

# Kings Norton Parish Magazine

Threepence Monthly

March, 1950

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ORGANISATIONS

MOTHERS' UNION ..... 1st Monday in month, 2.45 p.m., at Church.

G.F.S. .... Candidates, Wednesdays, 5.45 p.m.

Juniors, Mondays, 6.30 p.m. Both held in

Saracen's Head.

BOY SCOUTS ..... CUBS, Mondays, 6.30 p.m., Council School.

SCOUTS, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m., Saracen's Head.

YOUTH FELLOWSHIP ..... Wednesdays, 7.30 p.m., Saracen's Head.

BADMINTON CLUB ..... Tuesdays, 7 p.m., Council School.

ST. ANNE'S

JUNIOR CLUB ..... Thursdays, 6.30 p.m., Church Hall.

YOUTH FELLOWSHIP ..... Tuesdays, 7 p.m., Church Hall.

JUNIOR BOYS' CLUB ..... Mondays, 6.30 p.m.

THE EPIPHANY:

SENIOR YOUTH FELLOWSHIP ..... Fridays, 7 p.m.

JUNIOR YOUTH FELLOWSHIP ..... Tuesdays, 7 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB ..... Mondays, 7.30 p.m.

WOMEN'S WORKING PARTY ..... Thursdays, 2.30 p.m.

MOTHERS' UNION ..... Third Thursday in month, 2.30 p.m.

The Church of the Epiphany organisations all meet in their Church Hall.

## SERVICES

<p>ST. NICOLAS .....</p> <p>ST. ANNE'S .....</p> <p>THE EPIPHANY .....</p> <p>BAPTISMS .....</p> <p>CHURCHINGS .....</p> <p>MARRIAGES .....</p> <p>VISITATION OF THE SICK .....</p>	<p><i>Every Sunday:</i> Holy Communion, 8 a.m.; Matins, 11 a.m.; Children's Service and Infant Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evensong, 6.30 p.m.; <i>First and Third Sunday in month:</i> Holy Communion, 12.15 p.m.; <i>Thursdays:</i> Holy Communion, 11 a.m.</p> <p><i>Every Sunday:</i> Junior Church, 11.15 a.m.; Sunday School, 2.45 p.m.; Evensong, 6.30 p.m. Holy Communion on 1st Sunday in month at 8 a.m. and on 3rd Sunday at 9.30 a.m.</p> <p><i>Every Sunday:</i> Junior Church, 11.15 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evensong, 6.30 p.m.; Holy Communion on 2nd and 4th Sundays in month at 9 a.m.</p> <p><i>1st and 3rd Sunday</i> at St. Nicolas, 3.50 p.m.; Forms obtained at Churching or from Parish Clerk on Monday and Wednesday evenings. S. ANNE'S—2nd and 4th Sundays, 4 p.m.</p> <p>THE EPIPHANY—1st and 3rd Sundays, 4 p.m. <i>Thursdays</i>, 10.30 a.m., at St. Nicolas.</p> <p>Banns Forms issued and received by Parish Clerk. Please notify the Clergy of any sick person.</p>
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Copy for the April magazine must be sent to the Editor, the Rev. J. V. Skinner, by the 11th March. The magazine will appear on the 23rd March.

## CALENDAR FOR MARCH

- 5.—SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.  
 12.—THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.  
 19.—FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT. (Mothering Sunday).  
 25.—ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.  
 26.—PASSION SUNDAY.

## COLLECTIONS

	<i>Parish Church</i>			<i>S. Anne's</i>			<i>The Epiphany</i>		
	£	s	d	£	s	d	£	s	d
Jan. 15 .....	26	3	2	3	15	10	2	6	0
22 .....	22	1	2	2	8	6	2	12	4
29 .....	23	10	9	2	10	3	3	1	11
	£71	15	1	£8	14	7	£8	0	3
Total for Parish .....			£88 9s. 11d.						

## SIDESMEN'S ROTA.

<p>26th February</p> <p>5th March</p> <p>12th „</p> <p>19th „</p>	<p>8 a.m.</p> <p>Reynolds, W. H.</p> <p>Greenhill, B.</p> <p>Brown, J. R.</p> <p>Hadley, D. J.</p> <p>Davies, W. R.</p> <p>Mackintosh, T.</p> <p>Yates, R.</p> <p>Pendleton, D. J.</p>	<p>11 a.m.</p> <p>Jenkins, I. B.</p> <p>Wood, N. A.</p> <p>Jones, N. V.</p> <p>Floyd, H.</p> <p>Winstanley, H. M.</p> <p>Smith, A.</p> <p>Pritchett, W. B.</p> <p>Blinkhorn, H. W.</p>	<p>6.30 p.m.</p> <p>Mackintosh, J. A.</p> <p>Griffiths, F. H.</p> <p>Haycock, P.</p> <p>Clark, R.</p> <p>Allan, J. B.</p> <p>Clews, H. T.</p> <p>Swain, A.</p> <p>Latter, G. W.</p>
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# VICAR'S LETTER.

THE VICARAGE,

KINGS NORTON,

February, 1950.

My dear Friends,

From a parson's point of view sermons are useful things. They enable him with his congregation, to think on the great problems of God and man; of sin and salvation; of the goodness and badness of the world. Of course there is always that constant fear in his mind, which Paul revealed in one of his letters, lest he, having preached to the others, might himself become a castaway. One of the loveliest things about preaching though is the knowledge which comes now and again by letter or word, that through the preacher God has given a word of life or comfort or cheer to some lonely, doubting, or grieving soul, some fellow creature faced with a grave decision to make, or a crisis in life, and not knowing which way to turn.

There is a temptation, however, which is ever present to the preacher and that is to talk to the people in church as if they were the people absent; to belabour them with reproaches for the people who are not there. This has two evil effects; it either makes us in church feel how good we are, or worse still how wicked the absent are, or it discourages us and weighs us down with a sense of defeat. By all means let us share the dim discontent at our empty pews, and how many they are at times, but please always tell me if you think that I am preaching the sermon to you which I should be preaching on the village green.

I value the increasing distribution of our Parish Magazine, in that it gives me the very opportunity to reach the minds and hearts of those who are careless of their duty to God. If any of you church-goers know such people I should be particularly grateful if this month you would contrive to bring this letter to their notice. They fall into many categories. First of all there is the group who would find it very difficult to come to God's house on Sunday—well nigh impossible to come even once—but not quite impossible. I have yet to meet the man or woman who cannot arrange to do the things they want to do, if they want to do it urgently enough. But I say again it would be extremely difficult for a large number of people to reach their church even once on a Sunday.

Then there is a second group for whom a visit once a week to God's house would present a certain modicum of difficulty. But of these I would say even more readily that, *if they really wanted to* they could come. These people tell me that it is the only day they get to wash their stockings, clean the house thoroughly, have one comfortable family meal together, get a round of golf, or even relax a little. In the generation of a growing five-day working week these excuses wash even thinner than they did before.

There is a third group, who just could not care less, as the Americans say. It is to the first and second groups that I write now—especially to the second group. I would have you share with me the sense of the way we hurt God by our carelessness. Naturally for us parsons whose life is filled with the affairs of church and the approach to God and winning souls for Him—at least it should be if we are trying to do our job well—we naturally have more time to think about these things—sometimes, maybe, to brood on them rather.

But at times I must confess, the deep sense of the grief of God over our neglectfulness weighs on my spirit. We church people are no better than others, maybe we know well how evil can appear when we are close to Christ—but we do this at least—we endeavour to offer Him the reverence and due of ordered worship, careless as we may grow at times.



As we come at the end of the month to another Lent, one cannot help thinking a lot about all that He gave for us. I think of him driven by His great love for us from that quiet village life of Nazareth to wresle with evil forty days and nights in the wilderness. Sometimes I dare not dwell too long on the hill called Calvary, and those three crosses there, the middle one bearing the broken body of our Saviour and his dear broken heart—broken and surrendered absolutely and voluntarily for you and me. As I think of all that our Faith means, I turn to look upon this parish or any other parish where I have lived and worked. I see this boy or that girl, bred in the traditions of love for God, of service and duty, regular churchgoers, regular communicants, faithful through childhood and youth. Then God blesses them and they find their partner for life, one, often who has little time for God. Instead of bringing their partner into the life of the Church, they themselves abandon all that it has meant to them. How can they? How can they? I see the shadow of the crucified falling unnoticed on the path of their life; I see the shade upon His stricken face. I hear His voice, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by." This love we have shared, the progress of childhood, the Sunday School, the Church, the Confirmation, the sacrament of Marriage, of Baptism, of Holy Communion? Is it nothing? Or I see another young couple of church folks whose marriage in church has been a crowning joy in two lives of devotion to God. They come along to His house, gratefully and happily until baby comes and from that moment, when God gives them the crown of their love, their remembrance of him begins to die. They can no longer come together to worship God and rather than come to church apart, they stay at home to worship the babe together. So the husband, or the wife, or the child God gave them becomes the first poison to their soul, a poison which in the end brings them to a condition of life when they never even say a daily prayer to God. A condition of living death.

