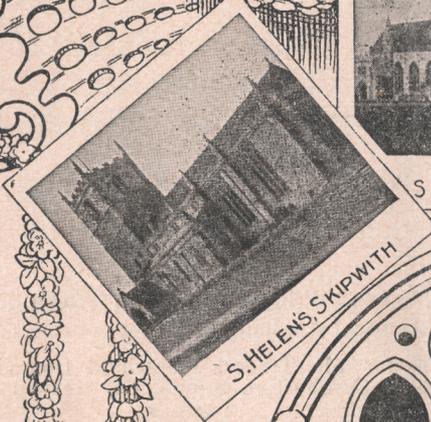




S HELEN'S, ESCRICK



S. HELEN'S, SKIPWITH



S HELEN'S, STILLINGFLEET.



S. MARY'S, RICCALL

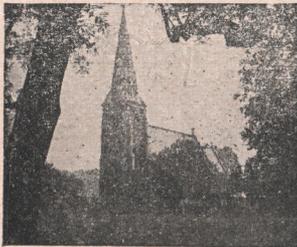
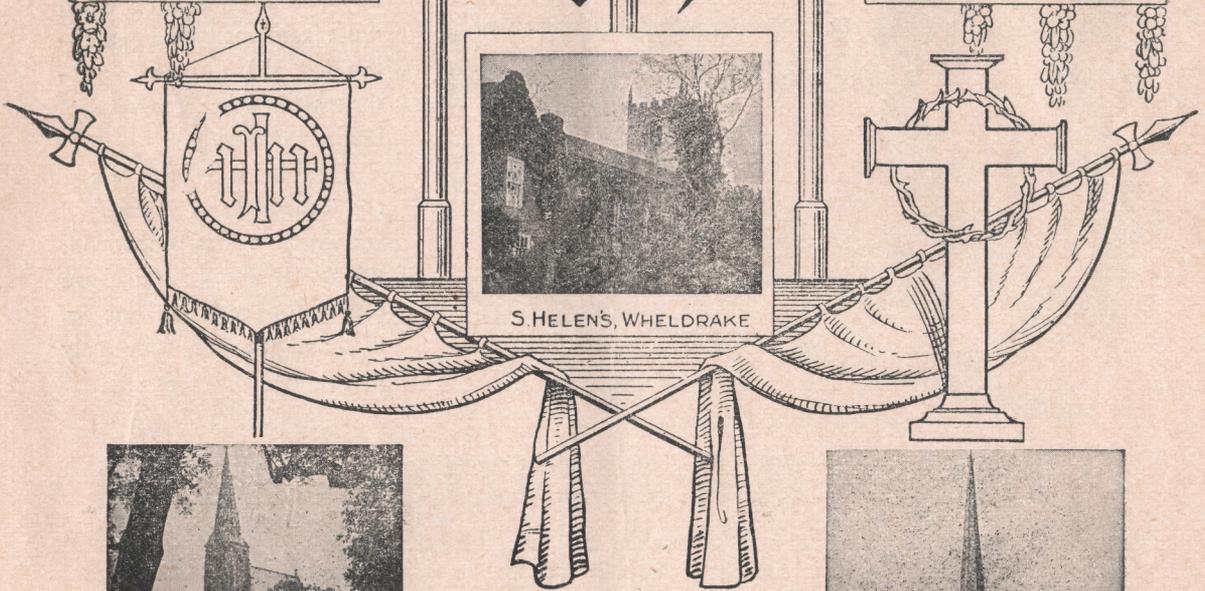


S HELEN'S, THORGANBY

Parish Magazine



S HELEN'S, WHELDRAKE



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Magazine.

ESCRICK

Events have proved it to be a vain hope which led so many people to imagine that the famous Munich agreement of a year ago would secure the peace and stability of Europe. The German advance into Czecho-Slovakia last April and the subsequent threat to Poland made it clear that nothing but a miracle could avert the disaster of another war. We all know what is at stake to-day—it is nothing less than the freedom and security of the world. The issues have been stated so clearly since we entered the struggle by leading statesmen and writers, that any further comment would seem superfluous. But perhaps one thing may be said. It will never be easy in these days of trial to guard our souls and to keep alive that Christian spirit without which the victory we hope to gain may end in a moral defeat which will rob it of its true purpose. If a saner civilisation is to emerge from the conflict, it can only be the result of our determination to conserve those Christian and human values which have been so ruthlessly discarded by the present rulers of Germany. It may be that after the last war a golden opportunity of promoting a better understanding was lost.

Our country is strewn with war memorials pledging us never to break faith with those who died, but, strangely enough, I have never seen one of them expressing a finer sentiment than the one which may be seen to-day on the walls of the great Church in Berchtesgaden. Its motto is this: "Let no spirit of hatred or bitterness which may have been engendered by the Great War find a place in our hearts." Such a memory leads one to hope for better things when the present tyranny has been overthrown.

Wartime conditions have made certain changes inevitable in our normal arrange-

ments. We have been obliged to abandon the usual week-night Harvest Festival service which had been arranged for September 29th. The lighting restrictions made it impossible to hold evening services after dark, so that Evensong on Sundays will now be at 3-30 p.m. until further notice. In common with other villages in the district, Escrick and Deighton have received a large number of evacuees, and 47 children from Hull and Sunderland are now attending the Day School. I am sure we shall do all we can to make them feel at home during their stay amongst us.

It has not been possible to arrange for the singing class to be carried on at present, but we shall try to see if anything can be done later on to keep our groups together.

Baptism

Sept. 17—John Michael, son of Henry Sissons and Ivy Daniel.

Marriages

Sept. 9—George Thomas Davison, Hull, and Alice Winifred Colley, Escrick. *

Sept. 11—Fred Cooper, Appleton Roebuck, and Ellen Hornshaw, Deighton. *

Offertories

Aug. 27—Altar Fund	0	4	3
Church Expenses ...	1	1	5
Sept. 3—Church Expenses ...	0	12	1
Sept. 10—Altar Fund	0	7	0
Church Expenses ...	0	19	6
Sept. 17—Church Expenses ...	1	1	11

£4 6 2

HEMINGBROUGH.

Hemingbrough Vicarage,
My Dear People,

As you already know, our Archbishop is to come to us before Christmas to ad-

minister the Sacrament of Confirmation. We shall commence to prepare candidates at once, and we expect to have a good number. Those of you who have not as yet received this great gift of God should very seriously consider the advisability of seeking it NOW. Could there possibly be a time more suitable? when we are so much in need of God's grace and strength.

The Archbishops have authorised special services of Intercession in this time of war; we shall conduct such services on Friday evenings in the Cliffe Mission.

Cliffe Harvest Festival will be on Wednesday, Oct. 4th, at 7 p.m., also on the following Sunday at 6-30 p.m.

I am,

Your friend and Vicar,

F. AMCOTTS.

Alteration in Times of Service

Until further notice, Evensong and Sermon every Sunday at St. Mary's, Hemingbrough, will be at **3 p.m.**

Evensong and Sermon at the Cliffe Mission at **6-30 p.m.**

Other Sunday services will be as usual.

Mothers' Union

The next meeting will be held at 3 p.m. on Wednesday, Oct. 4th, Hemingbrough Church.

Altar Flowers

For October, Mrs. H. Simpson.

Cliffe Mission—Holy Communion at 9 a.m., Sunday, Oct. 29th.

Holy Baptism

"One Lord, One Faith One Baptism"

July 24 — Edith Mary, daughter of Thomas William and Annie Gatenby. (Private). Received into Church, Sept. 3rd.

Sept. 3—William Henry, son of Richard Henry and Kathleen Annie Thackray.

SKIPWITH

An announcement giving the date of the Harvest Festival will be given at an early date. We ask for the usual liberal response. The collections at the Sunday services will be given to the Hospitals,

and on Friday evening for the Parochial Quota. We are arranging to obscure the windows of the church with a view to continuing the normal evening services.

The Electric Light Co. having definitely refused to provide electric light, arrangements are being made to instal calor gas for lighting the church. A faculty is being applied for to obtain permission. Several churches in the Diocese have already secured a lighting system by this means, and the result is most satisfactory.

In Memoriam

The passing of Mrs. Burley removes a well known and highly respected resident from North Duffield. Since the death of her husband twelve months ago she seemed to lose interest in ordinary events her health declined. It is such lives that make up all that is best in the welfare of our villages, the daily tasks carried out cheerfully, the readiness to give a helping hand to a neighbour in time of need, that earns the esteem that money cannot purchase.

Sept. 14—Martha Burley, aged 76.

STILLINGFLEET with KELFIELD

Services

Owing to the difficulty of screening the windows, we have made slight alterations in the services. Evensong is now held on alternate Sundays at 3 p.m. During October on the 1st, 15th and 29th, at 3 p.m. No change has been made in the morning services. Holy Communion is at 9-45 a.m. on the 1st and 3rd Sundays, and Mattins on the 2nd and 4th Sundays at 9-45 a.m.

Harvest Thanksgiving

This will be held on Sunday, Oct. 15th. Holy Communion 9-45 a.m., and Evensong at 3 p.m. Gifts of fruit, flowers and vegetables for the decoration of the church will be very welcome. Offers of help in the work of decorating will most certainly be very much appreciated. There is no need to leave the work to a few members of the congregation and we do hope that those who can spare a little time will assist in the work. The gifts

HOME WORDS

HARVEST



CUSTOMS.

FROM time immemorial the Church has taken a deep

interest in harvesting, and although the invention of the mechanical reaper has advanced the Harvest Home by many weeks, Harvest Thanksgiving in our Churches is still attended with all the old beauty of decoration.

To-day, however, many of the old rites and customs attached to this fruitful season are in danger of disappearing, and it is interesting to look back upon the days when sickle and scythe held sway to see with what solemn thanksgiving and rejoicing the people of not so very long ago "went and came and gleaned in the field after the reapers," as the Biblical story has it.

Harvesting was governed by a kind of unwritten code in former times, and as soon as it was known that the first field was ready for gleaning, the church bell was tolled as a signal for the gleaners to begin work. At six o'clock in the evening the bell was tolled again and work was stopped for the day. Throughout the remainder of the harvesting, this bell, known as the "gleaners' bell," gave the signals for the start and finish of the work in the fields, first tolling at eight in the morning and then again at six in the evening.

