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OCTOBER, 1956

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The Rev. A. W. J. BURTON, M.A., 93 Rasen Lane
The Rev. J. H. C. LAURENCE, B.A., 62 Mount Street, (Tel. 10100)

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Churchwardens : Mr. O. C. RHODES, 77 Nettleham Road ; Mr. F. J. BIRKBECK, 3 Stonefield Av.; (*Deputy*) Mr. N. MACALISTER-SMITH, 5 Byford Ave.
Organist : Mr. A. MADDISON, 1 Bruce Road. *Verger* : Mrs. GRAY, 7 Spital St.

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Churchwardens : Mr. J. E. LOUND, 35 Gray Street ; Mr. L. E. TOWNSEND, 24 Mount Street ; (*Deputy*) Mr. P. PARKINSON, 17 Thorpe Avenue.
Organist : Mr. S. A. MOON, 161 West Parade. *Verger* : Mr. E. RUSSELL, 110

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R.D. Conf. Repts. : Mr. RHODES, Mr. BROWNLOW, Mrs. WOODWARD,

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District Nurse : Mrs. ATTARD, 220 West Parade. Tel. 1029

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Mr. E. JACKSON, High Trees, Grange Road, (Hon. Treas.)

Organist : Mrs. BOB BOWLER

SUNDAY SERVICES

St. Nicholas : 9-15 a.m. The Communion. 6-30 p.m. Evensong. H.C. also at 12 noon (1st Sunday) and at 8 a.m. (3rd & 5th Sundays in month).

St. Matthias : 9-0 a.m. Parish Communion ; 6-30 p.m. Evensong.
(On 1st Sunday of month also 8 a.m. H.C. and 11 a.m. Matins).

St. John : 9-15 a.m. Parish Communion ; 6-30 p.m. Evensong

St. Mary : 1st & 3rd. Sundays : Matins 11 a.m. 2nd, 4th, & 5th H.C. 8 a.m.

For Sunday Schools please see inside.

For Weekday Services please see Church Notice Boards

All Baptisms, Churchings, Banns, etc. by arrangement with the CLERGY.

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25th September, 1956.

My dear people,

This has been one of those years with a brilliant May which, I become more and more convinced, presages a bad summer (wet Mays seem to be followed by hot summers). 1956 had a May of heat-waves—temperatures in the 80's, do you remember?—and drought. Well, it has this to be said for it, that being stunted during their early days the corn crops grow shorter straw so that they stand up better to the winds and deluges that follow. In spite of this much is flattened, and the agricultural chemists are trying hard to breed shorter-stemmed cereals.

This is in accord with mankind's present trend—so much more intensive than in former ages—of trying to "improve on" Nature by lessening every foreseeable risk.

This is no doubt all right because God surely encourages us to worship Him with our whole nature—with our minds as well as hearts, souls and bodies. After all He generally points the way—as in the hint dropped about the frequent virtue of shorter straw.

What is alarming is when mankind appears to ignore God and forget that He has anything to do with their wonderful, if usually painful, researches. But, you know, I think this is more often apparent than real. Certainly farmers and seamen are classes that have a very keen awareness of God in Nature. Scientists can only follow where God's facts lead them. And airmen in the clear, deep and frozen blue above the clouds experience, like mountaineers, a profoundly moving sense of freedom from the noise and contaminations of earth. Each one of us should seek our own way of glimpsing the heaven from which Adam by transgression fell.

Yours very sincerely,

W. T. ARMSTRONG.

HARVEST FESTIVALS

Services of Thanksgiving for the blessings of Harvest will be held in St. Nicholas, St. Matthias and St. John at the usual Sunday times on 7th October. At Riseholme the Festival will be kept on 14th October, with Holy Communion at 8 a.m.

and Evensong at 6.30 p.m. The Parochial clergy will be in their own churches and in their own pulpits.

The faithful look forward to a visiting preacher at Harvest time, but they must bear with their own man about once every three years so that he has a chance of speaking to those who confront him at practically no other time—and so that *they* can see and hear *him*.

Gifts of fruit, flowers, vegetables and other things that are suitable to the occasion may be left in the churches from the Friday evening beforehand. St. Matthias are holding a Harvest Supper in the Blenkin Hall on Friday, 5th October, at 8 p.m. The actual decorating at St. Nicholas will be done at 6.30 p.m. on Saturday, 6th October. "All hands on deck" will be the welcoming cry and you are also invited to join in saying Evensong at 6 p.m. beforehand.

S. NICHOLAS FAIR

Saturday, 1st December, 1956

Note the date and arrange to visit the Fair please on December 1st, as we hope to provide a wide variety of goods for sale, serve you with tea and this year, give a concert at 7 p.m. Father Christmas is again booked to call at 3.15 p.m.; and we shall welcome St. Mary's, Riseholme with their miscellaneous stall. The evening's entertainment is likely to be half an hour of variety, a refreshments interval, and a one-act play.

Mrs. Woodward, 16 Good Lane, is in charge of the Savings Club and has tickets ready now. This is a grand idea and is recommended as an easy way of building up spending money for the day and is such a help financially to the organisers. Do join the Savings Club.

Programmes (6d.) will be on sale nearer the date and full particulars of the stalls etc., will appear in the November magazine. If you are not "lined-up" to help in any way and can do something or have suggestions to make, do let us know, please.

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S. MATTHIAS MATTERS

Friday night is S. Matthias Night at the Blenkin Hall, 8 p.m.

Programme for October :—

- 5th—Harvest Supper.
- 12th—Beetle Drive, run by Men's Fellowship.
- 19th—Two plays by the Lincoln B. and P. Drama Group.
- 26th—Talk by Mr. J. Cochrane.

Also on 26th October we shall be opening the S. Matthias Junior Club. It is for St. Matthias boys and girls aged between 11 and 15 years, and will meet weekly at the Blenkin Hall, on Fridays from 6.30—7.30 p.m. Subscriptions, 1d. per head per night, and 3d. to join in first place.

S. JOHN'S

The S. John's Fellowship meets every **Wednesday** night at 7.30 p.m.