I see men and women in this Kings Norton who once loved and served God who were brought up carefully and prayerfully to churchmanship and duty. Some of them tell me that as late as 1939 they never missed coming to the house of God at least once a week. Now the old love is off, and what have they put in its place? A career, money making, or even an extra eighteen holes of golf when they could well get one or even two in the summer on Saturday afternoon or Sunday and still do their duty to God in His house. What does Christ think, as He looks down upon all this? What does he think of the way we use the holy day, and the one day in seven when He asked that we should give some special thought to Him? Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

The parson's work in the church keeps us in constant memory of the littleness of life. This very week as I write, this very day, the mortal remains of a little child, and a young father of children have been laid to rest under the shadows of our old church. For them time is ended and eternity begun. All those things and people which seduce us from love and duty to God, how quickly they slip through our feeble hands. We Christians sometimes know that nostalgic longing to be with Christ which is better; but we too fear that look upon his face as we carry to him all the things we did wrong. I feel that we should prefer the flames of fire and torment of Hell our forefathers were taught to fear in another age to the raging fires of regret in our hearts for the things we did which we ought not to have done, and the things we ought to have done which we have left undone. What of you others, you forgetful, you neglectful ones. Remember the look that Christ gave Peter, after he had twice denied him. I am sure that there was no anger in that look, no contempt, no dismay, only forgiveness and pity. It drove Peter away broken in tears and remorse and regret for the Master he had failed.

This is a special appeal to those who have grown careless about the whole thing. Come along this Lent and think it all out again. Have no shame, nor pride about it. He is waiting for you. He awaits you. Your neglect grieves His divine heart of



love and renews His Calvary. Search your souls; give yourselves an honest answer. Will the excuse you give the parson sound well, and ring true when you tell it to Christ in person? If you are convinced it will. I have nothing more to say. I stand beside you as a doctor stands behind a dying patient, having done all he can to save the life.

For those of you who read these words and reject them, all I can tell my Master in the great reckoning will be that I did my best. I shall say no more at this time, unless you challenge me to discussion. But if you do so, please do not take offence, if I speak my mind plainly, as I hope you also will speak yours. I cannot pretend that I think it anything but a tragedy. I realize from inside the parish your Christ's need of you; you know yourselves how much God needs you. But the hurt that is in my own heart is a dim shadow, deep as it is at times, of the hurt which must crowd upon the loving heart of your Saviour and mine.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD G. ASHFORD.

In memory of her husband, Mrs. Collett White has presented a pair of altar vases. Those at present on the altar have such extremely narrow necks that at times it is impossible to keep the flowers alive, even when the miracle of arrangement has been achieved. The new vases have wide necks and I hope that you will think them as beautiful as I do. We all thank you, Mrs. Collett White, very much indeed.

We have to thank another benefactor who has promised us our scout colour. The Scoutmaster and all the boys, I know, will join me in thanking her most gratefully for her kindness.

## OUR JOYS AND OUR SORROWS.

*These were made Children of God in Holy Baptism. May God preserve them.*

11th December—Eileen Durant, John Howard Fitzmaurice, William Barry Godwin, Milton Gerald Godwin, Lewis Bowditch, Michael David Lane. 15th January—Sally Ann Smith, Susan Joan Hawkey, Graham James, Jean Rogers Andrew Derek Townsend, Peter Albert Harris, Anita Catherine Brooke, Robert Allan Wood, Anne Marie Walker, Graham John Bennett Terence Charles Leslie Medicott, Malcolm John Turner, Peter Merridy, Ronald Mervyn Rivers. 2nd February—Jane Mary Cooksley.

*These have been joined together in Christian Marriage. May God bless them.*

14th January—Esmond Selby Walter Ades and Pamela Ann Marchant. 28th January—Harry Silk and Thelma Mary Hems, Derrick Newton and Marjorie Hemming. 4th February—Geoffrey Leonard Silman and Mary Sopp.

## VARIA.

A meeting of parents of Scouts and Cubs was held on Monday, 30th January. After light refreshments the Scoutmaster and the Vicar addressed the meeting and a Group Committee was appointed. The members are the Vicar (chairman), Revd. J. V. Skinner (vice-chairman), Mrs. Worth (hon. secretary), Mr. Smith (treasurer), the Scoutmaster, Messrs. Garner and Smallwood, Mrs. Jelfs and Mrs. Porter.

A Parish Dance will be held in the Council School, on Saturday, 4th March. Admission by ticket, price 3s.

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## "I examine myself"

An Idea for Lent

By THE REV. CANON SALTER.

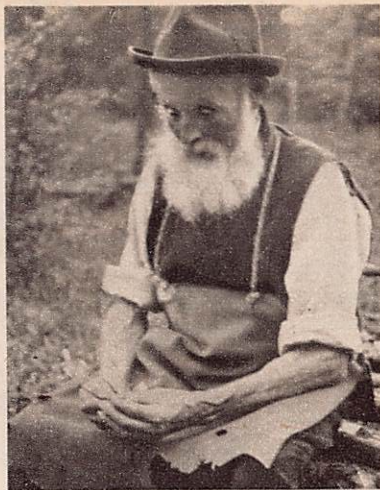


THE other day I came across an interesting old book in which the writer divided the people he knew into plus and minus people.

Do you see the idea? The plus people were those who made him feel richer and better and stronger because he had been in their company, those who added something to his own happiness and usefulness in life; the minus people were those whose presence robbed him of his courage and optimism and confidence, those who left him impoverished and empty when they had gone. It has occurred to me that you and I might spend a few hours this Lent examining this way of approach to our own lives. One thing is quite certain, and that is we all leave some sort of impression on those we meet: they are either richer or poorer because we have been in their company. There is no compromise about the situation: we are either plus people or minus people.

During the Portsmouth blitz I remember getting into conversation with a little old lady who refused to be evacuated and whose spirit refused to give in. She told me that she was really very frightened during the many air raids. "I used to stand up in the shelter," she said, "I was far too nervous to sit down. Then my knees began to tremble a little. When that happened I used to say to myself 'Don't be a coward. Try to look braver than you feel. If you keep up your courage, you will help others to keep theirs up, too'—and somehow it always seemed to work and we all started to laugh and joke and sing!" I raise my hat to such old ladies. To be in their company is to have something added to your own life. They are among the plus people of the world, they always give to others far more than they expect to get from them.

Recently I met one of the opposite camp. He was a man who had made a lot of money in life, but who had made a very poor business of life itself. I don't think he can ever have really



A Plus Person who finds in flowers a joy

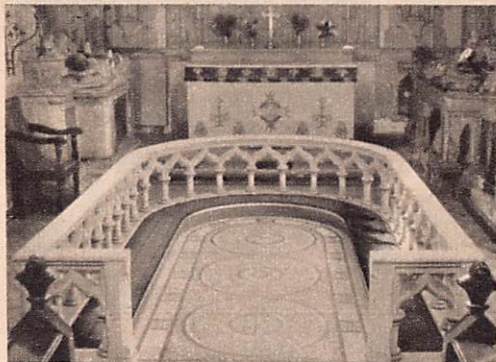
studied his private profit and loss account in spite of his big house and his many luxuries. He was self-centred and egoistic, he was an inveterate grouser and grumbler, he openly declared that he trusted nobody. Do you wonder that he was as miserable as sin? Are you surprised that I came away from an interview with him feeling chilled and saddened? He left a deep depression behind him which I find impossible to express in words. I regret that I shall always think of him as one of the minus men of the world.

The Bible is full of this plus and minus idea. Even the Old Testament writers realised its value. Here is a good description of plus men given by the prophet Isaiah: "They helped every one his neighbour, and every man said to his brother, Be of good courage." What a challenge such words are to us in these trying times! The New Testament is also full of the same ideal. Not only is the Golden Rule a call for us to help others but our Lord's great commandment of love is a challenge to a world which is so full of hate and distrust, which sadly lacks such positive virtues as goodwill and good humour and good morals. These are the things which God wants His children to possess.





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



### "The Fold."

A VERY unusual Holy Communion-rail can be seen in the fine old church at St. Osyth, about 5 miles from Clacton-on-Sea. The present stone structure was erected in 1882, when the chancel was repaired, and replaces an earlier wooden rail of the same shape. The wooden rail was probably built round the Communion Table, which, after the Reformation, was often placed lengthways in the chancel. Nowadays the communicants kneel inside the rail, which is locally called "the fold," and there is sufficient room for about 18 persons.—W. E. WARNER.

### Scrap-Iron Clock.

THE church clock of Tirley, near Tewkesbury, was made from scrap-iron by the late Mr. H. Carter, wheelwright of the village. Some of the wheels used came from a winnowing machine, and others were obtained from a chaff-cutter, a roasting-jack, a bean-drill, and a separator! To suit these, Mr. Carter had to make some of the smaller wheels, or "pinions," himself, and this he did by sawing and filing them out from solid pieces of metal! The key which is used to wind the clock was made from part of the windlass of a canal lock,

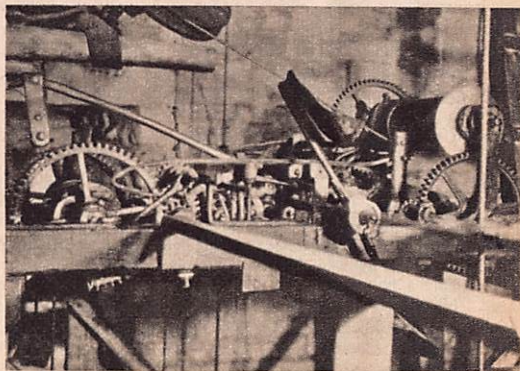
and so the clock can claim to have parts from almost every kind of mechanism used in the countryside! The photograph reproduced is believed to be the only one that has ever been taken of this queer clock, for the clock room is in darkness, and special arrangements had to be made to enable a picture to be obtained.—T. R. ROBINSON.

### Whuppity Scoorie.

LANARK, an ancient Royal Burgh from 1140, has some very old customs. One of these, named Whuppity Scoorie, is observed on March 1, at 6 p.m. On this date the wee bell is rung after being silent from the end of September. At the first tinkle of the bell hundreds of boys and girls, swinging caps and balls of paper overhead, run three times round the auld kirk. Money is then scattered and the big and wee bells ring together, accompanied by the town band. History says that in olden times malefactors were whipped round the kirk and down the Castlegate to the River Clyde and there scooried. Hence the name, "Whuppity Scoorie!"—A. R. CUNNINGHAM.

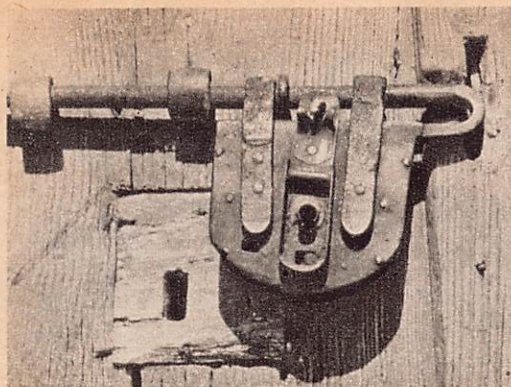
### Near Libel!

IN a certain pro-Cathedral magazine I read: "The collecting bag reaches only those who are in church. Those who can't come get away with it."—L. REED.



A Country Clock





### A Colossal Lock.

**R**EADERS who are interested in old church locks might like to see this photograph, which gives no idea of its colossal size, the bolt being about a foot-long. But it is the situation of the lock which is most remarkable. I photographed it on the door of a little chapel which has been constructed of part of the ruins of the great Roman villa of the Emperor Tiberius, which is built on the edge of a cliff which falls a sheer thousand feet into the sea at lovely Capri, near Naples.—E. RICHARDSON.

### The First Refrigerator (?)

**A**LTHOUGH it is quite impossible to make much of this subject in a photographic sense, the subject is of exceptional interest, for it shows Britain's original refrigerator—it gave the idea from which has been developed the mechanical types of today. It is a brick-lined cavern in the churchyard at Hanwell, Middlesex, and until excavation a few years ago was buried in the ground. The idea was to line the cellar in the winter with ice from the River Brent nearby, and in this way food could be stored in a fresh condition for many months in the ice-cavern. It is said that food could be kept fresh for many months throughout the summer and the ice remained solid from one winter to the next, if the cavern was properly lined and sufficiently deeply buried. I believe that there is mention of these ice-caverns in

several parts of the country, usually attached to large houses, but this one is reputed to be the only one now extant. I cannot say why it was built in the churchyard, but possibly this could be explained by the fact that the churchyard has been enlarged and has taken in ground which was at one time part of the estate of a large house.—P. H. LOVELL.

### A Cock-and-Pot Coffin Lid.

**K**ILKENNY (in Ireland) is called after Saint Canice, to whom the cathedral is dedicated. In the

north aisle there is a stone coffin lid with the cross carved on it, and the usual instruments of the Passion—scourges, hammer, nails, pincers, sponge, and ladder. But there is also a curious device of a crowing cock perched on the top of a pot, and the custodian tells you this story. Two Roman soldiers were on guard at Calvary, with a cock boiling in a pot against supper time. One soldier said to the other: "The folks say that Jesus of Nazareth, above there, will come back to life in three days." The other replied: "I've heard that, but I'd as soon believe the cock in the pot would rise up and crow." At once the cock rose and said in Irish: "Mock-na-hoe-ya-slawn," which, being interpreted, is "the Son of the Virgin is safe." And that's what still echoes at the dawning of every day, across the countryside of the world, in the clarion call of the cock.—THE REV. H. COTTON-SMITH.

\* \* \* Can any readers confirm this legend as current elsewhere?



The First(?) Refrigerator.



# CUSTODIAN OF FAITHFUL LABOUR OF LOVE

By J. MOFFITT

*Photographs by the Author*



Adel Church.



HERE is a significant prayer in a very ancient Litany which deserves to be vastly better known in these modern days when labour has obtained higher wage and perhaps, a greater dignity. It is very short: "May Thy faithfulness O God, in Thy handicraft make us faithful in our sphere of labour."

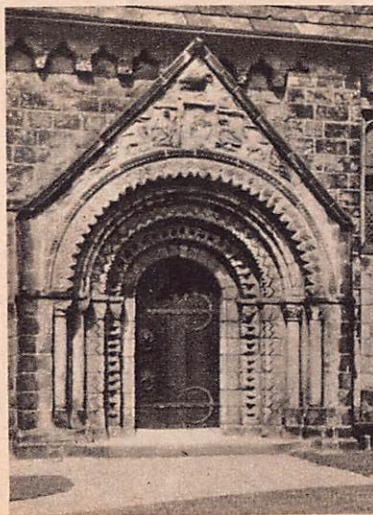
How faithful our ancestors were in their work is borne witness to in a thousand and more churches up and down the country, for the skill of many centuries has endured almost as well as the hills and rocks from which their raw material was obtained. Not

only can we still see the structural triumphs of the early masons, carpenters, smiths and glassworkers, but also the innumerable objects of exquisite workmanship that have been presented as gifts of love century after century.

Take a single example of a perfect treasure house of art and craft—a little church in the broad acres of Yorkshire, not far from the busy town of Leeds. It is known in Domesday Book by the lovely name of Adele—to-day as Adel. It was built about A.D. 1140 and although it has been restored from time to time is pretty much as the Norman builders left it. Can we imagine them returning to it to discover whether their work has survived wars and ravages of disease such as the dreadful Black Death, which destroyed a larger proportion of the population of many cities, towns and villages than the atom bomb which fell on Hiroshima? If the craftsmen who made Adel Church what it is could revisit it what would they think of our "labour of love"? That thought reminds me of a strange experience of a friend of mine who, one December night when the moon was full, saw, or imagined he saw, a procession of men and women of many centuries ago passing up a dark lane that led to a country church.

But enough of dreams. Let me sum up the findings of an architectural authority on the treasures of this Yorkshire church.

The church is of the usual simple style of the period, having an aisleless



The Doorway.

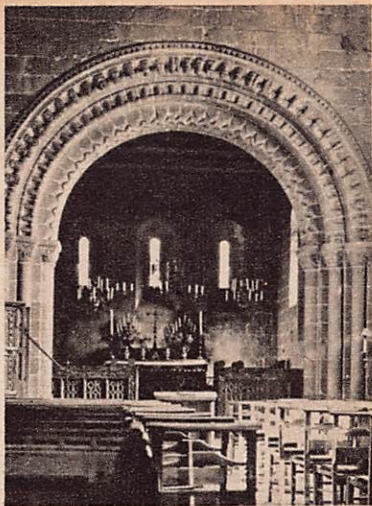


nave and chancel with a corbel table of fine grotesque faces and Norman string course with flat pillaster buttresses on the outside. It has a modern belfry in Norman style and a few Norman windows. The South doorway with its symbols of the four Evangelists, figure of Christ in Majesty, and Agnus Dei, is a thing of rare delight even though now weathered. A magnificent closing ring adorns the door.

The chief glory of this treasure House of God is its exquisite chancel arch, one of the finest in England. Its outer row of carvings is full of fascinating carved heads, whilst the capitals at each side are a wealth of interesting sculpture.

On the North side can be seen an interesting Baptism scene, the subject being "The Baptism in Jordan." The Saviour is seen being baptised with St. John the Baptist holding His hand, whilst an angel is bearing a baptismal mantle. The presence of the Holy Spirit is shown by the dove above the Saviour's head, and an amusing note is struck by the animal drinking at the water. On the same side can be seen a representation of the battle between St. Michael and the Dragon. The Archangel is shown as a centaur with a bow and arrow and represents Sagittarius, the archer from the signs of the Zodiac. Incidentally, Sagittarius was the badge of King Stephen, who was supposed to have founded Adel Church.

The South side of the arch also has carvings full of interest and an



The Chancel Arch.

unusual subject is "The Taking Down from the Cross." Joseph of Arimathea can be seen with a long pair of pincers withdrawing nails from the feet of Our Lord and standing beside him is Nicodemus. The Blessed Mother is shown weeping, and near to her is the beloved disciple. It will be remembered that at this time the face of the sun was darkened, and it is so shown, the customary rays being omitted from the carving of the sun. The battle between good and evil is also typified, on this side, where a fabulous monster having the body of a horse, face of a man, tail of a scorpion,

with a breastplate and a crown on its head, is being fought by a Knight. The monster is the Locust or Apollyon (King of the Locusts) found in Chapter IX of the Book of Revelation, and which was the scourge of Christendom. The Knight with the lance is a Christian warrior fighting the scourge.

Visitors from many lands cannot fail to find proof of the faith of many generations, whose heirs we are, in this ancient House of God.



The Centaur in the Chancel Arch.



for Women with  
Homes

A Little Light that Shineth.

Photo by the Rev. H. G. Rolls.

**Monday's Washing.**

*Hints on Rayon.*—Rayons all have one point in common, they are weaker wet than dry. Use lukewarm water both for washing and rinsing and support the garment with your hands when lifting out of the water so as not to put too much strain on the material. Do not wring but squeeze the water out gently and roll in a towel.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

*Home Dyeing.*—To do a better job and save staining the fingers, fasten two spring clothes-pegs at suitable points on garments. Clip the pegs to two corners of the garment, hold with both hands and dip the material up and down in the dye. This will distribute the dye more evenly and prevent streaks. The secret of the success of home dyeing is to get the colour even.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

**Tuesday's Sewing.**

*Eiderdowns.*—When the corners of your eiderdown begin to look shabby buy two cushion covers to tone, cut them through corner to corner, and into the four triangular pieces thus made slip the corners of the eiderdown, and stitch neatly. The eiderdown is good for several years' additional service.—MRS. F. ROSS.

*Old Pyjamas.*—Many pyjama designs have wide stripes. Cut these stripes out in lengths to make frills to give the New Look to old dresses. This has been done most successfully—frills at bottom of skirt, neck and sleeves.—MRS. CARRICK.

*Shoulder Pads.*—Much time and trouble is taken up by sewing in and

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

taking out shoulder pads when coats and blouses are washed. A very good plan is to sew a circular pocket on the shoulder with the opening in the centre and the pad is slipped in and out.—MRS. W. ATKINS.

*Table Mats.*—Cut out pieces of linen (or other suitable material) about  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. bigger than the shape of the mats. Put a narrow hem round each, leaving a tiny space for a slot. Work a transfer on centre of each. To finish off, slot each cover with narrow or hat elastic if possible. These covers can easily be slipped off and washed.—MISS A. PORTS.

*New and Old.*—When you are about to make a new garment out of an old one, hold the material up to the light to find any weak places. Mark them round with a soft red pencil and avoid these spots when cutting out the pattern.—MISS E. HARDING.

**Wednesday's Nursing.**

*Bi-carb.*—Comedians may joke about it, but without doubt bicarbonate of soda is the family cure. A small teaspoonful in a cup of warm water, three times a day, will ward off an approaching cold, liverishness, certain types of headaches—chiefly caused by indigestion—and, to a great extent, sleeplessness. Taken for three or four days, it assists the catarrh sufferer.—MISS E. M. HARDING.

*Bed Tables.*—Old-fashioned cake-stands make excellent tables by the beds. I have two in use now; they are light to move and for small bedrooms take up very little room.—MRS. M. A. BLIGHT.

*Tired Feet.*—Tired, tender and sweated feet should not be treated with hot water, which causes a relaxed condition, the opposite of what is required. Wash daily in tepid water, using Lysol soap or Sanitas. Expose to sun and air as often as possible. Salt-water bathing is also good for the feet. Use a handful of common salt in a small bowl of tepid water. Clapping the feet with the hands is excellent for toning up the feet. For any feet in hot weather, wipe them with surgical spirit every morning. This is wonderfully refreshing and enables the feet to breathe, which is more essential than is realised.—H. HILL, Chiroprapist.



**Thursday's Cooking.**

**Custard.**—Every housewife knows how annoying it is when a baked custard is cracked and watery, the oven having become a little too hot while she was busy elsewhere. To avoid this, always *boil* your milk before making the custard. When it has cooled a little, add your beaten egg and sugar. If you proceed thus, you will never have a cracked custard.—MISS WILKINSON.

**Garnish.**—A decorative garnish to a salad supper snack of a plate of sandwiches can be achieved with a few crystallised mint leaves. Gather fresh mint, strip the leaves from the stalks, brush with well-beaten white of egg, sprinkle with castor sugar, and spread on a rack in a cool oven.—MRS. E. SADLER.

**Pickled Beet.**—I have pickled beet-root from the following recipe and it keeps indefinitely: Boil beets till tender, skin, cut lengthwise in halves, quarters or smaller to fit the jar. Drop in the jar till nearly full. To 1 pint of vinegar add 2 cups of sugar. Bring to boil. Pour over the beet while boiling until the jar runs slightly over. Drop in a few cloves, then cover at once.—M. T.

**Jellies.**—To turn out easily, pour a few drops of olive oil on a clean rag and grease the mould with this. You will never have a broken jelly if this is done and there is no taste of the oil.—MRS. CROFT.

**Friday's Household.**

**Labels.**—Ordinary white adhesive plaster is the best material with which to label tins; it does not peel off like paper labels and ink writing shows up clearly.—MRS. J. RICHARDSON.

**Like a Book.**—When you open a new cardboard carton of sugar, Quaker Oats or cornflakes, cut it open like a book. You will then have a clean, useful box with lid, suitable for packing picnics, eggs, cakes and many other things.—MRS. A. WINTER.

**Broken Needles.**—Save screw tops from

toothpaste tubes, fill them with hot sealing wax and screw in your broken knitting needles with no knobs. When the wax sets they are as firm as a rock.—MRS. SOUTHGATE.

**Saturday's Children.**

**Plastic Pockets.**—If you have any children who are fond of putting things that stain in their pockets it is a good idea to make a plastic lining for the pocket. It can be taken out and washed and does not spoil the dresses, and it saves a lot of time and temper.—MISS E. BELL.

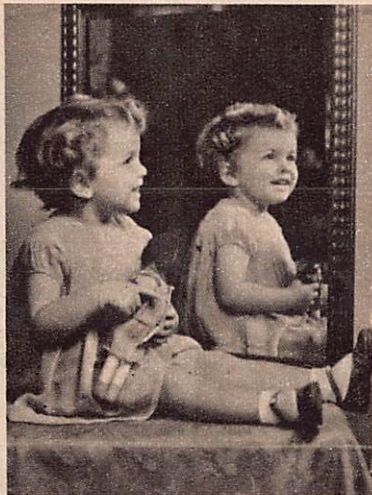
**Try Suspenders.**—If you have a baby who throws the covers off while in his cot fasten two old suspenders to the head of cot, then clasp on to baby's blanket at each side of his shoulders. Baby can kick then as much as he likes without getting uncovered as the suspenders will stretch to allow for this.—MRS. GREENHALGH.

**Whisper.**—To ease and quiet a screaming child, stoop down beside him and whisper a few simple words. It is a curious fact that this often puts a stop to screams due to fear or temper.—MRS. BUTCHER.

**A Really Good Cough Mixture for Children.**—Sixpennyworth glycerine, sixpennyworth ipecacuanha wine, sixpennyworth syrup of squills. Shake well and give the children 1 teaspoonful.—MRS. V. LUCKHAM.

**Peppermint.**—Here is a good tip for bottle-fed babies. Dissolve a peppermint in an egg cup with boiling water. Fill the egg cup to the brim. When the milk is ready for the feed, take one teaspoonful of the peppermint and mix in with the milk. If one teaspoonful is given with each feed you will find baby will sleep for hours with contentment as it breaks up the wind and helps baby with its teeth.

**To shorten** the sleeves or legs of a boy's suit, run a tuck in the lining and press well. This is by far the quickest and easiest way, and is so simple to let down, for the tucks are just pulled out and the sleeves or legs pressed again.—MISS CULBERT.



Have You a Happy Reflection ?

Photo by S. Hedgeland.



# THE OLIVEWOOD CHEST

By B. M. ORR

**W**HERE does he get all this money?" exclaimed Azab when his neighbour told him that Ben Ezra had given away one thousand silver pieces to the poor. "Ben has always been a poor man," he continued, "but now he seems to have unlimited wealth. There's one thing I don't like about this—Ben dresses and lives the same as he has always done. You'd think he'd buy some new clothes or furniture, or let his wife shop at the high-class outfitter's instead of grubbing about in those filthy stalls in the Bazaar."

The sudden and quite unexpected change in his fortunes had made Ben Ezra popular. His generosity was well known, but Bazaar gossip gave birth to many rumours—some complimentary, others loaded with suspicion as to where and when Ben had made his money.

In time the jealousy and the wish to know more about his affairs brought Ben Ezra into disfavour with influential people; but no dishonesty could be proved against him. The town-folk, who looked on Ben as a benefactor of their various charities, were content to leave the matter there. And so the years went by with Ben and his old wife living their quiet life in the two small dark rooms which had been their home for forty years.

Towards the end of his life Ben Ezra sent for his only son, Isaac, a shoemaker in Joppa, who came home to see his father for the last time.

"Yesterday, Isaac," said the old man to his son, "I asked Simeon at the Temple to make my Will. I've left you that old chest in the corner, Isaac. For your part, you must look after your mother—she's been a good wife to me."

"Rest assured, Father, I will see to that," replied Isaac.

"There is one important thing we wish to tell you, Isaac," said Ben. "Your mother and I have enjoyed a secret about the chest for thirty years. Tell him about it, Sarah."

Sarah moved her stool nearer to the sick bed.

"God is my witness that I do not lie to you, Isaac," she said. "When we were first married your father and I were very poor. We are still poor, as you can see. One year after the Feast of Tabernacles we went to the Bazaar to ask Caleb the carpenter to repay the money he owed us. He gave us this chest instead. I thought at the time how useful it would be to have something in which to keep our clothes instead of piling them on to this stool. The same evening your father came back from his sick cousin Joel, and we sat—your father on the chest—talking about Joel's illness and how he could never hope to feed his family without being able to work. I said to your father—how well I remember the very words!—'How I wish we could give Joel ten pieces of silver to help him over his bad time!' Your father suddenly heard a knock inside the chest and to our great surprise there was a bag of money inside it. There were ten pieces of silver. Your father insisted that it belonged to Caleb. I wasn't so sure about that, as I'd opened that chest more than once that day. Anyhow, Caleb said the money wasn't his; he could easily have said otherwise. He was certain nothing had been left in the chest by the previous owner."

Sarah paused and sighed wearily.

"We didn't know what it was like to have money in our home: we certainly didn't realise what a lot of trouble it could cause. In the end we gave it to Joel. If the matter had ended there, Isaac, all would have been well. But the same thing happened when your father one day said he wished he could give the old beggar at the corner a coat to wear for the winter. I distinctly heard the knock in the chest myself. We were beginning to see, Isaac, what the idea was and how it worked. We thought about it a long time and then, when we tried to make the chest really help us we got the biggest shock of all, didn't we, Ben?"

"Yes," replied Ben Ezra. "The chest gave us anything we asked for others, but we never got anything

*Continued on page 41*



# Stranger than Fiction

By THE REV. ROSSLYN BRUCE.



Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York.  
His signature was W. Ebor



FROM 1871 to 1890 the most important and kindly personality to a child, schoolboy, bank clerk and Oxford undergraduate was Dr. William Thomson, Archbishop of York, his uncle, who died on Christmas Day, 1890. Twelve years later the boy had become the Senior Curate at St. Anne's, Soho.

Walking every morning for four years to Church, he passed a small cellar window where every day, except Saturday, could be seen the shrewd wizened face of an old Jewish shoemaker, busy at his trade. As the window was always shut they never spoke, but regularly after the first few months they exchanged the small courtesy of a friendly salutation. After about 1,000 of these silent tokens of goodwill, one autumn day the old Jew was not at his window, but standing on the pavement outside; he stopped the young parson with: "Please, please, I vant you, please come in." In the cellar he said: "No time ve vill waste; you faithful Rabbi, I honest Jew; I give you gold vatch, here. Old Christian Rabbi left it here to mend, twice-seven years ago: he vas old then, I am old now, I can keep his vatch no more:

it is a goot vatch, it strikes: take it, for your Messiah's sake, I ask, I demand. Goot-bye!" The watch was inscribed with two cross keys and the letters "W. EBOR." The young parson took it to show to his aunt, who lived at Hampton Court, and was the widow of the Archbishop. She was deeply touched; the watch was missing, when he died; and a very devoted retainer had always been believed to have let devotion over-ride honesty for once, and no questions were asked. She sent a sum of money to the honest Jew, but it had to be returned; he had died without any relations a few days after that last "Goot-bye." The Archbishop's watch is a family treasure, and is still a "goot vatch": that it should have been handed to his nephew, one of some four thousand clergymen, was surely a curious coincidence.

## The Olivewood Chest (*continued*)

out of it for ourselves. We dared not take things meant for someone else, for we felt something dreadful might happen to us if we did. That, Isaac, is the reason why we can afford to give away money to those who deserve help, though we continue to be so poor ourselves."

"But you haven't told him yet about the chest itself," exclaimed Sarah.

"Well, I can't quite make it out myself," continued Ben. "I soon began to wonder where the chest came from, who its previous owners were, and so forth. I asked Simeon to make enquiries for me. But all that was ever found out about the chest is of no consequence, I fear."

"What did they find out about it?" asked Isaac.

"It was made in Nazareth sixty years ago by the son of a carpenter by name of Bar-Joseph," murmured Sarah.

"It means nothing to me, Isaac. All I know is that the chest liked to work for others but never for us. I suppose we must be content with that," said old Ben Ezra.



# PEOPLE WE CANNOT FORGET

WILLIAM. By a Rural Dean.

I FOUND him there when I became the Rector of the Parish. He has gone to his Rest now, but he will remain an abiding memory because of all he was, and did, for the ancient and beautiful church in that place. He always spoke of it as "the Mansion" and his rugged features would light up whenever he mentioned it.

Everyone in the parish knew William and respected him. He was church clerk and sexton and, moreover, read the lessons at the Sunday evening service. That seemed unusual to a stranger but not to the parishioners, who knew his worth and his deep love for the church and "the Book" as he called it. An open Bible was always to be seen in the living room of his Cotswold stone cottage. There in that room he was the devoted companion and nurse to an invalid wife.

"Nothing is too good for the old church," he would say, "and she deserves the best."

The day came when he was as good as his word. The church had a fine tower, high and lifted up on that upland parish, a landmark of the surrounding countryside. Its three niches were empty. A chance remark of his Rector and friend sank deeply into William's soul.

"It would be a great thing one day, William, if we could see those niches again occupied, as they once were, by figures of the saints."

The old man said nothing but went on with his mowing of the greensward of the churchyard. His care of the churchyard was the praise of all who saw it.

The weeks and months went on. One evening the bell at the Rectory was rung. There was William. In the study he told of his errand.

"I would like to put the figures back in the niches," he said.

"This may cost much money for you, William."

"I have my savings and the old church is deserving of them."

Two conditions he made. The figures must be of his own choice. All Bible saints and three he loved best. And the gift must be made without his name being mentioned.

"It will be sufficient that God knows," he added.

When he left the Rectory it was with joy in his heart. The Rector would help to fulfil his great desire.

The day came when all was ready. Excited parishioners saw the scaffolding erected on the lovely tower and the figures, carved by a noted west of England sculptor, put in position.

On the Sunday afternoon the Bishop of the Diocese himself came up to consecrate the gift.

"We dedicate a gift of no ordinary kind. These statues find a place in the tower of a fine old Church. Set on a hill where all can see, they will stand as a record of great and noble sacrifice. Generations will come and go, but these figures, with their silent message, will abide. We thank the donor. He has set us an example. His gift points to the value of Church and Bible. We pray that God's richest blessing may rest upon him. When he passes hence, these tokens will remain to be a memorial of loving service and an abiding inspiration for days to come."

The next day William discharged the obligation of payment he had laid upon himself. From his four-legged little high desk in his living room he produced the "ready money" of his savings and declared: "My heart is lighter now than I have ever known it."

"When he passes hence," said the Bishop. William has passed hence to receive the reward of one who, for love of his Master and Church, out of his penury poured in so richly into the Divine treasury.





# FLOTSAM

Our Serial Tale by HOOLE JACKSON.

## III



URELY there was never such a summer as this before! The old folk of Shags Cove caught themselves using this phrase, and then recalling they had used it before. Was it in 1900, or 1890? They strove to remember the previous blessing of such halcyon days.

Every morning, in the soft grey hours, when the little place was shrouded in mist, the harbour would receive fishing-boat after fishing-boat, waddling in like over-fat ducks, laden with piles of fish which choked the fish-well and were heaped on the decks. The rumble of the fish-carts sounded, and the slow footsteps of men coming up the cobbles above the slipway. Doors opened and closed; fires were stirred to life, and smoke rose from the stacks as men warmed themselves beside the cosy Cornish ranges and fed, and sipped hot tea before turning in for a spell.

The quay received them later, forming in little knots, while shouting children chased each other along the edge of the jetty, agile as monkeys, scrambling up and down the ladders and leaping to swaying decks as clever-footed as mountain goats. Now and then some too-sure youngster might be fished out by the pants with a boat-hook, as Jonathan had been. A splash, a screech, and a fisherman moving stolidly to rescue was part of the weekly budget of events in Shags Cove.

Every evening, all except the sea-going men sought the open ante-room of their cottages—the quayside, where the granite, weather-worn stones were hot and snug, and the baulks of timber cosy seats. Jonathan would look up from his little meadows as he heard the sound of singing and see a line of Cove girls swaying on a baulk together to the rhythm of a tune one of them had started. The singing was borne to him over the harbour water, from the jetty on the far side. There was no sweeter sound on earth, he

felt. It was part of the old place, like the boats, and the crab-pots over which strangers might stumble in the dark, but never a Cove man or maiden. Or like the little meadows.

The pilchards were a rich harvest that year. When Feast-time came, and with it the Fair to St. Erron, they all walked slowly up the Cove road, part of a long, straggling procession of men in their best blue and jersies. With Morwen on his arm on one side and Suzette on the other, and Martin straying from Morwen to Suzette, to take an arm as he listed, they poured with an increasing crowd into St. Erron. The music of the Fair seemed sweet enough in the country air; its blare muted. Perhaps it might have looked a little tawdry to other eyes, or in another place, but here it was in the great setting of hills, sky and sea. They could look from the gangways between the tents to the great headland, standing out like a rocky monster into the blue, with a ruffle of white round its mighty knees, and the shimmering waters stretching away to fade in the mists of summer on the horizon. They had money to spend, and the Fair folk knew it. The booths hummed with noise; the clack of wooden balls hitting the booth-backs went on all afternoon, quickening as evening thickened the crowd and the fun. Farmers, young again, lifted their wives, with the hefty swing that had heaved sacks of grain, onto the horses, which would have been sweating and panting had they been alive. The roundabout began to turn—laughter, gaiety and even love astride the varied animals. Fair girls eyed the handsome young fishermen, and Cove maids moved proudly with fairings in their arms, and the prizes their men had won.

Jonathan then remembered his first childhood visit. His first shrinking, his wonder. Now he was riding gaily with Suzette, her dark hair wind-blown, her eyes shining, while Martin and Morwen rode by their side. Even Old Ebenezer was there, and Sarren and Mary, with Silas and his plump little wife. They joined forces and, moving near the entrance, saw the frail old figure of John Branden standing by the Vicarage gate, watching, and acknowledged his lifted hand.



He must be a great age now! How many Fairs had he looked on? Perhaps he, too, was remembering and thinking of faces that had gone; faces once gay and bright with the flush of joy, and youth, and love. The evening was still warm when they walked home under the stars. How lucky he was, thought Jonathan. If only it could be always like this!

The summer dreamed away. The potatoes were lifted and stored. The harvest-carts moved along the rim of the ridge to the west of Shags Cove, laden with the gold of the fields. Soon the deep hum of the threshing machine was heard, like a gigantic bee, and its morning-break and meal-time whistle shrilled through the air.

Van Dreisen revelled in that summer. He lived his youth again in the joy of these new friends. Almost every evening he came down the Cove road, as did many from St. Erron, and on the baulks, or the old wooden form, he would delve deep in argument with Sarren and Silas, while Jonathan listened, and broke in now and then. Or they would lean on Jonathan's wall, now sprouting bright little plants in its rock crannies, and comment on his meadows.

The harvest feasts called them, and they visited a farm on the fringe of the moor, where a distant cousin of Morwen was raising crops, cattle and five fine daughters. It was a scene spilled over from the past. At the head of the great trestle-table John Branden bowed his head and made a prayer of thankfulness. Then the red-faced women, looking as if they had been half-cooked themselves, began serving. Pasties, roast beef, great jars of pickles, and tea that looked as if it ought to give those who drank of it so freely a nervous collapse. But the sturdy men tossed it down, laughed, joked, chaffed each other.

Then the stubble and the first hint of winter broke across man's rejoicing for a year of glory and fruitfulness.

Towards Christmas, Jonathan and Van Dreisen stood beside the meadows. The up-thrusting narcissi promised well. The violets had brought a fair price. He was doing well. A year or so and he and Suzette might think of wedlock. All those upright blades and stalks, firm, green,

lovely. In up-country England there would be no sign of springtime like this strange winter miracle of the Scillies, Cornwall and Devon!

"I must go home," said Dreisen. "There are affairs I must attend to. It's been—how do you say?—just fine! You'll come one day. You shall meet my friends in Haarlem. You shall see *our* fields, and *our* homes. You will like them. Bring your Suzette. She also will love to see how other wives make a home. Now, that bulb you have given me! I will not hide from you; its value may be great. One can never be quite sure. But if it is so, *then—*"

"Then," laughed Jonathan. "Why, let it go to market, and say 'This is a bulb one of those strange Englishmen created.' Look at the bloom! Is it not beautiful? When nations unite, what might not their flowers be?"

Van Dreisen clapped a hand on his shoulder. "You are a poet. It is not strange with such parents as yours. They have such love—such a richness. *Bah*, there are no words for what I would say, my friend."

When he had left the village Martin found a strange pipe, with an immense curved bowl, on the table, and a small yellow bag of Dutch tobacco.

"Smoke it in the evening and think of an old Dutchman smoking his," he read, and called Jonathan, who was fingering a quaint silver fruit bowl which brought a gasp of delight from Suzette. For Morwen there was such a salad dish as she had never seen. She took it almost reverently to the old chiffonier and locked it up safely—but taking it out more than once to let the iridescent light of its facets greet her eyes.

"Sent up by old Jake. And all I gave him was a *bulb*," said Jonathan, feeling humbled.

"He must have sent home for these things a while ago," said Martin, "from his own home. I only gave him a four-ounce roll of tobacco."

"And Suzette and I a kiss," put in Morwen, "and *now* we can't do anything."

"I don't think he looks on life like that," said Martin. "I fancy he was most at home here. He went up to Doctor Sarren's place a lot, and to



see Silas. And he loved the school, and the boys, and the way Silas taught them lessons. But it seemed as if he were more snug here. I think he'd count those kisses worth more than *this*. He'll think of us here, and me smoking this pipe, like I'm going to do now, and of you, Morwen, making a best salad in that bowl, like you used to do in the old one for him. Crab salad—an' now and then a lobster. What folk could fare better than we do? Mostly from our own dear old Cove. Come to think of it, a lord couldn't live better—" and he took his wife's impulsive kiss.

It was the week after Christmas that Nature struck with an icy blade. Jonathan rose, looked out, and knew what it meant. He went out to his meadows. The hope of months lay blighted. Nor was that the worst. West of the Cove, the frost was softened, so that the shivering blade of Winter seemed to have sliced the West Country with savage random strokes. Along the Totnes road the snow hung thick for weeks, and the icy wind swept from the moor, making folk in Newton Abbot shiver. It missed quiet villages near the sea and left warm snug patches untouched. It ravaged a long strip of Cornwall, but left riverain vales unharmed. But it had broken Jonathan, and he looked up at the leaden sky, angry, not understanding.

They all knew, as he came in to breakfast. The worst was yet to come, for the frost held, icy keen, and no mere riming, but, like the halcyon summer, a rarity—like rare savage winter descents old men and women recalled. Only the children hailed it with delight. *Snow!*—*frost!* Something seen in pictures or told of in books, and *they* revelled in its crisp, sharp tang.

When it was over the hope of even a last respite was gone. Martin looked across at Morwen. "Looks as if he'll have to sell the meadow. It'll break his heart, poor lad."

"Not if I know it," said Morwen, "I can work—"

Jonathan came in. "You, Mother, no, and we shan't sell the land, either. I've been down to see Ebenezer. The *Girl Elizabeth* is short of a man. Jack Zeek has laid off.

He's a lot younger than Ebenezer but his leg's been giving trouble. It needn't cost us anything. Father's sea-gear will fit me."

"No, you mustn't. You don't know what it's *like*. You've been to sea, *yes*, but not day after day, and in this season. It's hard, Jonathan. You don't know how hard. Your hands, they're not like your Father's. They're—" She checked herself. They were a gentleman's hands, that was what she meant. Should she tell him? Not yet—no, not yet. She couldn't bear the thought any more now than when he had first come to her. To go to sea! Yet she was proud in that moment.

Jonathan said, "I've promised, signed on as it were. It will keep us going, help us to keep the fields. Suzette's going to do what she can. We're just a little team, Mother. We'll make you cashier. And pray for a good harvest of the sea."

There was little doubt they would do that. God was very near to Shags Cove, always, even in these strange days when materialism stalked the world like an evil animal, to destroy hearts and ways of men. No other word was said. Jonathan went down to the quay with the other men the next day. A chill hung over the harbour, a cold breeze whipped the rigging of the little craft. Old Ebenezer came down. Soon after, they were away.

Jonathan gave one backward look. Every man aboard was a quayside comrade, except Zacky Trenowen, who came from the next cove, a hard-bitten, tough-faced old man who had the Bible as nearly off by heart as any man has ever compassed. Few texts that *he* could not find, with the stump of a finger lacking a tip a conger had gained long ago. Yes, Jonathan's Mother was at the door. He looked to a lower cottage. Suzette was leaning out. No mistaking her young figure or the frock he knew so well.

When he opened his sea-bag he found a little note: "God will guard you, dear son. Even as we bless you. I was never any hand at writing, but your Father and I will be with you in our prayers. You're all we ever hoped for!—Mother."

He slipped that note into his leather



purse in his sea-trousers pocket Beside it lay a little black curl in paper—Suzette's. Was he foolish, old-fashioned? His heart was happy and he wanted no more than such love, and enough for their needs and his.

The *Girl Elizabeth* reached the fishing grounds. The cold bit to Jonathan's bones. When, after three days, they turned for home he knew, more than even he had ever done, the fibre of the men who take the little fishing craft to sea. They made for the harbour of the nearest port, went in, and the catch was snapped up after the usual haggle. Conger—ray—and the ling that was always popular; the fish Martin reckoned best of all.

So, through the rest of the winter. Once they lost some of their lines. Another time they fought a gale for seven hours before they found shelter. Then, at last, the black nights went, the stars gleamed in glory. More boats came out and the prices steadied. They had whipped the cream from the worst winter known—and only the most sea-wise, like old Ebenezer, had dared the fangs of such tricky weather that even he had wondered if they would make port again.

When the pilchard season returned the summer was soft, wet, and the sunshine pale. Only a day or so of heat was flung to them. But Jonathan was back in his meadows, and Suzette fought by his side. They worked through the long days and until the last gleam of light. In the evening they came in as Adam and his Eve must have once come, tired, hungry, but with a deep content after work well done.

"If you want to marry," whispered Morwen to Suzette one evening, "*this* is your home. You don't need a cottage of your own yet. It would be a good thing all round. We're used to each other."

Again a pang crossed her mind. Ought she to tell Suzette all? Queer that Jonathan had never found out? Unless he knew and never told! The Cove folk knew. But Jonathan had grown up from that first salvaged scrap of humanity until many in the Cove only remembered that he was not Morwen's own child, and that at intervals, when something recalled it. She had been so fierce in those first

few weeks after his finding—like a she-wolf baring her teeth if any questioned her right to keep him. No sign had ever come from anywhere, no claim, and now he was a man with a sweetheart of his own! Yet his *wife* ought to know—should she? Would it make any difference? Should she tell Suzette about *the name* on that half-torn tag on the clothing? No one knew about that, except herself. *Not even Martin.*

A foreign-seeming name. Suppose it took him away—if he knew? He was so good. But might he not turn against her for keeping him? Yet how could she be to blame? Except in not telling that one secret she had kept locked in her mind.

She stole up and took the clothes in which he had been found from the lavender-scented drawer. So long ago—she remembered his lying there; the peace that entered into her mind, when all her brain seemed seared with grief and despair. She could remember little things; how a light had shown in old Araminta Penzer's cottage window. Araminta had been ill then, and—why, *of course*, old Araminta got better, too, that night!

Queer how little snatches of life lived in your mind, even when it was distraught. Morwen shuddered; she remembered the night she had wandered near Hell's Cauldron, and heard its roaring waters call, and *call*. How had she got home? She never knew. Some Hand had guided her.

No, she would not tell—*not yet*. She put the clothes back in the drawer and went softly downstairs. The warm room; Suzette with her sewing; the smoke drifting up from Martin's pipe; Jonathan bent over his book.

"*Supper-time*," she said. "Out of the way, you men."

\* \* \*

Far away, a compositor picked up a scrap of paper and began, mechanically, to set it up in type. He could not know he was handling what would have been a scoop for the paper's chief reporter—had he *known* what lay behind a few business-like words.

(To be continued.)



  
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## LENT.

We have given much time and thought to the Lenten arrangements and we are hoping that the regular members of the church will do all they can to bring new people along. Mr. Skinner and I did a series of Pulpit dialogues last Lent on the Wednesday evenings, so that we can benefit from our experience then. Now, on the Sunday mornings of Lent we have decided to give six pulpit dialogues on the subject of our creed. Mr. Skinner, with his genius for choosing happy titles, has given each discussion a name and we have adopted S. Philip's saying to the Ethiopian eunuch, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" as a main title. There is much to be said for this new technique of the pulpit, as a change from the ordinary sermon, and I hope that through it we shall be enabled to refresh your minds upon many important points of our faith.

For the evenings of Lent I have been fortunate in enlisting the aid of a number of Christian men and women to come and speak to us. Except for Deaconess Truscott they are all lay people. To all of them I have given this only as a key thought, "Jesus said, 'Follow me.'" Pray for them as they prepare to come to us, bringing the word of God.

For the Wednesday evenings Mr. Skinner has suggested and arranged a series of services where, roughly speaking, the place of the sermon will be taken by a talking film of parts of the Bible. Mr. Myers, a parishioner and good friend of S. Nicolas is bringing his own machine and projecting the films for us. We are most grateful to him. As you will see the children of seven and over are welcome at 6.45 p.m. The adult service will be at 8 p.m.

The Ash Wednesday film will tell the story of Christ's life and will be a film of some length. I doubt whether any last-minute, eve of the poll political talk could prepare the soul for the solemn responsibility of voting for Parliament as well as to see again the story of Our Lord. I look forward to a full church.

Notice a service for the children on Good Friday morning at 9.30 a.m. The Three-Hour Service will be taken by the Vicar of Northfield, the Revd. J. C. Ellis. At 8 p.m. the choir will give a rendering of Maunder's "Olivet to Calvary."

If we all make these things our individual concern, if we all concentrate in prayer with special intention this Lent we shall find a great access of strength by Easter.

## SUNDAY MORNINGS IN LENT.

11 a.m. Morning Prayer and Pulpit Dialogues between the Vicar and the Revd. J. V. Skinner. Subject: The Nicene Creed.

*S. Philip said: "Understandest Thou what Thou Readest."*

26th February—Our Creator. 5th March—Our Saviour. 12th March—Our Redemption. 19th March—Our Sanctifier. 26th March—Our Church. 2nd April—Our Future.

## SUNDAY EVENINGS IN LENT.

6.30 p.m. Evensong and Address. "*Jesus said, 'Follow Me.'*" Speakers: 26th February—A Headmaster. 5th March—A Deaconess. 12th March—A Doctor. 19th March—A Lay Reader. 26th March—A Professor. 2nd April—A Housewife.

## WEDNESDAY EVENINGS IN LENT.

In accordance with custom special Lenten Services will be held on Wednesday evenings in Lent at 8 p.m. commencing on Ash Wednesday, 22nd February. In addition, this year, Special Lent Children's Services will be held at 6.45 p.m. for all children aged seven and over. At all these services the Christian message will be given through the medium of the talking film which will present Bible Stories in an attractive and memorable way. Each Wednesday evening the same



film will be shown at the Children's Service at 6.45 p.m. and also at the 8 p.m. Service.

The films will be shown as follows:

ASH WEDNESDAY, 22nd FEBRUARY.—"From Manger to Cross." The full story of Our Lord's life with a spoken biblical commentary. This film is a masterpiece and the only one actually made in Palestine.

WEDNESDAY, 1st MARCH.—"No Greater Power." This is the story of Zacchaeus Stress: Personal conviction leads through personal conversion to positive action.

WEDNESDAY, 8th MARCH.—"Who is My Neighbour." The story of the Good Samaritan. Stress: Social responsibility.

WEDNESDAY, 15th MARCH.—"Jairus' Daughter." One of the finest religious films made. Stress: Life after death. An organic miracle. "Seek and ye shall find."

WEDNESDAY, 22nd MARCH.—"Unfaithful Servant." A film on Christian behaviour. Stress: Basis of God's forgiveness.

WEDNESDAY, 29th MARCH.—"Rich Young Ruler." Stress: Money neither good nor evil, but when it gets hold of a man it destroys character. Jesus wants first place in your life.

WEDNESDAY, 5th APRIL.—"Simon Peter, Fisherman." Stress: "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." The full drama of the call to Simon, Andrew and the sons of Zebedee, James and John.

## GOOD FRIDAY.

9.30 a.m.—Children's Service. 11 a.m.—Morning Service.

12 noon to 3 p.m.—THREE HOURS SERVICE. Preacher: Revd. J. C. Ellis, Rector of Northfield.

7.30 p.m.—"OLIVET TO CALVARY," by Maunder.

## ALTAR SERVERS AND ALTAR FLOWERS

		<i>Server</i>	<i>Crossbearers</i>	<i>Flowers</i>
Wed.	22 Feb.—7.0 a.m.	S. Higgs		
	8.0 a.m.	M. Southgate	A. Sharp	
Sun.	26 Feb.—8.0 a.m.	C.A.P. Rogers		Mrs. Ashford
	11.0 a.m.	D. Jarrett	A. Batson	
	6.30 p.m.	J. Oseman	R. Yates	
Wed.	1 Mar.—8.0 a.m.	M. Davies	B. Jelfs	
Sun.	5 Mar.—8.0 a.m.	J. Hill		
	11.0 a.m.	J. Jelfs	B. Greenhill	
	12.15 p.m.	J. Kennerley		
	6.30 p.m.	F. Porter	S. Higgs	
Wed.	8 Mar.—8.0 p.m.	G. Keay	J. Clews	
Sun.	12 Mar.—8.0 a.m.	A. Sharp		Mrs. Collett White
	11.0 a.m.	M. Carroll	R. Vaughan	
	6.30 p.m.	B. Whitehouse	A. Sharp	
Wed.	15 Mar.—8.0 p.m.	D. Worth	R. Yates	
Sun.	19 Mar.—8.0 a.m.	S. Higgs		Mrs. Worth
	11.0 a.m.	D. May	B. Jelfs	
	12.15 p.m.	F. Peplow		
	6.30 p.m.	L. Burgin	J. Clews	
Wed.	22 Mar.—8.0 p.m.	J. Oseman	A. Batson	
Sun.	26 Mar.—8.0 a.m.	R. Yates		Mrs. Morley
	11.0 a.m.	R. Hughes	R. Yates	
	6.30 p.m.	P. Stephens	A. Batson	
Wed.	29 Mar.—8.0 p.m.	J. Jelfs	S. Higgs	Miss Washbourne
Sun.	2 Apr.—8.0 a.m.	R. Stringer		
	11.0 a.m.	T. Edwards	S. Higgs	
	12.15 p.m.	J. Kennerley		
	6.30 p.m.	J. Pownall	B. Greenhill	



## DAUGHTER CHURCHES.

Lent is the time for discipline. Discipline may mean different things to different people, but let this Lent make our discipline be to learn more than we know already of our Christian Faith. I hope that everyone will make every endeavour to be present at the services and meetings which are listed below.

ASH WEDNESDAY, 22nd MARCH.—Litany and Holy Communion, 10 a.m. at S. Anne's (for members of the Epiphany and Coombes Lane Churches as well.) 8 p.m. (see Wednesday below).

SUNDAYS IN LENT, 6.30 p.m.:

### "A JOURNEY INTO FAITH."

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|--|---|--|
| 26th February  | "The Start of the Journey."                               |  |
| The Revd. N. S. Power, Vicar of Immanuel, Highter's Heath. | The Revd. G. A. H. Cooksley.                              |  |
| 5th March  | "Progress Made."  |  |
| The Revd. G. A. H. Cooksley.                               | Mr. T. Mackintosh.  |  |
| 12th March   | "Wrong Turnings."   |  |
| Mr. T. Mackintosh.   | The Revd. G. A. H. Cooksley.                              |  |
|  | "Signposts."  |  |
| The Revd. G. A. H. Cooksley.                               | Mr. C. P. Johnson, Lay Reader, Immanuel, Highter's Heath. |  |
| 26th March   | "The Strait and Narrow Way."                              |  |
| Mr. B. J. Firkins.   | The Revd. G. A. H. Cooksley.                              |  |
| 2nd April  | "Journey's End."  |  |
| The Revd. G. A. H. Cooksley.                               | Mr. B. J. Firkins.  |  |

SUNDAYS AT COOMBES LANE, 6.30 p.m. 26th February—Mr. R. K. Canning. 5th March—Mr. B. J. Firkins. 12th March—Mr. I. G. H. Cooke. 19th March—Mr. E. Watson (of S. Stephen's). 26th March—Mr. T. Mackintosh. 2nd April—Mr. R. K. Canning.

On every Wednesday evening in Lent, beginning on Ash Wednesday at 8 p.m. in Room 18, at Hampstead House, West Heath Road (by courtesy of the Community Association) informal discussion meetings will be held. Here will be an opportunity to ask questions, discuss, and learn about, the Church's practice and teaching about:

- |                              |  |
|------------------------------|--|
| 1. 22nd February—Baptism.    | 5. 22nd March—Visiting the Sick.         |
| 2. 1st March—Confirmation.   | 6. 29th March—Burial Service.            |
| 3. 8th March—Holy Communion. | 7. 5th April—Morning and Evening Prayer. |
| 4. 15th March—Marriage.      |  |

Please note that these headings are only rough guides for debate, and we may talk on and off and round the subject as much as we like. I may say that these discussions are open to everyone who is at all interested, and are not confined to members only of S. Anne's, the Epiphany and Coombes Lane congregations, but to others of other denominations.

MAUNDY THURSDAY (evening). 8 p.m. Holy Communion at the Epiphany (for all churches).

GOOD FRIDAY. 11.15 a.m. at S. Anne's and the Epiphany, Junior Church, 7.30 p.m. Stainer's "Crucifixion" will be sung at S. Anne's.



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