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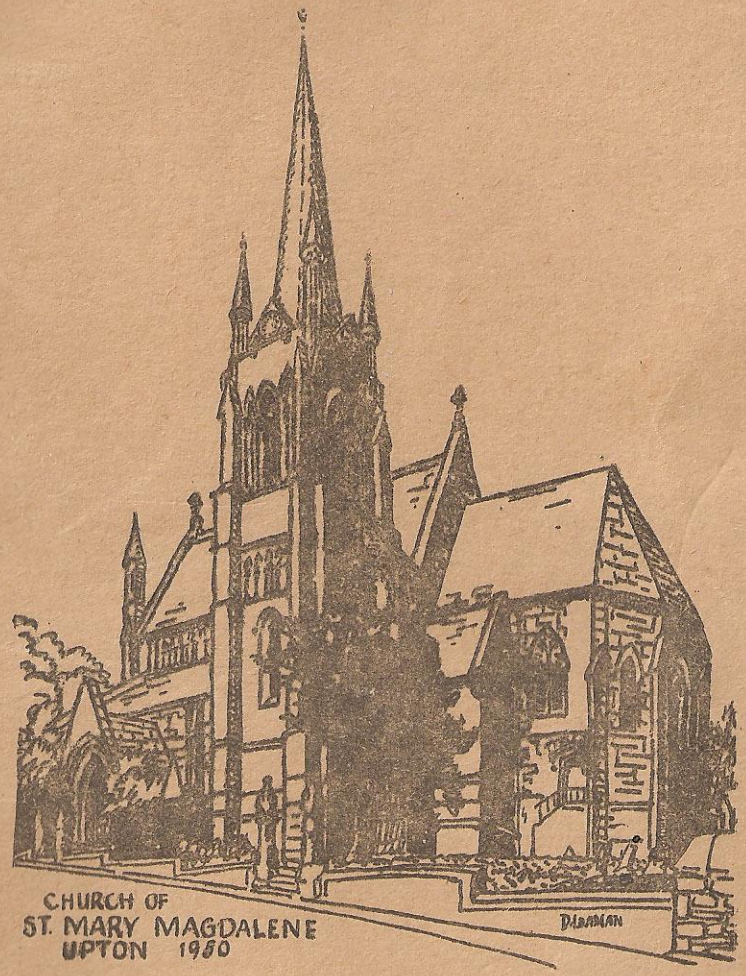
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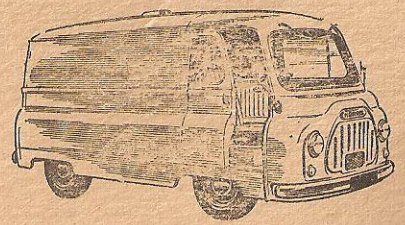
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Holy Baptism and Churchings—(at Parish Church) 1st Sunday at 3.45 p.m. (It is requested that a week's notice be given)

Banns of Marriage—to be given to Rector.

PARISH CHURCH SERVICES

Sundays—HOLY COMMUNION : Every Sunday 8 a.m. ; 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 12 noon
4th Sunday Family Communion 9.45 a.m., 7.30 p.m.
JUNIOR CHURCH 9.45 a.m.
MATTINS and SERMON 11 a.m.
EVENSONG and SERMON 6.30 p.m.
PRAYER MEETING : 1st Sunday after Evensong

Week-Days—HOLY COMMUNION : Thursday 11.30 a.m.
INTERCESSIONS : Thursday 6 p.m.
M.U. CORPORATE COMMUNION : 2nd Tuesday 10 a.m.

Saints' Days—HOLY COMMUNION : 7.30 a.m.

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH SERVICES

Sundays—HOLY COMMUNION: 1st, 2nd & 3rd Sundays at 9 a.m.
5th Sunday after Evensong
EVENSONG and SERMON 6.30 p.m.

INFANT SUNDAY SCHOOL meets in St. James' Day School at 2.30 p.m.

REGULAR WEEKLY PAROCHIAL MEETINGS

WOMEN'S HOUR—Tuesdays at 3 p.m.
YOUNG PEOPLE'S FELLOWSHIP—Wednesdays at 7.30 p.m.
GIRL GUIDES—Thursdays at 6 p.m. ; BROWNIES—Tuesdays at 5.45 p.m., (both meet in Church Hall) ; CUBS—Fridays at 6 pm.;
SCOUTS—Fridays at 7.30 p.m. in St. James's Day Schools
WORKING PARTY—Fridays, 2.30, Upton Rectory
ST. JAMES' WORKING PARTY—Fridays, 3 p.m. in the Vestry



Malachi Three Ten

My dear Friends.

The departure of Mr. Tyler, after 6 years' association with me in this parish, raises the question of the reorganisation of my time. Mr. Claude Rouse, who hopes to be ordained to the diaconate at Advent, will, as a Deacon, be unable to conduct the Communion Service, but in other respects will fulfil his position as my colleague.

At the August meeting of the P.C.C. the question of our Sunday Schools was discussed at length, and the Council members voiced the opinion that the Sunday School as such was not, in the age in which we live, adequate for its purpose ; training children in the way of worship and leading them into the fuller fellowship of church membership.

It is very noticeable that with the coming of summer there is a falling off in attendance ; the child is faced with a choice of loyalties : the parents wish to enjoy their children's company on Sunday afternoons, and the Sunday School asks for their attendance. It is reasonable that being members of a family the children and parents should enjoy what little free time they have together, but Sunday School suffers.

This and other problems were discussed by the P.C.C. and the conclusion to which they arrived was that the time had come that another approach to the training of the child should be tried: a method that has worked excellently in many other churches of all denominations, that of the **Junior Church.**

THE JUNIOR CHURCH

This Junior Church meets on Sunday mornings, before Mattins, and is conducted in Church, with all the atmosphere that surrounds worship in a holy place ; the children run their own organisation on lines similar to the adult counterpart and grow into the way of worship naturally.

There are no Sunday School teachers; the service is conducted by the clergy and dedicated laymen, but with much of the running of the service in the hands of the children themselves.

In order to make this new venture possible, the times of some services will have to be changed, as the clergy are indivisible and can only be in one place at one time. Personally I want very much to be in this Junior Church as much as I can, for these youngsters are the congregation of tomorrow.

NEW TIMES OF SERVICES

After much thought I have evolved a time-table that will enable those who wish to help to give their attention to this new branch of the church's activities.

8 a.m. Celebration every Sunday (Time will shew if 7.45 a.m. might not be better).

9 a m. Celebration at St. James' in place of the present 9.30 a.m. on 1st, 2nd, 3rd Sundays.

Celebration on the 2nd Sunday will now be at Noon.

9.45 a.m. Family Communion on the 4th Sunday instead of 9 30 a.m.

The Junior Church will meet at 9.45 a.m. every Sunday On the 4th Sunday in each month they will attend the Family Communion instead of their own Service. Their service will last for 40 minutes.

St. James' Sunday School will also be closed and their members join with the Parish Church for this new service.

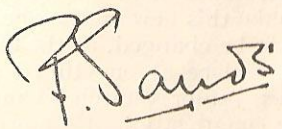
The Infants' Sunday School will continue to meet as usual at St. James's Day School on Sunday afternoons at 2.30 p.m. under the leadership of Mrs. N. Bates.

THE NEW VENTURE

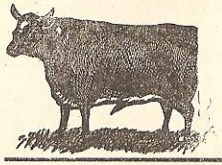
This decision has not been an easy one, and I would value your prayers for this new venture of faith, a break with a Sunday School tradition that goes back many years. To our Sunday School teachers who have given so much of their time and energy it will be a wrench, but I feel that it is for the greater spiritual good of the children, who will learn by doing and praying, the faith that is in us.

May I appeal to all parents with children of school age, over 7 years, to help me to establish this Junior Church—even if your children have never attended Sunday School. This isn't a Sunday School now, it's the Junior Church, and may God bless our undertaking, which begins at 9.45 a m. on Sunday, Sept. 7th.

And may God bless you all.



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The Rev. W. S. Tyler

After exactly six years we say farewell to Mr. Tyler, who leaves us on Sept. 8th to go to Plymouth, where he is to be inducted Vicar of St. George with St. Paul on Monday, Sept 15th, at 7.30 p m. Arrangements are being made for a coach to leave the Church at about 6 p m. on that evening for those who would wish to be present. Enquiries of Mr. J. Brealey please. Fare 4/-

This is Mr. Tyler's first independent living, and we wish him God's blessing in his new sphere of work, and our prayers go too with his wife and family in this new venture in the Christian faith.

The Acting Wardens of St James' (Mr. Harvey Ledger and Mr. Noel Date) will be pleased to accept donations towards a parting gift for Mr. Tyler.