Programme for October :—

- 3rd—Film Show.
- 10th—Mr. J. Cochrane, "Small Beginnings."
- 17th—Canon Tom Pugh, Senior Chaplain, Butlin's Holiday Camps.
- 31st—Hallowe'en Party.

The St. John Youth Fellowship will meet, instead of on Fridays, on Sunday Evenings at 7.45 p.m. It is open to boys and girls between 13 and 18 years of age.

On Friday, 5th October, there will be a Whist Drive, and then every fortnight until further notice.

ON READING THE NEW TESTAMENT

In our churches in this Parish we are not averse, on occasion, to the lessons being read from other than the Authorised or Revised Versions of the Bible. There are several modern translations. Perhaps the most fascinating is that of the Rev. J. B. Phillips, successively Vicar (since he started this work) of churches in London, Redhill and Swanage.



OPEN YOUR WINDOW

In the silence of the village
Or the hubbub of the town,
If you overlook the moorland
Where the road runs up and down,
Or where streets are never silent
With the throb of bus and car,
Throw open wide your window
To the sunshine or the star.

○ ○ ○

The sun is painting pictures,
The stars are singing songs.
Why worry over dark clouds
Or threat of ugly wrongs?
Let the glory of creation
Shine through every tiny pane,
Throw open wide your window,
Shout "Good morning" once again.

H. T. INGRAM

GIVING TO GOD

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON W. P. HARES

THE Panjab is most decidedly not a Welfare State, and the village Christians are all very poor in this world's goods. Most of the men are farm labourers, who hire themselves out yearly to Muhammadan, Hindu, and Sikh farmers who own the land. They are not paid in cash, but at the end of each harvest—wheat, maize, cotton, rice—they get a share of whatever has been reaped.

All the advances of wheat and other food that they have received in the past year from the farmer and the *bania*, the village shopkeeper, have now to be paid. The interest charged on these loans is most exorbitant; for every rupee, i.e. 1s. 4d. loaned, the borrower has to pay 1½d. for every month. Work that little sum out, and you will find that the poor chap has to pay 1s. 3d. for every 1s. 4d. he has borrowed; pretty stiff, isn't it? Those

repayments take a big slice of the man's wage; and what is left is very soon spent on some clothes for himself, wife, and children, and on salt and oil, and, not very frequently, a little meat as a great treat. Within a month or two all has been spent, and the man has again to ask for an advance.

The share of the crop given as a wage is small enough, goodness knows. Take the cotton harvest gathered by the women; she is out in the blazing sun most of the day, and towards evening brings in all she has picked to the owner of the crop. This is divided up into sixteen, or sometimes twelve parts, of which the woman gets *one* part. When this is handed over to the *bania*, he will give her 3d. or 4d. for it; not much for a day's work in burning heat.

No, there is not much left for the

coming year, when all the debts have been paid, but the Christians must have their harvest thanksgiving service; they must have an opportunity to give something to God for another harvest "safely gathered in," and during July, August, and September, the hottest months in the Panjab, the clergy and lay pastors have a very busy time holding thanksgiving services. Now that there is a little leisure, and some money in hand, there is also a rush of weddings. Every Sunday in the two or three months after the harvest I used to read 20-24 banns of marriage in the church, and all these people have to be married!

One July, in addition to the weddings, I held forty harvest thanksgiving services in different villages. They were indeed very happy occasions. The service is nearly always held in the open air, so that everyone may be present. Hymns are sung, prayers and thanksgivings for the harvest offered, followed by an address. Then come the offerings; each head of a household brings the wheat or maize, tied up in a bundle of cloth and, putting his hand on the offering, says very reverently, "Lord, accept my thankoffering," and then pours it out on the steadily growing heap of corn.

At Shamsherpur I was conducting the service, and an old woman came up with a plateful of wheat, and was about to throw it on the heap, when I stopped her, and said, "Mother, you must offer it to God first; put your hand on it, and say, 'Lord, accept my thankoffering'; then add it to the heap. You are giving it to God." This she did, repeating the words after me, and went off to her house. Ten minutes later she came staggering back, carrying a large trayful of wheat, which she brought to me. "Mother, what does this mean?" I asked, and she replied, "Padri Sahib, when you made me put my hand on the plateful of wheat, and say, 'Lord, accept my offering' [Tan buri sharm mainun ai] a great shame came to me, that I was offering such a small gift to God; so I went home, and have brought this trayful, which I want to give as my offering."

We have tried to teach them that

they are giving, not to the Mission, not to the padri, but to God. They, many of them, feel that it is a real *privilege*, that, poor as they are, they are able to give God something.

Besides the harvest thanksgiving services, many of the Christians have in their homes a large earthenware pot, on which is painted a cross, and the words '*Khuda da bhanda*,' i.e. 'the vessel of God.' When the wife is cooking the meal for the family, she takes a handful of the flour, and puts it into the pot, with a little prayer for her Church, her padri, and for her family. Several hundred families are doing that daily. When the *bhanda* is full, it is brought into the church, and during the service the flour is offered to God. It is amazing what all these little gifts mount up to.

During the cotton harvest the women, scores of them, give the proceeds of one day's picking to God. One year, when the Metropolitan, the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, visited us, he was delighted to offer the thanksgiving prayer over three huge piles of cotton, brought in by the women to the three centres which the Metropolitan visited to meet his people, and to hold services for them.

I believe that if all we English Christians realised, as so many of the Panjabi village Christians do, that it is a great and wonderful *privilege* to be allowed to give something to God from our weekly or monthly pay-packet, there would be a remarkable increase in the annual amount of the Church's contributions for religious work.

I AM NOT WORTHY

I am not worthy, Lord, yet come
And of Thy mercy, bear with me,
That my deep love may give me some
Small part in Thy divinity.

I am not worthy, but my need
Is great, my heart is weak with
fear—

O come and I shall know indeed
How life can change when Thou art
near.

BEATRICE CHURCH.



A Bridge from Baptism to Confirmation

BY KATHLEEN ROY

THE calling of banns is associated primarily with forthcoming marriages, but at the Church of St. Wilfrid in Halton, near Leeds, it is not only weddings which are so heralded. There, banns are also called for baptism, and four definite dates are set apart every year in the church's life for babies to be baptized publicly, the congregations then joining the priest and the godparents as the "we" who "receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock." In this way, each new infant member of the family of St. Wilfrid's becomes not only the responsibility of the godparents, but also that of every other member of this Christian fellowship.

But Canon Ernest Southcott, coming to Halton in 1944, soon began to realise that although parents liked to have their babies baptized, they were not always aware of the significance of baptism. Most of them did not even attend their parish church, although some confessed that they "used to go, once," and, in fact, that they had been confirmed. How was he to teach them the meaning and

importance of baptism, he wondered. He started by visiting parents and godparents prior to a baby's baptism. He and his assistant clergy tried to explain that baptism was but the beginning, confirmation its logical conclusion, just as a bridge—one leads to the other. As indeed it would be crazy to suppose that a child, after being born, can live without eating, so, if one is to know the real fullness of life here on earth, one has continual need of that spiritual meal which was instituted by Christ Himself.

It was no easy task that the vicar and his curates had set themselves. They were not out to do a "stunt," but to work without cessation to try to teach their people what Christianity really means in terms of daily living, that even the dullest job can be satisfying if it is a job done for Christ, honestly and well, and that Christian fellowship really is a living force if one realises that it is truly more blessed to give than to receive, whether it be a gift, a friendly word, a helpful action, or even just a smile.

(Continued on page 157)

Church News and Views



Zodiac Font

OUTSIDE Brookland Church, Kent, can be found the steeple set up on the ground! Inside can be found this curious and ancient lead font. It is Norman and dates back to the 13th century. On the upper tier can be seen the signs of the Zodiac: Pisces, Taurus, etc. And on the lower tier under each month are depicted the occupations of that month. Any child christened there to-day would be baptised over all the signs of the Zodiac!—MRS. LEACH-LEWIS.

Lord Nuffield's Start

THE Vicar of Cowley, the Rev. A. G. Whye, looking into the back numbers of his Parish Magazine for the late nineties, has discovered that William Richard Morris, shortly after confirmation by the Bishop of Oxford, won the Bishop's Prize for Religious Knowledge at Cowley St. James School. In the same year he gave the opening item at a Band of Hope concert, a violin solo, "Beautiful Star."—F. F. SMITH.

The Sexton's Robin

MANY years ago I came across a remarkable bird-lover in a Hampshire churchyard. He was the sexton who had trained a robin to come when called and take little scraps of cheese from his lips. I wonder if he has any rivals to-day among ornithologists.—H. J. WISE.

*. In addition to six five-shilling prizes each month for Church News with photographs, we award six 2s. 6d. prizes for paragraphs only. Address: The Editor, 11, Ludgate Sq., E.C.4.

Penny Plain

LEAD FONTS are rare, and Penn Church, Buckinghamshire, has an example which is unique among such rarities. It is said to be the only perfectly plain one in the whole of Britain. It is mounted on a massive cylindrical stone base, which is similarly without carvings or inscriptions. In the nave of this church lies a son of Thomas Penn, who is described as "proprietor" of Pennsylvania. The edifice also has memories of Queen Anne, she having been a frequent visitor. A beadle's staff which she gave is still preserved.—A. NETTLETON.



Penny Plain



A Watch Hut

Returned At Last

A 230-YEAR-OLD mystery connected with Watford Parish Church has been solved—thanks to a schoolboy. Some miles from Watford, in Hinxworth Rectory, the rector discovered an ancient brass in the bottom of a cupboard. The brass commemorated John atte Welle, and his wife Alice, who died in the 15th century. As the rector could not trace the name Atwell locally, he placed the brass by a wall in Hinxworth Church. There it was seen by the schoolboy, while pursuing his hobby of studying church brasses. The lad then discovered, and the rector agreed, that the old brass had disappeared since 1720 from Watford Parish Church. It has now been handed back.—W. RICHARDSON.

Felt Well!

THE Vicar of Sawston, Cambridgeshire, has introduced crossword puzzles into his parish to augment funds. The parishes of the Diocese are set for definition—thus "Was in good health" stood for "Feltwell."—F. F. SMITH.

So Friendly

IT has been said that incumbents found All Saints, Cockermouth, so friendly that they stayed on "for ever"! In a span of 146 years three vicars have held the living for 130 years thereof. Edward Fawcett for 56, W. H. Parker for 54, and R. W. Crook for 20 years.—W. GORLEY.

Great-grandmother

SMILING little Melody Anne, aged three, poses for her picture with great-grandmother aged eighty-six. In the background is the ancient church of Hawkesbury.—H. E. PURNICK.

Two Watch Huts

AT each end of Warblington Churchyard, close to the shores of Chichester Harbour, are two small flint buildings. They are reminders of those grim days when a watch was mounted in churchyards to guard against body-snatchers, for they were built as shelters from which the watchmen could keep a look-out. Visitors should note an immense and really ancient yew tree and a fine porch said to have been built from ship's timbers.—N. M. WOODALL.

The Candle of God

IN a remote Irish church in County Wicklow, that of Manor Kilbride set in the wild beauty of one of the loveliest Irish counties, are two small memorial windows, one of which bears this inscription: "16th October 1555 died at the stake in Oxford my mother's ancestor, Bishop Ridley and his friend, Bishop Latimer." The other window adds: "In thankfulness that God still keeps burning the candle lit in England by His Grace in 1555."—MRS. SULLIVAN.



Melody and Great Grandma



PEOPLE WE CAN'T FORGET

With God and an old Umbrella

BY GRACE GORDON

THE girl sat by the old woman's fireside, and looked into those fine old eyes. Hazel eyes, beneath very rugged brows; eyes that held thought and great kindness in their depths; eyes that could flash with righteous anger, too, at times. And as they sat together, the girl remembered many a tale told in the village, of the old woman's fine, independent character, her early struggles with poverty, her many good deeds among the neighbours. "*Phoebe our sister . . . for she hath been a succourer of many,*" thought the girl. Aloud she said, "You must have had an interesting life, Mrs. Hodgin." The hazel eyes flashed, and there was a touch of indignation in the quick reply. "Nay, I've had a *hard* life." The girl felt slightly rebuked, yet she persisted—"Tell me something about your life," she begged.

And this was the tale the old woman told that day.

It was when she was still a youngish widow. Several children had gone out into the world (young enough, no doubt, in those days) to earn their living. But there was one boy still at home. People had tried to persuade her to accept "Parish relief" for him, if not for herself. She refused. "It was a poor hen," she said, "that couldn't scrat for one chick." And with hard work she "scratted", and brought up her remaining chick, cheerfully denying herself to feed and clothe him and to pay the few pence then required weekly for his schooling. (She did not tell the girl this, however; it was just one of the well-known stories about her.)

Well, one day she was to go out to do the washing at a house the other side of the river, a house less than a mile away as the crow flies, but four or five if she went round by Langwathby Bridge. The Squire's game-keeper was a good friend to her, and that day (as he often did) he put her

across the river in his boat. "Be down here at such a time," he said, as they reached the further bank, "and I'll row you back." Gratefully she assented. "But don't be a minute late," he called after her, "for I shall not be able to wait."

Arrived at her employer's house, Mrs. Hodgkin found work indeed awaiting her. What a pile of washing—sheets and all—mangling and ironing (and no modern gadgets in those days) awaited her. Much too conscientious to scamp any of it, she got through at last. But alas, it was getting late in the afternoon, and as she plodded down to the river side once more her heart misgave her lest she should miss the keeper and his boat. Arrived there she found her fears well grounded. No boat, not a soul in sight. She waited. Still no sign. She knew he must have come (for he was a man of his word) and gone away again.

What was to be done? Mrs. Hodgkin was very tired, and her heart sank at the thought of that long and weary walk round by the bridge. And her boy would be in very soon, wanting the meal which she had never yet failed to have ready for him. How could she fail him now?

She gazed at the river and considered. It happened that it was fairly low (the Eden is very uncertain, quickly fills and as quickly falls). She walked a little way along the bank till she came to a spot where she knew was an ancient ford. It was a difficult and dangerous crossing though, for any but a strong man and one used to negotiate the depths and shallows of the river's uneven bed. And Mrs. Hodgkin was a little woman and weary, and had never crossed it in her life. However, she thought to herself, "God's good, and I have me old umbrella," and with that she plunged in.

With her old umbrella she carefully felt her way. Somehow she managed to avoid the unseen holes which constituted the worst danger. Somehow she waded, often waist deep (for remember how little she was), through the current which was by no means feeble. Somehow, at long last, she

reached the opposite bank. And somehow too, wet, weary but triumphant, she reached her home. She was satisfied. His tea was ready for her Benjamin as usual that day.

The girl had listened in silence, and there was a pause after the simple little tale was told before she asked: "But weren't you frightened, Mrs. Hodgkin? It must have been a terrifying experience, alone as you were?" Once more came the flash from those hazel eyes. Once more there was a slight, very slight rebuke in the old woman's voice. "Nay," she said, "I was thinking God's good, and I had me old umbrella."

And after forty years every word of that story, and the look in those old eyes, and the tone of the firm old voice are as clear in the heart and mind of that girl as when the two sat together by the side of the cottage fire that day. The girl is an old woman herself now, and Mrs. Hodgkin died, of course, long ago.

"Thank you, Phoebe our sister!" thinks the old woman who was once that girl. "The memory of your unshakeable faith and courage has helped me, in turn, in many a dark hour. My children, too, never tired of hearing your story. When things seemed to go wrong, one of us would always say 'Remember, Phoebe'."

A MODERN RINGER'S RULE

Found in Lanreath Church, Cornwall.

All Hoskin is our treble man
He sings so bold and clear.
Fred Hoskin is our second man,
He all our hearts doth cheer.
Frank Collings is the third man,
He rings without a dot,
Dick Harris is the fourth man,
He always crowns the lot.
Frank Harris is the fifth man
A bell which few can ring.
Bill Keast he pulls the tenor round,
As merrily they swing.

I can't give credit as I don't know
who wrote the rhyme.—MRS. JOLLY.



Photo by

Wild Harvest

L. Smith

Weekday Pages FOR WOMEN with Homes

Conducted by
Miss E. M. HARDING

* * * If you know of a good hint for our household pages, send it to the Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4. We offer six 5s. prizes every month.

Monday's Washing

Stitch in Time.—Remembering that "a stitch in time saves nine," I turn to advantage the job of doing my own ironing. Ironing a garment is a splendid opportunity for looking for those weak places, missing buttons, slight tears or holes. I place each garment needing any attention in a pile by itself and that pile must not be put away until the repairs have been done. In this way I never find unexpected things to be done to the clothes just at an inconvenient time and everything is kept in good repair.—Miss E. G. MILLS.

Easy to wash.—The advantages of loose covers for household furniture are well-known. Now chairs are being made with covers which can be unbuttoned and taken off for washing. After they are dry once more they can be quickly buttoned on.—Miss E. M. HARDING.

Ironing.—Fold silk undershirts from side to side and iron them in this way. You will find that so doing will not leave that dip in the front of the bottom of the skirt.—Mrs. A. BROWNING.

Apron.—When hanging out starched aprons, run your fingers down string: this saves time when ironing.—Mrs. A. KEALE.

Lasts cleaner.—I dip the collar and cuffs of my boys' collar-attached shirts in the starch. I find it lasts clean days longer. They used to have clean shirts every other day just because the collars were crumpled. Now I find two a week keep them going and so "dab" washing in the week.—Mrs. D. WILKINSON.

Tuesday's Sewing

Cardigans.—Worn in the house, these often suffer from stretched cuffs due to the sleeves being pushed up while washing up, etc. Leave about 5 inches of the sleeve seam open and affix press-studs or buttons; when these are unfastened the sleeves may be turned up without damage.—Miss J. QUICK.

Plastic belt.—The belts and waistbands of skirts and dresses are often unstiffened, and crumpling up gives a very untidy appearance. A simple remedy is this: Take an old plastic belt, slightly narrower than the waistband, and cut it to waist length. Unpick a short distance down one end of the waistband and thread the length of plastic belt through into the waistband. This gives a very smart finish to any skirt or dress and the stiffening will not wash out.—Miss FULLAWAY.

When reading in bed, to keep the wide sleeves of a sleeping jacket down, make a loop of ribbon about 4 or 5 inches to pass over the thumb, or crochet length in wool.—E. E.

Boys are always losing their garters and letting their stockings slip down. To prevent this, knit a line of eyelet holes under the turn-down by bringing the wool forward and knitting two stitches together. Make the holes about the fourth line after the turn-down. Thread elastic through the holes and the garters can't get lost!—Miss F. GAWTHROPS.

Wednesday's Nursing

Eat liver, raisins and black treacle for iron; apples for potassium; milk for

calcium; and dull hair will become lustrous and complexion clear. This will not happen all at once, but in process of time perseverance will be rewarded.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Corns.—People who suffer with corns will find relief if they do what I do: finger stalls from white kid, chamois or cotton gloves put on over the toe, which prevents rubbing, and so takes away all discomfort of the corn.—MISS A. M. BOZZEK.

For the hands.—Mix together equal parts of glycerine, surgical spirit and milk; shake well and keep handy near sink, and apply a little after washing hands. This will keep them soft and free from chaps.—MRS. E. GRANT.

Fumigation.—If you are going to do this work yourself after an illness, remove metal articles from the room. Then seal up the cracks, not forgetting the keyholes and fireplace. Stand a sulphur cone in a saucer of water on an old metal tray. Keep it away from anything inflammable. Then light the sulphur cone and leave undisturbed for 24 hours.—MISS P. WALLER.

Thursday's Cooking

Brisket.—Bone and roll 3—4 lb. brisket. Put meat, bone, small onion and saltspoonful of salt in Pyrex casserole with $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. boiling water. Cook in cool oven 6—8 hrs. gas No. 2. When very tender put meat in smaller casserole. Skin off fat, add 1 tablespoon gelatine to liquid, stir till dissolved. Add a little to meat, turn lid upside down, press with a weight. Turn out when cold. Put rest of jelly in small basin to set. Then try to stop the family asking for third helpings! —MRS. D. M. HETHAM.

Starting early.—When I cook cakes and toffee I put the recipe in a bulldog clip and hang it on the wall on a cup-hook. Mummy used to leave her recipe on the table where it might get sticky. —SUSAN TAYLOR (aged 7)

Cheese.—The next time you need a small quantity of grated cheese, try using a potato peeler which is easier to use and wash up. —MRS. L. M. THOMPSTONE.

Friday's Household

Care of Nylons.—Now that so many nylon garments are worn, one

finds the inside of the linen basket apt to pull threads. Why not stitch an old pillow case into the basket, which makes it quite safe.—MISS O. R. DIMOND.

To clean felt hats.—When your pastel-shade felt hat becomes soiled, take a crust of stale brown bread and rub well over the hat with a circular motion. This will remove most of the dirt.—MRS. M. ARMITAGE.

Tops.—When the soles of Wellington boots are worn out, cut the tops off and put over boots or shoes as gaiters—very useful when walking through wet grass, etc.—MRS. G. CHANDLER.

To prevent whitening coming off canvas shoes, mix the Blacox with milk instead of water.—MISS D. C. PASCOE.

Saturday's Children

Gloves.—To prevent children losing their gloves, take a length of tape and sew one glove to each end. Pass one glove down each sleeve of the coat. The gloves can then be pulled on or off without fear of losing them, and can be easily removed for washing or insertion into another coat.—MRS. SHEPWOOD.

Warm Milk.—To make good use of a baby's woolly cardigan sleeve when it is shrunk beyond wear, take it out and use it to slip on baby's feeding bottle; it keeps the milk warm till the last drop in cold weather.—MRS. M. FRANKLIN.

Leggings.—The sleeves of an old jumper taken out (and seamed as for trousers) make a lovely warm pair of leggings for a small child. (Add thread elastic at waist.) —MRS. LAUNGBURY.



Photo by

Who shaves his head starts a friendship

FRANK EVANS

THE HEALER

By HOOLE JACKSON

Chapter IV

ON an evening of a day golden with sunlight, the scene smoked by autumnal mists, a lone figure standing on the dark crest of Wolf Tor was silhouetted against the dying brightness of the sky. Richard was taking his farewell of the Moor, before going down to his evening meal with Tazie at the farm.

Mingled thoughts interwove as they slid through the loom of his brain. Tazie! Every instinct within him clamoured to declare his love before he rejoined his regiment. Yet how could he offer himself to a woman who had redeemed his farm and settled every old debt, before he had shown that he was worthy of this legacy of her work and devotion? And that could be only when he returned and proved himself a changed man and competent farmer.

The time for his return, if he was spared, could not be long delayed. The war was marching to its end with an inevitability which had the power of a great Greek tragedy in the awesome closing of the ring of steel around the doomed enemy. God's hand was revealed now, in a manner only the few with vision foresaw so long a time before, when Britain alone blocked the seemingly overwhelming forces of evil from sweeping over the world.

No, he would wait, and the woman was worthy the waiting. If she chose Harry, then there would be the Moor and his farm to absorb and comfort him. Perhaps he alone realized how transformed by fires of war and noble comrades was his once careless spirit. At the chosen time the prison-house of the Continent would be broken open by the amazing hosts gathering in the ancient Island Home, or else evil would have prevailed.

There was little wind. Moor mist took the cottage smoke from far stacks to weave into its texture. The darkness came quickly as Richard descended, his mind made up. He took a moor-path that would take him by the Vicarage on his way to Wolf Tor Farm.

"Just called to shake hands and have your blessing before I go, Mr. Armstrong," he told Luke. "You can guess why they chose an experienced division and sent us home from Africa. Everyone knows what's coming, but not when or how. If anything happens to me, would you let Miss Caudish have this letter?"

Luke took it and locked it in his bureau. For the moment he only nodded and gave Richard a grip on the shoulder. He had cheered men going into battle long ago, and in his memory was an evening scene by the stream in Krithia Nulla, with the Gallipoli bullfrogs croaking, and occasional bursts of machine-gun fire punctuating the words he spoke so slowly to the men who had changed, in a few months of bitter fighting, from eager-eyed boys to grim veterans.

Richard went with him into the old church which stood so broad-based and firm below its squat, sturdy tower of granite. The elms that bowered it were filled with rooks settling to roost; the evergreens formed a dark frame; and the interior was almost stark in its plain simplicity, as had been those of all the Moor churches until restoration embellished many of them.

Richard's mood was in tune with this noble starkness. When he emerged with Luke, the vicar walked a little way with him along the moorland road. There was little to say that would not seem anti-climax. The Moor and its evening silence were eloquent enough, and Luke, as he shook hands, said: "It's worth fighting

for, Richard, this and all it stands for—and our way of life, I suppose—as an old soldier, if you'll allow that a padre is that—I daren't ask you when zero hour will be?"

"No, and if you did, none of us knows," Richard replied. "We're here to be rested, and then we'll be trained for our next task. We've been hand-picked for it; so you may guess the rest."

They parted, and the next day Richard was gone, leaving Wolf Tor Farm with a sense of loss.

"Bain't no sense to it," grumbled Benny to Susan. "Fair sick with love for each other, and away he goes with a kiss same as a man's sister might give he. Tan't human."

"And her crying her eyes out so soon as his taxi rounded the rocks," answered Susan. "Might drive the poor maid clean into Harry Dester's arms, and they ready and waiting, so to speak."

"Het'll have the man she do love or none," Benny asserted. "Harry Dester be well enough in his way, but he haven't the deeps in he same as Richard Rowell. Not gone the man has, and when us'll see he next no man dare say."

"They'm saying as how young Harry be getting worsen instead of better," Susan told her husband. "I wished I knowed what Mistress be doin' of. There'm something going on between she and Squire, sure enough; but Doctor Croker fair hates the sight of she, the old toad, and he'm in charge of the case."

As yet, Tazie was only persuading Squire Dester to give Croker's treatment time to show results. She would not listen to the Squire's suggestion that she might try her own cures in secret, and he was forced to accept her decision. If only Croker had the same generosity of mind!

Christmas among the Moor folk that year lacked no warmth or geniality, even if the old revels missed so many of the young, and war muted the gatherings of the older folk; but the mistletoe was hung, the evergreens graced the walls, and Luke preached his Christmas sermon from a pulpit decorated by loving hands.

Harry Dester was present, but sat in the family pew listlessly. Croker glanced at him uneasily, once or twice. Couldn't seem to get at the root of the trouble. Try alternative treatment in the New Year if there were no better signs!

The New Year brought news of many victories, but, across the Channel, France still lay in chains, and there seemed no sign of the stroke which would attempt her release. On the Moor there was no time to waste in idle surmise. Tazie had her hands full with ploughing and sowing, making one farm-hand do the work of two, and dealing with occasional visiting officials.

Sometimes, when reports reached her that other farms were now emulating her example and clearing even the awkward corners of fields to go under the plough, she smiled and Susan would whisper, "They'm saying that your spell and they old potions have done it. Those two old wooden-headed farmers that comed here, they've telled everyone what 'ee were doin' of, when I called they into the kitchen after 'ee told me how to deal with they. Give their ears to know what 'ee put in they bottles, but they dussent take they to be—what do 'ee call it—annie-something or other."

"Analysed?" Tazie gave a gay laugh. "They'd have a shock if they did; but why daren't they?"

"Feared it would break the spell, miss," said Susan. "Might bring ill-luck. They'd be dreading that 'ee might ill-wish they. All the same, their farms be a sight different and their hands busting about better."

She would have given her ears to know why her mistress staged that little scene in the kitchen for the benefit of the two superstitious farmers—and even more to learn the contents of the bottles. To every hint, Tazie only turned a deaf ear, or laughed, softly, to herself.

By the end of May, Squire Dester was grown utterly impatient with the progress of his son. Harry had been sent to bed again by Croker, who was now using one of the new drugs. The Squire consulted Tazie at every opportunity.

On a summer evening, a little after duskfall, Harry sat up suddenly in bed, and his father, beside the open window, turned to see if his son needed anything.

"Listen, Dad, that droning noise. Tanks! There's no mistaking them. I wonder—"

Squire Dester could hear the sound now; a low, deep, persistent humming with a lower, heavier rumbling as accompaniment. Could it be the day the Continent swayed, with the eagerness that prisoners in the Bastille had shown when they learned of a coming revolution? He guessed what was taking place in his son's mind. To be in at the start, and yet miss the victory!

"I'll go and find out as much as I can, Harry," he said, but the look in Harry's eyes had roused the long dormant storm in the father's heart. He went downstairs, jammed on his hat, and strode over the Moor, with the flame of his anger growing.

Croker was standing in the driveway, obviously listening to the never-ceasing sound of distant vehicles, when Dester opened the gate. Many were doing the same on the Moor, that night; and, along the route taken by streams of tanks and army lorries, folk stared at the massed might with wonder.

"It's come, Dester," said Croker, as he greeted his visitor.

"That's why I wanted to see you," replied the Squire. "Harry heard the sound before I did. You can guess what he's thinking."

He followed his host inside, and when they reached the doctor's room, he wasted no further time.

"I want the truth about Harry, Croker," he said. "He's not responding to your treatment. You agree? Very well. You may as well know that I've been in constant touch with Miss Candish. She won't intervene while Harry's your case. I saw her the other day and she suggested giving your new idea another week or so. I did. Now, Harry will fret because he can't be where his heart is. That won't do him much good. I'm going to let Miss Candish see what she can do."

Croker sprang to his feet, his face flushing. "You've gone to her behind my back!" he shouted. "I've done my best. I'm grateful to her for her—concession," and his tone was a sneer. "The nerve of a woman such as her allowing me, a qualified physician, another week or two! I'm through. Don't send for me if anything goes wrong. I won't come. You can try Lashwood. He might."

"Very well, Doctor Croker," answered the Squire, slowly, "but remember, this parting is of your own choosing. My son's recovery is all that matters to me. Miss Candish is neither a witch nor a charlatan. Luke Armstrong admires her greatly. He's no mean judge. He thinks that her gift is from God. Good-night."

No sooner had the gate closed behind the Squire, than Croker put on his hat and rushed out of the house, and went hurrying to the vicarage, so fast that he was almost out of breath when Luke admitted him. The Vicar heard him out in silence. Then he let fly.

"You've come to the wrong camp for sympathy, Croker," he said, sternly. "Call yourself a Christian? Miss Candish is. The Squire is. They're thinking only of Harry's welfare. You're thinking—of Doctor Croker's self-satisfied ego. By heaven, that young fellow will be eating his heart out because of this sound which we all know means the last great stroke is near. You've heard the tanks. So have I. May I remind you that I heard them for the first time on the Somme. I tell you this—you're a stiff-necked, self-indulgent ass. Nothing less, and I never felt more like knocking a man down since I tackled a beast of a bullying officer in France. Now go and think it over."

He walked to the door and held it open. White-faced, Croker passed through, without uttering a word. The usually florid face looked ghastly, and Luke pitied the man, but did not relent nor regret his words.

Shaken, Croker took a road which would take him home by a roundabout route. Bed and sleep seemed abhorrent. As he walked, the sound of hooves of vehicles grew louder. Where the

road skirted the fringe of the Moor, Croker caught sight of lights flashing, momentarily, somewhere in the blackness of the moor-slopes. Conscious of some great and secret gathering, he stood there a long time before he continued his way home. Arrived there he poured himself a glass of brandy, and then sat long in his leather arm-chair. For the first time in years he put the limelight of his conscience on himself. And the result was not pleasing.

The following day, Tansie rode her pony to the summit of Wolf Tor and gazed on a scene such as the old Moor had never known before and never might again. She had heard old Moor folk speak of the great manoeuvres of 1873, when masses of troops invaded the fastness, and marched past the Prince of Wales on Buckland Down—but *this*—!

Along the Moor roads were parked army vehicles, spaced out at intervals of some few hundred yards. Down in the woods American troops were massed, and darkies played strange games with horseshoes and a pole driven into the ground. Where was Richard? She hoped, but in vain, that his regiment might be posted near.

Croker, miserable, and self-condemned, but still hating the woman he felt had been the cause of his trouble, stayed indoors. Then, one evening, a message came which stirred him to instant action. He had won! Triumph! Now he would be rid of her interference. The message was from Tansie.

"Please come to Harry. I can do nothing. I have authority from Squire Dester to say that he will be glad if you will return. The case seems to be beyond my range of treatment. I know you will not refuse—Tansie Candish."

Croker presented himself at the manor-house within the hour. He was too elated, and too wise, to crow aloud. The victory was complete already, and Dester looked sheepish. Luke Armstrong would also eat his words when he knew!

(To be continued)

A BRIDGE FROM BAPTISM TO CONFIRMATION

(Continued from page 147)

While some people accepted this doctrine, at any rate in theory, not many were prepared to come to church to be helped to practise it. They saw no point in going to church. So the vicar started from where they were, so that he might in time persuade them to where they ought to be. It was difficult and costly work, and at times, heartbreaking in its disappointments and rebuffs, and often, apparently, unsuccessful. But these ministers would not give up. Day after day, week after week, they took their teaching to their people's homes.

The Communion Service was held in homes, too, so that, in the words of one of the clergy, "those whom we go to may have the experience of the fullness of Christian membership."

Now, after some ten years, there is regular home worship in the parish; often several families will congregate together in one house for worship. In this way a Christian fellowship is being built up between neighbours, and also between the people and their church, and Christian teaching and all that it means, is beginning to be to these people an integral part of their everyday lives. At a home Communion Service kitchen table becomes Holy Table, the Bread is cut from the family loaf, and after prayers and Communion together, it somehow seems the natural thing for parson and people to join in a cup of tea and a chat round the fireside, in a homely, friendly way. The significance of all this was epitomised when a keen trade unionist remarked, "I realise now, that my home is part of God's world," and when a man was heard to say, "I never knew I could worship God in my working clothes." That is what is wrong with so many of us; we forget that the loving of God and of one's neighbour are meant to be an integral part of working days, so that our whole outlook shall always be honesty of purpose and a state of heart which prompts us to give,



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As the translator of all the New Testament (except the book of Revelation) the author is in a unique position. For some fourteen years he has "lived with" the Greek of the New Testament. "The translator," he tells us, "is bound to feel the enormous spiritual energy, indeed, in its truest sense, the *inspiration* of the Gospels, the Acts and the Epistles. It is the sheer spiritual zest and drive of the New Testament which fill one with both wonder and wistfulness. It is as though in these pages there lies the secret of human life. The secret is not a mere theory or idea, but a fresh quality of living worked out in terms of ordinary human life and circumstance. Above all, the general impression is of something supernatural, of supra-human truth and supra-human way of living. The wistfulness arises, of course, from the comparison between the shining, blazing certainty of the New Testament writers with the comparatively tentative and uncertain faith and hope we meet so often in present-day Christianity."

The author has frequently been asked to preach, lecture and generally join in discussion about the New Testament and its translation. "And that," he writes, "has invariably led on to the discussion of what we mean by 'New Testament Christianity'—its distinguishing marks, its qualities and its roots. I have been enormously heartened by the fact that there are thousands of people who are sick of narrowness and churchiness, and who long for the fresh air of the New Testament. There is, I find, a hunger, sometimes almost a desperate hunger, to regain the shining certainties and revel in the freedom and power of the new-born Church. My own experience is necessarily small, but I am firmly of the opinion that so great is the longing for New Testament Christianity that it will be along this line that true spiritual revival will come."

NOTE: His translations are published by Geoffrey Bles as follows:—*The Gospels*, 12/6; *The Young Church in Action* (Acts), 10/6; *Letters to Young Churches* (the Epistles), 12/6. His companion to these, *New Testament Christianity*, is published by Hodder and Stoughton, 10/6—all obtainable, of course (and of permanent value) from S.P.C.K., 36 Steep-hill.

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MOTHERS' UNION

There is a Deanery meeting for which a few more tickets are still available, on Tuesday, 16th October, at 7.30 p.m., in the S. Swithin's Parish Hall, Croft Street. The Rev. Edward Patey, who is an Assistant Secretary on the British Council of Churches, will speak on preparation for marriage and family life. Admission, including refreshments, 1/-.

All members are urged to attend the extra-special meeting in S. John's Hall-Church at 7.45 p.m. on Tuesday, 30th October, when all Uphill Branches will be represented to hear the renowned Miss Bliss speak under the chairmanship of a previous S. Nicholas Enrolling Member, Mrs. Harold Leek. Refreshments will be provided by our Young Wives Group. Silver collection.

Meeting on November 7th in Blenkin Hall, 2.45.

The second Corporate Communion of the year is on S. Luke's Day—Thursday, 18th October. The celebration will be at S. Matthias at 7 a.m. There will be no service that day at S. Nicholas, which normally has a 7 a.m. celebration on Thursdays. The Lady Day Corporate Communion is usually at St. Nicholas. Please remember that this S. Luke's Day one is at S. Matthias, and come in your dozens to bear your witness and to worship together.

NOTES

Mr. Arthur Maddison, nursing a broken thigh at S. George's for the last six weeks, is going on well. He has our sympathy during this trying time of inactivity.

The "Newport Veterans" Club is open to all older men who would like a little company, a game of cards, &c., on winter afternoons. It meets in the Blenkin Hall, Mondays to Thursdays, 2-4.30 p.m., starting 8th October. A cup of tea, &c., is provided on Thursdays.

The **Women's Fellowship** for older ladies meets every Wednesday, except first in the month, at S. Hugh's Home, 2.30—4 p.m. Secretary: Mrs Taylor, 84 Rasen Lane.

The Youth Fellowship's numbers are increasing and it now has its own pick-up and amplifier. There will be a trip to London for weekend 24—25 November. Details from Mr. Gerry Wilson (Youth Leader), 39 Mount Street, or from Lance Chamberlain (Secretary), 13 Spital Street. A party to which other Fellowships have been invited will be held on 27th October. Other Sunday and Tuesday dates this month include: 7th Games and Table Tennis; 13th Concert (*which parents and public are asked to support*); 14th: Musical evening; 23rd Rev. I. C. Docker, C.M.S.

It appears that the Holiday Snapshots Competition was announced too late, for not a single entry was received.

Collections, July to September :

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£56 14 5	£63 14 11	£40 5 2	£62 2 11
Totals £120 9 4		£102 8 1	

OCTOBER DIARY

- Oct. 7—*Trinity XIX.* Harvest Festival
 9—P.C.C. meeting, Blenkin Hall, 7-30 p.m.
 13—Jumble Sale, 3 p.m. Youth Fellowship Concert 7 p.m. both in Blenkin Hall
 14—*Trinity XX.* Harvest Festival, Riseholme
 18—*S. Luke*
 19—Entertainment, Blenkin Hall, 7-30 p.m. (2 one-act plays)
 21—*Trinity XXI.* Church Parade, St. M., 9 a.m.
 27—"Sunflower Day" in aid of S. Hugh's Home
 28—*Trinity XXII.* *S.S. Simon and Jude*,
 30—M.U. meeting, S. John's, 7-45 p.m. (Miss Bliss)
 Nov. 1—*All Saints Day.* District Visitors. 3 p.m

PARISH REGISTER

HOLY BAPTISM

- June 3—Amina Joan Paula Edwards, 39 Woodhall Drive
 17—Kathleen Bendall, 23 Redbourne Drive
 July 8—Brian Altoft, 1 Sturton Close
 15—Vivien Joan Rooke, 49 Welton Gardens
 22—Michael Ardron, 61 Woodhall Drive
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 12—David Kenneth Corby, 17 Waddingworth Grove
 19—Martin Percy Booth, 41 Mill Road
 19—Stephen John Calvert, 117 Burton Road
 Sept. 2—Michael Stanley Ardron, 26 Brattleby Crescent
 2—Jacqueline Margaret Ardron, 26 Brattleby Crescent
 2—Stephen Andrew Roberts, 23 Torrington Road
 2—Sandra Ann Longley, 29 Laughton Way North
 2—Michael John Louth, 6 Hackthorn Place
 2—Christine Fiona Twigger, 13 Bassingham Crescent
 2—David John Toyne, 27 Garfield Close
 2—Glenys Lynda Mann, 4 Hampton House
 2—Carolyn Ann Hatton, 9 Allandale Close
 2—Alan Strangeway, 19 Willingham Avenue
 2—David Strangeway, 19 Willingham Avenue
 2—Philip Charles Tuck, 23 Willingham Avenue
 2—Susan Nicole Mitchell, 9 Kensington House
 2—Roderick Francis, Dairy Farm, Long Leys Road
 9—Pauline Allis, 64 Wilson Street
 16—Julie Florence Chard, 53 Queen Mary Road
 16—Nigel William Hornsey, 55 Queen Mary Road
 16—Shirley Ann Gooding, 10 Honington Crescent
 23—Nicholas Dart, 1 Willingham Avenue

HOLY MATRIMONY

- Sept. 1—Frank John Davies and Sheila Margaret Bailey
 8—John Allen Wood and Nellie Irene Robinson
 8—Maurice John Wray and Joyce Lillian Allis
 8—David George Frederick Ellis and Barbara Booth
 15—Roy Featherstone and Pamela May Gilbert
 22—Ralph Limb and Emma Bartram
 26—James Robertson and Pauline Margaret De Cann

BURIALS

- Aug 30—Sarah Ann Dixon, (67) 4 Mill Road
 Sept. 11—Florence May Willey, (36) 119 Swift Gardens
 18—Annie Elizabeth Clifton, (83) 18 Upper Saxon Street

SUNDAY SCHOOLS (Confirmation Schools)

St. Nicholas : Ages 4—7, Blenkin Hall, 2-30 p.m. 7—11, in Church, 2-30 p.m. 11 and over, Blenkin Hall, 10-30 a.m.

St. Matthias : Ages 4—7 and 7—11, in Church, 2-30 p.m. 11 and over, in Church, 10-15 a.m.

St. John : Ages 4—7, at 2 p.m. 7—10½, at 2-45 p.m. 10 and over, 10-20 a.m.

St. Mary : All ages in Church at 11 a.m.

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