

JANUARY, 1951

SAINT PETER'S, EAST BRIDGFORD CHURCH MAGAZINE



SERVICES

SUNDAYS:—

Holy Communion: 8 a.m.
Holy Eucharist: 11 a.m. 1st and 3rd Sundays.
Matins: 11 a.m. 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays.
Evensong: 6-30 p.m.
Children: 3-30 p.m.

R.A.F. Station, Newton:—

Morning Service—Sundays: 9-45 a.m.
Children: 2-30 p.m.

Rector:

Rev. G. R. D. McLEAN, M.A., The Hall (Tel. 218).

Rector's Warden:

Mr. R. WING, The Old Manor House (Tel. 245).

People's Warden:

Mr. E. MILLINGTON, Millgate.

Sidesmen:

Dr. G. O. BROOKS, Messrs. G. BATEMAN,
A. V. DENT, L. HAND, E. INGRAM, C. L.
WESTLEY, L. W. A. WHITE and F. YOUNG

Organist:

Mr. J. H. SHARDLOW, College Street.

Choirmaster:

Mr. N. RHODES, The School House (Tel. 226).

Sexton: Mr. L. JOHNSON, Closen Side Lane.

Hon. Verger: Miss HAND, Toll Bar Lane.

Hon. Treas. to P.C.C.: Mr. N. ASHTON HILL,
"Highclere," Kneeton Road (Tel. 298).

Hon. Sec. to P.C.C.: Mr. C. L. WESTLEY,
"Strathmore," Kneeton Road (Tel. 271).

Hon. Sec. to Freewill Offering: Miss HAND.

Leader of the Bellringers: Mr. A. V. DENT,
Cuttle Hill.

Mothers' Union—Enrolling Member.

Mrs. HUNT, Kneeton Road (Tel. 219).

Boys' Brigade—Captain:

Mr. E. BULLERS, Toll Bar Lane (Tel. 301).

Girls' Friendly Society:

Mrs. WESTLEY and Mrs. McLEAN.

The machine in reality mechanized our view of life and man. The essential point about the machine, from this point of view, is that it is pre-determined. It partakes of the character of necessity. A machine can function only in one way, like the movement of a piston. A machine hasn't got any *mind*. Its motion is purely a responsive motion, absolutely pre-determined. Under the influence of the success and power of the machine, we come to think of the universe, too, as a machine, as pre-determined. Man, too, came to be thought of as a sort of superior machine, but fundamentally the creature of necessity. Science, it was said, had now discovered the laws of the universe which—to put it briefly—boiled down to the absolute operation of cause and effect. Science summed up the laws of nature in the Law of The Uniformity of Nature—that is to say, there is no effect without a cause, and no cause without an effect. God became the

First Cause, determining all later causes and effects. Life came to be thought of as a chain of events, one following out of its predecessor, determined and absolutely governed by it—a chain of necessity. Freedom was dismissed from the universe. So *miracle became impossible*. All activity was implied in what went before. This is what science had discovered, so it was said. There, is, therefore, and can be no such thing as free will. The universe moves like a piston, back and fore *and only back and fore*. It cannot move in any other way, because it operates under cause and effect.

All this was supposed to be a statement of fact, an objective condition which science had discovered. It was, of course, nothing of the kind. This was a view which scientists, under the influence of the machine, had read into things. The world is by no means governed by necessity.

The Fact of Miracle

Scientists have themselves abandoned this old cast-iron, mechanistic view of life and the world. With the discovery of the atomic structure of matter, and the further reduction of atoms to electrical charges of energy, the concept of freedom was restored to the universe. A noted physical scientist, Max Planck, stated that a very great deal of the action of atoms could not be reduced to the idea of cause and effect. Their activity was largely indeterminate. In short, we are not living in a universe in which things happen because they are bound to happen in that one particular way, and in no other way. Much of the activity of matter even is unpredictable. How much more so, then, the activity of mind and spirit! What we call miracle is, in fact, nothing more than the assertion that life is not a pre-determined chain of cause and effect. At any point in the process, there is always the possibility of the emergence of something *new*. "Behold! I make all things *new*." God's world is not a treadmill.

Matter is not the prison-house of will and spirit, but the instrument of spirit. Miracle is simply the continuous possibility of freedom.

The Incarnation of our Lord was miracle. It was, in other words, the domination of matter by spirit and will. It was the emergence of the new. The Incarnation of Christ was not an event in a chain of cause and effect. The Incarnation was a manifestation of God's affirming will over and above all cause and effect. So too was our Lord's stilling of the storm and all the rest of the so-called "nature" miracles. The so-called "laws of nature" are no more than the conditions of existence, not its imprisonment; possibilities of ordered action, not necessitated action. This universe is one in which spirit is dominant; where matter is a subject force.

"Hope Thou in God."

Since then, this world is made for spirit and not *vice versa* (spirit has not been created for matter) we can at the threshold of another year take new hope and courage. We can subject both our hopes for our personal life and also for civilization to the great fact that it is Spirit that rules, not matter. We live in a world of creative possibilities, where something



Transept of Martyrdom, Canterbury Cathedral

gloriously new can break out at any moment.