Oberammergau 1960

In 1633 a plague ravaged Southern Bavaria. One village cut itself off from the outside world to keep the plague from its inhabitants The story goes that a young man coming into the village by stealth to see his loved one, brought the germs of death.

The plague came, men died; the villagers went to the little church and prayed; they vowed that if God would stem the plague, as a thankoffering they would perform the mystery of the Passion every ten years for ever.

The plague stopped. and the vow has been kept

The next offering of their gratitude will be given by the people of Oberammergau in 1960. It is not too soon for arrangements to be made, even at this remote moment.

Mr. L. J. Crook, a member of the P.C C., is taking preliminary steps for a coach to take us to the Play. Dates are not yet fixed, but presumably it will be late June or late August. Cost is also vague, but we think in the region of £35.

The Rector would like some idea of numbers, and suggests that those who hope to go would let him have their names and a deposit of £1 by November. This will not commit you entirely, but will be proof of your desire to join with us. The tour should take about ten days, and includes the two nights and a day at Oberammergau.

Later on the Rector hopes to give an evening on the Play, with film strip and slides, so that you will have some idea of the uniqueness of this once-seen, never-to-be-forgotten event.

If you would like it, we could persuade Mr. Williams, our Treasurer, to start a Saving Bank Account for the trip. Think about it.

CIRCULATION 64,000.

THE DIOCESAN EXETER LEAFLET

Editor—THE LORD BISHOP. *Hon. Sec.*—E. J. N. WALLIS, ESQ., C.B.E.
All communications should be sent to the Secretary, Diocesan House, Palace Gate, Exeter

No. 249 **SEPTEMBER** 1958

ARCHDEACON OF EXETER

This month we welcome into the Diocese the new Archdeacon of Exeter, Canon R. H. Babington, and Mrs. Babington. Canon Babington was a fellow-student with me at Oxford and at Wells Theological College, so I have known him for a very long time. That sounds bad, and smacks of the eighteenth century ! All the same in a very short time the Diocese, the Archdeaconry and the City will find themselves much enriched by the presence of Canon and Mrs. Babington among us. I extend to them, on behalf of us all, a very warm welcome and express the hope that they will find themselves as happy to be living among us in Devon as we are happy to receive them.

✠R.E.

- - - - -

THE ARCHDEACON

Maurice Baring wrote :

" Archdeacons are not found in Acts,
But always fill Agenda."

Although the title is not found in the records of the Church before the middle of the 4th century, the essential work of the medieval, and modern, archdeacon had been performed since Apostolic times by the *diaconus episcopi*, the deacon chosen by the bishop from the diaconal college for his personal service. He was the bishop's confidant secretary, but in particular he represented his brethren before the bishop, and supervised them in their care of the poor and their administration of Church property.

By the 6th century the activity of the bishop's deacon took on the character of a juridical ecclesiastical office, and certain duties were attached by law to the office of the archdeacon. He was still responsible for the care of Church property and treasure, but now he appeared as the official supervisor of the junior clergy, and had disciplinary authority over them in all cases of misbehaviour. It was also within the archdeacon's province to examine, and later to train, candidates for the priesthood, and he had the right of making visitations of rural parishes.

The Church in the East clipped archidiaconal wings, but in the West the archdeacon soared to dizzy heights. By the 9th century by virtue of his office he became, next to the bishop, the regular organ of discipline in the diocese, and he was assigned a proper and independent jurisdiction, and by the 12th century he exercised a quasi-episcopal jurisdiction in his archdeaconry. He conducted courts of first instance, and punished clergy guilty of lapses; he held synodal courts, and made visitations when he was empowered to levy assessments on the clergy; he saw that provosts (or deans) toed the line, and he invested the holders of prebends. In addition to these activities he kept in repair places of worship, and guarded Church revenues.

Those were the days when to catch the eye of the archdeacon was more profitable than to look the bishop in the face.

This great authority, which created an army of officials, proved burdensome to the parish clergy and troublesome to the bishop. " Can an archdeacon be saved ? " The parish priests were unanimous in their ' No.' The bishops, as usual, were divided, for some thought that the unpopularity of their archdeacons deflected unpleasantness from themselves, while absentee bishops realized that if archdeacons were barred from heaven they too had little hope. Only the lawyers came down on the archdeacon's side, and

this, of course, because they were in the same boat.

While the Council of Trent reduced the medieval archidiaconate to impotence, so that gradually it disappeared from the Roman scene, the Church in England at the Reformation decided to preserve the office, with its own special jurisdiction.

Today the archdeacon's duties differ surprisingly little from those of the bishop's deacon of the primitive Church. The State has, of course, taken the care of the poor into its own hands, but the archdeacon is still responsible for the maintenance of Church buildings and the preservation of its treasure. He presents candidates for Ordination to the Bishop, and the Ordinal presupposes that he examines them. But the value of his office lies in his pastoral ministry in his archdeaconry.

The Archdeacon's Court has ceased to be of any practical importance and might well be abolished were it not for the opportunity it gives him of meeting his brethren of the clergy and churchwardens. I am not competent to say if they should pay for this pleasure.

In our diocese the archdeacons are fortunate in having a diocesan secretary, and a secretary of the Dilapidations Board, who solve many problems, and bear many burdens, for them. When Canon Babington becomes Archdeacon of Exeter he will rejoice to find that there is ample scope for his pastoral gifts, and that his life is not all Agenda.

✠WILFRID, CREDITON

MICHAELMAS ORDINATION

In the Cathedral on Sunday, September 21st at 10 a.m.

To be ordained Priests :

Neil Humberstone Bliss—
St. Thomas, Keyham.
John Macdonald Burns—
St. Marychurch, Torquay.
William Alan Croft—
St. Thomas, Exeter.
Robert William Horner—
Christ Church, Paignton.
John Cedric Skinner—
St. Leonard's, Exeter.

To be ordained Deacons :

John Read—Babbacombe, Torquay.
David Raymond Jones—
St. David's, Exeter.

APPOINTMENTS

To Talaton — The Rev. R. K. R. Coath, Rector of Sennen. *Patron,* The S.P.G.

To Bridestowe and Sourton — The Rev. A. Hunter, Vicar of Christow. *Patron,* The Bishop.

RESIGNATION

From Yelverton — The Rev. Canon T. Grigg-Smith will resign at the end of September.

Exeter Diocesan Council for Moral Welfare—Services of Offering. Archdeaconry of Barnstaple.

The Lord Bishop of the Diocese has arranged to hold a Service of Offering at Holy Trinity Church, Barnstaple on Tuesday, September 23rd at 3 p.m. at which his Lordship will preach and receive the Offerings. Tea for the clergy, organisers and collectors will be provided after the Service.

Archdeaconry of Totnes.

The Service of Offering has been arranged to be held in Holy Trinity Church, Torquay on Friday, September 26th at 3 p.m. The Lord Bishop of Crediton will preach and receive the Offerings. Tea for clergy, organisers and collectors will be provided.

The Council is most grateful to the parishes which support this appeal year by year. It is to be hoped that every parish will contribute this year, that we may meet our increasing commitments.

The amount contributed to date by the Exeter Archdeaconry is £221.

Mrs. Glenn, Meadows, Manley Road, Exmouth, would be pleased to receive contributions from parishes unable to be represented at any of the Services.

Diocesan Committee for Evangelism— Holiday Camps

Some incumbents will be well aware that there are a large number of holiday camps in the diocese. A Christian ministry in them has its own particular problems and opportunities, but is greatly appreciated when it is offered. In order to help incumbents we have invited Canon Tom Pugh, Senior Chaplain of Butlin's Holiday Camps, to speak to clergy about this work. The meeting will be held at 11.15 a.m. on 22nd September, in 10, The Close,

Harvest Hymn

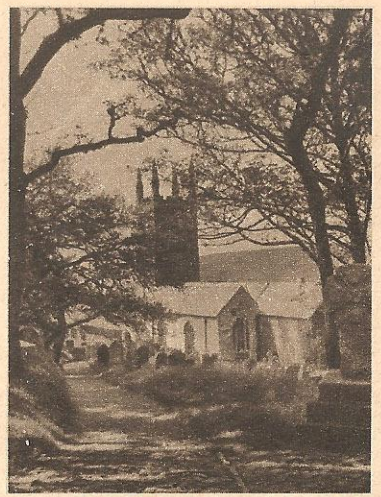
Lord, assembled here before Thee,
We Thy children humbly bow,
Meet it is that we adore Thee,
Source of all existence Thou!

Thy resistless bidding spoken
Summoned earth and heaven to sight;
Each of us is but a token
Of Thy wisdom and Thy might!

Not in bygone ages ended
Thy displays of wondrous power;
We are fed, upheld, defended,
Day by day and hour by hour.

Every season Thou createst
Food for us with tender care,
And we all, from least to greatest,
Newly of Thy bounty share.

Once again Thine autumn blessing
On the earth has been outpoured,
And we here are met, professing
Deepest thanks to Thee, our Lord.



Morwenstow Church: where the first Harvest Thanksgiving was held

Though our service is unworthy,
Poor the best that we can bring,
Suffer us to come before Thee,
Deign to hear the praise we sing.

R.L.

INVESTING IN FRIENDSHIP

By A. G. CURNOW

OUR Lord told a story of a bailiff or farm-agent who fell under his employer's suspicion for fraud, and was given notice of dismissal. His master had reason for thinking that he had been "feathering his own nest," and decided to get rid of him. The agent, realising the seriousness of his position—that he would soon be not only without a job but also without a home—began to do some strenuous thinking. In what way could he prepare for the future? What provision could he make for the day when he would no longer have a roof over his head? He settled on an astute means of coping with the situation.

The custom of the time was for a landowner to farm out his estate, the agent who acted for him having a free hand to extort from the tenants as much as he could, anything over the due rent finding its way into his own pocket. It was an evil custom, and often resulted in tenants getting hopelessly into debt. So it was in this particular case, and "the unjust steward"—"unscrupulous" would more truly describe him—saw in it a means of guaranteeing his own future.

Summoning the tenants before him, he asked them to state the amount of their indebtedness, and in each instance wiped off a substantial portion of the sum. Of course they were delighted at this treatment. All that the agent had done, indeed, was to remit the amount (or quite likely only a part of it) which he had added

to the legitimate rent as his own commission or profit. But to the tenants the point was that they had been excused a good part of what they had regarded as their liability, and naturally their hearts warmed to the man who (as they thought) showed them such consideration and treated them so generously. The consequence would be, so the agent hoped and believed, that when by and by the tenants heard that he had been dismissed and was homeless, they would remember the good turn he had done them, would invite him to their homes, extend their hospitality to him, and give him shelter under their roofs.

Having told His story, the Great Teacher went on to apply it. "Learn a lesson," He says in effect, " of this clever rogue." Needless to say, He was not commending his sharp practices. He was holding him up as an example in one thing only: his foresight, his planning for the time to come, his living *now* with a view to *then*. The single lesson Jesus draws from the story is that by a wise use of our money—the "mammon" of our material possessions—we can make provision for our future: *our future in the world to come*. Spend your money in helping others, says the Master, and then, when you have to leave this world and make a new start in another, you will be greeted and welcomed there by those whom you have succoured here. Dr. Moffatt's translation makes the meaning of the passage clear: "Use mammon to make friends for yourselves, so that when you die they may welcome you to the eternal abodes."

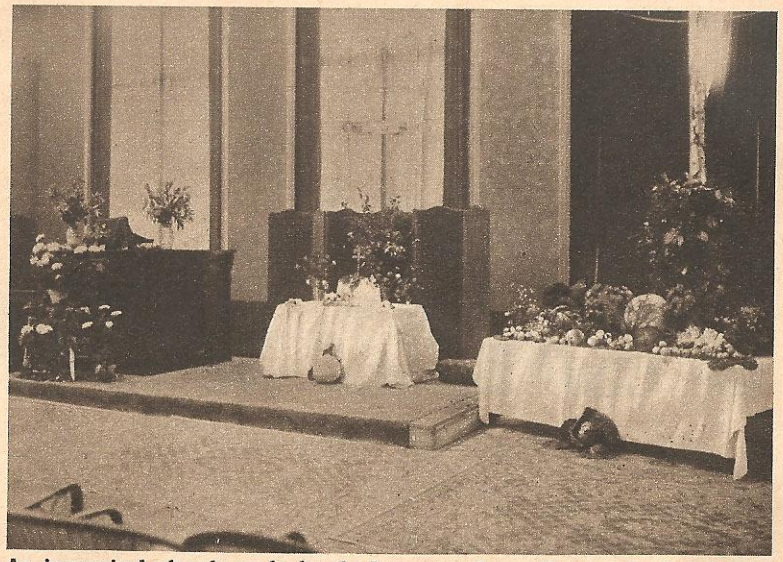
In this story, then, our Lord teaches that, when we pass from this world to the next, we may ensure for ourselves a welcome from those whom we have helped here on earth by the use of our material means. If in this present life we smooth the path of others by the possessions which have been entrusted to our stewardship, then, when the time comes for us to leave this stage of existence, the objects of our interest and aid, if they have preceded us to the Other Side, will personally welcome us when we arrive. They will greet us as the gratefully remembered friends who helped them in their earthly pilgrimage.

This story throws light on a subject of perennial and poignant concern to us all. It answers a question we have all asked: Is there recognition in Heaven? Shall we know one another in the Beyond? Every heart, every home, has a vital interest in this theme. Next to the fundamental enquiry, Is there a life to come? there is no question more anxiously asked than this. So much depends on whether the answer is Yes or No!

Now our Lord clearly implies in His story that the abodes of the blessed will be "the scene of personal and welcoming interviews," as Bishop Handley Moule put it in his interpretation of this parable. " The soul already at home in the Father's house," he wrote, "sees and knows the soul just entering." That is to say, the newcomer is received not as some unidentified human being, but as a particular individual recognised and remembered. Dr. Leslie Weatherhead's view of the parable is the same. He says it means that we are to "invest in friendship," and paraphrases our Lord's words thus: "Make to yourselves friends by means of this perishable wealth, so that when it fails and can purchase nothing for you, those friends who have been put under obligation to you by your kindness to them will receive you into the courts of heaven."

This truth of recognition in the Hereafter must not take an undue place in our thought and hope. The main attraction of " going to heaven" should be that we shall see Christ face to face; that we shall be "for ever with the Lord." But, as a happy addition to that splendid prospect, we can look forward also to meeting again those whom we have known and befriended here.

"I shall know him when we meet," wrote Tennyson of one whom he had "loved long since and lost awhile." In our Lord's story recognition in the Beyond is expressed in the reverse way: *they will know us*. But it is the same truth!



An improvised church made by the Internees, for a Harvest Festival in the internment camp at Vittel in 1943

THANKFUL PEOPLE

By H. A. L. Rice

GRATITUDE is one of the most elementary courtesies of civilised life; ingratitude one of the most unpleasant of characteristics.

"Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

We do well to remember this in connection with our dealings with God, and the annual Thanksgiving for Harvest is a yearly reminder of what we are sometimes inclined to forget, namely that every good and perfect gift is from above.

Owing to industrialisation, mechanisation, and the ever-increasing discoveries of science, we tend to become so self-sufficient in our attitude to material things, to forget God's part in the supplying of all our needs. We can do so much, we know so much (about certain things); we can control to such an amazing extent the processes of Nature, that we feel, perhaps unconsciously, that we are lords and masters of all Creation. We like to think that we have become self-sufficient.

Yet really we are not.

We can make wonderful use of materials which already exist, but so far as creating is concerned we can do nothing. No engineer or scientist or chemist has ever succeeded in producing *out of nothing* one single scrap of raw material of any kind. Only God can make a tree.

Without the creating power of God the world would quickly become denuded of all its wood, all its iron and steel, all its coal, its water, all its warmth and light and energy, all living organisms of every kind. Without what God alone can create neither science nor industry would have anything whatever to work with.

We, who so very largely depend upon the fruits of science and industry for the supplying of all or most of our

(*Continued on page 142*)



THE POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE

By the Rev. C. H. D. GRIMES

SOME years ago I had a small boy in my choir and whenever I asked him a question he would look me *straight in the face* when he answered. One had perfect confidence in this boy that he was telling the truth. His teachers also were impressed by his obvious sincerity even in small matters. At any rate this boy made a great impression on me by his straightforward look. Later on he proved he could look danger in the face and grew up to be an intrepid yachtsman.

I remember reading about John Wesley, that the house he was in was once attacked by a mob, for in those days street preaching was a dangerous occupation, as even Prebendary Carlile found in his early days in London. His friends tried to smuggle John out of the house but John refused; "Only let me face them," he said. As soon as he appeared the mob broke out into renewed curses and threats, but after a short time John's presence brought about a marvellous change. They heard him in silence and having come to curse they went away to pray. They were, as we say, mesmerised by John's calmness in the face of extreme danger—especially by his steadfast gaze.

What was it that impressed the multitude who stoned the first martyr St. Stephen, and especially St. Paul—was it not his gaze as he looked steadfastly to heaven?

In a book recently written in America a man makes the claim that by gazing fixedly at a small cloud he can make it dissolve. In the book to which I refer there is a picture of him doing this. The mayor of the township and another man are standing by, and they both signed a statement to say that they were present when this took place and that the performance took some ten minutes. The man himself claims that he has accomplished this many times. There is also a photograph in the book illustrating this curious phenomenon.

There is a little experiment I sometimes do to amuse children. I take a ring with a short piece of cord attached to it and spin it round in a circle, then while it is still spinning I turn my eyes away from it for a couple of minutes. When I look at it again it has now changed its motion from circular to backwards and forwards—it is the withdrawal of my gaze that has brought this change in motion about.

We all know that if we are attacked by a savage dog, or not so savage, the animal essays to attack us in the rear. He will not face us—he in fact quails before the human eye, unless indeed we show obvious signs of fear first, which when I have a pair of stout gaiters on I do not show.

Now what does all this amount to—what has it to do with sermons? We are not now dealing with martyrs facing wild beasts in gladiatorial shows or with mobs bent on destroying churches, but with the humble (or not so humble) preacher today who faces a crowd whose greatest temptation is not to stone him but to go quietly to sleep or at least to think about other things than the preacher would have them do.

How should he deal with them? Let him use the strange compelling power of the human eye.

But does he take our advice? Often alas he does not. Such preachers who read their MS. from start to finish without ever raising their eyes certainly do not. Others there are who read their MS. but do from time to time look up at their congregation—but do they use to the full the power of the human eye?

Others, again, preach from notes and so can look at the congregation, but they only too often *look* over the heads of the congregation, as well as preaching over their heads, and so they fail to hold their attention as they might otherwise do.

But the preacher who looks straight at his congregation, and how few there are who do this, facing them from every angle though he runs the danger, I will agree, of being put off by seeing something he is not meant to see, will have no need of any rhetorical device. He will not need to wonder whether he is holding his audience. For though words be simple as they should be, be, they are aided by the flash of his eyes which when accom panied with real sincerity will penetrate men's hearts as nothing else can.

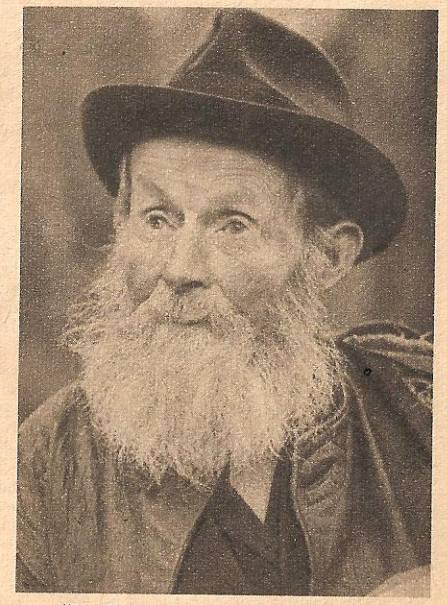
His hearers will feel that his words are addressed to them personally. Each member of the congregation will be able to experience the inward conviction that in the preacher's words there was a message for him to take away and ponder.

"Great is the truth, it will prevail," says the old Latin proverb. We may add great is the power of the human eye and it will prevail also.

VINTAGE VOLUME

MRS. E. ROBINSON of Peterborough has in her possession a bound volume of *Home Words* for the year 1871. She tells us that it is in a good state of preservation.

Home Words first saw the light of day in 1870, the year of the Franco-Prussian War, so Mrs. Robinson's volume must contain the issues for the second year of the magazine's existence. We wonder whether any other reader has a volume of *Home Words* of equal venerability.



"I will lift up mine eyes to the hills"

Weekday Pages FOR WOMEN *with Homes*

Conducted by
MISS E. M. HARDING

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

Monday's Washing

As mittens.—I have an old long-stretched sleeve cardigan I wear when I peg out my washing. Pull the sleeves as far as the first finger joints, and catch with wool between the fingers. They serve as mittens, and keep your hands from chapping and freezing. Try it; it is splendid.—MRS. F. W. HOLMES.

Press studs.—If laundering a garment made with press studs, always fasten the studs before putting it through the wrinker. In this way the studs will be quite undamaged.—MRS. J. HAMMOND.

Much time and patience can be saved if when sheets and pillow-cases, etc., are mangled after washing, care is taken to fold items flat. Put through rollers a second time after folding. Likewise when taking off the line fold carefully into the basket, cover with thick cloth and they will be ready for ironing even two or three days later with very few creases.—MRS. MORNEMENT.

Tuesday's Sewing

Elastic.—Thread a length of elastic thread, obtainable at most haberdashery counters, through the ribbed necks of your sweaters or woollen dresses, and you will find that they will retain their shape indefinitely.—MRS. J. DAVIS.

A problem solved.—When making a Christmas pudding I solved a problem. Having only small square cloths to tie over the basins, instead of knotting them (and the knots are always a nuisance in shallow saucepans—especially with a steamer on top) I put the four corners, one on top of the other, and securely sewed them together with several large stitches. The basins could easily be lifted from the boiling water in the usual way. MRS. C. LEMMON.



Photo by *E. G. Roughton*

Puppy Dog Days

It is handy.—Cut out the sleeve of an old plastic mackintosh a few inches above the elbow. Turn hem and insert elastic. This is handy to wear with a mackintosh *cape* when carrying a case or anything too big to go under the cape. This convenient protection saves the coat sleeve from getting wet.—MISS V. B. EVANS.

Wednesday's Nursing

For whooping cough.—This has proved to be very effective. Put into a jar: ½ lb. of honey, then a level spoonful of *burnt* alum, and a ¼ pint of warm water. Well mix into a liquor. Dose: a teaspoonful, when the cough is troublesome.—W. HARRIS.

Fixing dental plate.—Sprinkle half teaspoonful of slippery elm powder on centre of plate. This is cheap, wholesome and effective (also a nourishing food). It is made from slippery elm bark, obtainable from chemists.—MISS A. ANGEL.

For chilblains.—I paid five guineas many years ago to a specialist for this prescription and I have never known it to fail. Buy 3d. worth of prepared chalk at the chemist and 3d. worth of lard from the butcher, with no salt in it. Mix into a paste and apply night and morning. In a week's time the chilblains disappear and do not return.—MRS. A. KEYTE.

Thursday's Cooking

Herbs are good for us, and are used by the best cooks. All have medicinal properties. When used as a garnish, the dish will be pleasing to the eye. Parsley is being used more than formerly, for these reasons, and can be grown in the garden or in pots.

Quick and easy fish dish.—Fillet of fresh haddock, butter size of a walnut, finely chopped onion, parsley, white sauce, cheese. Put fish in buttered pyrex dish, sprinkle with onion, parsley, pepper and salt, cover with paper and bake in moderate oven 20 mins. Pour over it white sauce and grated cheese and put under grill until golden brown.—PARSON'S WIFE.

Tarts.—When making a large jam tart or treacle tart, line sandwich tin with pastry without the jam. Stand a smaller sandwich tin on the pastry and place a ¼ lb. weight in centre. Cook pastry. Remove tin and weight. Add jam or treacle and bread crumbs and cook a few minutes longer till done. This prevents the jam or treacle from becoming hard.—MRS. CULLINGTON.

Friday's Household

New use for old motor tubes.—Two twelve inch long lengths cut from an old rubber motor tube, when pulled up the legs and covering the knees, make ideal dry, soft kneeling mats for gardening or household work. Owing to the moulded curve of the original tube, these lengths do not slip off and are comfortably contoured to the shape of the knees. A portion of a tube cut to the shape of one or both hands, with slits cut to accommodate the thumb and fourth small finger, will prevent many blisters when digging or lifting stones, etc. Incidentally, almost any garage will gladly give an old motor tube gratis or for a few pence.—MISS J. HALL.

For writing table.—The domed glass flower-holders that nowadays are not so generally used as newer types of containers obtainable, can quite well be utilised by keeping one on a writing table, or bureau, to hold pens, pencils, etc. It is so easy to see and withdraw the one just wanted.

The separate top parts of plastic toast racks, which sit on a fitting tray, make most useful letter holders; also on a writing-table.—MISS M. T. DAMSELL.

Thin places.—Mothers of small children may find the following hint useful. At the first sign of a thin place at the elbows in long-sleeved pullovers and cardigans, unpick the sleeves from the armholes and change them over, putting the left sleeve in the right arm-hole and vice versa. The thin part will then come inside the elbow and the sleeves are given a new lease of life.—MRS. JANET GREEN.

Gloves.—Woollen gloves worn when making beds in winter prevent numb fingers.—MRS. E. M. WILKS.

Saturday's Children

For baby.—After knitting mittens for baby, line them with white lint. The little hands will keep cosy and warm and the mittens will keep in shape much longer.—MRS. J. M. BENNETT.

Playpens.—To prevent our baby from pushing his playpen around on the carpet, we have applied self-adhesive plastic foam strip to the underside of the playpen. It has proved very effective.—MRS. J. M. HENRY.

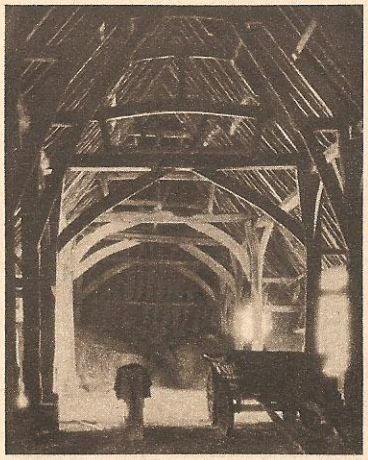
Rusks, of which children are so fond, can be made very very cheaply at home. Remove the crusts from odd pieces of bread, cut the bread into fingers and bake thoroughly. Serve with butter.—MRS. D. CROSSLEY.



Photo by *M. Sisson*

Grandad's Tick, Tick

Church News and Views

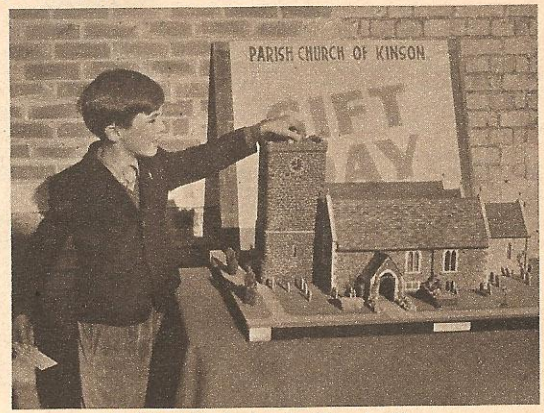


Great Barn, Alciston

THE Tithe Barn at Alciston, Sussex, must be one of the largest and finest in the country. The parish once possessed rich farm land for in these barns was stored the tithes—one tenth of all the farms' produce which once belonged to the incumbent.—RICHARD GALE.

Smugglers' Church

THE parish church of St. Andrew, Kinson, Bournemouth, is nearly 1,000 years old and is widely known to tourists as "The Smugglers' Church," because of its association with 18th century smugglers, who used an ancient tomb in the churchyard as a cache for their contraband. This model of the church was made of wood, papier mache and other materials by a parishioner, Mr. C.W. J. Marsh. The model is portable and includes a money box into which the public are being asked to place contributions towards the church's new £10,000 hall. This boy made his contribution on St. Andrew's Day, November 30, the church's special Gift Day, which realised more than £300.—A. B.



Model of St. Andrew's Church, Kinson

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

Church Mounting Blocks

THERE are records of two of these in Somerset. The interesting village of Tiull has also a stable where the horses could be kept during the service. There was another mounting block at Stogursey Church, which has also one of the very few "frith" stools—a sanctuary seat.—J. O. BENNETT.

A Weighty Affair?

IN the churchyard of Market Weighton Church, East Yorkshire, rests the body of William Bradley, a giant of a man nearly eight feet tall and weighing twenty-four stone. It is said he made a small fortune by showing himself at all the local fairs around the countryside during the last century.—C. B. WATKINS.

Twins in the Choir

I AM interested in your note on "Twins in the Choir." In the small Church at Shelf, near Halifax, there are three sets of twins in the Choir, all boys, ages, 10, 11, 15. The elevenses are my nephews.—H. WOODCOCK.



Shepherds' Cross, Lonscale, Keswick

Woman at Waterloo

IN the churchyard of St. Mary's, Tal-y-llyn, Merionethshire, Wales, is an interesting grave. The inscription reads thus:—

Sacred to the memory of Jenny Jones, born in Scotland, June 1789, died at Tal-y-llyn, April 11th 1884. She was with her husband of the 23rd Royal Welch Fusiliers at the Battle of Waterloo, and was on the field three days.

Though born in Scotland, Jenny Jones moved to Ireland and first met her husband in Dublin, where he was stationed. She accompanied him to the Battle of Waterloo where she acted as laundry-help and nurse to the Army. She survived the battle, and outlived her husband who was killed in a quarry accident in 1837. After a few years of widowhood she remarried, and was 94 when she died in 1884.—ERIC L. KING.

What's in a Name?

SOME years ago at Sherborne Abbey (Dorset) there was:—

A Lyon —as Vicar
A Field —as Curate
A Parson—as Churchwarden
A King —as Verger
A Bull —in the Choir
A Bishop—as a bell ringer
A Pope —to blow the organ

—MISS D. M. THOMPSON.

The "Shepherds' Cross"

WHILST rambling round the Keswick area of the Lake District some time ago, my husband and I came unexpectedly upon this cross on high, lonely ground on the slopes of Skiddaw. It arrested our attention and curiosity, being far from any church or burial ground. It was erected to the memory of two Lonscale shepherds, father and son, breeders of prize Herdwick sheep, who shepherded their flocks on Skiddaw and Lonscale for the greater part of the last century.

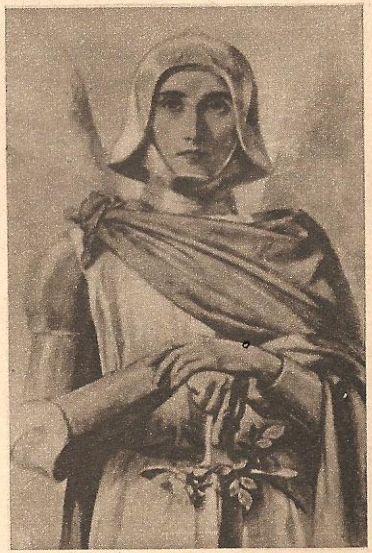
The verse at the foot of the cross reads:—

"Great Shepherd of Thy heavenly flock,
These men have left our hill;
Their feet were on the living rock:
Oh guide and bless them still."

—MRS. G. F. HAMPSHIRE.

Pre-Raphaelite Archangel

AN unusual painting of St. Michael the Archangel is to be found in the church of St. Christopher, Ellistown—a mining village near Leicester. It is by a minor Pre-Raphaelite artist, William Shakespeare Burton (1826 - 1916). A curious feature is the rose entwined upon the hilt of the sword. Can any reader explain whether the rose has a symbolic significance?—FREDERICK LEVEAUX.



Pre-Raphaelite St. Michael

SAINT FOR SEPTEMBER

IF we ever associate animals and Saints we probably think of St. Francis of Assisi, who tamed the wolf of Gubbio and preached to his little sisters the birds. But a saint who lived five hundred years before St. Francis can also lay some claim to be considered as the Patron Saint of Animals. This is St. Giles, whose day falls on September 1st.

According to a biography written in the tenth century, St. Giles was an Athenian, who fled from Greece to France to avoid the too-enthusiastic attentions of his disciples. He settled down to the life of a hermit in a forest in the valley of the Rhône—a life of hardship, simplicity and loneliness, mainly spent in prayer and meditation. His hermitage was a cave on the banks of the river; his food, herbs and berries and wild fruit.

To mitigate his loneliness, so the story goes, Giles managed to tame a wild female deer—a hind—who became his constant companion and also supplied him with milk. It is his friendship with this gentle creature which establishes Giles's claim to be considered the Patron Saint of Animals.

Now one day, it is said, Flavius Wamba, King of the Visigoths, was out hunting in the neighbourhood and the royal huntsmen and hounds pursued this hind to the hermit's cave. Aroused from his devotions by the sound of the huntsman's horn and the baying of the hounds, Giles ran to the entrance just as the hind reached it with the hunt hard on her heels. One of the pursuers, seeing the quarry about to vanish into the recesses of the cave, quickly bent his bow and let fly from his saddle. The arrow missed the hind but pierced the hermit's hand.

At that moment the King rode up and dismounted at the opening to the cave. When he saw the saint's wounded hand and heard that the hind his men had pursued was his pet, Flavius at once ordered the hunt away from that part of the forest. The following day he returned to enquire after the holy man's injuries and this was the first of many such visits.

So impressed was the King by the hermit's sanctity and self-denying mode of life that he promised to build an Abbey—on condition that Giles left his cave and became its first Abbot. To this Abbey Pope Benedict II granted a charter, and around it subsequently grew the town of St. Gilles.

St. Giles was one of the most popular saints of the Middle Ages, and in England alone over 160 churches were dedicated in his honour—often on the outskirts of towns or near the gates of cities. The reason for this was that at the gates of mediaeval towns beggars, lepers and cripples used to gather to beg for alms, and, because of his wounded hand, St. Giles was also regarded as the patron of all such unfortunate folk.

In some parts of the country, on September 1st, St. Giles's day, services are held for the blessing of domestic and household pets—an observance which would surely have earned the approval of this humble hermit whose solitude was shared by his gentle, dumb companion.

PASS THE AMMUNITION

THERE is a pension annually paid to the Vicar of St. Michael's, Pinhoe, Devon, on the first of October, which is of very early origin. It is associated by tradition with the battle of Pinhoe (1001 A.D.), which was fought between the men of Devon and Somerset and the Danes, on the high ground above the church. The parish priest, watching the fight, noticed that his countrymen were running short of arrows, so mounting his ass he rode into Exeter and secured a fresh supply, which he served out personally to the men. This turned the conflict in their favour, and he was rewarded with a mark from the King's purse.

The Rev. C. K. Burton

A HAPPY MARRIAGE AND ITS SECRET

By Helen F. Harding Wood

IF you were asked to choose from the Bible a really happy married couple, and give the reason for your choice, whom would you choose? I think I would say Aquila and Priscilla—And why? Because of their amazing "togetherness."

These two were not nobly born, they were not wealthy, they did not live a life of ease and comfort: on the contrary, they were humble, industrious, working-class people, but they knew some wonderful secrets of happiness in married life which their story unfolds to us.

They are mentioned only five times altogether. And the special thing we notice is that they were always together. It is the keynote of their story. Neither is ever mentioned separately, and their names are given interchangeably. Some have suggested that Priscilla was the more prominent character, but more likely their unity was so perfect, that it did not matter in the least which name was mentioned first.

We notice that they were *together in their occupation.* This was in weaving the cloth used in tent-making. Paul himself was a tent-cloth maker, and when he came to Corinth where Aquila and Priscilla were living at that time, he worked and lodged with them. Wives do not often actually share the occupation of their husbands, but husbands and wives can and should share one another's occupations in a very real sense. The wife should know about and be interested in her husband's job, discuss his difficulties with him, and help him with thoughtful suggestions. He, on his part, will remember that his wife has had an equally busy, perhaps monotonous day doing all the home "chores." The good husband will realize this and encourage her with an appreciative word, even praise the cake she has made (if possible!) and so cement that "togetherness" which is so important.

If the husband carries his reserve and the wife her independence too far into the marriage relationship, the lovely experience of "togetherness" will lose its fragrance.

Best of all, these two were *together in salvation.* We are not told how and where they were converted. They may have been Christians before they met Paul, or it may have been as they worked together that he introduced them to his Saviour. I think, too, that Aquila and Priscilla moved forward in their Christian life at the same pace, and reached the same degree of spiritual experience together. This mutuality comes out clearly and definitely as we study the five references and notice that this "keeping pace" in spiritual growth is another secret.

Lastly, they were *together in aspiration.* These two were also one together in their life purpose and aims. What loyal faithful friends they were to Paul. He calls them "my fellow-workers . . . who risked their own lives to save mine." It takes some friendship to do that! We also know that wherever they went, these two kept "open house" for Christians to meet for prayer and worship: open house for those who needed any help. In Acts 18 they found a "partial" Christian preaching a half-gospel with much fervour. "They took him home" and led him into clearer light!

What a home theirs must have been! We could do with many more such today! Aquila never resented (as some men do) the sanctity of his home being invaded: Priscilla rejoiced that her carpet (if they had one!) grew soiled and worn by many feet. *Together* they tidied up their little home when everybody had gone, and thanked God for another opportunity of serving Him.

So these two New Testament saints pass out of the picture, leaving behind them the fragrance and the inspiration of a consecrated and absolutely united married life.

THE FIRST STONE

BY JAMES DAVIDSON ROSS

Chapter III

(Following a theft of the local Cricket Club's funds, Tim Spooner, a young man with a reputation for wild conduct, comes under suspicion. He is engaged to Mary Finch, a girl of good character and background, who stands by him loyally in the face of distrust and malicious gossip among the villagers. Foremost of these is Mrs. Ambler. Depressed and resentful, Tim gets drunk, meets Mrs. Ambler, and a violent altercation flares up in the village street. The Vicar and Mr. Soames manage to get Tim away before he makes too big a fool of himself.)

MARY sat in a pew near the back of the church and tried to keep her mind on the service, but it was no good. Only a week ago she and Tim had sat here and heard their Banns called for the first time; now she had just listened to them again, and she was alone. She felt a surge of panic rise inside her. Where was Tim? She hadn't seen him now for two days. Why was he hiding himself from her, Mary, the one person who loved him more than anything else in the world? Especially after that dreadful business in the village yesterday. The Vicar had come straight round to her and told her what had happened, but by the time she had got to Mr. Soames' house Tim had gone. Where, no one knew, and Mr. Soames was obviously worried because Tim was in no condition to have gone anywhere! She'd been round to Tim's mother and was surprised how nice they'd been to her. But he hadn't turned up there, and she'd just had to go home eventually. Mary's own mother had been very shocked over what had happened—said it showed up the weakness in Tim's character. And he'd been missing all today. Mr. Spooner thought Tim had gone off somewhere in the woods by himself to get over things. He'd done that before when things had been in a bit of a mess, but she had to find him! Directly after the service she'd go down to the woods again and she wouldn't come out until she *did* find him. "Oh, Tim darling . . ."

Slowly the Vicar mounted to the pulpit as the last verse of the hymn was sung. He looked out over the congregation. A good showing, which many of his brethren would envy him in these days of half-empty churches. It remained to be seen how long his would stay so full after this sermon; certain people were not going to be very pleased with it. He closed his eyes for a few moments in prayer, and then faced the expectant villagers.

" 'But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.' "

The Vicar's eyes wandered over the silent faces before him; good, decent people, as average a bunch of ordinary citizens as one could find. Everyone with the good which was inherent in humanity—and the evil.

"When we speak of the Epistles in the New Testament, most of us are inclined to think of Paul. But, without detracting from the greatness of that sincere and ardent Christian, I think it is sometimes a pity that more attention is not paid to the other authors of this collection of letters: St. Peter, St. John and St. James. Particularly St. James.

"We have only one letter written by James, our Lord's brother, but what is lacking in quantity is more than made up for in quality. Let me tell you a little about James.

"He was, like Paul and Peter and Jesus Himself, a Jew—and a strict one. Whether he was really Christ's brother or only His half brother, or cousin, we do not know; but it is quite certain that he was brought up in precisely the same sort of way, and with exactly the same type of strict religious background as our Lord. During the lifetime of Jesus, he perhaps found it difficult to grasp that Jesus was the Son of God. But after the Death and Resurrection of His Master we find him not merely an

ardent follower of Christ but one of the acknowledged leaders of the Apostolic band. The appearance of the Risen Christ had changed James utterly; he had experienced the tremendous and inexplicable fact of 'Spiritual Rebirth.'

"In the years which followed, James seems to have stayed exclusively in Jerusalem to preach the Gospel; a task for which he was excellently equipped. In those dark and difficult years, as the Fall of Jerusalem drew ever nearer, standards of honesty and decency steadily declined. Even among some of the Christian Jews the word Charity became a mockery; love a trait to be buried at all costs. Spiritual pride and love of riches became the be-all and end-all for many back-sliding followers of Jesus; contempt for the poor, censoriousness, self-deceit, spurious faith became endemic.

"So, James sat down and wrote a letter—not just to the Christians in Jerusalem, but to all those scattered throughout the Roman Empire. In language which cut right through the frills and coverings of convention, he rebuked all who had fallen into evil ways.

"I believe his severest and most necessary attack was on the evils of loose speaking; on the lack of charity which an uncontrolled tongue can reveal, and the untold misery such idle talking can bring to innocent people.

"Let me read to you again what he said: '. . . the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things.' 'And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body . . . For every kind of beast, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind. But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.'

"St. James wrote that nearly two thousand years ago, but its message is as full of meaning today as it was then. It applies to every race, nation, country, county, parish—to every man, woman and child, here, now, and for all time. It forces us to turn and look squarely at Christ upon His Cross. Some of us are less touched by this taint than are others, but it is only a matter of degree. We should do well to remember that He 'opened not His mouth; when He was reviled, He reviled not again.'

The Vicar paused and looked down the nave. Not a head moved, not one cough disturbed the silence of the congregation . . .

"I am not suggesting that it is easy to live up to this sort of standard; it is not. But unless we, as Christians, are constantly on our guard against the dangers of an unguarded tongue, how can we possibly hope to show to a largely pagan world that we are *really* trying to follow the example of Jesus Christ? Somebody says, or does, something which—although it has nothing to do with us—*we* do not approve of, and time and time again our tongues take charge to utter criticisms and condemnations which a little sober reflection would show are hopelessly contrary to all that Christ ever taught. I repeat, it is a taint, but one which can vanish in the face of those two great commandments of our Lord: that we should love Almighty God with every part of us, and our neighbours as ourselves!"

Again there was a long pause, and then the Vicar leaned forward over the edge of the pulpit and looked deliberately round his congregation:

"How much of this taint have *you* got? Is *your* tongue unruly, evil, given to speaking hastily without considering what harm it may be doing? Is your tongue responsible in some part for the distress which is even now walking with us in our village?

"I commend these words of St. James to you very seriously. Unless this 'little member' be controlled the Kingdom of God is being denied its rightful place in our village, and the direct commandments of Jesus Christ are being ignored. Remember: 'an unruly evil . . . full of poison.'

"Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost . . ."

The verger opened the doors, the evening sun streamed in and the congregation filed out. As the Vicar

went out into the porch to say goodnight to his flock he felt tired, drained.

"Goodnight, Vicar."

"Goodnight, Bill. How's the wife—better?"

"Coming along nicely, thank you, Sir."

"'Night, Vicar . . ."

"Goodnight, Mr. Greengrass; a fine service . . ."

"Cheerio, Sir . . ."

"Mr. Greengrass, please . . ."

"Hallo, Mary." The Vicar took her arm and led her a few feet away from the crowd. "Any sign of Tim yet?"

Mary shook her head, "I'm afraid not. I've been everywhere today looking for him, but he just seems to have vanished. Oh, I do hope he's all right."

The Vicar smiled reassuringly, "He's all right; Tim knows how to look after himself. Have you tried the woods?"

"Yes, but I didn't have much time, and they're so overgrown this time of the year, it's even more difficult than usual to find one's way."

Mr. Greengrass looked thoughtfully across the churchyard to the countryside beyond. Their village was in a fairly remote part of the country, and if one left the roads one could easily get lost in the woods which straggled for miles over the downland. They were very beautiful, but they could be frightening, especially if one was by oneself. And, the Vicar decided, Mary was looking very strained.

"Be careful what you're doing, Mary, and don't go too far. And let me know when he turns up, please . . . Good luck."

From the corner of his eye he saw Mrs. Ambler approaching. Miss Henner had already swept past him without so much as a glance, and Mrs. Smythe had wished him goodnight in very forbidding tones. What was Mrs. Ambler's reaction to his sermon? Although he had truly meant it for everyone, including himself, he knew that Mrs. Ambler was likely to take it in no small measure as aimed at herself. Despite her sharp tongue and insatiable curiosity, she was a person of considerable influence in the village. She could do the Vicar a lot of mischief if she so wished. Well he remembered some of her past attacks on him at various P.C.C. meetings!

"Goodnight, Mrs. Ambler," he said quietly as she came up to him.

Mrs. Ambler stopped, a rather curious expression on her face. More than one pair of eyes turned to the couple standing in the porch. Would Mrs. Ambler say anything after that sermon? Was she going to "blow up," here and now, outside the church? The Vicar felt his body tense.

"Goodnight, Mr. Greengrass." Mrs. Ambler took a step forward and stopped again, "I—thank you for your sermon—it—I think—"

She turned and walked rapidly down the road. The Vicar, slightly dazed, but with a lightening of the spirits he had rarely experienced, looked after her.

(To be continued)

THANKFUL PEOPLE

(Continued from page 131)

everyday needs, do well to think on these things. As the old hymn says,

Count your blessings,
Name them one by one,
And it will surprise you
What the Lord has done.

Science has now advanced to such a stage that, unless we can get back to first principles, the products of our discoveries and inventions threaten to destroy our civilisation altogether. It is imperative for Christian people everywhere, in humbleness of mind and thankfulness of heart, to bear fearless witness to the fact that while men may sow and men may water it is God alone Who gives the increase.

That is the principle which lies behind all our prayers of gratitude, especially in the Holy Eucharist, which the Prayer Book calls "this our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving". It is the principle which inspired Parson Hawker of Morwenstow, over a hundred years ago, to institute the now well-nigh universal Harvest Festival.

So, then,

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord for He is kind;
And His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

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Exeter. It is not possible to invite clergy to this individually, so we hope that this notice will also serve as an invitation to all clergy who are interested or concerned. R.K.S.

THE FRIENDS OF EXETER CATHEDRAL

(By the Secretary, the Rev. V. Hope)

There are probably many people in the Diocese who have heard of the organisation of the Friends of the Cathedral but have no very clear idea of its objects or achievements.

It is about thirty years since such a body was founded at Canterbury to help the Dean and Chapter by taking a share in caring for their Cathedral and preserving it for future generations. This help was needed for financial reasons. The income available for the upkeep of Cathedrals and the maintenance of their services was fixed in the last century and had not been increased in spite of the fall in the value of money. What was ample a hundred years ago was quite insufficient thirty years ago, and the position now is, of course, far worse.

The Canterbury experiment was so successful that other Cathedrals soon began to follow their example, and Exeter was one of the first to do so. Nowadays practically all the Cathedrals, and many Parish Churches, have Societies of Friends to support them.

It was in October 1929 that Dean Gamble called a meeting of representative men and women of this Diocese to appoint a Council, and in the following month this body launched the scheme. Its objects were to co-operate with the Dean and Chapter in maintaining the fabric, fittings, ornaments, furniture and monuments of and in the Cathedral and its precincts, and to set forward their safety, beauty and utility. The first Friend was enrolled on November 14th that year, and a list of enterprises which the Friends might sponsor was drawn up.

A start was made by "rescuing from obscurity and threatening decay three noteworthy examples of English craftsmanship," to quote the words of Professor Tristram. The first of the three was the restoration of the colouring on the magnificent effigy of Bishop Bronescombe (1280) "which is not excelled even by anything in Westminster Abbey." The other two were mediaeval wall-paintings, the one of the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin Mary near the entrance to the Lady Chapel, the other of the Resurrection in the North Transept.

Year after year since then the Friends have sponsored or helped to finance some important work or other, sometimes on the suggestion of the Chapter but sometimes the initiative came from the Council. Among these may be mentioned the restoration of the original colouring of the Quire vaulting and of the famous Minstrels' Gallery by Professor Tristram, work on the beautiful Sedilia, on the masonry of the South Tower, on various screens, and the restoration of the Chapter House which until 1938 was lined with unsightly book-shelves.

During the War no new work could, of course, be undertaken but considerable contributions were made then and later for the maintenance of the fabric. After the War much help was needed because some parts of the fabric could not be covered by insurance, and in other cases payments received from the War Damage Commission were fixed on the basis of 1939 prices and therefore did not cover the cost of replacements.

The mediaeval glass of the great east window, which on the outbreak of war had been removed to a place of safety, was restored and replaced at the cost of the Friends and large contributions were made towards the rebuilding of the organ, and for the installation of a new electric lighting system. Several monuments which suffered minor damage have been restored and repainted, among them the charming one to Matthew Godwin, the youthful organist who died in 1586.

Perhaps the greatest undertaking of all, one which was first suggested by a Friend, has been the cleaning of the West Front, the statues of which had become almost featureless owing to the accumulation of soot and dirt. This work, which was spread over four years, has won universal approval and has been a matter of great interest in architectural and antiquarian circles. Punch last year had a drawing of it in its incomplete state, part black, part

white, with a painstaking lady artist, seated in the foreground, conscientiously copying its magpie effect.

The total contributions of the Friends over nearly thirty years amount to more than £22,000 and it can be said with confidence that, without this help, not only would the recovery of the Cathedral from the effects of the War have been considerably delayed, but in some respects impossible of achievement.

Each year on St. Peter's Day, June 29th, the Festival of the Friends is held and a large gathering assembles for Evensong, and tea in the Palace Gardens. This year the Truro Choir paid us a visit and joined with ours in the singing of Evensong at which the preacher was Canon G. A. G. Bowden, Chancellor of Truro Cathedral.

Since the start more than 5,000 Friends have been enrolled, of whom some 2,360 are still on our strength. The name of each is inscribed in the Roll Book which is kept in the South Transept. In this book Queen Mary signed her name when she visited the Cathedral on May 19th, 1938 and graciously consented to become our Patron.

Although the Friends have achieved much, fresh work always lies ahead and new members are constantly needed. The annual subscription is 5/- (or more if it can be afforded) and those who would like to help the Mother Church of the Diocese can hardly find a more fitting way of doing so than by joining. They are asked to write to : The Rev. V. Hope, The Friends' Office, 1, The Cloisters, Exeter, who will gladly give further particulars.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S COLLEGE, KIWANDA, TANGANYIKA

(By Miss M. J. Fulford).

Since I got back from my leave in England life has been a constant whirl of activity. Perhaps that is an ill-chosen phrase for this slow-moving, drowsy part of Africa ! But the fact remains that, however disinclined for work the climate may make us feel, there is always more than enough to do in this Teacher Training College to keep us occupied from morning till night.

First there was Teaching Practice. While the rest of the College was on holiday, the Second Year students (about 50 boys) were staying in villages sharing the life and work of typical Junior Schools. Usually the schools are small, with only two classrooms and two teachers, and the four Standards have to work on a ' shift ' system. With only two students to a village you can imagine what a lot of travelling around the supervising staff had to do. The villages are very scattered, too, and a visit often meant an hour's cycle or motor-bike ride along the roughest of mud tracks—then a non-stop day of criticising students' lessons, checking their notes and giving them advice.

The new term had hardly got into its swing before we were caught up in the influenza epidemic. It hit us badly, and at one time we had well over half the boys down with it ; but you can't close a college when some of the students live a fortnight's journey away ! (We never speak of miles in this country, but of the time taken on the journey). Now the boys are all better, but the Staff are succumbing to it—a serious matter with the examinations looming ahead and a lot of coaching needing to be done.

Every year the standard of the Teachers' Certificate Examination goes up, but unfortunately the level of student intelligence remains much the same ! However, the work is interesting and rewarding, and the Staff are constantly putting their heads together (black ones and white ones) and thinking up new and practical ways of getting the latest teaching methods across to the students. Again, it is fun devising Teaching Apparatus and games which will appeal to the children and which will help them to learn. It must be apparatus which the students can make, with the limited materials available to them, and which the children can understand, although they are quite unused to toys and books and games at home. Next week we shall be making Eskimo igloos from half-coconut shells and whitewash—a pleasantly cool thought as the hot season begins ! Perhaps it's a little early yet to ask you to send us some snow to make our models look more realistic !

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Help !

With the imminent departure of Mr. Tyler, the question of help in this parish raises its questing head. The Rector has been greatly touched by the offers of our two lay readers, Mr. Taylor and Sq/Ldr. J. Houchin, who have promised every assstance. But the permanent solution is for another clerical colleague, and the Rector is very pleased to announce that at Advent we shall have a deacon on our staff.

He is Mr. C. V. Rouse, a churchman of many years standing, ex-P.C.C. secretary, lay-reader, and school manager from Stanmore in Middlesex. At present Mr. Rouse is reading under the direction of Canon Carpenter of Westminster Abbey (an old vicar of his) and the Bishop of Exeter has accepted Mr. Rouse and the Rector has agreed to give him a ' title.'

Mr. Rouse has just voluntarily resigned his partnership in a firm of London printers to take orders. He and his wife came to visit the Rector recently, and after much correspondence intermingled with prayer, everything is working out in what we hope is God's way

This is a matter for much thanksgiving and for further prayer that God will bless Mr. Rouse and his wife in their great undertaking.

The Bible Society

The Rev. E. H. Gilbert, the organising secretary for the B & F B S in this area is coming to preach at Upton at Mattins on Sunday, Sept 28th. The Bible Society benefits under our ' Tenth ' scheme ; and Mr. Gilbert will be able to give us first-hand news of the Bible in the world today.

Church Mission to the Jews

A missionary, home from Persia, will be coming to talk about the work among the Jews. This meeting will be on Thurspay, Sept. 25th, in the Church Hall.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness

The leprous appearance of the Church Hall for the past 12 months has made us a little ashamed of our prideful possession. It was nobody's fault, merely the usual result of distemper on ' green ' plaster.

Now we can once more show off our hall with pride ; Mr. Lyle and a friend have made a wonderful job of redecoration, and the Hall is a pleasure to behold.

An earnest request from all concerned to all concerned : now that the Hall is decorated, please see to it that we keep it nice ; chairs not banged against the wall, and jammy finger-marks where they should be—in Scotland Yard in the Fingerprint File !

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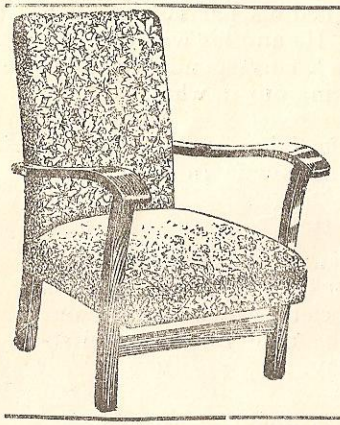
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Operation 'Sickbed'

We have had more than our usual crop of sickness recently, but are pleased to report that the recovery rate is 100%.

Frank Reid appeared in Church at an early celebration recently, together with Mrs. Moulder; this was a pact they made in the Convalescent Home to come and offer thanks to God for their recovery.

Reg Palk whose untimely accident in Church one Sunday morning gave us many anxious moments, is now out and about again, slowly getting better. Arthur Putt, the nearly blind pianist, is recuperating in his beloved Cornwall.

Jack Collier has had his operation and is progressing favourably according to latest reports, and Joan Matthews has presented her husband with a 7½lb baby girl—we can now uncross our fingers! (Stop Press: Mrs Castledine is now a grandmother!)

Miss M. Milton, who recently broke an ankle, is still confined to her house, and using crutches, but is going on well.

We have prayed for these sick folk, and feel that our prayers have been abundantly answered.

The Rectory Stall Party

After all, it wasn't a Garden Party; Summer was as usual, so we held it in different bits of the Rectory. A bit of a squash, but no one seemed to mind, and somehow or other the sum of nearly £29 was raised to help the Rectory Stall. We would like to thank all those who contributed to the success of the afternoon.

Autumn Sale

An advance notice: please keep Wednesday, November 19th free, as this is the date suggested for the Autumn Sale. More about this later on. Meanwhile, turn your sleeves up, get out your knitting needles and the old Singer and sew, sew, sew!

Tower Topics

At last we ringers are out of the "rut"! Not another fifth position in a ringing competition but, no less than a FIRST—and a silver bowl to go with it! Competing against nineteen of the best South Devon teams at Widecombe-in-the-Moor in mid-August, much to our gratification, and no little surprise, we won the East Portlemouth Silver Challenge Bowl and first certificate and so hold the Bowl for the next twelve months. As winners, we undertake to act as hosts for and organisers of the competition for the Trophy next year. Wives, friends and the Babbacombe team made up a coach party for Widecombe

where, not only was staged the ringing competition but a church fete as well. Even the weather behaved! B.E.B.

Upton Men's Fellowship

The Committee has arranged an excellent series of meetings for the new session; beginning on Tuesday, September 16th, at 7 30 p.m., with 'Venetian Tales' an illustrated talk by M. Boehm de Sauvanne, who was the American Consul in Venice.

All men of the congregation are invited to the Fellowship meetings on the third Tuesday in each month, in the Church Hall.



Holy Baptism

Jesus said : Let the little ones come

July 31st Christopher Gerard Jones.
Aug. 3rd Edwin Leonard Tout. Martin Winter.

Holy Matrimony

Jesus said : Those whom God hath joined

Aug. 16th Graham George Overd and Dolores Irene Devey.

Flower List

Sept. 7th—Mrs Wass
Sept. 14th—Mrs. Anning
Sept. 21st—Mrs. Nicholls
Sept. 28th—Mrs. Taylor
Oct. 5th—Miss C. M Ball.

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ST. JAMES

Kintyre.

My dear Friends,

Six years ago today my family and I were just beginning to really get excited at the prospects of coming to live at Torquay. Eventually it came and we made the long move down from Ripley. After living in a colliery town Torquay and its surroundings seemed like a little bit of heaven. On our first evening we stayed at the Church Army home on Babbacombe Downs. It was a lovely evening, and with lights and the band playing, a really romantic scene.

Many things have happened since then. Many happy memories and the making of many friends. The happiest event for me was of course my ordination. Little did I dream when I first started to work at St James that when I moved away I should be moving to become the Vicar of a parish of my own. This was entirely due to the help and kindness of the Rector and the people of the parish. Without their help my ambition to be a Priest would have been unfulfilled. I hope that they will accept my heartfelt thanks.

As for the many friends, they will always be given a welcome if they care to pay us a call when in Plymouth. The address is St. Paul's Vicarage, 26 Durnford Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth.

I should like to say a special word of thanks to the people of St James' where most of my work here has been done. I cannot remember any time when we have not worked happily together. I know that at all times they have been willing to back me up in my work.

I should like to finish by saying thank you to all who have shown many kindnesses to both myself and family during our stay in Torquay.

God bless you.

W. S. TYLER.

Flower Rota for September

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