In the pages of R. D. Blackmore's immortal *Lorna Doone* is a description of harvest celebrations in the Exmoor district during the late seventeenth century, which shows how close was the link between Church and farmer. According to the account, Farmer John Ridd opened the harvesting with the parson and his Bible, the parish clerk to read a psalm, children to lead the singing, and the reapers with their wives and sweethearts to join in the hymns of thanksgiving. The parson began the ceremonies by blessing the crops and cutting the first sweep of corn.

Different districts had their own methods of doing the actual harvesting, and in Cornwall it was the practice of the womenfolk to do the reaping with the hook, while the men followed, gathering the corn and binding it into sheaves. Behind them came the youngsters, who picked up what had been left behind and made their own little bundles, or "riskans" as they were called.

The origin of some of the harvesting customs can be traced back to a very early date indeed and have their earliest beginnings in the belief that a spirit known as the "corn mother" dwelt in the corn. Consequently,

the last sheaf was cut amid scenes of rejoicing and different districts bestowed

various names upon this final sheaf.

In many places it was called the "Kern Baby," a corruption of "Ceres Baby" or "Corn Baby," and in Paul Hentzner's *Journey into England*, written in 1598, is an account of the harvesting celebrations near Windsor. "As we were returning to our inn," he wrote, "we happened to meet some country people celebrating their harvest home; their last load of corn they crown with flowers, having besides an image richly dressed, by which perhaps they would signify Ceres; this they keep moving about, while the men and maid servants, riding through the streets in the cart, shout as loudly as they can till they arrive at the barn where the wheat is to be stored."

Whalton, in Northumberland, claims to be one of the last English villages where this ancient ceremony was kept up. As soon as the last sheaf had been cut, the reapers joined in shouting "We've got the Kern!" and the sheaf, decked with ribbons and dressed in white, was hoisted on a pole and carried in procession to the Church, where it occupied a prominent place during the Harvest Festival.

In Lincolnshire the gathering of the "Kern Baby" was celebrated with the ringing of handbells, a local song running:

The boughs do shake, and the bells do ring,
So merrily comes our harvest in,
Our harvest in, our harvest in,
Hurrah!

In Scotland the last sheaf is known as the "Klyack" and some parts of Aberdeenshire still retain an ancient custom connected with this. As soon as the remainder of the harvest has been gathered in, the workers return to the field for the "Klyack" and carry it in triumphant procession to the farmhouse.

One of the loveliest of harvest customs, however, is that which takes place at Ackworth, near Wakefield, where a sheaf of corn is dedicated to the birds of the air. This is said to be a tribute to the memory of the noble St. Cuthbert, himself a friend to all birds, whose body, says a local tradition, rested there on its way to Durham.

Others claim that this custom is a survival of the days when the Vikings settled in this neighbourhood, and that these hardy Northmen gave corn to the ravens because they believed them to be the messengers of Odin

CHURCH

from at Home



NEWS

and Abroad

If you know of any Church News readers, send it to the Art London, E.C.4 during October.

which would interest our Editor, 11, Ludgate Sq., Six five shilling prizes are

awarded monthly. Photographs are especially welcome.

A Cheery Greeting.

THE head stops of the labels over the windows of the south aisle of the church at Cranford St. John in Northamptonshire are rather interesting. Apparently they are not very old, the south aisle having been built in 1842. Each window has a cheerful face on one side and a melancholy one on the other. The head shown in the photograph is most attractive and, being close to the porch, gives a cheery greeting to everybody entering the church.—H. J. SMITH.



A Cheery Greeting.

Many Thanks.

OUR thanks are due to a number of readers who have kindly sent us rhymes by which they were taught to remember the order of the books of the Bible. Also, to Lt.-Col. Cockshott for an improvement on the method for memorizing the order of the Minor Prophets: Hojo Aojmi Nahabzeph, Hagzec, Malachi.

Mrs. B. sends us a rhymed form of the Commandments:

Have thou no other gods but Me.
Unto no image bow the knee.
Take not the Name of God in vain.
Do not the Sabbath day profane.
Honour thy father and mother too;
And see that thou no murder do.
Abstain from words and deeds unclean,
And steal not, though thy state be mean.

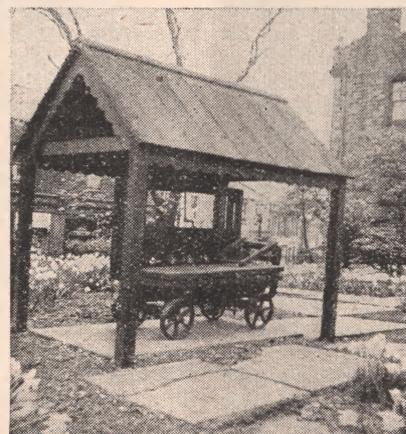
Of false report, bear not the blot:
What is thy neighbour's, covet not.

Dicing for Bibles.

A VERY curious old custom has persisted down the centuries in connection with All Saints' Church, St. Ives, Hunts.—a church where, by the way, Oliver Cromwell was a churchwarden: his signature can be seen to-day in the church register. The custom arises from the will, dated 10th August, 1675, of Dr. Robert Wilde, a native of St. Ives, who left the income from £50 to be spent annually in Bibles, which were to be given to six children of each sex, who were to be "of good report, under twelve years of age, and able to read the Bible." The curious feature of the bequest lies in the fact that the Bibles are allotted by casting dice. The custom is observed every year, usually on the Tuesday following Whitsun. This quaint old ceremony of children "rattling the dice-box" for Bibles has recently attracted the attention of film companies, but so far it has not been practicable to permit the filming of the proceedings.—A. J. SEWELL.

Portable Stocks.

IN the Churchyard of Colne Parish Church on the border between Yorkshire and Lancashire can be seen a set of portable stocks on wheels. A pair of shafts are seen folded back on to the structure. These stocks are in very good preservation. One wonders whether the delinquents were carted round the Parish by way of warning to other wrongdoers.—D. T. CASSON.



Portable Stocks.

Old Names for New Babies.

LAST April you had an interesting article which gave for the assistance of parents a selection list of names for the baby. Here are some uncommon names from the Registers of the Parish of Bisley, Gloucestershire. In the year 1554, three babies received at their baptism the names of Tibotta, Tibalda, and Tibulla. Later in the same year another baby was christened Tibotta, and another Tibolda. In 1558 there is recorded the name of Tyball. In 1559 the name of Tyballa appears. In 1562 we have Tibolda, and again in 1563. In 1570 a child is named Frisewo. Another is named Theophilus. In 1575 Tacita is brought to the font. In 1603 Periander appears, and in 1604, Gualter. In 1605 Mercio, and in 1608 Kembro. In 1617 Izhac. In 1618 there is the happy choice of Beata. In 1621 we are introduced to Syporah, and in 1622 to Abisag. Abdiah appears in 1623. Abigail is a popular name in 1649 and in later years.—THE VICAR OF BISLEY.

Yet Another Record!

THE congregation of St. Peter's, Bishopsworth, Bristol, are very proud of their "grand old man," Mr. E. L. Wyatt, aged 90. He has sung in the choir continuously and regularly for 80 years, and took a solo on Passion Sunday, 1939. On March 31 he accepted the post of Peoples' Churchwarden for the 39th year in succession. All the accounts are kept most accurately and neatly. He taught in the Sunday School for about 70 years, and has held and is holding many other offices in the parish, which owes him a deep debt of gratitude, financially and otherwise. Mr. Wyatt has occupied the same house all his life.—Mrs. J. CLARK.

A Strange Headstone.

IN the earliest days of sinking coal-mine shafts, the rope that ran from the engine-room over the iron wheel above the shaft, was kept from slipping out of its groove by two six-foot pieces of iron shaped like a ram's horn (and were called the Ram's Horns). In the Churchyard of Madeley, Shropshire, one of these iron horns forms the headstone (or perhaps I should say Head-iron) of a grave. Why? My old Sexton (and many other aged parishioners) told me it was placed there to mark the grave of the last man hung for sheep-stealing. At any rate, there it is at the head of a grave.—THE REV. E. BUTSHODE PRYCE.

CHURCH NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD

To Remember.

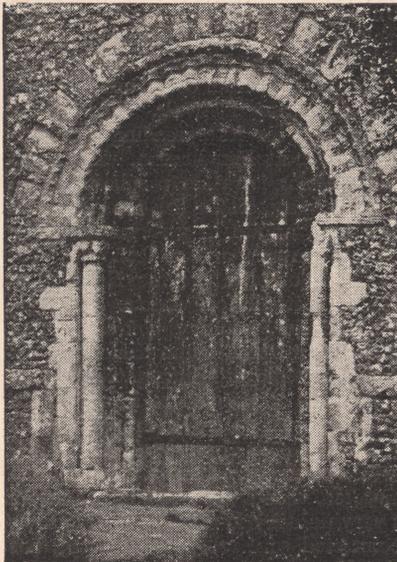
TO remember the order of the books of the New Testament, I noted many years ago that "Old" has 3 letters, "Testament" 9; put them side by side = 39 books. "New Testament" similarly, but multiply $3 \times 9 = 27$ books. Order in New Testament, Matthew to Acts, is well known. Then follows letter to chief city of Roman Empire (Romans) and to chief city of Greece (Corinthians). Next is vowel order. A, E, I, O—Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians. Then 5 "T's," alphabetic and vowel order—2 Thessalonians, 2 Timothy, Titus and Philemon. Now the letter to the Hebrews and again vowel order for the general epistles: James, Peter, John, Jude; finally Revelation. James, the first, is one epistle; Peter, the second, is two epistles; John, the third in order, is three epistles—for those who are not sure how many each of these writers wrote. It may sound difficult, but is surprisingly easy.—The Rev. M. L. WOODHOUSE.

Father and Son.

THE parish of Bisley in Gloucestershire claims two records of a father and son being Vicars for a long period. Stephen Phillips and his son, Stephen Phillips, were Vicars of Bisley during a period of 67 years, the father holding the living from 1715 to 1740, and the son from 1740 to 1782. Not long after, the living was occupied by the two Kebles for 75 years. Thomas Keble was Vicar from 1827 to 1873, and his son, Thomas Keble, from 1873 to 1902.—The Rev. G. A. PIPER.

Saxon and Norman too.

ON a motoring holiday in Kent I came across the little village of Bredgar, a delightful surprise with its rare West Doorway built by Normans and Saxons too, for the latter built it first and the Normans



Saxon and Norman too.

left the Saxon columns standing when they added their own. It is remarkable how well their work harmonizes.—B. D. N. SIMINSON.

Long-lived Villagers.

SOME months ago a correspondent wrote of the ages of people in his village. I think our village of Stanstead, Suffolk, can do better. Out of a population of about 230 we have 49 between the ages of 65 and 94; thirteen between 65 and 70; twenty-six between 70 and 80; nine between 80 and 90; and one who is 94.—E. M. SPRECHLEY.

Three Acres and a Cow.

OUR readers must have been amused at the grotesque carvings often found under miserere seats. Occasionally these curiosities were caricatures of actual persons. Visitors to Bakewell Church (Derbyshire) will be surprised, however, to find a modern example—a pictorial comment on the slogan of a once famous politician—Jesse Collins, who advo-



Three Acres and a Cow.

cated "Three acres and a cow" for all who would live in the country. The cow is plain enough, the "acres" are three faulty teeth—"achers"!—ARTHUR ROOKSBY.

Unusual Epitaphs.

FOUND in the Churchyard of Mans:

Here rests Jean M . . . , deceased in his 74th year, regretted by all his relatives and friends, the best mustard-maker of the town of Mans.

Found in a big Paris Cemetery:

Here lies Adelaide Lariboï, deceased at the age of 44 years. Legitimate Spouse of Justin Lariboï, Locksmith and Ornamental Ironwork maker. The railings surrounding this monument come from the workshop of her Husband.

The following records the "Posterity" of a woman of many descendants.

Here lies Madame Marianne Maugras. She had at her death a



A Vicarage since the days of King John.

Posterity of 367 children. She was Mother of 16 children, Grandmother of 114.

Mrs. STOCKBRIDGE.

Another Old Vicarage.

CLAVERLEY VICARAGE (near Bridgnorth) dates back to the time of King John, and would therefore appear to be as old as the one which you have already illustrated. It is in excellent preservation and the Vicar is very proud of the house. Indeed, I think everyone in the district is proud of it.—Miss E. M. HICKMANS.

Honourable Mention.

MR. F. W. CRADDOCK and Mr. J. C. Haycock have been choristers at St. Paul's, Wolverhampton, for 66 and 57 years respectively.

The late Mr. Montague, of Shiplake Parish, died aged 96. He sang in the choir for 85 years and received a letter of congratulation from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. Alfred Thomas, organist and choirmaster of St. Julian's, Shrewsbury, has completed 60 years unbroken service in Shrewsbury churches.

Claws or No Claws.

MISS ISAAC, who has shown hundreds round St. Martin's, Salisbury, tells us that at one time the Eagle had no claws since those in authority held that they were inconsistent with the Gospel which the Eagle supported. But in Cromwell's day, strangely enough, they were restored, for "who had ever heard of an Eagle without them?" It can still be seen how the claws have been screwed on.

June Award.—The following were sent prizes in July: F. R. Winstone, E. Morris, C. W. Hart, L. W. Sanders, H. Brickwood and the Rev. D. W. Darwell. Five others were awarded extra prizes: A. Rooksby, J. Stubbs, A. Chaplin, Miss E. M. Taylor and the Rev. G. C. Rubio.



Photo by)

The Horn Dancers of Abbots Bromley.

[H. T. COMERFORD,

SOME COUNTRY CHURCH CUSTOMS

By ERIC HARDY, F.Z.S.

ON your holidays in the countryside you may have heard of the ancient church festival of carrying the rushes. This is still practised in old village churches in parts of Lancashire, Lakeland, Fenland, and other parishes close to some lake, canal or river where the "rushes" were procurable in abundance. At some churches like Ambleside the custom goes back for centuries and it is nearly always a summer festival when those hot sultry days make the stone floor of the church so dusty from the hard nailed boots of country people. The last Sunday in July is a usual date for the ceremony at Ambleside, while until recent times Formby (West Lancashire) children kept the 12th and 19th of July for the festival. At Shocklach, near Chester, the first or second Sunday in August is usually chosen and the collections devoted to the Sunday School and the choir, but here the ceremony has now become the placing of rushes and flowers on the graves in the churchyard.

However, the plants traditionally used in these church ceremonies were not true rushes, but the leaves of the sweet flag which grows in the waterside and differs from its relative the yellow flag or wild iris in having slightly wrinkled stems, and quite different flowers, which are green, three or four inches long, sticking out from the stem towards the top, and close packed in a spadix. Young anglers are fond of grubbing up the sweet flag to chew its root stock, which is very sweet. The three to six feet long leaves were used to strew the cold and often malodorous floors of mediæval and even Tudor living-rooms, for when walked upon and crushed they emitted a sweet odour. It was this habit which brought them into our churches

for the same use. In the marshlands of Norfolk and Suffolk the monks used to cultivate the sweet flag near their fishponds for use in church on feast days. In fact, it was the monks who introduced the sweet flag to most of its present haunts in our countryside, from which it has spread. Sir John Hooker, the great Kew botanist, did not believe it a native, declaring it was supposed to have been introduced from India.

It was probably the monks from St. Werbough at Chester who introduced it to local waters, and when the Shropshire Union Canal was built through Chester it spread along this into the Wirral Peninsula so that Backford Church (the only Wirral church still with a chained Bible inside) on its banks could use the flags regularly in its rush-bearing festivals. The monks were likewise responsible for its spreading so abundantly along the Thames at Pangbourne. The smell of a church at rush-bearing is rather peculiar, for the odour of the sweet flag is something like the rich smell of Cox's Orange Pippin apples in a farmhouse loft, combined with that of myrtle or bay leaf.

It is strange how many other things from the country have got into church festivals on various occasions. In parts of east Cheshire, country churches often included the hares shot in the autumn fields amongst the harvest decorations, while at Billingsgate, odour of another kind, in samples of the fish so important to the prosperity of the parish come to church for the annual festival. In the North Country churches holly always took its place in the Christmas church decorations but not mistletoe, thus a superstition has arisen that mistletoe is very unlucky in church, at the grave, or in any way connected with religious matters; but the reason is only that natural mistletoe is extremely

rare in the North and was probably unknown a couple of centuries ago, and for long it took no part in our domestic decorations either, when hoops covered with other evergreens were used.

I am afraid the "palms" or "yellow goslings" traditionally taken to church or Sunday School at Easter are no more true palms than the "rushes" used at rush-bearing, but the opening, yellow, pollen-covered catkins of the water-side sallows or pussy-willows. In the churches of Northern Ireland and Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow Irish quarters, the orange lily of course is seen in church every 12th of July, and devout Welsh people still cling to their leeks on St. David's Day despite efforts to popularize the daffodil as an emblem, but we English rarely take the rose to church on St. George's Day, although some churches do remember to fly his flag.

Dance of The Deermen

By H. T. Comerford

IF you visit the church of Abbots Bromley, Staffordshire, on any day in the year except one, you will see a curious collection of antlers adorning the interior. If you ask what they are, you will be told that they are used for the annual Dance of the Deermen that takes place here on the first Monday after September 4. The origin of the dance, which is many centuries old, is

uncertain, but it is supposed to have been intended as an assertion of the townfolks' right to hunt in the adjacent Needwood Forest. The Dance is kept up all day, the dancers visiting large houses and farms in the district and finally returning to Abbots Bromley about 6.30 p.m. for the end of the performance, after which the antlers are replaced in the church. Formerly the proceeds of collections made went to the church funds for the assistance of the poor of the town (which before the railway left it high and dry was larger and busier than it is to-day), but nowadays this goes towards the loss of wages incurred by those who keep up the custom of the Horn Dance, the balance, if any, going towards the upkeep of costumes and musical instruments used in the performance. There are six deermen, an archer representing Robin Hood, a man disguised as Maid Marion, a lad "riding" a hobby horse and two musicians.

Grave Brambling

By the Rev. A. R. Davies

THE custom of grave brambling was common in our churchyards in days gone by, when it was the custom to graze sheep. Brambles were pegged down on the graves in order to protect them from being damaged by the sheep, the bramble being the parent of our modern barbed wire. This old custom is still carried out year by year in Braughing Churchyard on the grave of a certain Matthew Wall, who left money in his will for three purposes; one, to bramble his grave (see the picture); two, to sweep the path from his house to the Church; three, first to toll the bell, then to ring a wedding peal for his marriage in Heaven. The day on which this is all done is known as "Old Man's Day."



Photo by

[A. J. COLLINGS.

On New Year's Day every inmate of these 400 years old almshouses of St. German's, Cornwall, is presented with a shilling and a peck of wheat.



Photo by

Grave Brambling.

[THE REV. A. R. DAVIES,

THE ROCKS OF TRENOYEN.

By HOOLE JACKSON.

Chapter IX.

DURING the next few weeks Trenoyen was transformed as though by magic. Gone were the grey seas that had swept inward from the tumbling waters of the Atlantic. Even the sunny day that had deceived John the day before the night of storm was nothing like these halcyon weeks. The waves had not been quite smooth before; the sky not quite clear of fine cloud. But now, the sky was Italian blue; the sea serene and deep a hue as in southern climes, a plain of blue touched with emerald and iridescent with amaranth and gold towards the sunset hour.

In the mornings it was ethereal, a faery sea cloaked with a faint, white mist from which the taller rocks stood up as if islanded in air, with their bases hidden, reminding John of the pictures in his copy of the *Arabian Nights* where crenellated towers floated over soft, wispy vapours and horsemen rode the sky.

The sea broke at the feet of the great cliffs in the faintest creaming of soft lace. The mighty cliffs themselves, that had looked dark and forbidding before, shone with facets tinted like precious stones, every facet—every crest, vari-tinted.

Even giant Hell Cliff, with the gaunt house on its crest, had a look of some Arthurian stronghold, and the walls of granite flung back at the sun a thousand lights from the shimmering crystals.

Tonigen was more abroad, riding with his men. Seen on the skyline, they looked like pioneers of the great America of which John had seen drawings showing men magnificent in horsemanship. Tonigen dressed well. The influence of the "bucks" of the Regent's day was not yet quite passed away in country districts.

Very soon the last of those fashions would be forgotten. The last bare-fisted prize-fighter would have fought in the ring. Boxers would wear gloves and new rules—rules the dour old fighters scoffed at as "soft"—would be formed. Warships would be of steel and steam-driven. The last of the great wooden fighting ships would be towed by a fussy tug to the breaker's yards, and Turner would paint their passing in one great picture, crystallizing their passing beauty and glory with his brush for all generations to see and sigh over. The railway train would spread from those just-established northern tracks and roar the length and breadth of Britain. The next hundred years would bring such swift changes to men as would leave them lost and dizzied amidst their own flying progress.

There would be no more wreckers. Smuggling would be choked except for a few surreptitious landings of small items. The days of the old big "runs" would be over for ever, and the little, trained ponies with greased coats, whose leaders could act by themselves without riders, would die out.

Gone—all would be gone. Tennyson would write his lines about "The old order changeth—" in times of such change as men had never seen before in history, and the very halcyon weather John now revelled in in Cornwall would draw to her thousands seeking respite from the great industrial towns that were springing up as machinery took the place of the old hand-crafts.

He dreamed nothing like that as he went down

whistling towards Jago's cottage. He had already learned from Jago to handle a row-boat close in-shore, but now he wanted to explore the coast. Little Coralline had been a frequent visitor to the vicarage orchard during the last few weeks and John had looked out at her running wild with her little friends as he wrote his sermon.

He liked children, and their laughter and chatter never disturbed him. Their young life pulsing about the old place seemed to brighten it. He had a young man's rather careless way with him rather than a deeper and more solicitous feeling, but his heart was in the right place and this the children sensed—and when he bawled at them loudly for some fault, they obeyed him but were not afraid. He was more like a big, commanding brother than their vicar—but they gave him the more respect of the genuine kind.

Ten paces from Jago's cottage John ran into Lorena. She had been busy helping her father with his books in the shipbuilding offices at Penrothe. They had seen little of each other and nothing eventful had occurred. This morning she was in a dark fustian frock and had been setting crab-pots by the Trenoyen rocks. Her father loved a crab or lobster and Lorena set her own pots.

The dress was low-cut at the neck and short-skirted. It left the fine arms bare to the shoulder without even an inch of sleeve. A workaday frock that seemed designed to show her beauty. It would have been familiar enough to John had he been raised in fishing-villages, but whence he came women were swaddled except in the evening when they bared their shoulders.

To him she seemed like some sea-maid. The dark cloth showed off the creamy beauty of her brown, silken skin. Even her legs and feet were of the same rich hue, and he saw the shapely ankles fully now and noted how finely she was formed—an Eve of God's designing. Her dark eyes were bright from exercise and the freshness of the sea. She gave him her hand and smiled.

"Father was only saying last night that we had neglected you."

"I meant to step down to see him to-night."

"You shall. We will be glad. He's out now. A note was brought to him this morning—" she broke off and her eyes clouded.

"And you are worried—?"

"A little. Everything has been like old times these last few weeks. His business is improved. He thinks trade is stirring and will soon grow great again—oh, he loves it so, his trade. He has ideas—ideas about this steam—but he will tell you. He loves to talk of it."

John said, "I was going out in Jago's boat. Would you—come?—We—we could talk safely there."

She smiled at his eagerness and he blushed. "Let us go in my boat—the *Mermaid*,"—she said. "She sails like a witch and it is less hard with a little lug-sail than rowing all the time. I like such sailing best of all. It is like living poetry."

"I should love to—but you must promise to put sad thoughts aside."

"Oh, I will. It is a morning fit for fairy-folk. Only I think, sometimes, that I was the cause of Mr. Breen's

murder. That it was because he stood between them and carrying me off."

John said, "Perhaps it was not because of that at all. Perhaps it was because he discovered some perilous secret."

"Oh, if I could think so—but what could there be?"

"Much," answered John as they walked down side by side, while heads popped out of doors to watch them. "Think for a moment. Why should Tonigen take such a terrible risk as killing Breen for bringing up the dragoons? A man must be far driven, even the worst of men, to commit murder even if only fear of the gallows makes him beware what he does. He could easily have made another and successful attempt to carry you off. Murder would call attention to him—I know he does not want that. He wants to continue his evil work unhampered and Breen's murder has hampered him, even if only by bringing the eyes of the Law on him, and the eyes of the Duchy—"

"No," he went on, "it was something he had to kill for, and kill at once."

"Perhaps you are right, John—I feel you are. It comforts me, anyway. I had feared that Father had warned Mr. Breen that I was to be carried off. You see, I still think Father did. Perhaps he had to agree with them that I should be carried off—but played a double game. I often think so. He is in their power, I am more and more sure, from—oh, a thousand things a woman sees. If so, he would know their plot and they would feel safe. By telling Mr. Breen he saved himself and me—it fits—"

John gripped her shoulder. "We are being watched," he said. "Don't turn round. When we pass your house go in for fishing-lines and bait. We are going fishing. None can watch us there—or listen; and it will seem natural enough this sunny morning. Perhaps we can watch their stronghold from there."

She nodded. John saw a sour-looking man in fisherman's garb halt and light his pipe until Lorena came out again with the lines. She looked at the man swiftly and passed on with John.

"'Tis Caleb Preddy," she said. "The only one in the village not much good. Drink has done it with Caleb. He will do anything to get money to buy drink—but you are right. We are better on the sea

—and oh, I love it. It seems to flow in my veins and to call to me. I should die if I did live away from it, I think."

A few busy moments putting the fishing-tackle aboard and preparing the *Mermaid* and they pushed off. There is something delightfully intimate about a boat. Once clear of the shore, she becomes, like all ships, an island home, which is probably one reason why voyages call to all people and why romances often begin aboard.

Lorena stood in the stern and sculled with the single oar in the slot, fisher-fashion. She made a charming study poised gracefully at the oar, swaying rhythmically, every muscle from toe to finger-tip brought into play by that fine and graceful exercise. Then she put down the oar, hoisted sail, instructed John at the tiller so prettily that he wanted to leave it and kiss her, and then made fast the sheet when she had the wind in the right quarter and there they were bowling over the blue that seemed soft as mist, and Trenoyn was a toy-like place to the starboard, and John, who had never yet rowed so far out, saw how beautiful the picture of that little village was amid the rocks, with the cliffs, topped by yellow gorse, guarding it.

The two spoke little.

There was no need for speech. The world breathed poetry and never had John realized the full loveliness of his parish until now. Mile after mile of magnificent cliffs stretched away to the west, their crests piled with queerly heaped, Assyrian-like masses of rock. On the crest of the nearest stood the

ring of ancient "stones" looking like a fairy-ring of grey mushrooms at that distance. The great monolith reared up against the exquisite blue of the sky, and had those old men of the past who rudely shaped those stones come back that morning and stood where they had lived, loved, and gone about their daily work, they would have found no great change. Only the cottages in the valley would have been new and strange and they were few and hidden from the crest; for the rest, the morning would have been such as was familiar to their eyes—blue sky, blue sea, a sail-boat on the water, the gulls wheeling in magnificent flight like blown snowflakes high in the sky, a fish leaping, and the porpoises going over the water with merry turns and twists like a line of schoolboys playing leap-frog.



Following his pointing finger, Lorena made out the green rope.—Page 152.

It was all so old and it caught at John's heart. The beautiful girl in the stern seemed to belong to it with her brown skin and clear dark eyes, her glorious jet-dark hair. He took a deep breath. This was *living*. The water sang at the bows and raced past the hull to join the bubbling wake astern. He had come to the place expecting country clods and the parish had produced a race of Vikings and thrown a girl like a goddess of the sea in his path.

He looked at the village nestling in its cranny of rocks. How cosy and home-like it seemed from the sea. Far off he could see the needle-shape of a distant lighthouse. It seemed like a monument of man's striving to rise above the beast. Of the goodness in humanity that always strove to conquer selfishness and produce the humane. In spite of all the wickedness, the wrongs—man built his lighthouses to save and preserve life, his hospitals; and pioneers toiled to find alleviation for the sick and diseased and the world struggled, if half blindly, towards some nobler goal it sensed and was driven to by a Force it scarcely understood.

Suddenly John leaned forward and peered at the cliff they were passing more closely. They were almost under Hell Cliff now. He could see the top of the house on the crest, but they were hidden from the windows by the fall of the cliff.

"Look," he said, touching Lorena's hand and thrilling at the contact, "a green rope—that's queer."

"Where? I can't see it—"

"There—you can see where it crosses that patch of dead foliage. I shouldn't have noticed it if it hadn't been too straight to be natural. You can trace it up to a point near the top. It seems to stop there. It comes down almost to the rocks below."

Following his pointing finger, Lorena made it out. It was cleverly placed where the cliff-growth came down the rugged face of the rock. In the springtime and summer it would be perfectly in tune with the foliage, but now the old foliage was darker and the dead patch of leaves it crossed disclosed it. Yet it was still difficult to see and only its unnatural straightness betrayed it. No tendril of the cliff was ever so straight or so long.

John said, "A green rope. That gives them away more than anything else. No one would take such trouble to hide all that length of rope unless it were there for an evil purpose—I must tell Zeph."

The two sat holding each other's hands almost unconsciously. A clue at last. Both thought of that light the young mate of the *John Cavanagh* had seen on that terrible night. Suddenly her hand gripped John's more closely. They had drifted farther out and the wall and door of the wrecker's house had come into view. The door opened and a figure emerged—Lorena recognized it by gait and manner as that of her father, and John, following her gaze, put his arm round her and said:

"Dear, we know he is in their power. It was certain he must go there, but have no fear, perhaps he will prove to be the key to their undoing. What he does is under threat—"

"And for my sake," whispered Lorena. "Oh, John, you cannot know how good he has been to me. Mother and Father both since she died—"

His hold of her tightened. The beauty of the morning, the spell of being alone with her, the danger which

always shadowed her, all these urged John to speak. He scarcely knew what words he used. He was stammering like a schoolboy. "I love you, Lorena—shall always love you. Circumstance has flung us together. Given us the same enemy. Will you—be my wife—let me protect you? I think life will never be the same again if you say 'No.'"

She turned and looked into his eyes. He needed no other answer. He kissed her passionately and the little boat drifted on in the beautiful morning for a moment or two. Then she smiled and spoke. "I think I loved you the first time I saw you. True love is generally that of first sight. Instinct is a strange thing. It guides us in our choice of friends and in our love. John, there is only one 'if.' I cannot marry you while Father is under this shadow. He needs me. You will wait, I know. When the danger has gone—then I will be your dear wife and try to help you as a wife should."

After that they spoke little, sitting close. They drifted farther out and fished in case there were any watching them who might suspect they were under Hell Cliff for some purpose. And now Lorena told him of her dead mother. A woman loved for miles along the coast who had eased the hard lot of fisher-folk and whose face was welcome in manor, house or cot.

She told him of Trevor Vess, the fine old squire. Lady Vess took after her mother, who had been rather wild and died young—a blessing for Squire Trevor, people had whispered. Charles—his son—was like him. A fine young fellow. He had served as officer aboard St. Vincent's ship. Would have been rising fifty, had he lived. It was a tragedy. He was making what would have been a last voyage on a frigate in the South Seas and she had gone down with all hands. Not a man saved.

He had loved Lorena's father. Was always pottering about the shipbuilding yard. He might have curbed his sister's wild ways. The village had mourned him. He was so homely with them all. More like a big, rich brother than the squire's son. Chucked the children under the chin and gave them money to spend. Took them in batches to the Fair at Penrothe in his father's great farm-waggon, driving himself and making a grand joke of it.

On the sail home John suggested to Lorena that they should tell their father of their love. At first she demurred, "No, no. I couldn't, dear. He has enough worries. Besides, there would be danger for you as soon as Tonigen learned of it. Think—"

For that "dear" she dropped John would have faced twenty Tonigen's—but you have been in love and perhaps remember what deeds, what sacrifice you would have made for the loved one. He said, "I've thought of all that. I'm not afraid, but it would be wiser to keep our engagement secret—but I want your father to know—"

"Why, John?"

"It's like this. If only we three know, then if Tonigen knows we shall be sure he has such a hold on your father that he can wring anything from his lips."

"Betray Father?—oh, John."

"No, dear—save him. Listen— Tonigen will go on laying his plans until he can strike when all is favourable to him. We English are rather fond of letting our enemies do that, and then we have to fight just the same, and at disadvantage, and thousands of

useful lives are lost. That happened in the wars with France—oh, often, so my father told me, and I think it true. But if he hears from your father that we are engaged. Believes that only your father knows—then it may force him to strike earlier and when things are less favourable for him.”

Lorena leaned forward. “I see—go on, John. Perhaps you are right.”

“I believe so—but we can all err. I look at it this way. The hold on your father is not limitless—or they would have forced him to agree to your marriage with Tonigen without need to carry you off by force. Your father must be aware of some secret of theirs that gives him some hold on them. They would have to kill again to silence him. They dare not take too many risks, but their hold is strong enough to keep your father from betraying them to justice. It must be something he holds dear indeed to keep him silent. Very well—let us tell him and leave the rest in God’s hands. My instinct tells me it is right.”

“Then I agree.”

The boat glistened into the harbour and they moored her and stepped ashore.

A few minutes later they entered Lorena’s house at the top of Trenoyen village and found James Penarvon bending over plans of a ship. He looked up and, as he saw their happiness and their hands clasped, he went pale.

John advanced. “I’ve asked Lorena to marry me, Mr. Penarvon,” he said, “and she has agreed. We want your blessing. We shall keep it secret as yet for the sake of many things. Just between the three of us.”

Penarvon took him by the shoulders. “Thank God for a brave man,” he said, to John’s confusion and surprise, and then kissed his daughter.

He motioned them to sit down on the settee and rested his arm on the mantelshelf, looking at them with fondness in his grey eyes. “I can’t tell you much,” he said, “not yet. We’re all of us walking in darkness with a sword hanging over our heads. I can’t speak freely. There’s risk in speaking now. But I’m going to tell you both more than I’ve ever told anyone before. You’ve guessed that I am in touch with those devils up there. You’re right—”

He paused and passed his hand across his eyes, “They’ve a hold all right. A stranglehold. It’s a matter of honour. It doesn’t concern myself alone. There’s a life at stake—a pitiful life—but I dare not

speak more now. A whisper and that life is gone. My future—yours—hangs on that life. The defeat of Tonigen hangs on keeping that life safe.

“If I’m pressed I shall have to disclose what you two have told me. I dare not withhold when they question. But if the worst comes to the worst I can strike a blow that they fear. It may mean my end—but it will be theirs also. Yet I must hold my hand for another’s sake—one who is the key to this mystery—if I can.”

Lorena and John had glanced at each other. Her father’s attitude seemed to confirm John’s intuitive words of a short time ago. She moved over and put a hand round her father’s shoulder and kissed him. “We will trust you, Father dear, to the end, and wait on your word.”

He smiled. “Thanks—well, I’m an old man. I’ve nothing to live for but my work, but I love it. I want to go to her I loved when I’ve finished noble work. I’ve a dream of ships I’ll build. Bell’s *Comet* has shown what steam can do. Others follow him fast. Stevenson has shown us what

steam can do on the earth. I want to turn steam to help the fisher-folk. To make fishing safer. I want

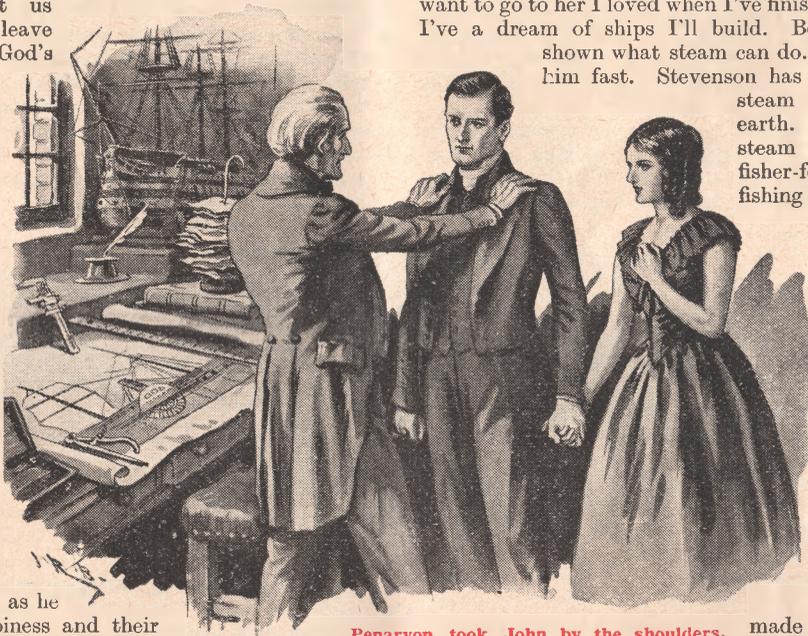
to build little boats that can be worked cheaply by steam—and then fisher-folk will not be at the mercy of wind and tide and storm. There will be no more tragedies of villages whose women are widowed and children

made fatherless in a night. Steam—”

His voice gathered a

nobleness as he talked on. “Steam—it will revolutionize the whole world. Your children will see the day when machinery will have eased man’s lot beyond belief—and a new age is being born even as we talk and men are toiling to bring it to full and noble growth.

“And now,” he went on, “for the present let us forget that. We have other and more difficult tasks to face. We must go on as we have been doing. We have a new and unexpected ally in Zeph Rigga. His is a will of steel. He is one to work alone, but his hate is the kind that never dies and he loved all his men and young Trecon above all. He will not strike until he is sure of success. He will trust none and work alone until that hour comes. I know that they fear him already. He is like a bloodhound on their track. It may be he who will drive them to fly before their time—watch over Lorena, John, for then they will try to take her. Tonigen has told me he will marry none else. He cannot force my permission, but take her he will, if he can—and in that hour of flight,



Penarvon took John by the shoulders. “Thank God for a brave man,” he said.

which may be forced on them, we shall need all our cunning to defeat them."

"Couldn't you trust us and tell us what hold they have, sir?" asked John. "It would never pass our lips."

"No—it isn't my secret alone, John. But this much I will tell you. They hold a document which could ruin me through my business, and that is but half their hold. Let's leave it there," and he gave John his hand.

Then he kissed Lorena and went out, looking happier than they had seen him for long. They lunched together and Penarvon expanded on the subject of the future of ships. The shadow had gone from his face, and John noted how fine were the broad brow and sensitive eyes. He thought how many men who could help the world are crushed or warped by worldly things over which they have no personal control; how many splendid brains that might make humanity's lot easier and sweeter are prevented from doing their best by lack of money, indifference, or the hold that money gives others who do not desire progress over such men as Penarvon—directly or indirectly.

"Render unto Cæsar"—it was not always easy to do that and serve God; to render to Him what was due as well as to be fair in worldly things. Once those who might render to Cæsar but would certainly

not render to God had a grip on nobler men they could make a hell of life and even of religion a martyrdom.

When Penarvon left them alone John turned to Lorena. "We must save him, dearest," he said. "He is worth saving—"

Her hand found his and he saw by the flush in her brown cheeks how his praise had pleased her.

"He was almost himself again," she said softly, "and how right you were. I feel—I don't know why—that all will come well; but I fear for him. He knows the danger more than we do as his words tell—I wonder who the prisoner is?"

"Suppose it were he who reached my window that night—caught and dragged away—surely it fits in."

"His life hangs by a thread," answered Lorena thoughtfully. "We must trust Dad—"

"With an easy heart—*now*," replied John, and she smiled into his eyes; then his arm went round her and the day dreamed into evening.

It was moonlight when John walked back to the rectory after one of the happiest days of his life. The rocks of Trenoyen gleamed like polished jet; the boats were out at sea and their lights glittered like low-hung stars in clustering constellations.

A single light burned in the house on Hell Cliff.

(To be continued.)



AMONGST THE SHEPHERDS. By the Rev. G. W. SKEET.

IT was not until I had spent some days amongst shepherds that I realized how very little the lives of these men to-day differ from those of Old Testament times. The vivid word pictures in the Shepherd's Psalm are still as realistic as when they were written, with one exception, i.e. the Eastern shepherd leads, the Western follows his flock. Not only of the "Psalmist's shepherd" have I been reminded, but of that student of nature and of the heavenly bodies, the outspoken herdsman of Tekoa, when the shepherds of East Anglia or the Western Downs have revealed to me their knowledge of God's creation. Not from books had they acquired this, but from the actual study of things as they are.

Even in family life the British shepherds follow Biblical customs, and amongst the names of the children I have found Jacob, Joseph, Laban and Rachel.

One thing that interested me very much was the shepherd's esteem for his crook, not simply because of its usefulness, but because it belonged to the family. I found in some cases that the crook had been handed down from generation to generation. In one cottage the crook was hanging on the wall in the front room.

The owner of it had died, and the only son had been a victim of the Great War, and much as I wanted one to add to my collection of rustic curios, I felt it would have been unkind to suggest purchasing it.

Some years ago one of my friends was appointed to a Bishopric in Central Africa. His friends collected money to present him with a pastoral staff, and when approached on the matter the future Bishop stated that he would like one as used by the shepherds in the neighbourhood. Shepherd after shepherd was sought, but not one would part with his crook, and the Bishop had to be content with one of local manufacture.

Before ending this article I must relate one incident that took me back to Bible days. Towards eventide we found a ewe and two lambs some distance from the fold. The little creatures were not strong enough to walk, and after handing me his crook, the shepherd "gently took the weak ones in his arms" and carried them tenderly as they nestled in the folds of his smock. All the sheep and lambs were counted in the fold, but I am sure that had the English shepherd missed one, he would have left the others, and would not have rested until he found it.

THE PARSON OPTIMIST.

VII. RICHES FOR EVERYONE. By the Rev. CANON SALTER, M.A.

WE are often reminded that the world's chief trouble to-day comes from the breakdown of our system for the distribution of those commodities which men need for their daily lives. The system has always been an imperfect one, but the events of the past ten years have brought out its defects in sharp relief and we know now, not merely that it would be a good thing to cure them, but that the present state of affairs simply cannot go on. It may be true that the modern world has over-emphasized the value of material comfort and wealth, that we have forgotten that man cannot live by bread alone, but this does not alter the fact that to witness poverty amidst plenty is a slur on any Christian nation. I have not a cut-and-dried solution ready for you of the world's economic problems, but I do venture to show a road of approach which will lead us to a new scale of values and a new interpretation of the phrase "riches for everyone."

* * * * *

OUR starting-point shall be the voice of the Old Testament prophet who, hundreds of years ago, asked the vital question, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not?" In the New Testament we have the vital parable of the man who made the mistake of confusing material gains with spiritual values, and of whom the Master said, "So is everyone that layeth up treasures for himself and is not rich towards God." It is when we see the guiding light of Jesus Christ on the road of life that we begin to discover that our hopes lie not in political revolution but in moral and spiritual reform. Our task is to make better men and women, to make society less selfish, less given to dissipation, more ready to cooperate in social service and in mutual understanding and fellowship. Plant the right seeds of peace and goodwill, of reliability and right moral principles, and of a sense of duty to God and man, and the right fruits will surely follow. The present state of modern civilization is too precarious to allow quack methods. God is calling a new generation to build a new world based on a new sense of values.

* * * * *

RICHES are of three kinds—gold and what it will buy, a poor thing relatively speaking; the treasure of knowledge with the joys and benefits it brings to us and to others; and the riches given to men by the Spirit of God, the unsearchable riches of Christ. Which of these, do you think, provides the greatest advantages and blessings and joys? Certainly not gold. The most miserable man I ever knew was one of the richest men that I ever met—and I have found happiness in the very poorest of homes. It is profoundly true, as the Master once said, that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. Your life and mine, and the happiness and usefulness of such a life, depend not on what we have, but on what we are, not on our possessions and attainments, but on our being and our character. All true life and true happiness start from within. That is how the Almighty Creator provides

riches for everybody. The creative spirit can face adverse circumstances, grim realities, great occasions, and triumph over them all. Such a soul—be he King or commoner—is truly rich in the sight of God.

* * * * *

HAS it occurred to you that the very best things in life are free to all who have the gift to appreciate them, and the will to win them? A millionaire may purchase a beautiful park or even a picture worth thousands of pounds, but he cannot rob us of the glory of a sunrise or a sunset. He may make a hobby of buying first editions of famous books, but the wealth of literature is ours for the asking at most public libraries. He may possess valuable musical instruments or even own an orchestra of his own, but he cannot compete with the song of the birds or the music of the trees, and all his paid band can do little more than provide him with good music which you and I can hear on the wireless for ten shillings a year. Do we appreciate how rich we really are in these days? Or have we become so sophisticated that we take it all for granted and never remember to say a "Thank you" to Almighty God for the riches He provides for all His children?

* * * * *

EACH one of us, too, has a richness of personality which the Lord of all good life wishes us to share with others. It may be a sense of humour or a gift of sympathy. It may be a talent for music or art. It may be a faith in God that conquers despair or a spirit of service that is longing to do something for others. These are the riches which you and I must learn to distribute to others. There is no need here for poverty amidst plenty. If you are a humorist, find somebody who wants cheering up. If you have a gift of friendship, find some lonely heart aching for human affection. If you have a gift of sympathy, make your way to a sick-bed or to a bereaved home and share their burden with them. This distribution of mental and spiritual wealth has so many implications and applications that I hardly know where to start or stop. It certainly means sharing friendship and books and music and prayers and clean humour and good influence. Be a clearing-house from which you can export all those mental and spiritual riches which mean so much to us all.

* * * * *

IT is so easy to write conventionally about the greatest riches of all that I pause and hesitate before I pen the words, "the unsearchable riches of Christ." Yet here is the real secret of spiritual wealth. Without Him as Friend and Brother, man is indeed a spiritual pauper. But to find and to follow Him is to enter a spiritual land with such resources that there is strength and inspiration and abundant life for all who explore its possibilities. Take His ideals on trust, experiment with His way of life, put Him to the test, stake your whole life on the reality and reliability of His promises—and you will find then what is meant by the unsearchable riches of Christ. For the Kingdom of Christ still offers riches for everyone.

A SUNDAY IN SKYE.

A Prize Paper

By WINIFRED BABER.

IT was Saturday morning and my friend's day of relaxation from teaching.

We were breakfasting in her pretty country garden with a map of Scotland and guide-books to Skye and the Western Isles spread before us.

To go there was the dream of our lives and we had hoped, year by year, that the wherewithal might be forthcoming; but it remained a dream, something to hope for, some day, in the dim future. We had steeped ourselves in the mysticisms of Gaelic tale and legend and in the long winter evenings devoured the works of William Sharp and others.

Years passed and with them had fled my youth. I had reached the half-century mark and my friend was older, but at last one of my life's dreams was to be fulfilled—I was going with my friend to Skye!

The joy of that holiday can never be described. Every day was an idyll so lovely that I hope the beauty of it will somehow be carried on into Eternity. The Sunday there stands out as a never-to-be-forgotten experience. There was no Church of England anywhere near the lonely spot where we were staying, so my friend thought she would much like to worship in the little Gaelic church near by. Mere Sassenachs, we knew no word of the rich Gaelic tongue, heritage from a dim past of the peasants who sat round us on the hard wooden benches in the bare little church.

Before entering we had seen the Minister and asked if we might be privileged to attend his service, even though we had no Gaelic, and he gave us a very hearty welcome.

The singing was quite simple and unaccompanied; to our unaccustomed ears it sounded like the song of the wild islands of the Hebrides; the waves lapping on the shore, the mournful cries of sea-birds as the cadences rose and fell. People have stated in the newspapers and elsewhere that these ideas are mere affectation, but Gregorian chants have always impressed me in the same way—they seem to be the direct inspiration of a people who lived close to Nature and listened continually to her strange and often mournful music. If—as is said—Pope Gregory "invented" them, he doubtless built them from some earlier forms of an ancient people. The Gaels were themselves already steeped in a mystic religion when Cyrus, King of Persia, poured his armies against the might of the little Grecian empire.

The sermon interested us, although we could not follow a word of it. The congregation sat very still and attentive, following with every sign of thoughtful interest—young and old alike. There was no restlessness or straying eyes.

As its close, after the singing of another hymn, the



A Road in Skye, with the Cuillens in the distance.

minister said a few words—in Gaelic—and then a beautiful prayer was said, in English! One or two pairs of eyes strayed for a moment in our direction and we knew that the prayer had been rendered in an alien tongue for the benefit of two strangers, to whom the lovely Gaelic language was a sealed book. A truly gracious and beautiful thought and, as we afterwards heard, the words spoken by the Minister had been to the effect that, inasmuch as strangers were present amongst them a prayer would be said in English.

We left that little Church feeling truly filled with the things of the spirit which are not to be expressed in any mere words.

The scenery was beyond belief beautiful—on one side the Cuillens, frowning down upon us in awe-inspiring majesty, on the other the deep blue sea, already taking the reflections of the setting sun. Everywhere silence reigned, almost, one might say, "the Peace of God, which passeth understanding."

It was a Sunday that will be remembered as long as memory lasts.

NOTHING IS LOST.

ALL lost and lovely things that went astray
On homing wings return again someday!
And then there will be gain for bitter loss,
A fragrant crown for every heavy cross—
Love cannot pass away!

All lost and lovely things will live again,
New flowers rise to brave the winds and rain,
The bitter grief that silent heroes bear
Shall in God's Heaven His great glory wear,
When there is no more pain.

So take this cheer and keep it for the hour
When happiness seems lost and hope and power,
Remember nothing beautiful can die!
Lost things are found in the great By and By,
The bare tree hath its flower.

IRENE H. LEWIS.

"GOD KEEP YOU CHEERFUL."

By
MARJORIE CHARNWOOD.

DOING a little shopping under the care of my guide dog Toto the other day, I met a young married friend of mine. Though totally blind, I could sense quite easily that Phyllis was not in a very good temper. Her "Good morning" was anything but cheerful.

"My dear Marjorie, I'm simply fed up," she said when I asked her what the matter was, and I waited for more, knowing that Phyllis's bouts of "fed-upness" were usually caused by trivialities. "My dear, that maid of mine's simply too dreadful for words. Oh, yes, I know I said last week that she was a splendid worker—she's excellent at her job when she likes to be, but really, the impudence she gives me is perfectly awful. If it weren't that maids are so difficult to get I'd give her notice to leave."

"Well, Phyllis, I think you're lucky to have a maid at all, and one who's so reliable, too. Just consider, you can go out shopping in the morning and leave the maid to cook the dinner. You can visit friends whenever you like and rely on her looking after the baby. It isn't many maids who'd be willing to act as cook and nursemaid in addition to doing ordinary duties."

"Oh, well," she grumbled, and changed the subject. "How remarkably that costume wears, Marjorie. This is the third season you've had it, isn't it? You do make your clothes last a long time. I'm expecting my new winter coat and—it's perfectly sickening!—they keep promising to send it and don't, and I've simply nothing to wear. All my clothes are like rags."

"The last time I met you," I answered severely, "you said you'd so many clothes that you didn't know which to wear first.

You ought to have something to grumble about! My sister Sylvia says you're always dressed in the latest fashion. She wishes she had half your wardrobe."

"Does she?" cried Phyllis, pleased that another girl should have been so complimentary. "Oh, but it is a problem, though, deciding what to put on. I have three engagements I might keep this afternoon and I really don't know which to go to. I wish people wouldn't invite me so often."

She sounded as if she meant it and yet I knew that she would have been even more full of grumbles if she had had no invitations.

"Well, here's my bus, so I must leave you. I promised to meet Mona in town for coffee, but really you know, Marjorie, she's an awful bore and so full of petty worries."

As Phyllis tripped up the bus step I wondered why she could not see that she, too, was full of petty worries. A healthy young housewife and mother with no money troubles, she ought to have felt that God had been good to her. So ought Mona, but such a consideration probably never occurred to them.

Before going home to lunch I called on another friend. I was told by the maid that Miss Betty was in bed. Poor girl, she was scarcely ever out of bed. She suffered from asthma and had a weak heart, yet she was always cheerful and never complained.

"Hello, Marjorie. I'm glad you've called," she began, and when Betty said a thing she meant it. "And how's the darling dog? Wagging her tail, she is, the good animal! You two are the very persons to whom I've been wishing to show my new brooches."

Betty attends an art school when her health permits, and this morning she showed me some charming jewellery which she was making. I could not see it, but I fingered each object and praised its workmanship, Betty describing the colours.

"I am so busy with all sorts of things, Marjorie. I'm preparing for the sale of work, you know. The Vicar's asked me to take charge of the handicraft stall—if I'm well enough, and if I'm not I can at least see that the stall is filled with goods for others to sell."

Between fits of coughing she told me a great deal about her preparations. I marvelled at the stock she had assembled, much of which she had made whilst in bed. Embroidery, painted wooden articles and toys, jewellery, and all kinds of fancy goods, firescreens, and pictures were to grace the handicraft stall.

"Do tell me where you've been lately with Toto," said Betty, because, unlike Phyllis, she can take an interest in other people's activities.

"Well, among other things, she's taken me to address several Girl Guide meetings on the fun of being blind and having a guide dog. I've also addressed young

people's classes in several parishes. I've been doing the shopping for Mother whilst we're maidless and running errands for her with Toto's aid."

"I think it's simply splendid," said Betty, "the way you get about with that dog. Yes, if anybody leads a full life, it's you. How's your knitting class at the Blind Institute going on?"

"Oh, it's fine, thanks. I've eight more pupils than I had last winter. That makes the number thirty, and it's such fun teaching."

When I had left her and was walking with Toto in the street I could not keep from philosophizing. Such people as Phyllis do not know what trouble is and yet they are always pitying themselves, while those with a heavy cross to bear behave as though it did not exist. Life is full of good things if you know how to look for them. Betty and I have our disabilities, but we have God to help us bear them. We don't enjoy our blindness or bad health, and if we could be rid of them we would, but, after all, God sees to it that life holds plenty of compensations. If Phyllis and Mona lived with us for a week they would discover them.



The Author waiting to cross the road with her guide dog, Toto.

OUR WEEKDAY PAGES FOR WOMEN WITH HOMES

Monday's Washing.

WHEN washing old fragile lace or delicate chiffon, put it into a glass jar or bottle, fill with warm soapy water, and shake vigorously. This will avoid any rubbing or pulling which might tear or stretch the delicate materials. (Mrs. C. HAMMERTON.)

IRONING LACE.—Cover the lace with white tissuepaper when ironing. This prevents the nasty shiny look often seen on lace that has been washed. (Miss B. CLARK.)

A FOLDING CLOTHES-PROP will keep clean indoors. Just cut the prop in two. On one side put a small hinge and on the opposite side a bolt. You can then fold it up. (Miss L. FAIRHURST.)

TO CLEAN A DIRTY RUBBER APRON.—Rub gently in a very soapy, lukewarm lather, rinse in clear water and hang out to drain. (Mrs. E. DAVIES.)

MACHINE-OIL STAINS.—If these have got on white material, rub with ammonia before washing. (Mrs. A. BURGOYNE.)

BLUE FOR CLOTHES.—To blue evenly, mix a little salt with the water. (Mrs. E. SMITH.)

To-day's Thought: When you shoot the arrow of truth dip the point in honey.

Tuesday's Sewing.

WOVEN NIGHTGOWNS.—Woven nighties are very warm for winter, but tall women often find them too short. They cannot be lengthened at the hem, but I solved the difficulty by inserting a piece of wincey to match, just under the armholes, as sketches. A piece of soft torchon lace at the join, top and bottom, made a neat finish and gave an empire effect which was really an improvement. I lengthened combs. in the same way, by using the best parts of worn-out garments. (Mrs. E. VINER.) (Fig. 1).

IF YOU BREAK THE KNOB OFF YOUR KNITTING-NEEDLE.—Melt a small piece of sealing-wax and mould it into a ball. Whilst it is still hot press it on to the end of the knitting needle and you have a new knob. (Mrs. S. WILSON.)

INVISIBLE DARNING.—Here is a way of darning any knitted garment quite invisibly. First of all run the wool backwards and forwards across the hole as you



would for ordinary darning, until you have the usual ladder effect. Now begin at the top and chainstitch down the row of cross-threads. The chain stitches look exactly like the knitting, and if your wool matches exactly, the darn will be quite unnoticeable. It is a particularly good way to darn elbows of jumpers. (Mrs. WADE.)

To-day's Thought: The fire cannot burn brightly till the ashes are raked out.—(E. MacRea.)

Wednesday's Nursing.

PARSLEY HONEY.—This is delicious eaten with bread and butter or as an accompaniment to cold meat. It is good also for invalids suffering from nervous complaints. Use fresh young parsley and wash it well. Fill jelly-pan with the leaves, add sufficient water scarcely to cover them. Bring to the boil and simmer gently for half an hour. Add the juice of one lemon to each pint of liquid in the pan, put in the lemon rinds. Strain through a jelly-bag. Measure, and to each pint of juice allow 1 lb. of lump sugar. Return to pan, boil until it sets when tested, and in about half an hour pour in small jars. (Mrs. G. LACK.)

TO CURE CORN, HARD SKIN AND Tired FEET.—Buy a pennyworth of methylated spirits, and four pennyworth of iodine, and mix well together. Apply night and morning with a brush or cotton wool to the affected parts. (Mrs. EVANS.)

SORE OR INFLAMED EYES.—A useful remedy for sore or inflamed eyes can be made by pouring a pint of boiling water over a dozen camomile flowers and a teaspoonful of boracic powder. Bathe the eyes with this as hot as can be borne. Don't bathe the eyes immediately before going into the open air. (A. BALLARD.)

SCALDS.—Vinegar dashed on a scald immediately takes out all the fire and prevents blistering. (Mrs. WELLS.)

A CERTAIN CURE FOR UNBROKEN CHILBLAINS.—Melt a little common soap and add paraffin oil to make a paste. Place on a piece of lint and tie on to chilblains for 24 hours. A piece of oilsilk over the lint will keep it moist and clean. This takes down swelling and allays irritation. Repeat if necessary. (Mrs. FFOLIOTT.)

To-day's Thought: Love is God's searchlight. It sheds a beam of brightness across life's darkest sky.

DAILY ENTERPRISE.

LET me be a little kinder, let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me; let me praise a little more;
Let me be, when I am weary, just a little bit more cheery;
Let me serve a little better those that I am striving for;
Let me be a little braver when temptation bids me waver;
Let me strive a little harder to be all that I should be;
Let me be a little meeker with the brother that is weaker;
Let me think more of my neighbour and a little less of me.



Fig. 1

Thursday's Cooking.

CHEAP FOOD COVERS.—When asbestos mats are done for, slightly open the rim and take out all the old asbestos; scrub ring and then cover with muslin. Sew it all round, but do not stretch covering too tight as then the cover can hang a very little over the basins. (Mrs. S. M. C.)

NUTMEG GRATERS.—These are usually difficult to clean. If, instead of washing, they are warmed in the oven for about 15 minutes after lemon-rind, cheese or other non-sugary ingredients have been grated upon them, the leavings will become dry and brush off easily. Use a dry, clean, fairly stiff brush. (Miss C. A. R. FLETCHER.)

TO PEEL TOMATOES.—Do not put them in hot water, which softens them. Hold the tomato in your left hand and rub it firmly all over with the back of a knife. This loosens the skin from the flesh, and it will peel cleanly and easily. (Mrs. PROCTOR.)

APPLE FRITTERS.—When making apple fritters, dip each slice of apple in a little flour before putting into the batter which will not then slip off so easily. (A READER.)

PUFF-BALL DOUGH NUTS.—Take 3 eggs, 1 cupful of sugar, 1 cupful of milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of vanilla flavouring, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, 2 cupfuls of flour, boiling lard. Beat the eggs and sugar together for 5 minutes, then add the milk and vanilla and mix well. Lastly, sift in the flour and baking-powder to make a stiff dough that the spoon will stand upright in. Have ready a pan of boiling lard, and drop a teaspoonful of dough in the lard while boiling. Fry until a nice brown, drain on white paper, and sprinkle with powdered sugar. (Miss A. RYDER.)

To-day's Thought: Learn to give good advice to yourself as well as to other people.

Friday's Household.

BURST PIPE IN HOUSE WATER-SYSTEM.—This can be stopped, by splitting down an old inner bicycle tube and cutting an inch and half strip out of tube. Bind round the pipe, stretching rubber as applied. Tie at end with string. This will hold for months, or till it can be mended. (R. V. BOURKE.) (Fig. 3).

ANTI-SPLASH FOR GAS-STOVE.—I bought three imitation enamelled tins with holes at each corner, which I joined with wire. I then put these in position to enclose side and top of my gas-stove, thus preventing the walls or ceiling getting splashed. The top forms a good clothes-airer. (Miss A. F. CHRISTMAS.)

PAINT OR ENAMEL.—Before using either to help beautify your home, stand the can (*be sure lid is secure*) in a pail of hot

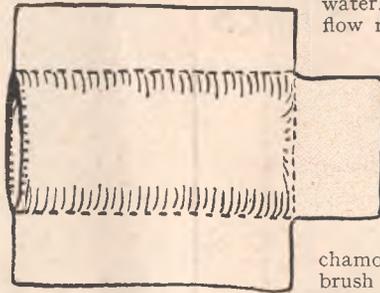


Fig. 2.

water. This causes the paint or enamel to flow more freely so that the work can be done more evenly. If any is left when work is finished, replace lid firmly and stand can wrong way up, which prevents film forming and thus saves waste. (Mrs. F. THOMAS.)

DOG'S HAIR ON FURNITURE.—An excellent way to remove dogs' or other animals' hairs from furniture or clothes, is slightly to damp chamois leather, roll into a pad, and gently brush the article with it. (Mrs. LEE.)

SAFETY.—To put fire out quickly before retiring to bed, rake coals to side of the grate, leaving a hole in the centre, and the fire will be out in a few minutes. (Miss F. E. KNIGHTS.)

To-day's Thought: There are no gains without growing pains.

Saturday's Children.

COT BLANKETS.—Before putting the new blankets on baby's bed, try making a case of washing material just the size of the cot or bed, then stitch a single piece on three sides to form flaps. If the blankets are folded into this all the warmth is over the child and the flaps tuck neatly and cosily. The blankets keep ever so clean this way and the cover can be changed as often as desired, thus saving washing blankets in bad weather especially. This is a foreign fashion and can be used for big beds as well as childrens'. (Mrs. N. HOLLINGTON.) (Fig. 2).

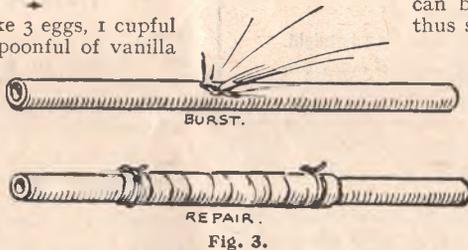


Fig. 3.

COLD IN THE HEAD.—When a child shows the first sign of a cold, it is an excellent plan to add a sprinkling of eucalyptus oil to the bath, at bedtime. I have found this gives quick relief, and often complete recovery. (Mrs. J. N. WILKES.)

ANGORA BONNETS.—To keep these spotless, rub lightly with starch powder and shake. (Mrs. M. S.)

TO LENGTHEN WINTER KNICKERS.—First unstitch the hems at the bottom of the legs of the knickers. Then get an old pair of stockings, the tops still being good and as near in colour as possible to the knickers. Cut off the welt end, leaving a little below the welt to use for a hem. Stitch the welt (top) end (which is about the same width as the knicker leg) together to the knicker leg and you will see how warm it will be. (Mrs. T. C.) (Fig. 4).

To-day's Thought: Without God man is all alone.—Thomas Hardy.

June Prize-winners.—Miss J. Harrison, Miss Thomas, Miss F. Wilkinson, Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. J. Richardson, Mrs. Southgate and Mrs. Rosse. Prizes were sent in July.

Monthly Prize Competition.

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



Fig. 4.

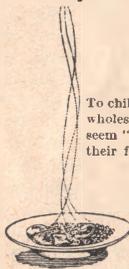
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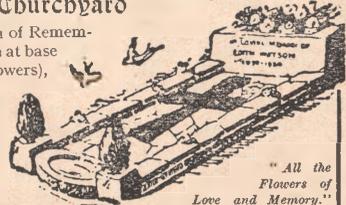
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P.454A

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will be sent to the Selby War Memorial Hospital. The Archdeacon of York will preach at 3.0 p.m. on October 15th.

Holy Baptism

Sept. 3—Kathleen Elizabeth Stones.

Sept. 3—Greta Mary Rockeliff.

	Collections			Envelopes			Total		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Aug. 13:	—			5	0		5	0	
20:	—			3	10		3	10	
27:	14	8		6	0	1	0	8	
Sept. 3:	8	10		6	6		15	4	
10:	7	4		3	6		10	10	
17:	7	6		14	3	1	1	9	
24:	7	0		—			7	0	
	£2	5	4	£1	19	1	£4	4	5

B. W. CROWE.

THORCANBY

Altar Flowers

The following have very kindly promised to supply and arrange for:—October 1st, Miss A. McNeil; 8th, Mrs. Thomas; 15th, Miss H. McNeil; 22nd, Mrs. Thomas; 29th, Mrs. J. A. Dunnington Jefferson; Nov. 5th, Mrs. J. A. Dunnington Jefferson.

Harvest Thanksgiving Services

Sunday, Oct. 8th, 1939.—Holy Communion, 8 a.m. and 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 2 p.m.; Evensong at 3 p.m.

A donation from the offerings will be sent as in former years to the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Society. Under normal conditions the Church Council has usually sent the whole of the offerings at the week-night service offerings. This year no week-night service can be held and it is hoped that all will give as generously as possible to the thank-

offerings for the blessings of harvest. I am endeavouring to secure a special preacher but the difficulties are great under present conditions.

Owing to the difficulty of screening the windows we have decided to have Evensong at 3 p.m. instead of 7 p.m. on alternate Sundays. During the present month, Evensong will be at 3 p.m. on the 8th and the 22nd, and at Stillingfleet on the 1st and the 15th. No change has been made in either the time of Sunday School or the usual morning services.

We should be grateful for flowers, fruit and vegetables for the decoration of the church on Oct. 8th, and also for assistance in the work of decorating. It would be most helpful if the work could be completed as early as possible to allow for tidying the church in readiness for the services. The gifts will be sent to York County Hospital.

	Collections			Envelopes			Total		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Aug. 27:	14	11		11	6	1	6	5	
Sept. 3:	6	11		9	1		16	0	
10:	11	4		4	4		15	8	
17:	14	0		7	3	1	1	3	
24:	9	7		10	11	1	0	6	
	£2	16	9	£2	3	1	£4	19	10

4/1 has been given towards the Diocesan Quota and is included in the above £2 3s. 1d.

B. W. CROWE.

WHELDRAKE

My Dear Friends,

Our Lord Jesus, at one of the greatest moments of crisis in the lives of the Disciples, uttered some words of comfort that seem to be specially applicable today: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be fearful," St. John, 14, 27. We must all be prepared to admit that the world situation is one that has brought a "crisis" into the lives of many

people, and with it some thought of anxiety about the future.

But our future is not in the hands of Hitler, it is in the hands of God, and it was God's Son who said, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be fearful."

It is helpful to remember that the Creation which God made and controls still continues to function; but man, to whom God has given a will to choose, is responsible for the present upheaval through exercising his choice in the wrong direction.

What has happened in Europe is a large scale example of what may happen in the life of any private individual if he makes the same choice; for the exercise of selfishness always places a man at "war" with all decently minded people.

As a result of the changed conditions, our Week-night Harvest service had to be cancelled, and our Sunday Evening Service will in future be at 3 o'clock until further notice. It may be that our village life will become more of a family life, and while some of our usual habits will have to be changed, I venture to hope that any meetings which may be arranged will be well attended.

After twenty-two years of very faithful service, Mrs. Myers retired from her post of Infants' Teacher at the end of August. Possessed of a wonderful ability to bring the most out of every child, Mrs. Myers occupied a large place in the mind and affections of the children, and it is a great pleasure to know that in the future the Sunday School will have the

benefit of her long experience in the Infants' Department. Mrs. Myers has received a very warm letter of appreciation from the Secretary of the East Riding Education Authority, and I hope we shall have the opportunity in the near future of presenting her with some token of our gratitude and esteem.

In addition to the duties associated with her school life, Mrs. Myers has been the Librarian for many years and has also held the office of Secretary and Treasurer to the York Hospital Voluntary Contribution Scheme since its inception in 1933. As a result of her efforts in this direction, the sum of £299 2s. 5d. has been paid to the Hospital Treasurer.

First Aid classes are held at the Rectory on Wednesdays; at 3 p.m. for ladies and 7 p.m. for gentlemen.

The Choral Society recommences its activities on Thursday, Oct. 5th, at 7.30 p.m. in the Women's Institute. New members will be warmly welcomed.

The Men's Fellowship this winter will meet on the 2nd and 4th Mondays in the month at 8 p.m.

Your sincere friend and Rector,

ARNOLD SPEAK.

Marriages

- Aug. 5—Dick Harriman and Maud Bristow.
Sept. 2—Ernest Handley Beilby and Evelyn Grace Riley.
23—William Myers and Phyllis Bell.

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