"The angels keep their ancient place
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing."

This fact has a double application.

First, there may be some among my readers who may have been struggling for years with some secret sin or habit, and have perhaps come to a condition of despair that anything new can ever happen. "Turn but a stone and start a wing." Something new and wonderful may happen to you at any moment to open to you new stores and sources of divine grace and power.

Second, the oppression and wickedness of recent years are most assuredly NOT the final word of history for our time. It has been said (with profound truth) that dictatorships have feet of clay. So it proved in the case of the Nazi dictatorship. So too it will prove in the case of the still more evil Stalin dictatorship. All dictatorships look powerful until ten minutes before the end. That is how history works. Be on the look-out for the possibility of the new. "Hope Thou in God." Cause and effect are not the final reality in history, but spirit and will

January, 1951

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CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DEAD

by the Editor

NOTE: With this issue, I propose to commence a series of articles taking the form of conversations with famous (and infamous) characters of the past. Let me make it clear straightaway that this series is in no sense whatever anything to do with Spiritualism, either for or against. On this page, month by month, in the fictional form of conversation, I shall attempt to bring to the attention of readers some outstanding historical figures; to explain what they tried to achieve and what they believed and what they stood for in their own time. It was once said by a very distinguished man, the late Henry Ford, that history is bunk, which only proves how silly distinguished people can sometimes be, and what fools they can make of themselves. It is the past that largely has made the present.

"Our deeds shall travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are."

History is a thing of personal importance to every man and woman.

The best and probably the truest way to get to know history is by getting to know people. "The Reformation was Martin Luther." So once said Lord Morley. There is a considerable element of truth in this saying, even though it oversimplifies the matter. What is important in the past is human beings, not "causes", "movements", "parties" and "isms" of various kinds. It is men that matter both in the past and in the present. How can we get to know people—Judas, Paul, Augustine, Constantine, Calvin, Luther, Ignatius Loyola and countless others?

This series of conversations, which begins with Judas Iscariot, is an attempt to make our faith more real to us by making some great figures in the past more vivid. Editor.

I. JUDAS ISCARIOT

DANTE, the great Italian poet, in his work, *The Divine Comedy*, described Hell as a region of descending circles, which were inhabited by sinners of varying degree. The worse the sinner, the lower was the circle to which he was condemned. In the lowest circle of all, was Judas Iscariot. His sin, the betrayal of our Lord, has ever been regarded as the greatest ever committed. Dante describes the terrible fate of Judas as being encased in ice and being slowly yet never completely devoured by devils.

"That wretch up there whom keenest pangs divide
Is Judas called Iscariot," said my lord,
"His head within, his jerking legs
outside; . . ."

(P. 286 of Miss Dorothy Sayers' translation).

Just as Dante was guided through the terrors and horrors of Hell by the Roman poet, Vergil, so let us imagine that we are being guided too by some equally safe guide to the dreadful place in the lower world occupied now by Judas Iscariot. After passing through one grim place after another in a sinister kind of twilight, we arrive at last face to face with Judas.

Self: "I will not say anything so banal as 'good-morning', or 'I am pleased to meet you' to you, Judas. It would all sound so utterly futile and meaningless. You have always been a mystery to every age; indeed, Judas, you are the supreme mystery of history. Of all the riddles that have tormented the

minds of men, the riddle of Judas is the greatest. We can never understand, Judas, why and how you could have such a dastardly thing as betray your Master, Jesus Christ, to His enemies for thirty pieces of silver. Why did you do it?"

For a long time or for what seemed a long time, Judas didn't speak. He hung his head so that his face was scarcely visible. I waited and waited, impatient yet patient. I was deeply and inwardly excited with the thought that I was on the threshold of the solution of the supreme mystery of history. Suddenly, without lifting his head, Judas spoke in a voice that sounded like falling waters afar off.

Judas: "Why do you twentieth-century people come to me for an explanation of my own conduct, evil though it be? You may not believe it, but I keep up-to-date with all that your scholars and scientists write. And I have at last come to the conclusion that no man can ever understand or be sure of his own motives. Amongst you have arisen a class of scholars called, I believe, psycho-analysts, whom people employ for the purpose of revealing to them their own motives. If a man can never understand or be sure of his own motives, how can he understand or be sure of the motives of his fellow-man? Your psycho-analysis, with all its 'dream-technique' and 'word-association' and all the rest of it, is an elaborate self-deception."

Judas' head sank lower until his face became completely invisible. His breathing was dreadful to listen to. Again that voice of falling waters.

Judas: "Your scientists are just beginning to catch up with something which we, in this sinister place, have known for 2,000 years. I can never fathom my own motives or understand my own conduct. You want to know why I betrayed my Master to those hard-faced Scribes and Pharisees. Perhaps you will not believe me, but for the last 2,000 years that is the very same question with which I have been tormenting myself—and I am no nearer an answer now than 2,000 years ago.

That is my hell. Dismiss all that childish talk of that Italian poet about ice and devil's teeth. All that which you think you see is illusion, just illusion. The real hell is this—being obsessed, to the exclusion of all else, with my own sin. Why? Why? Why? Forever and ever why? I do not know."

I was deeply and terribly moved, shocked into silence. I just could not enter upon an argument with that bowed and tortured figure. Even had I been able to, "what", I asked myself, "would be the good?" Judas would never be able to tell me why he betrayed his Lord. Indeed, he would be the last to know.

What an anti-climax! To have endured that terrible and god-forsaken journey; to have met at last with Judas, face to face, only to be told that the ultimate motives of human behaviour are past finding out. What an anti-climax! What a bathos!

But . . . was it so, after all? We travel round the world in order to get next door! Judas only affirmed what the Bible has revealed about the depth and complication of the heart. "For the heart of man is deceitful . . . who can know it?"

If then we can never be sure of "why", is there anything at all we can be sure of? This was the question I now asked myself. Is there?

Yes! The love and the mercy of God. That is forever sure. Nothing or nobody is outside God's mercy—not even Judas.



West Gate, Canterbury

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

by CONWAY ROSS

Ethics and moral teaching do not occupy the principal place in the Gospels, but are secondary and subservient to the doctrine of Faith. They are the fruits of the Spirit, not the roots, and follow as a result of faith. Several philosophers have formulated high codes of ethics and morals which differ little from their Christian counterparts. The distinction between Christianity and all other religions does not lie in ethics and morals, but that Christianity alone provides salvation through the Saviour. It is at the root of the Faith that all human beings are fallen creatures, who deserve the wrath or judgment of God. God being all-holy will punish sin, but in His infinite mercy our Saviour on the Cross bore the judgment for sin in the place of sinners. All who accept Him as Saviour are delivered from condemnation, because He has already borne it in our stead. It should be noted that the words "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" mean, not simply that He saves from the habit of sin, but rather He saves from the judgment, or penalty, of sin. The penal element in the Atonement is brought out very clearly. Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him, He hath put Him to grief... For the transgression of My people was He stricken... and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all... Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted Me in the day of His fierce anger... Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law being made a curse for us... Who made Him to be sin for us Who knew no sin... With His stripes we are healed... Christ hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust... Human beings are not by nature sons of God, but can become so on condition. That condition is faith in Christ "as many as received Him" (John 1, v. 12). An examination of the Gospels will bear out the assertion that the basis or framework of the Christian faith is not ethics or morals, but the doctrine of Salvation. The Greek word *euangelion* is variously translated—Gospel, evangel, good tidings, good news, salvation—all meaning that Christ offers Himself as Saviour to all who will accept Him. Mark begins "The Gospel of Jesus Christ the Son of God." It is significant that the very first words of our Lord recorded in Mark are a call to believe the Gospel (Mark 1, v. 15), while His last words are a

command to the disciples to preach the Gospel to every creature (Mark 16, v. 15). Right at the outset of His ministry in the synagogue at Nazareth, His first words are that He was anointed to preach the Gospel to the poor (Luke 4, v. 18). In Matthew 20, v. 28, Jesus said that He was to give His life a ransom for many. The word "for" (Greek *anti*) is literally "in place of" or "instead of." Holy Communion is the one and only outward observance which our Lord commanded His followers to continue to keep; it is a memorial, not to His teaching, nor His example, but to His suffering for our salvation; in His own words, "For This is My Blood... Which is shed for many for the remission of sins" (Matthew 26, v. 28). At the beginning of John's Gospel Jesus is introduced as "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1, v. 29,) while the Gospel concludes with the exhortation to believe on His Name. Matthew opens with the announcement that He was to "save His people from their sins" (Matthew 1, v. 21). A thorough and painstaking search of both Gospels and Epistles leads to the conclusion that the only purpose of our Lord becoming man, was to make Atonement for sin. The cumulative evidence of the whole Bible is convincing and conclusive, and no amount



Mercery Lane, Canterbury

of sophistry can shake it. Having been made partakers of Christ's wonderful salvation, it is wrong for us to hold it to ourselves and not pass it on to others. For that reason it behoves all of us who are believers to use every possible means to make the Gospel known, so that those who are hungry for the Word may have an opportunity to hear it.



Westgate Towers, Canterbury

The New Year Two Prayers

"Eternal God, who of old hast laid the foundation of the earth, and whose word forever settled in the heavens; whose mercy is from everlasting, and rises anew the morning of another year; give us grace to arise into Christ Thy Son, who our morning light; and grant that in all our years of pilgrimage, walking by faith in Him, we may put on strength, and be enabled to persevere in the way of life unto the end; through Jesus Christ, our Lord." Amen.

(From *The Book of Common Order*.)

"O God, the Protector of all that trust in Thee, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy; increase and multiply upon us Thy mercy; that, Thou being our ruler and guide, we may so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal; grant this, O Heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake our Lord." Amen.

(From *The Book of Common Prayer*.)

Two Poems

"Father let me dedicate
This New Year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be."

"A flower unblown; a book unread;
A tree with fruit unharvested;
A path untrod; a house whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
A landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shades 'neath silent skies;
A wondrous fountain yet unsealed;
A casket with its gifts concealed—
This is the Year that for you waits
Beyond to-morrow's mystic gates.

The New Year. By Horatio Nelson Powers.

"No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere;
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void;
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed."

Emily Bronte.

THE SAD HEART

A Story

by JOAN CROLE

ON a cold evening in early spring, Father Stephen MacNabb pulled his shabby cassock a little closer against his lean frame as he climbed the hill that led from the river to his church and vicarage. At sixty the Father was tired; the hill tried him. And he was sad, for he felt himself to be growing old and to have done very little. Forty years ago as a young man he had dreamed the dreams common to all those of his vocation, had imagined he would do mighty works, and save the ungodly in their thousands. The burning zeal of his youth had given way to a tolerance he would have scorned in earlier years, and had brought him to the quiet harbour of late middle age. Quiet, but for the waves of sadness that too frequently washed against his consciousness, with the knowledge that time was no longer on his side.

To be vicar of a parish of several thousand people—very few of whom ever darkened the door of his church—was not easy, but Father MacNabb had never been worried by the magnitude of his task. The greater the difficulty the greater the opportunity had been his watchword, and he had lived up to it to the best of his ability. If he had failed—well, no one could say that he had not tried, and Father Stephen gave himself a shake, both mental and physical, as he toiled up the steep slope of the hill.

Walking steadily, his eyes fell on the windows of the little houses that bordered one side of the road—the other was a bank that ran down steeply to the river's edge. At number fifteen lived Little Tom, a serious, dark-eyed child of six or thereabouts. It seemed strange that everyone should call him Little Tom, for he was no smaller than the average child, yet there was something about him that appealed to the magnanimity of the heart and made one say instinctively, "Ah, yes—Little Tom—a dear, sweet child."

Father MacNabb was very fond of the little boy, and had talked and played with him often during the long summer evenings when his father was too busy and his mother too unwell to be bothered with the talk and chatter of an eager six-year-old. And now there was a new baby—another boy, and Father Stephen had been given notice of its christening... in fact, the christening was next Sunday, and tonight was Thursday, and a cold and windy night at that.

All these thoughts flashed momentarily through his mind, as his eyes rested on the lighted windows of number fifteen. Then he suddenly stopped short and stared in amazement,

for the door of number fifteen quietly opened and then just as quietly shut, and a little figure crept down the front path and stood resolutely in front of the tall priest.

"Tom!" Father MacNabb paused in astonishment. "Little Tom, is it really you?"

The child's face was a pale smudge in the darkness, but there was no mistaking the small, clear voice. "Yes, Father—I've been watching for you."

"Watching for me!" The Father reached down and put his hand on the small boy's shoulder. "Why was that, my boy?"

"Because it was dark, and..."—the child hesitated—"I wanted someone with me as I went up the hill."

The Father felt his heart swell within him. There was evidently some trouble here of which he knew nothing. Little Tom had had a reason in watching for him, and Father MacNabb had a shrewd idea that his remark about climbing the hill might be taken in the metaphorical as well as the literal sense.

He cleared his throat, and then said, very kindly, "Were you wanting to come home with me for a little while, then?"

And the clear voice of Little Tom replied, "Yes, Father, please—just for a little while."

Father MacNabb opened his big, lean hand, and the small cold one of Little Tom was slipped inside.

"Does your good mother know you're out?" began the Father, but at his words Little Tom gave his hand such a tug that he paused, surprised.

"She doesn't know, and if you go back and tell her now, I'll run away from you, and you'll never see me again, 'cos it's dark."

The faint sob with which the little voice ended, gave Father MacNabb pause for reflection. Evidently this was no ordinary difficulty, but some deep-rooted heartache that was troubling Little Tom to the depths of his tiny being. It would have to be dealt with carefully and tenderly, and since Little Tom had chosen him, he must not be unworthy of the trust.

He grasped the child's hand more firmly, as though afraid he might suddenly dart from him, and be lost in the cold and the darkness of the night.

"I'll not be telling her yet awhile," he promised. "Have no fear of that."

And with Little Tom's faith in him renewed, they trudged on in silence up the hill.

At last they reached the vicarage. Saint Michael's Church had been built high up overlooking the town, and the

stone vicarage stood at its side. Father MacNabb took out his key, opened the door, and let himself into the hall. Little Tom, after hesitating a moment, followed him inside.

Agnes, the housekeeper, came out of her kitchen and surveyed the two of them in silence. But at Father MacNabb's warning glance she made no comment beyond remarking that his supper was overcooked, but if he liked it that way it was no concern of hers.

Presently Father Stephen led the way into the dining-room, lifted Little Tom on to a chair, and gave him a piece of the shepherd's pie that Agnes had brought in and placed upon the table. He had noticed, although he had not commented on the fact, that Little Tom had brought with him a tiny bundle wrapped in a large handkerchief which could have belonged to no one but Little Tom's father. This gave Father Stephen much food for thought, although he gave no sign of this as he cut a slice of cake and poured a glass of milk for his small guest. But could—reflected the Father—could it possibly be that Little Tom was planning to run away?

The meal over, they both left the table and went into Father Stephen's study where the fire burned brightly. Gravely, Father Stephen pointed to a chair, and Little Tom sat down. In his hand he clutched his small, blue bundle. His eyes, very wide and serious, were fixed on his old friend's face.

Father Stephen coughed. To tell the truth, he was somewhat at a loss as to how to begin, and then his eyes fell on the bundle in the child's hands.

"And what have you there, Little Tom?" he asked. "It seems it must be a treasure from the way you're holding it."

The child coloured slightly. "It's... it's things," he said, vaguely.

"What sort of things?" asked Father Stephen, gently.

Little Tom went a deeper pink. "My paint-box, and Bimbo, and... and some ginger biscuits..." he gasped. "That's all."

"I see," Father Stephen pulled out his pipe, and began to fill it slowly. "Bimbo's your pet monkey, isn't he?"

"Yes," Little Tom smiled. "Course he's not real, but I talk to him, and then I... I think he is."

Father Stephen nodded gravely. "And the paint-box and brush... they are to make pictures?"

"Yes—that's right!" Little Tom leaned forward in his eagerness and nearly fell off his chair. "I'll paint pictures for people and they'll give me pennies, like they do to the man on the corner of the High Street."

Again Father Stephen nodded. "And the ginger biscuits," he asked, gently, "they are for the journey, aren't they?"

Little Tom's eyes opened wider.

"Yes," he said, wonderingly. "How did you guess?"

"Never mind," Father Stephen sucked on his pipe stem, and stared into the fire. "I guessed, and that's enough."

There was a silence, and then Father Stephen took his pipe from his mouth and regarded Tom thoughtfully. The child gazed back. At last Father Stephen spoke.

"Little Tom," he said, gravely, "you're running away."

There was a long silence.

"Yes," said Little Tom at last, "you guessed right again."

For a full two minutes Father Stephen drew silently on his pipe. Then he leaned forward and poked the fire.

"Why, Little Tom?" he asked, gently.

"It's... it's because of him." The

small, clear voice was full of resentment. Then, "I—I hate him!" he added.

"Him!" Father Stephen was puzzled. "Who is it you're meaning?" "Timothy—you know Timothy, my new brother."

"Your new brother." Father Stephen felt in his pocket for his matches. "And what has he been doing to you?"

"He hasn't done anything, really," Little Tom's face shadowed. "But now he's come—they don't want me any more."

"You're meaning your mother and father?" asked Father Stephen, gravely.

"Yes," said Little Tom, and his voice held more than a suspicion of sob.

(To be concluded)

"Managing Myself"—No. 1

SELF-KNOWLEDGE by E. S. Barber, M.A.

Several centuries before Christ, a man called Socrates went about Athens saying over and over again to the young men he met "know thyself." He believed self-knowledge to be the first step in the art of living. And I fancy he was right, don't you?

It's quite obvious in some things. It's stupid to try to be a concert pianist if you haven't a note of music in you, or an accountant if you've no brains for mathematics. You'll only be a square peg in a round hole and make yourself miserable.

But it's not quite so obvious in other directions; just because we all have in us such amazing gifts for self-deception and for hiding from ourselves what we don't want to see.

This man is constantly occupied in good works; but he must have his own way and really fools himself that it's God's way. That woman is discontented and unhappy because she's tormented by jealousy; yet she prides herself that she isn't possessive.

Most of us can argue that the things we do are not wrong, though if we saw them in other people we'd be the first to condemn them.

Now of this I'm sure—that the only way forward for any of us into fuller and happier life is to face the facts, even when they're unpleasant ones. Once they're faced they can be dealt with. Till then they go on spoiling our lives.

The Bible has two great things to say to us here. The first is that we're made in the image of God with faculties of reason, conscience and spiritual perception that are ours alone. The second is that that image has been marred by our rebellion and sin and can only be restored by the action of God.

The Bible's picture of man is therefore a contrast; a glowing picture of what he was meant to be and what in the hands of God he can become, against a dark background of what he now is. Man has unlimited possibilities for good or evil. He can sink lower than the beasts; he can rise higher than the angels.

The first thing, then, is to take an honest look at yourself and ask God to clear the mists of prejudice from your eyes. You don't be discouraged by what you see. You may see jealousy, bitterness and a whole lot of other things equally unpleasant. But don't be despondent; few God can mend it.

There's a masterpiece by Murillo in Seville Cathedral. When the artist painted it he was in a monastery and suddenly the urge to paint came on him. He called for canvas, but all they could find was some rough brown stuff—little better than sacking. Yet on it Murillo painted one of the masterpieces of the world.

Do you see? It wasn't the material but the artist hand that mattered. It doesn't really matter either what kind of material God has to work on, so long as He is allowed to have his way. Our look into ourselves leads to hope, if it leads to repentance; I mean a sense of shame for what we have been and determination to be a different kind of person in the future. That's the only hopeful way to begin. So long as you blame your surroundings or your friends there's no real hope of recovery. But repentance is like the dawn—it's the breaking of the light within the soul. Repentance is the open gate to God's new world.

WOMEN AT HOME

Dear Women Readers,

I hope you are all well and enjoying the winter, and that you do not suffer from the inevitable rheumatism, or if you do, that it does not take too prominent a place in your mind and conversation. I suppose one day, I shall succumb to this terrible and most painful affliction but I hope if and when I do, I shall have sufficient sense of humour left to pin a notice up in a prominent place: "Do not talk about your rheumatism!"

When I say, I hope you are enjoying the winter, what I mean is, I hope you are benefiting by what the winter has to offer; its nice long evenings, for instance, when one absolutely cannot, thank goodness, cut the lawn, or clean the chicken house, or bottle fruit. But when one can, also thank goodness, enjoy some music with a quiet mind, read a book, or make a party dress, or enjoy any other activity or inactivity which pleases one.

Personally I am taking good advantage of the evening classes which are offered by the Council of this town at a most reasonable price. On Tuesday nights, I saw and plane, and otherwise work extremely hard for two hours in the carpentry class. It is hard going at that time of night, but you'd be surprised how refreshing it is, just to get into another atmosphere, see toher people with a similar interest to your own and work at something quite, quite different from the usual household run of things. I am making a puppet theatre for the children for their birthday, and hope that it will inspire them to do all sorts of things. I will let you know about this later.

You'll never guess what the other thing is that I am taking classes in. It is a musical instrument called the Recorder, and the amount of pleasure I get out of being able to manipulate this thing is quite extraordinary. The Recorder is not a new instrument; Shakespeare mentions it in "Midsummer Night's Dream" and in "Hamlet" not only mentions it, but brings it on to the stage. Henry VIII, who went in for things in large number, had 76 of them, and was a fine musician, we are told. And Samuel Pepys has this entry in his Diary:

"To Drumbleby's, and did there talk a great deal about pipes, and did buy a recorder which I do intend to learn to play on, the sound of it being of all sounds in the world, most pleasing to me."

Handel wrote music for the Recorder, and pieces by Bach, Corelli, Beethoven Schubert and many others, are easily adapted for the Recorder. It is thus possible for young people to become acquainted with the tunes of the great composers at very little pains, and in a very short time after first acquiring the

instrument. The Treble, Tenor and Bass Recorders follow on after the Descant, if you are really keen. I intend to have a little wind orchestra with my family in the years to come. What I really learnt the instrument for was to play carols, and accompany the family on its carol singing expeditions, and in this it was certainly successful.

It is surprising how learning something new makes the years roll off. I was recalling the other day how, when I returned from school, my mother always had something exciting to tell me; perhaps she had been to the museum and carried away a lovely design of a dragon in her mind, and was busy putting this on paper—or on leather as she used to sometimes; or perhaps she had been to a sale and bought something wonderful for a few shillings, like the corner cupboard which had seven layers of veneer on top of the most beautiful inlay! She never "stayed put" but was always investigating and learning, and inspired us all to do the same.

So I hope your winter evenings are happy ones. There's nothing like amusement and culture in the home to keep the children from wanting to go to the pictures!

RUTH McCORMICK

HOUSEHOLD CORNER

Will you be giving a children's party? Here are some suggestions:

Sandwiches: Use bridge rolls or water biscuits or Vita Wheat, spread thinly with butter and add some of the following things, always having an eye for colour. Leave them open, so that your colour scheme may be seen.

Nut cream or peanut butter with slices of tomato on top.

Chopped ham, egg and gherkin, or parsley.

Cream cheese and sliced apple on top. Hard boiled egg on lettuce leaves, and a little salad cream on top.

French salad and tongue or other cooked meat or fish.

Arrange neatly in rows on a long dish, and circular on a round plate, and decorate with bits of colour, like parsley, radish, cress, beetroot, etc.

The Salad Clock: Make a French salad, using cold cooked potatoes, cut into rings, cooked peas, carrots and parsnips cooked and diced. Add finely sliced apple and chopped gherkin and mix well with mayonnaise or salad cream. Place on an entree dish to represent the flat round face of a clock. Cut two hard-boiled eggs into twelve rings and place them equally round the clock face. Cut Roman numeral figures out of beetroot or radish skin and

place them on top of the eggs. Use two thin sticks of celery to represent the hands of the clock. Make a frame with slices of tomato alternating with cucumber or a circle of chopped ham or sliced sausage. This looks lovely and most appetising!

Honey Cake:

8- oz. self-raising flour
3- oz. sugar.
1 teacupful golden syrup or honey
2 teaspoonfuls cocoa
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon mixed spices
2 eggs and - teaspoon baking powder.

Beat the eggs and sugar together, add the syrup, cocoa, cinnamon and spice, and then stir the flour with the baking powder slowly into the mixture. Put it into a well-greased shallow baking tin and bake in a moderate oven for 30-45 minutes. When cool, cut into fingers, which can be iced. This cake should be kept a few days before eating.

Cocoa Truffles.

2 oz. cocoa
3 oz. castor sugar
2 tablespoons sultanas
2 tablespoons chopped dates
2 tablespoons cream
Almond or rum essence.

Mix all the ingredients together in a basin. The mixture should be just moist enough to mould easily into shape. Form into little balls and roll in granulated sugar and cocoa.

Finally my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness,

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God—

The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Ephesians Chapter 6, 10-17.

National Pilgrimage to Canterbury

"Fight the good fight of faith"
First Epistle of St. Paul to
Timothy, 6:12.

The Call

We believe that the only hope for the preservation of Christian civilization lies in a recovery of Christian faith and values by our people.

Strong in this belief, we shall, on Thursday, 25th of January, 1951—the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul—lead a nation-wide Pilgrimage to Canterbury, in which we invite all Christian men and women to join.

We shall rededicate ourselves to the service of God and pray that our nation may be inspired to put on the whole armour of God in the supreme struggle against the evil and godless forces of communism and materialism.

We shall pray, too, for the Church, that it may be strong in faith and life, and that it may be cleansed from all subversive doctrines and delivered from all false teachers.

We have chosen to go to Canterbury, because from early times it has been a place of pilgrimage and a cherished shrine of the Christian faith in our land, with its affirmation of the value of man in the sight of God and its condemnation of all tyranny.

Let all Christians join us.

Organising Committee.

1 Dover Street, W.1.,
London.

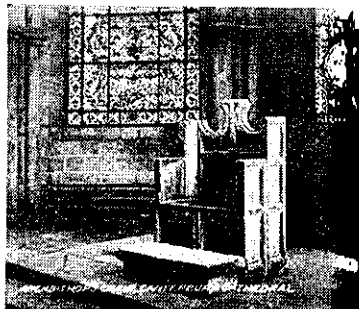
NOTES ON PILGRIMAGES

A pilgrimage is a journey undertaken from purely religious motives to a sacred shrine, whether under the impulse of thanksgiving or self-dedication or prayer for guidance.

Christian pilgrimages had their origin in the devotion of the faithful to the memory Jesus. They repaired to the holy places which were invested with memories of the Lord's earthly life—to the cave of Bethlehem, to the Mount of Olives or the Garden of Gethsemane. Such pilgrimages from all countries of Christendom continued until the conquest of the Holy Land by Saracens. During the Middle Ages pilgrims journeyed increasingly to various sacred shrines in Italy, Spain and France. Since the murder of Thomas a Becket in 1170 the tomb of the martyr became a resort of the Christian world for pilgrimages to his shrine. The shrine was built in 1174 in Trinity Chapel and for the next three centuries it was thronged by pilgrims and worshippers of all classes, from kings and emperors downwards.

Writing in the XIV century, the poet Chaucer, in his "Canterbury Tales," gives an admirable picture of such pilgrimages, with the manners and behaviour of a party of pilgrims leisurely enjoying the journey and telling stories on the road. The shrine was destroyed in 1538 by King Henry's commissioners.

It was customary for pilgrims to bring back as proof of their pilgrimage to a particular shrine or holy place a badge, usually made of lead or pewter, bearing some figure or device identify-



Archbishop's Chair, Canterbury Cathedral

ing it with the name or place. These "pilgrim's signs" are frequently alluded to in literature—notably in *Canterbury Tales* and in *Piers Ploughman*.

The badges were generally worn fastened to the pilgrim's hat or cape.

The most common of the English pilgrims' signs are those of the shrine of Thomas Becket of Canterbury. These take a variety of forms, sometimes a simple "T", sometimes a bell—the Canterbury Bell—most often a figure of the Saint, sometimes seated sometimes riding on a horse, and carrying his episcopal cross and with hand uplifted in benediction.



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THE MAID KNEW BEST

A NUMBER of ministers were assembled for the discussion of how best to present the biblical command to "pray without ceasing." And when they had parted, the maid remarked that she found it the easiest instruction in all the Bible.

"But, how can you say that, Mary?" asked her employer.

"Well," she answered, "When I open my eyes in the morning, I pray 'Lord, open the eyes of my understanding; while I am dressing, I pray that I may be clothed with righteous-

ness; when I have washed, I ask for the cleansing of regeneration; when I begin to work, I pray that I may have strength equal to my day; when I kindle the fire, I pray that God's word may re-flame my soul; as I begin to sweep out the house, I pray that my heart may be swept from all its impurities; when I am preparing and partaking of the breakfast, I desire to be fed with the Manna; as I am busy with the children, I look to God as my Father, and pray that I may be His good child; and so on, all day, everything I do furnishes me with a thought of prayer."

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SUNDAYS	S	T	S	T	S	T	S	T	S	T	S	T	S	T	S	T	S	T	S	T
	11-5	1-45	2-45	4-15	5-55	7-50	8-15	9-20	9-55		10-25	1-52	2-37	3-40	5-10	6-45	8-37	9-7	10-7	10-37
MONDAYS TO FRIDAYS	T	T	A	S	T	A	S	T	S	T	N	T	S	T	S	T	S	T	S	T
	7-0	8-0	8-20	10-0	11-0	1-45	2-20	4-15	5-10	5-30	6-0	7-25	7-45	9-0	10-7	12-7	1-7	2-40	3-7	4-15
	6-30	7-20	8-30	9-0	9-55							5-10	5-50	6-20	6-45	8-7	9-7	10-7	10-37	
SATURDAYS	T	T	A	S	T	A	S	T	S	T	N	T	S	T	S	T	S	T	S	T
	7-0	8-0	8-20	9-30	10-20	11-0	11-30	1-10	1-45	2-30		7-25	7-45	8-45	9-15	10-7	10-37	11-37	12-7	12-45
	3-15	4-5	5-0	5-40	6-45	7-30	8-25	9-20	9-55			1-7	1-50	2-37	3-37	4-7	4-52	5-37	6-37	7-37
												9-7	10-7	10-37						

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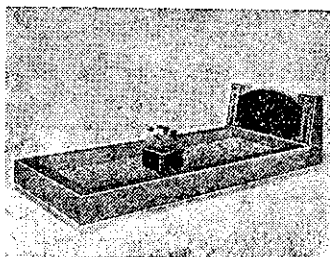
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		SUNDAY CROSS, NEWARK									
		NS		NS		am		am		am	
		7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
R. and M. Works											
NEWARK	dep.	7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
Farnold L.E.		7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
East Stoke		7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
Elston		7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
Symeron L.E.		7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
Symeron R.A.F. Station		7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
Flintham		7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
Red Lodge Inn		7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
Screveton		7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
Car Colston		7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
Brigford L.E.		7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
Gunthorpe Road		7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
Bingham		7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
Saxondale Cross Roads		7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
Radcliffe Post Office		7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
Radcliffe Bypass (Cropwell Road)		7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
NOTTINGHAM	arr.	7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4

* From R and Ms Works only when required

NOTTINGHAM TO NEWARK

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FEBRUARY, 1951

SAINT PETER'S, EAST BRIDGFORD CHURCH MAGAZINE



SERVICES

SUNDAYS:—

Holy Communion: 8 a.m.
Holy Eucharist: 11 a.m. 1st and 3rd Sundays.
Matins: 11 a.m. 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays.
Evensong: 6-30 p.m.
Children: 3-30 p.m.

R.A.F. Station, Newton:—

Morning Service—Sundays: 9-45 a.m.
Children: 2-30 p.m.

Rector:

Rev. G. R. D. McLEAN, M.A., The Hall (Tel. 218).

Rector's Warden:

Mr. R. WING, The Old Manor House (Tel. 245).

People's Warden:

Mr. E. MILLINGTON, Millgate.

Sidesmen:

Dr. G. O. BROOKS, Messrs. G. BATEMAN,
A. V. DENT, L. HAND, E. INGRAM, C. L.
WESTLEY, L. W. A. WHITE and F. YOUNG

Organist:

Mr. J. H. SHARDLOW, College Street.

Choirmaster:

Mr. N. RHODES, The School House (Tel. 226).

Sexton: Mr. L. JOHNSON, Closen Side Lane.

Hon. Verger: Miss HAND, Toll Bar Lane.

Hon. Treas. to P.C.C.: Mr. N. ASHTON HILL,
"Highclere," Kneeton Road (Tel. 298).

Hon. Sec. to P.C.C.: Mr. C. L. WESTLEY,
"Strathmore," Kneeton Road (Tel. 271).

Hon. Sec. to Freewill Offering: Miss HAND.

Leader of the Bellringers: Mr. A. V. DENT,
Cuttle Hill.

Mothers' Union—Enrolling Member.

Mrs. HUNT, Kneeton Road (Tel. 219).

Boys' Brigade—Captain:

Mr. E. BULLERS, Toll Bar Lane (Tel. 301).

Girls' Friendly Society:

Mrs. WESTLEY and Mrs. McLEAN.

AYE, once a stranger blest the earth
 Who never caused a heart to mourn,
 Whose very voice gave sorrow mirth—
 And how did earth His worth return?
 It spurned Him from its lowliest lot,
 The meanest station owned Him not.
 —John Clare.

THE Annual Church Meeting was held on Monday, January 29th, in the School, when the accounts were presented and a report on the year's work given. A summary of the former will appear in the March magazine. They show a good year's working, with a fair sum put away into the Fabric Fund, a fair balance, and a number of increased obligations met in full. Unfortunately the Rector was compelled to spoil this sound financial picture with the announcement of possible very heavy expenditure upon the church building—particularly the tower—totalling perhaps some £1,000. However, the architect's report is awaited, and it may be feasible to reduce this considerably. Nevertheless, alas! some biggish outlay seems unavoidable. Perhaps the most notable feature of 1950 was the improved excellence of the Church Choir.

The following officers were elected for the year:—Mr. R. Wing (Rector's Warden), Mr. E. Millington (People's Warden); Sidesmen, Dr. G. O. Brooks, Messrs. G. Bateman, A. V. Dent, L. Hand, E. Ingram, C. L. Westley, L. W. A. White and F. Young. To the Parochial Church Council, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Westley, Mrs. Whyley, