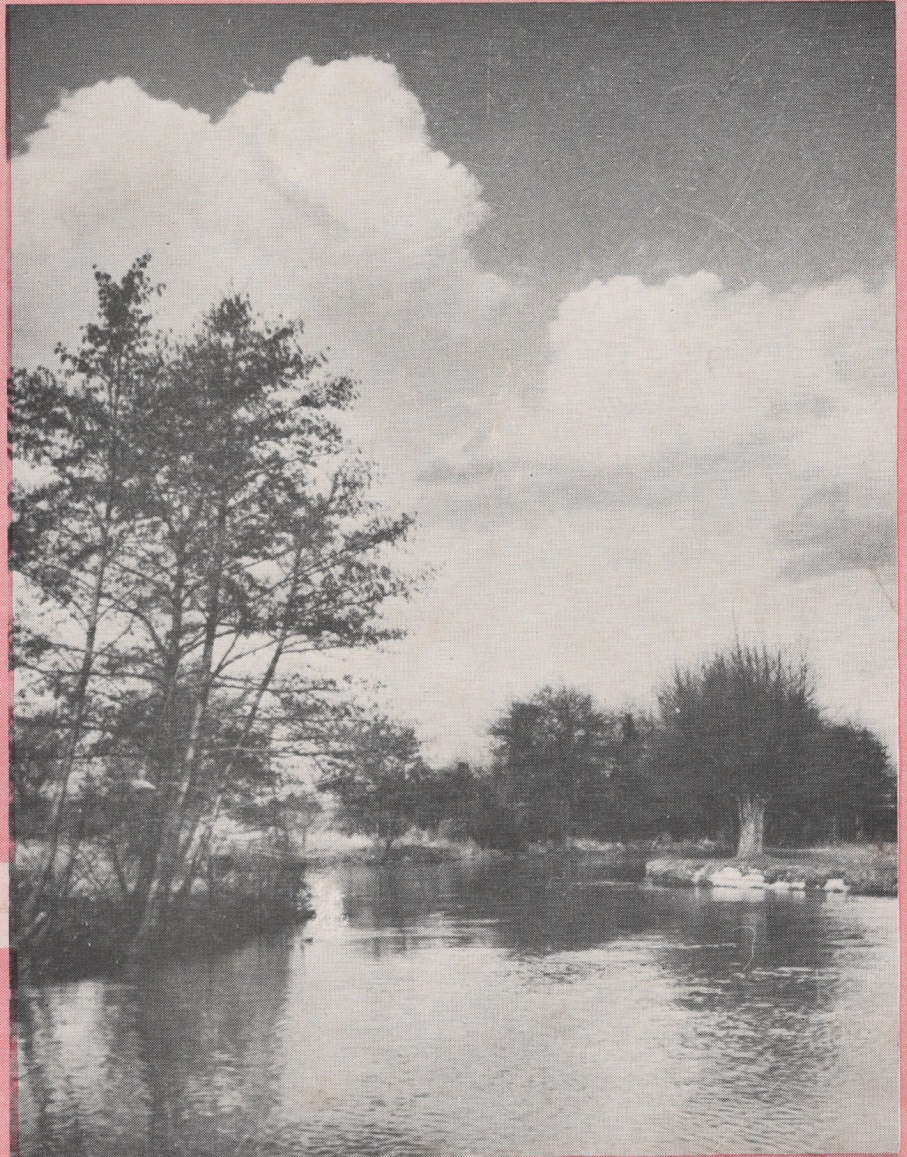
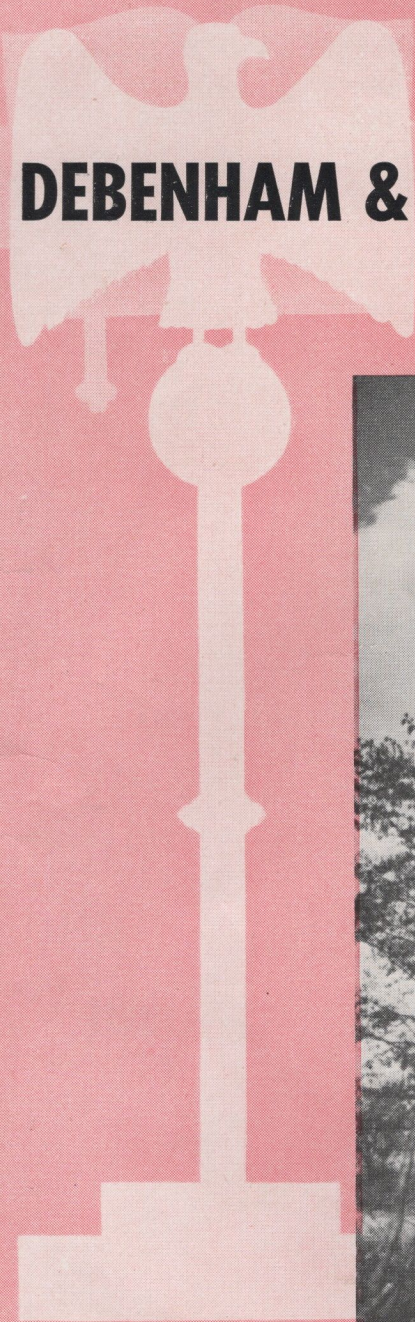


DEBENHAM & DISTRICT CHURCH MAGAZINE



MAY 1956

He maketh the Clouds His Chariot.

[Home Words

THE MOTHERS' UNION

My Wife, as Presiding Member for Claydon Rural Deanery, asks that the maximum amount of support may be given by all local Branches to her Deanery Overseas Sale in the Foresters' Hall, Debenham, on Wednesday, May 23rd; Opener, at three o'clock: Mrs. Duncan Scott (Overseas Representative). C.T.M-B.

CROWFIELD WITH GOSBECK

Church Services - Crowfield: Holy Communion 8.30 first Sunday and Whitsunday (May 20th), 10.45 second Sunday (Choral); Morning Prayer 10.45, first and fourth Sundays; Evening Prayer 6.30, first and third Sundays. Gosbeck: Holy Communion 10.45, first Sunday and Whitsunday (May 20th): Morning Prayer 10.45 first and third Sundays, also fourth; Evening Prayer 6.30, second and fourth Sundays: Sunday School 3, each Sunday. N.B. There will be no Morning Service at Gosbeck on May's second Sunday (13th), on May's third Sunday (20th) at Crowfield. Baptism at Gosbeck on Sunday, October 16th, 1955: Kevin Douglass, son of Arthur George and Joan Ethel Page (The card with details of this was mixed up with my Sunday School papers. Apologies!)

Crowfield's branch of the W.I. gave the "Over 60's" a lovely Party on Wednesday, March 14th. I here record our deep appreciation, and tender grateful thanks on behalf of all present to the President and her Members. Easter being so early, you did well to make both Churches look beautiful! As two of our usual decorators at Crowfield were in Hospital, their Daughters took over for them with zest, ability, and marked success. Thank you, one and all! I am glad to record that these two patients are recovering. On Easter Monday Mrs. R. Boore collected most of the flowers into bunches, then we delivered them to relatives of those who - through illness or infirmity - could not attend the Easter Services.

It was an anxious Easter for Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Cousins, whose little girl (Janet) fell a prey to Meningitis. Here, again, we were relieved to learn that Janet had regained consciousness and was slowly, but surely, recovering. We hope that she will soon be quite well once more, able also to start attending School.

THIS YEAR'S FETE will be on Saturday, June 30th, for Church Expenses; which account can do with a fillip, the Fabric Fund being in good heart. Long before that date the Statement of Accounts should reach you to read, mark, and inwardly digest; as, too, several good friends have come to reside among us, they shall receive copies in due course. Gardeners, how are your onions, etc.? I hope that we have another good season. Farmers, don't you? Lovely rain to-day, April 13th! We shall appreciate a spell of warm weather. Rogation Sunday, May 6th, will soon be here; then, in many places, processions to fields and gardens take place with appropriate prayers and hymns for God's Blessing on our efforts. I always have Hymn 142 (A. & M.) in two parts on that day; verses 1-4 and 8, verses 5-7 and 9. Here we give expression to a much wider, an international, field; there, out of the muck of noxious growths, may their opposites develop, prosper, and bear a rich harvest through the labours of Our Lord's representatives in the fields of the world.

C. BACON.

HELMINGHAM AND FRAMSDEN

I take this opportunity of thanking all who gave flowers for the Easter decorations, also those who arranged them so artistically. Our Churches looked beautiful, their Services being most inspiring! The Mothers' Union Deanery Missionary Sale is to be held on Wednesday, May 23rd, from three o'clock in the Foresters' Hall at Debenham. Our support is urgently needed.

Helmingham Services - May 6th: Mattins, 11, H.C. Noon. 10th (Ascension Day): H.C. 9. 13th: H.C., 8; Evensong, 6.30. 20th (Whitsunday): Mattins, 11; H.C., Noon. 27th (Trinity Sunday): H.C., 8; Evensong, 6.30. Baptism on Sunday, March 18th: Penelope, daughter of Cecil Walter and Olive Spalding.

Notes - We are indebted to the Brothers and Sisters of Etta Mary Pilgrim for a very generous gesture. The money which Miss Pilgrim left has been given by them

for the purpose of placing in our Church some practical memorial to her. They feel that she, who so loved and served it and worshipped there for so long, would wish this. As the matter was placed at my discretion, it has been decided - after much consideration, and with the consent of those concerned - to install an Electric Organ Blower. I am applying for the necessary faculty. Our very warmest thanks are offered to Miss Pilgrim's relatives for their kindness and self-sacrifice.

Framsden Services - May 6th: H.C., 8; Evensong, 6.30. 10th (Ascension Day): H.C. 8. 13th: Mattins, 11; H.C., Noon. 20th (Whitsunday): H.C., 8; Evensong, 6.30. 27th (Trinity Sunday): Mattins, 11; H.C., Noon. Wedding on Wednesday, April 4th: John Clifford and Elsie Mary Ada Hammond; Burials on Saturday, March 17th: Agnes Louise Watkins, aged 75 years; Thursday, April 12th: Spencer Gordon Freeman, aged 71 years.

Notes - The Fete arranged to take place on Saturday, June 16th, at Framsden Hall draws nearer, and I would ask all to give their utmost support to this effort by furnishing the various Stalls and by helping on the day itself. Mrs. Watkins will be missed greatly by us all, but especially by Mrs. Fox and her family. We offer to them our heartfelt sympathy. I take this opportunity of thanking you most warmly for your very kind and generous Easter Offering. I much appreciate this token of your regard.

JOHN A. BURNES.

KENTON WITH ASHFIELD CUM THORPE

Kenton Services: Sundays, May 6th, 20th (8, 6.30): 13th, 27th (8, 10.45). H.C. 9.30: Tuesday, May 1st: Thursdays, May 10th, 31st. Ashfield Services: Sundays, May 6th, 20th (9.30, 3); 13th, 27th (9.30, 6.30). Parish Registers - Wedding at Ashfield on Saturday, March 24th: Brian Charles Read and Eleanor Marie Suzanne Howe; Funeral at Kenton on Wednesday, April 4th: Charles Frederick Salter, aged 64 years. R.I.P.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday before Ascension Day (Rogation Days) are set apart for prayer for the Divine Blessing on the crops. There will be special prayers in Church on May 6th, erroneously called "Rogation Sunday" (See Prayer Book Kalendar). Ascension Day, on which we celebrate Our Lord's supreme triumph, is on Thursday, May 10th. Admittedly it is difficult in these times to get to Church on weekdays, but the special solemnities are often kept on the nearest Sunday. We are very grateful to the ladies who so tastefully decorated Kenton and Ashfield Churches for Eastertide, also to those who by donations contributed toward the cost. I wish to thank you for the Easter Offering. A good number of members were present at the Mothers' Union Meeting held in the Vicarage on Thursday, April 12th. This was, largely, a business gathering.

LEONARD BAKER.

PETTAUGH WITH WINSTON (Unedited, by Request)

Thought for the month:- "I believe one Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church." During the month of May we remember and commemorate a number of important dates and doctrines of the Church. Nine saints are remembered, the Rogation and Ember days are marked and the short season of the Ascension followed by Whitsunday and Trinity Sunday with their vital doctrinal teaching. Those of us who have chosen to become members of God's Church should at the great festival of Whitsuntide recall our own entrance into the great fellowship of the Catholic Church and re-dedicate ourselves afresh to His service within the fellowship. At Pentecost our Lord sent the promised power of the Holy Spirit to dwell in His Church. Though all else change His Church abides strong and sure on Catholic and Apostolic foundations. Whitsunday is the birthday of our Church and the children in our Sunday Schools offer their gifts of farthings to the Church in our diocese. I hope all our adult members will encourage and help them in this effort. Easter decorations in both Churches were worthy of their setting and we greatly value the efforts of those who mark the great festivals of the Church in this

lovely way. In the matter of cut flowers we are fortunate in having at Debenham Nurseries which supply beautiful flowers in and out of season at very reasonable prices.

The Annual and Vestry meetings were most encouraging, all our officials are happy to continue in office. We welcome Mr. T. Janes as churchwarden at Pettaugh and Mr. Russell Baker as sidesman at Winston. After a lifetime in their family business, we wish Mr. and Mrs. Coe happy years of retirement. To Mr. Coe a sincere wish for a complete recovery after his most serious operation. Pettaugh Services and Notes. May 6, Rogation Sunday, 10.45. May 13, H.C. 8.30, E.P. 6.30. May 20, 10.45. May 27, H.C. 8.30, E.P. 6.30.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. John Clifford on commencing their married life in one of the new houses. We are pleased to record Mrs. Alice Page is well on the way to recovery after her operation. Mr. A. Page has vacancies for Piano and Organ lessons. Tel. Helmingham 350. Gratefully received donations to Organ Fund 10/-, 10/-. Don't forget Pettaugh Church Fete, Abbots Mead, June 2nd. 2.30 p.m. to be opened by the Lady Tollemache.

Winston Services and Notes. May 6, 6.30. May 13, M.P. & H.C. 10.45. May 20, 6.30. May 27, 10.45.

An Annual Garden Fete is a big event in the life of a small country parish and the raising of £50-£100 a tremendous help in maintaining the Church and Church life. The organising involves much hard work and sometimes worry for those most closely connected with it and especially for those who loan the garden. Mr. and Mrs. Long have always gladly placed their garden at Winston at our disposal, this year they are doing the same at Framsdon so with the hope that we shall lighten the burden a little we have asked Major and Mrs. R. N. Savory if they will allow us the use of their garden this year. In his usual kindly way the Major has offered all the facilities and equipment he has for our Garden Fete on July 7th. We are deeply grateful and look forward to seeing all our friends and supporters at the Grange on that day.

ALBERT TONG.

DEBENHAM AND ASPALL

"Jesus Christ Ascended Up into Heaven to Prepare a Place for us; that, where He is, thither we might also Ascend and Reign with Him in Glory; Our Lord did, as at this Time, Pour Forth upon the Universal Church His holy and Life-Giving Spirit; through Whose Glorious Power the Joy of the Everlasting Gospel was to Go into All the World" (Ascensicntide Preface, 1662; Whitsuntide Preface, 1928).
Sunday Services - May 6th (Rogation Sunday): H.C., 8(A) and Noon (D). 20th (Whitsunday): H.C. 8 and Noon (D) also 10(A). 6th, 20th: Mattins, 11.15(D); Children, 2.30(D). 6th: Evensong, 3.30(D) and 6.30(A). 20th: Evensong, 3.30(A) and 6.30(D). 13th, (Sunday after Ascension), 27th (Trinity Sunday): H.C. 8(D); Mattins, 10(A) and 11.15(D); Children, 2.30(D); Evensong, 6.30(D).

Acknowledgement - We thank those friends in both parishes who are kind enough either to change the Church Colours or to provide Sanctuary Flowers; this help is greatly appreciated by us all! Reminder - All parishioners eighteen years of age and upwards, who have been Baptized and declare that they belong to the Church of England, are hereby invited to enter their names upon one or other of our Electoral Rolls; forms for this purpose can be obtained from Dr. Hutt (Debenham) and Mrs. Aldred (Aspall).

Appeal - This Year's Children's Offering (to be made on Whitsunday afternoon, May 20th) is deserving, certainly, of the fullest possible support from young and old alike; when it is remembered that the number of Debenham's "Parthings" has steadily increased from 3,803 in 1949 to 12,311 in 1955 and that of Aspall's from 1,000 in 1951 to 2,054 in 1955, surely every reader of these lines will desire to see two more records established and do what he or she can with the accompanying Envelope to bring them about!

Recollections - Varying Circumstances, which prevailed upon the dates in question, have denied to us the pleasure of hearing three Lenten Visiting Preachers: The Rector of Great with Little Whelnetnam (The Reverend Canon J. R. Chapman, M. A.)

on Wednesday, February 22nd: on Wednesday, the 29th, the Rector of Stradbroke with Horham and Athelington (The Reverend Canon C.S.Scott, M.A.); the Rector-Designate of Lydgate with Ousden (The Reverend Canon I.B.C.Newell, M.A.) on Wednesday, March 7th: we were more fortunate, however, on Wednesday, the 14th, when the Rector of Honington with Sapiston (The Reverend W.E.Harris) spoke to us about "Parental Responsibility and Privilege" (Susanna's History 2,3); while the Rector of Witnesham (The Reverend H.W.Johnson, M.A.) discussed "Clashing Loyalties" (Matthew vi.33) on Thursday, the 22nd; then on Wednesday, the 28th, the Vicar of Saint Peter's in Ipswich (The Reverend C.P.Newell, L.Th.) closed the series with "Woman's Supreme Power" (Matthew xvii.19).

A Lantern-Talk, showing last Summer's work - in Debenham and elsewhere - of the Caravan Mission to Village Children, was given in our Parish Room on Monday evening, March 5th; the Speaker being Mr. Stanley V. Gardner (Suffolk Evangelist), whose labours amongst us during the latter half of last July - along with Messrs. David Anderson and Martin Lynch (both of the London Bible College) - are still so gratefully remembered.

The Blue Cross (A Society for the Encouragement of Kindness to Animals) and Our Dumb Friends' League has received £1.15s.7d. as the outcome of a House-to-House Collection made in Debenham by the Misses Irene Knott and Janet Smith on Saturday afternoon, February 25th.

I desire to thank those Readers and Distributors of our Church Magazine whose response to my Christmas Appeal on behalf of the Church of England Children's Society enabled me - on Wednesday, February 29th - to despatch the sum of £8. 4s. Od. to Headquarters. Church Offerings for the months ending on Wednesday, February 29th, and Saturday, March 31st, amounted - respectively - to £9. 9s. 6d., £21. 1s. Od. (D) and £1. 18s. 3d., £2. 11s. 9d. (A).

The East Suffolk Old People's Welfare Association benefited by £2. 0s. Od. from a House-to-House Collection made in Aspall by Mrs. Flatt on Tuesday, March 13th.

Nine Football Matches have recently been played, the first five by Debenham's First Team (Ipswich League: Division Two; Section A) and the last four by our Second Team (Eye League: Division One): here, then, are their particulars:-
Against Fonnereau Athletic; played away on Saturday, March 17th, and won (2-1):
against Ranleigh Road Old Boys; played away on Saturday, March 24th, and won (3-1):
against Martlesham; played away on Friday, March 30th, but lost (1-5):
against Alderton; played away on Saturday, March 31st, and won (3-0):
against Brantham Reserves; played at home on Saturday evening, April 7th, and won (5-2, Saul Charity Cup):
against Metfield; played at home on Saturday, March 17th, but lost (1-5):
against Pulham; played at home on Saturday, March 24th, but lost (2-6):
against Stanton Reserves; played at home on Monday, April 2nd, but lost (3-4):
against Alderton; played at home on Saturday afternoon, April 7th, but lost (3-4).

Church Registers - Baptism on Sunday, April 1st, Paul, son of Henry and Mary Woods; Wedding on Monday, April 2nd; Frederick Albert Quinn and Janice Mildred Elizabeth Gillings; Funerals on Saturday, February 18th: Lily Wythe, 82 years; Tuesday, February 28th: Arthur Smith, 83 years; Thursday, March 1st: Charles Henry Smith, 76 years; Friday, March 2nd: William Shulver, 69 years; Saturday, March 17th, Ellen Wythe, 90 years.

C. T. MUSGRAVE-BROWN.

☆ CHURCH PICTURES ☆



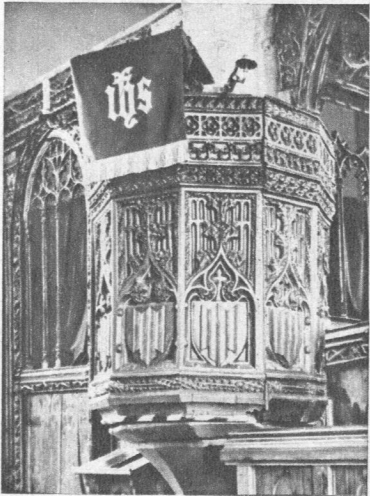
Monolith of the Crucifixion

Two Treasures

LANGAN Church, three or four miles from Cowbridge, S. Wales, requires some finding. Set among beautiful trees, it possesses two valuable historic treasures—one the great monolith depicting the crucifixion, thought to be of 10th or 11th century workmanship, and the other a 15th century cross in fine preservation.—C. J. POYNIZ.

Canterbury's Glass

AMONG the finest examples of stained glass in the world are the magnificent windows of Canterbury Cathedral, and their upkeep is a full-time job. Eighty-nine-year-old Mr. Caldwell supervises the repair and preservation, carried out in the workshops he took over from his father and his uncle. With Mr. Caldwell is Mr. Easton, who has been employed



Chivelstone Chestnut Pulpit

by the firm for forty-five years. Many of the windows are over 800 years old, and these were removed for safety during the war years.—MRS. BOWEN.

The Taxi-man

My little six-year-old came home the other day apparently very full of her morning's Scripture lesson. "Mummy," she said, "we have had a lesson out of the Bible about a Taxi-man who charged too much." We were all very puzzled, and though rather agreeing that some taximen do charge too much, I could not think of one in any connection with the Bible. At last we were informed that his name was Zachaeus. The answer to the problem being that it was a Tax-gatherer who charged too much!—MRS. F. C. BROWN.

Alabaster Lectern

MACKWORTH Church, near Derby, is enriched by the remarkably ornate lectern shown here. Made of Derbyshire alabaster and Irish green marble, it was designed by Emily Mundy and presented in gratitude for 39 years of happy married life. The idea is said to have come to her while sheltering in the church on a cold day, when a wedding party arrived. The ornamentations on the lectern include a vine and clusters of grapes.—A. GAUNT.

Pelted with Bones

THE font in the very ancient church at River, near Dover, has an interesting association. It was consecrated by Alphege—Archbishop, who was dragged by the Danes from Canterbury to Greenwich in 1010, because he refused to tax the oppressed citizens of the Cathedral Town. Eventually they pelted him with bones from their feasting, then killed him with an axe.—A. LYNCH.

Sanger's Tomb

THIS lonely marble horse, with bowed head, surmounts a tomb in St. John's Cemetery, Margate. It marks the grave of John Sanger, the Victorian circus owner. Son of a sailor, who had turned showman, John Sanger and his brother Lord George—Lord, of course, was a Christian name—followed in their father's profession. They first toured the country together as conjurers, so successfully that they were able to form a circus. Their circuses became bigger and bigger and their fame rapidly spread.

For his last resting place he chose Margate and for his grave this horse was chosen as a permanent record of the fact that his first circus contained three humans, one pony, and one horse.—W. A. LEACH-LEWIS.

One Tree Pulpit

THE magnificent pulpit in Chivelstone Parish Church, S. Devon, is a fine example of 16th century wood carving. It was made from a solid block of Spanish chestnut wood, and is still in excellent condition.—R. D. DOYLE.

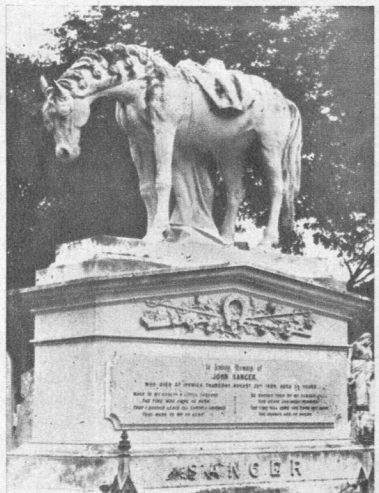
*. For our Church Picture Page six 5s. prizes for notes with photographs, and six 2s. 6d. prizes for notes alone, are offered by the Art Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, London, each month.



Alabaster Lectern

Henry Jenkyns Remembered

IHAVE seen at Bolton-on-Swale, in North Yorkshire, a tombstone to Henry Jenkyns who died at the age of 167. The story runs that in 1670, or thereabouts, there was in York a law case which hinged on whether the property in question had belonged to a certain monastery dissolved in 1536. Who would know? At last it was suggested that old Henry Jenkyns, of Bolton-on-Swale, might know, as he had worked for the monastery. Accordingly a lawyer rode north to see him. When nearing the village he met a bent old man and accosted him as Henry Jenkyns. "No," was the answer, "he is my father. That is the house." There the lawyer found a poor decrepit old man and called him Henry Jenkyns. "No," came the answer, "I'm not Henry. He is my grandfather. You will find him chopping sticks in the yard." Finally run to earth, Henry Jenkyns gave his answer and the case was decided in accordance with his evidence. The old man then said that, as a boy, he had accompanied his father who took a cartload of arrows northward with the army that met the Scots at Flodden Field in 1513.—MISS E. F. HENSON.



John Sanger's Tomb

BIBLICAL FLOWERS OF THE WAYSIDE

By ERIC HARDY



The "Biblical bulrushes" ?

MANY people do not think of the Holy Land as a country where Nature opens generously her casket of floral treasures, but only as a dusty, stony land, like a wilderness. Others, who have been receiving, on greetings cards from tourists and missions there, the pressed wild flowers which for many years have been a trade of the American Colony in Jerusalem, the Arab traders and now the Israeli tourist industry, may have seen some strange concoctions wherein the petals and leaves of several sorts are added for picturesque effect. The surprising thing, when one goes plant-hunting in this very sunny land, is the frequency with which the discerning eye can detect flowers familiar in our own English wayside.

The flora of the Holy Land is mostly of the Mediterranean type, with an intrusion of sub-tropical or African kinds in the Dead Sea depression, and the alpine which once flourished on Mount Hermon eaten up by the nomadic Bedouin goats. The subject becomes more intriguing when we compare this with the Biblical flora. I doubt if the Biblical "bulrush" is the papyrus, for this plant is common only at Lake Huleh, the Biblical Waters of Merom which have recently been drained for peat-cutting, although it probably grew in Biblical times on some of the western marshes now drained at Wadi Ruben, near Jaffa. Neither was it the popular pondside "bulrush" or reed-mace of the English countryside, or the botanist's bulrush *Scirpus lacustris*, a more graceful sedge of English lakes, although both plants grow in Palestine. Taking the logical view that the Hebrew word "gome," also translated as "rushes," was a generalised term for the dense waterside reeds when

most of the valleys and plains were undrained, malarious bogs, the most likely plant is our common reed *Phragmites* from our own shallow swamps in England and which grows much more luxuriously in the Holy Land. Especially at the sweetwater springs around the Dead Sea, it forms cane thickets which the Hebrew calls "husha." Another great reed, *Arundo donax*, which doesn't grow in Britain, shares these haunts.

The mint of St. Matthew, 23 v. 23, a bitter herb of the Passover which probably originated the custom of taking mint-sauce with mutton, is almost certainly the horse-mint of our countryside too, a rather tall plant with longish, grey-green leaves and pinky-mauve flowers, now called *Mentha longifolia*. It is indigenous, having come here somehow from Mediterranean lands; but you may find it growing over many parts of our country as a weed of roadsides and waste land. The nettles which had overgrown the vineyard of the slothful (Proverbs xxiv. 31) would be the same stinging nettle that grows as a weed in our land, *Urtica dioica*, a plant I found growing from Syria, while in the Arabah, beyond the Dead Sea; I collected also the small, annual *Urtica urens*, which grows on our lighter soils.

Thus far you will have appreciated that some of the most interesting plants in a country, like some of the most interesting human beings, are nothing much to look at, for these do not receive a place on the showy floral greeting cards sent out as souvenirs from the Holy Land. One of the plants I was interested to find we share with the Holy Land is the wayside plantain, fringing the dusty road with its simple flower, whose head of whitish anthers hanging into the breeze is not without considerable attraction. The buckshorn plantain with its cleft leaves, which you will see on most of our muddy and sandy estuaries, growing above the tide-line, was a surprise find amongst the rich flora where the freshwater springs flow into the southern end of the Dead Sea. And the clammy plantain *Plantago psyllium*, which has been introduced as a casual weed to some of our sand dunes and waste lands, was there with it.

Further north, when I was collecting wild

flowers in the Anti-Lebanon hills around Damascus, a part of Syria which contains much of Biblical land, I was pleased to see some of our most familiar British plantains like the ribwort plantain, which the sheep like to graze on our grass-moors, and the great plantain whose broad leaves are so familiar around our farmsteads and which annoy us by appearing on our lawns and tennis courts.

The novelty of seeing such familiar wayside flowers was, however, only the beginning of the interest. What part did they play in the daily life of Biblical Palestine? In our country our ancestors knew the plantain as "way-bread," the "child of the wayside," "lamb's-tongue" (Lammass Tongue, in association with the old August festival of harvest's first fruits) and other nicknames, for it played a part in their agricultural herb-lore as a grazing plant for sheep. In the Holy Land, where grazing is much scarcer, and, as the Psalmist reminded us, the shepherd leads his sheep in search of new pasture for they so quickly grazed the sparse summer vegetation, there is no doubt that a useful plant like this would have attracted the attention of the natives, not for its flower, but for its leaves. It is most likely to be included in the food of sheep and goats mentioned in Proverbs 27 v. 25, "the hay appeareth, and the tender grass showeth itself, and herbs of the mountains are gathered." The "hay" and "grass" translated here would not be the mowing grass we know, for until modern Jewish farming there wasn't any grass pasturage. The flocks there grazed the edible leaves of low-growing plants like plantain, etc., which were neither too bitter nor too thorny, while the peasants mowed the reeds for hay, and possibly added barley straw. In the drier places like the southern Negev, around Beer-sheba, the granary of ancient Israel,

(Continued on page 36)

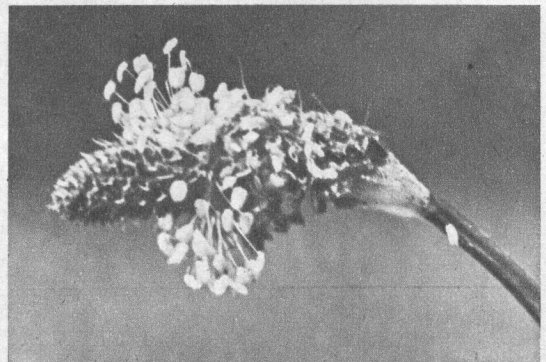
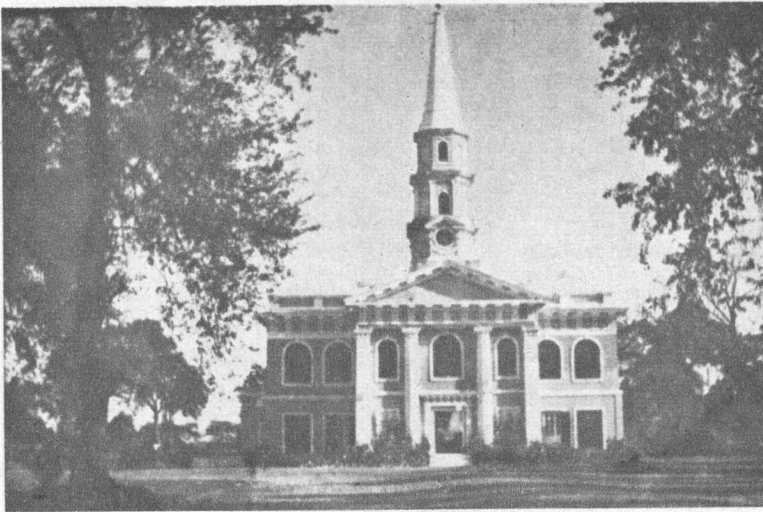


Photo by

Flowers of the great plantain

E. Hardy



The famous Mutiny Church

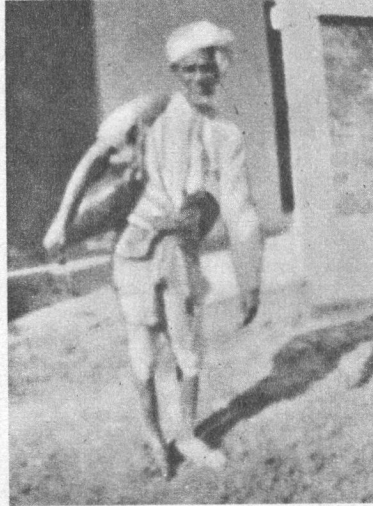
THEY BUILT A CHURCH

By the VEN. ARCHDEACON W. P. HARES

ONE of the problems I had to solve in the Panjab was how to provide churches for the new congregations which were springing up, the result of the Mass Movement towards the Christian Faith of the Chuhras, the agricultural labourers of the Panjab. The people are very poor; they live in one-roomed huts, and you cannot have a reverent service for 40-60-80 people in a room in which ten would be a crowd. So when a congregation had been formed, the next thing we had to think about was how to build a church in which they could all worship.

Of course, at first, when building up a congregation, we held services in the open air, in the shade of a tree, if there happened to be one. But it was not pleasant with the sun blazing down, with cows and goats strolling around, and dogs fighting, and Muhammadans sitting on the outskirts, chatting and smoking their *huggas*, while we were trying to worship. No, we must have a church, and a church that the Christians can be proud of, and the missionary and the Christians must set to and build it.

I was specially pleased with the keenness of the Rajoa converts. On two occasions I went there to baptise the people who had been learning for some months. The first time, there were so many ready for baptism that there was no room large enough to hold them all; so I baptised the first batch, turned them out, and then had in the second batch. On the second occasion also I baptised a good number, and after the service I said to the newly baptised Christians: "Well, there is now a congregation in Rajoa; what about a church?" "Oh,



Indian Watercarrier

padri sahib, we should like to have a church." "Very well then, get ready 25,000 bricks, and we'll see about building one."

About a month afterwards I was told that the bricks were all ready on the ground I had obtained from Government for the church. I drove out about thirty miles, measured and marked out the site, laid the bricks at the four corners, and gave the plan of the building to the young teacher. I promised to send out a bricklayer, but told them that they must give as

much labour as they could.

Returning to Gojra, I arranged for a Christian bricklayer to go out to Rajoa, and told him the Christians would help with the labour, but as it was uncertain how regularly they could work, he could engage two daily labourers, whom the Mission would pay. When he arrived he told the teacher that the padri sahib had said he was to have two paid labourers every day, whereupon the Christians vehemently objected, and said that as it was their church, no one in that village was to be paid for labour on it, and they would arrange for a regular supply of labourers.

The work was begun and went on steadily, and after a month I went out to inspect it, and found that the four walls were up and ready for the roof. I congratulated the men on the good progress they had made, and suggested that, as the church was so large and the Christians from the nearby villages would come there for services, they, too, ought to give some labour. Again the Rajoa people objected. "Padri Sahib, this is our church, and no one outside this village is going to be allowed to lay a brick. It is our church and we are going to build it. We shall be glad for them to come and worship with us when it is finished!" Build it they did, and the Bishop went out and consecrated it, and held a Confirmation Service in it. And weren't the people of Rajoa proud and happy and glad!

About ten miles from Rajoa another church was being built, in Gorala, on the site where the great idol Bala Shah had stood for many years. The same people who had built Bala Shah pulled down the idol, and helped to build the church. During my last ten years in Gojra the people built over twenty churches, they themselves making the bricks and supplying the labour, the Mission giving the steel beams, and the doors and windows.

Having got the churches, do the people use them? Well, I made most careful enquiries about ten of them, and found that with one exception an evening service was held *every* day, and the churches were used in the mornings by people who came to say



Indian Snake Charmer

their prayers in God's House.

At Dereanwala the people had built their church; a teacher lived in the village, but he was responsible for ten other congregations. When I visited the village some months after the church had been built, I first of all examined the children, and then I asked the men who were sitting around, "Well, you have got your church; do you use it?" "Of course we use it, Sahib." "How often? On Sundays?" "No, Sahib, we use it every day." "But how can that be? Your teacher has other congregations

to visit, and he cannot be here every night. Who takes the services?" And at once came the answer from the young men, "Why, we do, of course. Who else could take the service if we didn't?"

At Montgomerywala and Batemana-bad, two Christian villages in which there are Indian clergy, they have a service every night, with good attendances. I wish we had the same in our English village churches. It was always a joy to see the Christians trooping into church on Sunday mornings. One day in July—and it

can be really hot in July in the Panjab, the temperature was 110 degrees in the shade—I looked over my morning congregation in Narowal, and out of curiosity I counted how many villages were represented there, and found that there were men and women from over forty villages present. The attendance increased by leaps and bounds. At my last service in that church I counted men and women from over ninety villages. Some of the men had walked ten and twelve miles to be present.

BUILDERS OF TO-DAY

By GERTRUDE A. GEORGE

"A H, they can't build like that now," says the rapt visitor to an old church, as he gazes upwards at exquisite fan-tracery, soaring arches and intricate carving. One must respect such an opinion, based as it is on appreciation of the lovely work which we have inherited from the past, heightened by the mystery and charm bestowed upon it by the imagination.

Yet this assertion is not entirely true. Those far-off workers were men even as we; they, like ourselves, worked for their own time and under local conditions, racked by wars and insurrections, hindered by storm and tempest and their own personal anxieties.

"They can't build like that now." Can they not? Consider that no less than three Anglican Cathedrals are being built in England at the present time. At Liverpool, where the genius of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott is raising a building which bears comparison with that of any great architect of the past, work is going on to repair war damage and to complete the fabric. At Coventry, Basil Spence, using the most modern of equipment, and with an entirely new approach to the problems of the day, has worked out a design which, especially for its interior vistas, is receiving enthusiastic support from his contemporaries in building and sculpture. And high on the hill at Guildford, to be seen for miles around, rises Edward Maufe's cathedral, finely balanced and massive.

Think of the building of a new and beautiful House of Commons, the restoration of Guildhall and Inns of Court, the re-construction of St. Clement Danes as the Church of the Royal Air Force, whose nine hundred squadrons will be commemorated by their badges, carved and let into the pavement. Is there any satisfaction comparable to that of those who practise the art of building? Even a child with his box of bricks can supply the answer.

All over the country, in the new industrial districts, churches are rising to minister to the spiritual needs of

the population. And everywhere there are blocks of flats, deplored by many for their appearance, yet ministering to the needs of to-day; some of them so well designed in quadrangular form that they bring to mind the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, the old trees still standing, and flowers appearing in the gardens. Surely, to build homes for their fellows is a life-work of which men may well be proud.

"They can't build like that now." Ah, but they can. We have the architects, the masons, the carvers and the sculptors. Still the people of their substance "offer willingly to the Lord." Then after months and years of toil and perfect preparation comes the day of consecration, and, as in Solomon's Temple, "the glory of the Lord fills the house."

It has been my privilege to work side by side with many workers in stone and to share their comradeship. Especially would I pay tribute to those sturdy, happy, humorous men, my friends—

THE STONEMASONS

*In the workshop, at each banker,
Hands prepare the goodly stone,
Portland, Hopton-Wood and marble,
Formed by marvels all unknown;
Mellow sound of mallets tapping
As men chip and smoothe, adjust,
They themselves and all surroundings
Pastel-tinted by the dust.*

*Lifting with the ease of practice
Weights that others could not move,
Cooking chops upon a gas-ring,
Talking of the things they love,
Telling tales of old Tom Ridley
(Masons are a long-lived race),
Putting with a zestful humour
Politicians in their place.*

*Buildings old and new receive them,
Cranes and scaffolding and planks,
London's halls and churches need them,
Clubs and offices and banks;
Pails of steaming tea refresh them,
Blessing toil beyond their ken,
For behind them and within them
Lies the craft of bygone men.*

*For a "country job" preparing,
Like explorers on a quest,
Skids and "softening" and rollers,
Choosing skilfully the best;
Then upon the early morrow
Forth they go in rain or sun
To an undiscovered country
And a victory to be won.*

*Days may pass and weeks may follow
Ere the labourers' task is made,
Maybe in a great cathedral
Stones are well and truly laid,
Maybe on a storm-swept hillside
Is a new memorial seen;
Or departing men leave standing
Slender cross on village green.*

*What a tale returning comrades
Tell unto their waiting kin,
Deans and rectors, lodgings, taverns,
Move impartially therein;
Talk about the local country,
Comments on the local beer,
Details of the work accomplished,
Fall upon the listening ear.*

*Mystery of nature's workshop
Lies the stone, serene, awake,
And the men whose hands have touched it
Of its qualities partake.
They, in patience daily working,
In creation have a share.*

*"Raise the stone and thou shalt find
Me,
Cleave the wood and I am there."*

BIBLICAL FLOWERS OF THE WAYSIDE

(Continued from page 34)

though until modern times always a Bedouin stronghold, there were originally feather-grasses and wild oats. These, just as the hair-grasses on our northern hills, like dry land. But they were grazed out by the nomadic Biblical flocks, and have only re-colonised stretches in modern experiments where nomadic grazing has been banned.

Such, however, are the interesting plants the tourists miss when they go gathering the anemones, the cyclamens and the narcissi which spread their sheets of brighter colours!

A Weekday Page for Women

CONDUCTED BY MISS E. M. HARDING

Monday's Washing

Ironing.—To convert the drudgery of a full summer ironing basket into a pleasure—make use of an electric plug near a window (altering the flex if necessary) and take the ironing out through the window into the garden. I have done this and find it very well worth the small trouble and expense involved.—MRS. DAVIS.

Rubber Rollers.—To prevent these sticking after use of detergents, wash and dry wringer in usual way, then dust with a little powdered starch.—MRS. K. BARTON.

When ironing dresses or skirts cut on the cross, to keep the hem line even, iron on the straight of the material, never down lengthways.—MRS. BAZIN.

When ironing shirts with stiff cuffs, to keep cuffs in shape, cut a clean pipe-cleaner in half and insert one piece through the links buttonholes of each cuff, and bend the ends of pipe cleaner to hold the cuff in place. When cuff links are put in for wear, save the halves of pipe cleaner for the next ironing day.—MISS L. HAZELDEN.

Tuesday's Sewing

Ladders.—Few of us can say with truth that we have never experienced a ladder in a stocking due to a suspender grip. Personally, to obviate the nuisance, I wrap a wisp of chiropodist's rabbit wool round the offending portion, and find this method entirely satisfactory.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Lining.—I often find that the part of a dress which soils before the rest of the garment needs washing or cleaning is the back of the shoulders. To protect this,

I tack in a lining—the back of an old blouse will do. I find this saves time and expense.—MISS E. MAY.

Shrinkage.—Bought petersham belting must be well shrunk before putting into the band of a home-made skirt, otherwise after the first wash, it will all have to come off and be done again. The shrinkage is as much as two inches in a yard.—MRS. SELEY.

Buckles.—Always save the buckles from old sandals: they look very attractive worn on knitted cardigans with the straps made of wool, in place of button fastening.—MRS. FAIRWEATHER.

Wednesday's Nursing

Mirrors.—Householders are warned to find a safer place for mirrors than the traditional one over the fireplace. Cases of death, or serious injury, to women and girls, whose clothing caught fire when they were dressing their hair in front of the fireplace, have occurred, and could have been prevented by this precaution.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

After an illness which left me very weak, I found bath time exhausting, especially when I tried to wash my back. I now manage nicely, using a Spontex sponge dish mop. The handle makes it so easy.—MRS. W.

Bandages.—May I offer you a hint which came to me the other day, when making some bandages. As a rule when torn they ravel and fray terribly, so before rolling them up I just nipped the edges both sides about 6 inches apart. This ensures that when using, ravelings would be only short, and not so tiresome as when one has to pull it out the whole length of the bandage.—MRS. HAWKINS.

Thursday's Cooking

A Warning.—Doctors warn that pie-packed lunches which have been prepared the night previous to setting out on an excursion the following day, and kept in a warm room, may cause poisoning. There is danger in made-up foods which are left unrefrigerated.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

Decoration.—When decorating the cake for a birthday party and discovering at the last moment that I had no frill, I saved the day by sewing together some "Walt Disney" character bun cases. It produced

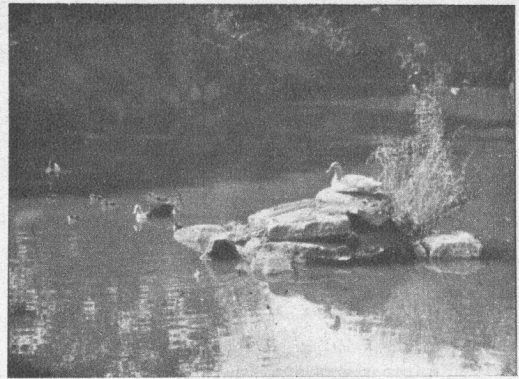


Photo by

A. Holt

A Place in the Sun

an effective frill and a novelty for the kiddies.—MISS M. FERRIS.

Rhubarb.—When preparing rhubarb for stewing, use a pair of kitchen scissors for cutting. This is quicker and gives a clean cut, leaving no stringy bits behind. Next put rhubarb in a stone jar, and steam until tender.—MISS R. GRANT.

Friday's Household

To scare mice.—Sprinkle strong liquid ammonia on mats—at foot of curtains, and any other places where they climb or run. Grate up strong rock ammonia, and put under wainscots, on floor of cupboards, etc.—MISS I. WILLIAMS.

To straighten.—If the (wooden) curtain rod has bent, causing the curtains to sag, put them on a cord for a few days and leave the rod outdoors. The weather will soon straighten it.—MISS I. WATSON.

The sink.—When the plaster has chipped out around sinks try filling the cracks with children's modelling clay. This is very effective as it is waterproof and easy to renew.—MRS. L. WILLS.

Saturday's Children

Safety First.—Angora wool trimmings and swansdown should not be used for baby's garments. He likes to chew, and it doesn't do him any good to swallow any of it. Tight ribbons round neck or waist are harmful, and always coming undone.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

When safety pins are used for fastening baby's clothing they sometimes become entangled in the wool because the double end works through. To prevent this in a simple way, cut a little square of paper or material and push this along the safety pin before using it. This square will rest against the curled end of the pin and prevent wool catching on it.—MRS. ALLINGHAM.

Two Tips.—(1) Make a loose plastic cushion cover to slip over the cushion on baby's chair when he first comes to the table for meals. (2) A small child will often take medicine if it is put into an aspirin bottle with a teat on the end.—MRS. N. M. BOOTH.

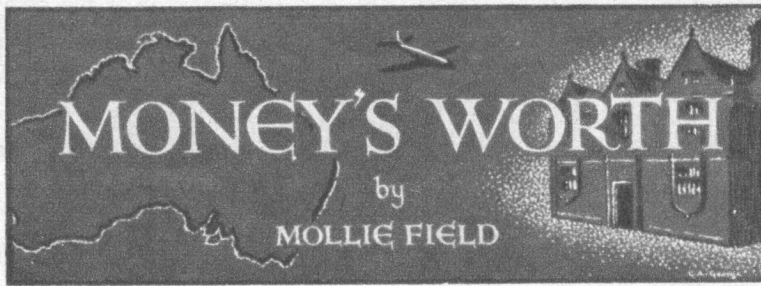
** If you know of a good hint for our household page, send it to the Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4. We offer six 5s. prizes every month.



Photo by

Fishing Friends

G. Pennethorne



Chapter 9

RICHARD pushed the letter into his pocket and went out of the door leading from the doctors' common room into the narrow band of institutional garden which surrounded three sides of the hospital. It was nothing more than a broad tarmac road bordered by well-mown grass and symmetrical flower-beds, with seats at well spaced intervals. It was good enough for pacing up and down, and that was what Richard needed.

The letter which he had hoped for had arrived, offering him the post of resident medical officer of the new geriatrics section of Stratford. It was not entirely a surprise, for he knew his interview had gone well, and that Sir Sefton had recommended him with enthusiasm. But now he did not know if he wanted to go to Stratford. The work would interest him, but if the Wentworth scheme fell through, which now seemed more than likely, it would be torment to live in a place which reminded him of it daily.

Then there was Helen. He was uncertain how he stood with her now. For several days he had failed to see her; either she was engaged with a patient, or she had gone out. Was she disgusted with him, or was she giving him time to think things out? He would have to see her soon, before he replied to the offer, because it affected her too, if she still intended to marry him.

As he strode along, head bent, hands in pockets, he became aware of a familiar figure sitting on one of the wooden garden seats. He looked more closely and saw it was Mrs. Jenkins who had been bedridden for two years before she came into hospital six months ago.

"Hello, Mrs. Jenkins! Isn't it splendid to see you out of doors?" he exclaimed. "Did you walk here by yourself?"

The little old lady nodded and looked at him uncertainly. "Yes doctor, I've not walked so far for three years, and I suppose I ought to be very thankful for all you and Sir Sefton and the nurses have done for me."

"Oh, we don't want thanks," said Richard airily. "All we want is

for you to feel well and enjoy life again."

"As for that, doctor," the old lady shook her head, and he noticed that tears were trickling down her cheeks. "I am not so sure that it is good to want to enjoy life again. Because, you see, you can't, not when your husband and friends are gone, and there is no one who wants you."

Shaken out of his own troubles for a moment, Richard sat down beside Mrs. Jenkins. He seemed to remember Sister saying something about her to the Chief some time ago.

"What's all this?" he asked sympathetically.

"I don't like to burden you with my troubles," she replied hesitantly. "You have been so good to me already. It is wonderful to be free of pain, and not to feel tired all the time. I am really very thankful indeed. But with being laid up all this time I've kind of dropped out of the race, and I don't see how I can find a place in it again. After my husband died I lived in turns with my married sons and my daughter, but as I became too stiff to move I was too much of a burden for any of them. They shared it as long as they could, then they were thankful to get me into hospital, and I expect they hoped I would stay there until my call came. It is only natural, doctor. My daughter's not strong, and my sons' wives have their own families to look after. They were really very good to me. Of course I was able to pay them quite well; you see, my husband was a draper, and he left me enough to live on if I am careful, though of course it wouldn't run to anything fancy like a nursing home or a housekeeper." She dabbed her eyes, and folded her knotted hands again in her lap.

"They were all very kind to me, but you see they are used to doing without me now, and none of them could have me back again. The children are all growing up and they haven't room. Besides," she smiled wryly, "it was all right when I was bedridden, but now I am on my feet they couldn't keep me out of their kitchens—or they think they couldn't. So you see, there is nowhere for me to go unless I can find some good soul who will let me a room, but it is terribly difficult to

find one, and my daughter says the first thing they ask is if I have been in hospital and will they have to nurse me. They only want someone really able-bodied who is out at work all day."

Richard, deeply moved, spoke consolingly to her. "Don't you worry, Mrs. Jenkins. I know just the kind of thing you want, and if I can possibly manage it for you, I will. Could you pay, say, three guineas a week, for a room of your own in a beautiful house and garden, with meals cooked for you, treatment for the arthritis, and care when you are ill?"

"Indeed I could, but it sounds like a dream."

"Perhaps it is, but I will try to make it come true."

Flooded with a new wave of determination, Richard went off to seek out Sir Sefton Burnet with a picture before his eyes of a little old lady's joyful face. It was Sir Sefton's consulting morning for private out-patients, and he should be going off for lunch any time now.

"He has just seen the last patient, Dr. Lovell," said the secretary, and at that moment the Chief came into the office.

"I wonder if I might have a word with you, sir?" asked Richard. "I have had a letter from Stratford today."

Sir Sefton glanced at his worried face and nodded. "Come out to lunch with me, my boy, and get it off your chest."

Soon they were settled in the Chief's favourite haunt, an old-fashioned eating house nearby which combined the attributes of excellent draught beer and first-class beef steak in a thoroughly masculine atmosphere. The tables, too, were fenced in by high-backed seats which made for greater privacy of conversation.

"Now, my boy, what's the problem?" asked Sir Sefton when he had ordered the meal. "Stratford fallen through?"

"No, I have been offered the post. But Wentworth appears to have fallen through."

"How's that? Price too high?"

"No, the real trouble is my mother. I think I told you that when my father was killed the other day he was supposed to be quite a rich man?"

"And you hoped that it would solve the financial problem of starting Wentworth?"

"Well, sir," said Richard with despair in his voice, "Mother refuses to touch a penny of her inheritance!"

The Chief gave an exclamation of surprise. "Was she so badly at variance with your father?"

"It is not that. What troubles her is the way the money was come by. You see, she is one of these

religious people with an over-scrupulous conscience. She believes that Christian precepts really are practicable in this modern age. Unfortunately her inheritance is in uranium mine shares; and there are also substantial betting wins from horses which my father had backed in her name as a repayment for all the money she had lent him. She wants to burn the cheque!"

"She will not take any of it, even to pass on to you?"

"No. What is more, Helen agrees with her. Helen and I are engaged—or at least, I think we still are. I haven't seen her the last few days."

"Hm." Sir Sefton looked judicial as he toyed with his bread amid a tense silence.

"It is a pity, Lovell," he said at last, "a great pity that your dear mother does not temper her Christianity with a little more wisdom. Her attitude is magnificent, courageous, but to my mind it is not necessary. I am a believer, my religion is the mainspring of my medical work—I know some of you young scientific fellows think you can do without it, but believe me, there are some questions to which science can provide no answer—however, I do try in my poor way to live the Christian life."

Richard stopped eating and looked across at the Chief in astonishment that he should talk in such a strain.

"Life is so complex today that it is impossible to avoid 'tainted money' as your mother calls it, and a good many other by-products of evil, too. What we need to remember is that we are not responsible for the sins of our fathers, but it is our job to see that good comes out of the evil we cannot avoid. Our Lord was always teaching that. Christianity is essentially practical, but people don't always realise it."

"Oh sir, I do wish you could talk like that to my mother and Helen. They might take it from you, but they wouldn't from me because they think I am an agnostic."

"And are you?" the Chief snapped.

"Well, I did think Christianity was too idealistic to be practical, like my dear mother. You have thrown a new light on it."

"Give it a little thought, Lovell." The waitress brought the coffee, and he took a cautious sip. "Will your young lady be in the physio department this afternoon?"

"Yes," said Richard promptly. "She does outpatients today."

"You had better accept the Stratford post," added Sir Sefton cryptically.

Chapter 10

THE Yellow Peril streaked down the Worcestershire road. Richard felt a new man with Helen beside him, telling him of her encounter with the great Sir Sefton Burnet.

Apparently he had walked into the physiotherapy department, glared with his piercing eyes which intimidated the staff, brushed aside the secretary, and made straight for Helen who had just finished a patient.

"My wrist is stiff," he snapped out. "Had to start my car with the handle this morning. Can you massage it now?"

Behind his back the secretary gave an answering nod to Helen's glance of query, and she showed him into a cubicle. She arranged the arm, put a heat lamp over it, and was preparing to leave when he said, "Sit down, please. I want to talk to you."

Helen laughed at the recollection. "I wondered what on earth I had done!" she said. "I never thought he was an ambassador of peace. Anyway, he gave me a jolly good talking!"

"Did you argue with him?" asked Richard with curiosity.

"I should think I did!" Helen spoke with relish. "I told him I didn't believe in compromising with the devil, and that only evil can come from accepting 'dirty' money. But in spite of everything, he managed to convince me that I had over-

looked the supreme Christian doctrine, demonstrated by Our Lord on the Cross, that not only will good always triumph ultimately over evil, but that God does turn evil into good. Not exactly doing evil that good may come, but where you have to accept the fact of evil, with God's help good can come out of it. I can see now that by using your father's money for the Wentworth scheme it really is carrying out God's plan. But what about convincing your mother likewise?"

"Perhaps when she sees Wentworth today she will be persuaded to think differently," said Richard dubiously.

Mrs. Lovell was delighted to see Helen, who immediately won her heart by her open and friendly manner, and her genuine enthusiasm for the antique-filled sitting-room.

After an early lunch they all packed into the Yellow Peril and set off for Stratford.

"It is lovely to have an afternoon away from this place," said Mrs. Lovell wistfully as they left the village behind them.

"You aren't very happy in your job, are you?" asked Helen sympathetically.

"I ought not to grumble, my dear, but you have no idea how pernicky the school principals are. You might think housekeeping was a fairly straightforward job, but not when one of the principals has a bee in her bonnet about salads in season and out, while the other wants to keep down the costs at the expense of the housekeeping. Neither of them has ever catered or cooked for a large number in her life, yet they are quite liable to walk into the kitchen and tell cook she is using too many eggs in the pudding, or that I am not carving the joint economically. It is difficult to keep my temper sometimes, but I am thankful to have a job with a place of my own to live in."

"When you see Wentworth, mother," put in Richard persuasively, "I am sure you would feel you would like to run it. You could have your own rooms, and Helen and I would

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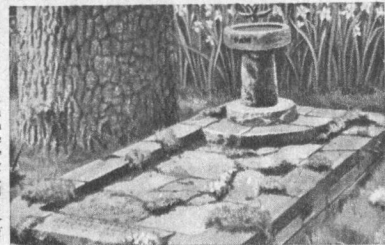
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have a little suite in the old wing, so we would live separately."

"Yes, Mrs. Lovell. You would be completely in charge of the household arrangements, and I would confine myself to giving treatments and supervising the invalids."

"It certainly sounds lovely, if you really want me," Mrs. Lovell agreed wistfully.

"Of course we want you," they assured her. "We can't manage without you."

Wentworth was looking most beautiful when they took Mrs. Lovell round. They explained to her the uses they planned for the different rooms, and exactly how they thought the place could be run so that it would be non-profit making, yet paying for itself. She agreed that the whole scheme was splendid, and fired by their enthusiasm she said she would like to join in it and help to make it work.

But when they sat on the balustrade of the terrace which had become the stage for some of their most vital conversations, she dismayed them both by asking:

"You did say, Helen dear, didn't you, that you have interested a number of wealthy Birmingham people in the scheme? I suppose you have raised enough capital to buy the house and get going?"

"But mother," stammered Richard,

"you know we want your financial co-operation as well as your practical help."

"No, dear, I thought I had made it clear I couldn't do that. I thought you were raising the money in some other way."

"Look, mother, you could lay your hands straight away on the money we would need as a deposit for the house, if you cash that cheque. The auction is in ten days' time. Then the gifts we have been promised can be used for putting the place in working order. Don't you think using your money that way would be a kind of expiation for any sin through betting? As for the uranium—if you reinvested your capital so that we could have an income to put into Wentworth, and pay the mortgage it could do nothing but good."

Helen took Mrs. Lovell by the hand and spoke urgently, "I felt as you did about your money; in fact, Richard and I quarrelled about it the other day. But Sir Sefton Burnet made me see it all differently." And she recounted almost word for word what he had said to her.

But Mrs. Lovell remained adamant. Try as they would they could not persuade her to look at "tainted money" from Sir Sefton's viewpoint, and in the end they had to give up and take her home again, all of them

silent and depressed.

"It is no good," said Richard as they returned to Birmingham. "Nothing on earth will move her."

"The only hope," said Helen slowly, "is to touch her heart. Emotion is the only thing that will move her, something personal. If you were desperately ill, for instance, and could only be saved by something that money could buy."

"No good, I'm afraid. I am disgustingly healthy. Now who else could touch her heart? Not herself—one can't help admiring her selflessness, even if it is misguided. Of course there is Uncle Charles, but he has made me promise to say nothing of his plight."

"Then make him release you from your promise," declared Helen, "I really think that might do it."

(To be continued)

PRIZE OFFER

£5. If about a page of *Home Words* were yours to fill, how would you do it? For an article and illustrations—photographs or otherwise—we offer a prize of £5. Entries should be addressed to the Editor, 11 Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4, before June 15, with stamped, addressed envelope for return of unsuccessful MS.

NO LEGS

—yet he plays football!



At Kingsgate near Broadstairs there's a Home for crippled boys. One of them (we'll call him Alan) has no legs. He has to be eased into a kind of iron corset and then two artificial legs are attached to it. First he had to try to walk. Now he is learning to play football every week with the other boys. Maybe he's no Stanley Matthews—but he has courage and confidence because he has the Shaftesbury Society behind him.

Everyone has to face suffering somewhere—sometimes. Boys like Alan face it everyday, everywhere. Because of the Society he's relatively (though only relatively)

lucky. And the list of crippled children who need our help is much longer than the list of children we are able to look after.

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