Old Book.

WE printed the following epitaph more than twenty years ago, but, as a correspondent, G. E. M. W., sends it in again, we think it is worth repeating. It is to be found in the churchyard of St. Margaret, Lowestoft:

The body of Lewis Webb  
Schoolmaster  
Like the cover of an old Book  
it's contents worn out and  
strip of it's lettering and  
gilding lies here food for  
the worms  
Yet the work shall not be lost  
for it shall (as he believed)  
appear once more  
in a new and most beautiful  
Edition corrected and revised  
by the Author.  
Who died 29 March 1799.

### A Chorus of Birds.

I WAS asked to help at a country Sunday School. The register began as follows: Peter Throstle, Gerald Nightingale, Alwin Crow, Robin True-love, Kenneth Bird, all of whom were present. Truly the birds of the air were singing praises that morning in the Sunday School.—V. M. T.

### 66 Years an Organist.

THE Rev. H. Crowther writes: "The Rev. W. H. Rigg, of Beverley Minster, states that his organist, who only recently retired, held office for fifty-six years, but a friend in Somerset tells me that Mr. Ralphs was organist of St. George's, Shrewsbury, for sixty-six years. That, I take it, is an unbeatable record and worthy of Jubal, 'the father of all them that handle the harp and organ.' I was curate for some years during Mr. Samuel Ralphs' occupation of the organ-stool."

### Toy Service.

THE "ancient town" of Titchfield, Hampshire, has for some time celebrated its Harvest Festival



The youngest band of ringers.

in a somewhat novel manner. In addition to the ordinary decoration of flowers and fruit, the casual visitor would be surprised to see the whole of the spacious Sanctuary covered with children's toys of all kinds, and worth perhaps £40 or £50. For the last fifteen years it has been the custom for a procession to be formed in the afternoon in which some 1,200 adults, members of the various Friendly Societies and of the R.A.O.B., take part, each carrying a toy, which is brought into the church and offered for the use of God's sick and suffering children in local hospitals. It is indeed a touching sight to see grown men proudly carrying a doll or a Teddy bear through the town, unashamed on this occasion at least to "become as a little child." Some of these men come a distance of 20 miles in order to offer their gifts. In 1934 the Paramount News Agency filmed the Procession and the offering of the toys and this was shown on the Screens all over England, whilst the London Daily Press also gave it wide publicity, thus encouraging other places to emulate Titchfield's example. Since 1921 no fewer than 9,689 toys have been distributed.—G. S. M.

**A Wedding Ring.**

THE West of Ireland is rich in historical monuments and one of the most interesting is the remains of the twelfth-century church at Kilmalchedar in the Dingle Peninsular. The Church consists of a roofless nave and choir with a doorway and an ornamental chancel-arch. In the churchyard are a cross and several inscribed stones including one with Oghams (or Oghams), i.e. letters in the Old Irish alphabet. Local history records that weddings were performed at the perforated stone (see photograph), the Bride and Bridegroom joining fingers through the hole in the top of the stone. The window in the chancel (see photograph) is known as The Saints' Window,



The Wedding Hole.

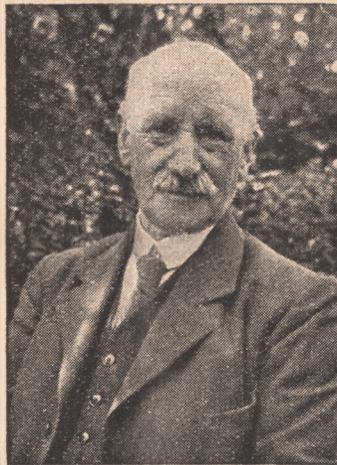
and here Irish tradition says that all who can squeeze their bodies through the window are sure of a place in Heaven!—E. P.

**Is this a Record?**

ST. MARK'S, Winhill, Derbyshire, was dedicated September 13, 1869, and the following year, at the age of 4 years, John Dicken Hanson entered its Sunday School. He became a Teacher in August, 1885, and Superintendent in 1923. He has thus an unbroken connection of nearly sixty-five years with the School and has completed fifty years' service as Teacher and Superintendent. He has acted as Sidesman for twenty-three years and served on the Church Council since its formation. Is this a record for Sunday School Work?

**A Unique Service.**

WE are often afraid to give records of long service, for every record published brings us



John Dicken Hanson.

dozens of others rightly claiming equal publicity, but we think we are safe in giving the following note from the Vicar of Castle Donington. "The parishioners almost filled their large and very beautiful church one Sunday last year, when a fully Choral Evensong, preceded by a joyous peal by the bellringers, was sung as a humble thanksgiving to God for our esteemed Verger's fifty years' faithful service. Mr. James Fowkes, who chose the hymns for this his own special service, was to be found fulfilling his usual duties in his usual loyal and devoted manner. A special collection, by means of envelopes, towards the presentation to be made to Mr. Fowkes, amounted to nearly £17. He now looks forward—so do we—to his Diamond Jubilee. Mr. Fowkes has for fifty years rung the Curfew at 8 p.m. in winter months and the 'Pancake Bell' on Shrove Tuesday." We think that an excellent precedent has been set by this unique Service of Thanksgiving for long service in the Church.



The Saints' Window.

**A "Home Words" Record.**

WE are tempted to pat ourselves on the back as we record a fact that has been brought to our notice: The parish of St. Mary's, Portchester, has circulated HOME WORDS for fifty years without a break. Can any parish challenge that?

**Four Johns.**

MARBLE memorials to members of the Baker family extending through many generations, are one of the features of the quaint parish church at Mayfield, in Sussex, and it appears to have been the custom to christen the eldest son as John in every instance. This gave rise to a remarkable situation in the case of John Baker, who died in 1688 after being the father of thirteen children. His eldest son was christened John in accordance with the family tradition, but the infant died, and the second son also christened John similarly died in infancy. A third son was also christened John and on the death of this child a subsequent son was also christened John to carry on the family name. J. PASSMORE.



**September Prize Winners.**—E. Briggs-Armson, L. Maker, the Rev. H. G. Seymour, H. J. Smith, A. Martin and A. N. Cathcart. Extra—Canon Fleming, L. Reeves, Miss Callister, Mrs. Gayton and Miss Pennethorne.

**October Prize Winners.**—H. G. Grainger, Miss M. Wight, Miss Kidwell, Miss Clarke, H. J. Smith and the Rev. F. W. Cobb. Extra—Mrs. Colquhoun, Miss Booker, Miss Smith, J. Passmore and Miss Elmer.

# OUR WEEKDAY PAGES FOR WOMEN WITH HOMES

## Monday's Washing.

**A COPPER HINT.**—Before lighting the fire under boiler, put a tablespoonful of paraffin in the copper and rub all over with a piece of rag. This not only keeps copper from rusting but the water gets hot sooner. (Mrs. L. CLAYWORTH.)

**TO IRON LACE CURTAINS.**—Iron quite dry on a dress-board; they will keep their shape better. (M. TANNER.)

**TO WASH CRETONNES.**—Add an aspirin to the water; the colours will not run and will retain their brightness. (Mrs. PEGG.)

**CRÈPE MATERIALS.**—To iron these to preserve crinkle, place a Turkish towel underneath. (Miss W. NEWMAN.)

**TO PREVENT DAMAGED BUTTONS.**—Before sending to laundry, all buttoned garments should be fastened up as if to wear. This keeps the buttons flat and when put through wringer are less likely to be damaged. ("ANNE.")

**IRON-MOULD MARKS.**—Place stained part of garment flat on table and lay smoothly on it a piece of clean rag which has been soaked in methylated spirits. Press over stain with a hot iron; repeat process if necessary. (Miss W. STEWART.)

**TEA-STAINS.**—Apply a little of the best glycerine and rub in stained parts, then wash. Even old stains may be removed in this way. (Mrs. G. MARWOOD.)

**To-day's Thought:** The Gospel of Christ is still mighty to save: let us ask ourselves from what and for what?

## Tuesday's Sewing.

**A CHILD'S BATHING-DRESS.**—This can easily be made from a discarded woollen jumper. Bind at neck, armholes and legs with bias binding of some pretty, contrasting colour. (Mrs. P. G. KINGSTON.) (Fig. 1.)

**A KNITTING-BAG.**—This makes a useful gift for a knitter. Shape it from any pretty piece of material, with open top and strap to hang on the arm and the word "Knitting" embroidered on outside. The bag is easily slipped inside and kept from rolling on the floor. (E. LINFORD.) (Fig. 2.)

**STRENGTHENING SILK STOCKINGS.**—Machine round top of stocking where the woollen top joins the silk, as the bend of knee weakens here first. The machining will catch each silk stitch firmly and thus prevent "laddering." (Mrs. GODFREY.)

**BONE OR VULCANITE NEEDLES.**—These bend easily, but may be straightened if



held in the steam from a boiling kettle and pressed straight when flexible. (Miss S. HULME.)

**TO PREVENT SILK UNDERSKIRTS STRETCHING.**—Sew a length of baby tape neatly round the bottom of hem, and it will remain level even after many washings. (Miss D. TITTON.)

**FANCY-WORK COTTONS AND SILKS.**—Keep all empty adhesive tape reels and wind your cottons or silks around, leaving a short end showing to indicate colour. (Miss E. HALL.)

**A GOOD SEWING HINT.**—When gathering any hard material, try the following way. Unthread your machine needle, put the material under, and work as if sewing it. There will be a row of holes, which will enable you to put your needle in and out without any difficulty, and the result will be a perfectly straight gathering with very little trouble. (Mrs. R. MILLINGTON.)

**To-day's Thought:** Often the best servant does her work unseen and without praise.

## Wednesday's Nursing.

**STYES ON THE EYES.**—Boil some fresh watercress until tender, then strain. When the liquid is cold, bathe stye with it three times a day. (Mrs. TAYLOR.)

**A CURE FOR WARTS.**—Take a small piece of raw beef, cut as much from it as will cover the wart and steep all night in vinegar, then tie on. If wart is on the forehead, use strips of adhesive tape to keep firm. Apply each night for a fortnight. The wart will gradually die and peel off. This remedy will be found a perfect cure, even for a large wart, and leaves no scar. It will also cure corns. (Miss V. WARDLE.)

**TO RELIEVE A DRY, SORE THROAT.**—Before settling down for the night, wipe out the mouth with a clean piece of rag, then, with your little finger, rub some boracic ointment round the mouth, putting plenty on tongue, especially as far into the throat as possible; leave a small piece each side of tongue at back. This treatment will be found very soothing and help towards a cure. (B. C.)

**TO RELIEVE BURNS OR SCALDS.**—Bathe the injured part with cold tea; the tannic acid in this soothes the inflammation. Bandage carefully and keep moistening with cold tea until pain has gone. (Mrs. BERRANT.)

**MILK AND EGG DIET.**—This is often found rather constipating for most people. To counteract, also to add extra nourishment, a teaspoonful of pure olive oil added to all milk foods is most effective. If well stirred in just before serving, it will be almost tasteless. A teaspoonful may be mixed with egg yoke, after cooking in any way. (Mrs. B. LINDLEY.)

**To-day's Thought:** In serving God we worship—and in worshipping we hallow His Name.



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

## Thursday's Cooking.

**PRUNE WHIP.**—Stew some prunes with a little sugar and, when cooked, rub through a sieve, leaving both skin and stones behind. Beat up the pulp with a little sugar and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice; put into glasses with some whipped cream on top and half a shelled walnut. (G. BUNTING.)

**APPLE SUPRÊME.**—Peel and core 1½ lb. of apples, cook to a pulp, sweeten to taste. Dissolve a pint of lemon jelly in ¾ pint of water, mix with pulp when cooling, place in a large glass dish. Next day, dissolve a pint of raspberry jelly in ¾ pint of water and, when nearly cold and set, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs, pour over the apple purée and leave to set. Decorate with spikes of blanched almonds and glacé cherries. Serve with cream. (E. WALMSLEY.)

**COCO-NUT CAKE.**—Cream together 4 oz. of butter and 6 oz. of white sugar, add 2 beaten eggs, stir in 1 oz. of coco-nut, add 6 oz. of self-raising flour, a pinch of salt and a little milk if necessary. Put mixture into flat greased tin, bake in moderate oven for 1½ hours. When baked and nearly cold, smear top with white of egg and sprinkle with coco-nut. (No name attached.)

**LEMON PIE.**—Take the juice of 2 lemons, 2 cups of sugar, yolk of 2 eggs, 4 tablespoonfuls of cornflour, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Mix all together with a little cold water, leaving out whites of the eggs; add 3 cups of boiling water and bring to the boil, stirring all the time. Remove from stove and put into baked pastry (this amount will make 2 pies), beat egg-whites to a stiff froth, add a little sugar and spread on top of pies. Put in cool oven for a few minutes to set meringue. (Miss F. ROOD.)

**A DELICIOUS FILLING FOR TARTS.**—When using tinned or bottled fruits, do not throw the juice away. Crumble into it sponge cake, rice cake or swiss roll, mix thoroughly to a thick consistency, sweeten to taste and use for filling tarts. (Miss A. DOROTHY.)

**To-day's Thought:** It is worth while to look for rightfulness instead of wrongfulness in our daily paper.

## Friday's Household.

**TO RE-PROOF AN OLD MACINTOSH.**—Open the garment out flat on the table, inside uppermost, and rub beeswax all over it, paying especial attention to seams and creases. When the inside is entirely coated with wax, iron over with a hot iron until the wax has thoroughly soaked in. (Miss H. BLORE.)

**A USEFUL ADHESIVE.**—Liquid nail polish can be used with satisfaction to repair delicate china, etc. Lightly brush it on the broken edges and press gently together. It will become firm in a few minutes, the join being practically unnoticable. (E. WATT.)

**INSECTS DISLIKE THIS PERFUME.**—Into a pail of soapy water put a handful of lavender

bath salts and a spoonful of grated camphor, then use to wash out cupboards, chests of drawers, linen closets, floors, etc. Your linen and rooms will have a fresh fragrance, but mice, moths and flies will not appreciate it. (Miss V. M. WILLIMONT.)

**TO CLEAN OIL-LAMP GLOBES.**—Hold, with a duster, the globe or chimney over the spout of a boiling kettle until moist with steam. Then rub with a clean duster and there will be a brilliant polish on the glass. (Miss F. WILLIAMSON.) (Fig. 3.)

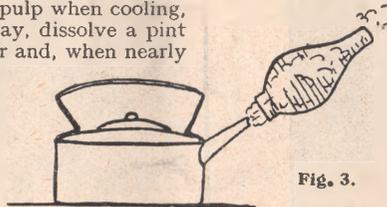


Fig. 3.

**SLIMY SPONGES.**—Dissolve a tablespoonful of Epsom salts in a pint of hot water. When cold, add if necessary enough water to cover the sponge and soak over night. Next day, rinse in several waters and it will be equal to new. (Mrs. JOHNSON.)

**WOODEN STAIR-RODS.**—Do not use these if stair-treads are narrow. Instead, use the modern stair-clips or else the old-fashioned thin brass rods, lacquered a suitable colour to save polishing. (Mrs. E. M. KELLY.)

**To-day's Thought:** To labour for love, to conserve the faith, to be liberal in our giving is a fine programme.

## Saturday's Children.

**COT SHEETS.**—A yard of double-width wincey, or good flannelette, makes a soft, cosy sheet suitable for the average cot 2 feet by 4 feet; later on, when the child requires more tucking in, 1½ yards of the same material should be used. (Mrs. E. M. KELLY.)

**TO RELIEVE TOOTHACHE.**—Dip a small piece of cotton-wool into a little boiling vinegar, then apply to the gum as hot as can be endured. Stop up the aching tooth with some cotton-wool. Pain is usually gone in a few minutes; if obstinate, another application can be made. Children should be taken at regular intervals to see the dentist, and should be taught to regard him as a friend. (Mrs. D. HORNER.)

**THE BEAUTY OF VOICE AND WALK.**—Your children will be grateful to you in after years, if you teach them in nursery days to cultivate a well-modulated voice and a graceful carriage. Use

"chest" notes rather than "head" notes—walk from the hips—stand and sit with shoulders thrown well back. Don't slouch! (KEM.)

**To-day's Thought:** We can become as a little child by showing our eagerness to learn.

**September Prize Winners.**—Mrs. Crawford, Mr. Burtenshaw, Miss E. Richmond, Mrs. Sparkes, Mrs. Pippett and Miss Parker.

**October Prize Winners.**—Mrs. Pearson, Nurse Hillman, Miss F. Garrison, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Evel and Miss N. Powell. (Prizes sent in November.)

### Monthly Prize Competition.

If you know of a good hint for our household pages, send it to the Editor, 11 Ludgate Square, E.C.4, during February. Each month we offer a prize of 5s. for the best hint in each section. The prizes will be sent in March to the respective winners.

### PETITION.

By SYDNEY SNELL.

GIVE audience, O my God!  
This my petition to Thy Feet I bring,  
Wet with my tears.

Long is the road of life and difficult  
With sword-sharp stones and tangle-  
ments of thorn.

My feet are torn.  
Stretch out Thy Hands and help me,  
weak and blind!

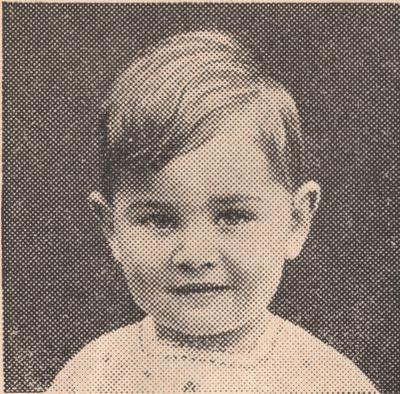
Because those other hands have been  
withdrawn  
That for a space upheld me and were  
kind.

Now, piteously alone,  
Their human warmth I seek and  
cannot find.

This grief—Thou knowest it!—Yet  
as a child  
Runs with its hurt unto its father's  
knee,

I come to Thee.

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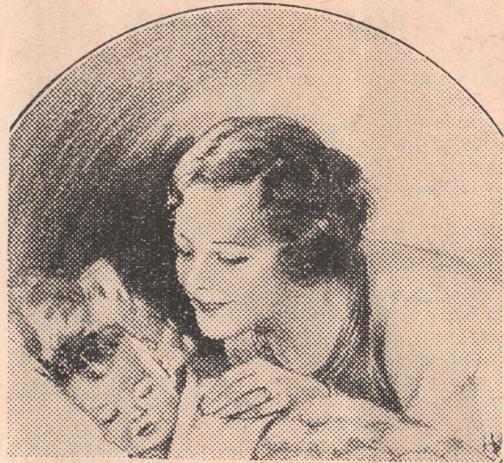
The scurf and inflamed pimples and matted scales on your head quickly subside, and a beautifully clear scalp with healthy hair growth is your reward.

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P.196a

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Pharmaceutical Chemist and Analyst,

**4, WESTGATE, RIPON.**

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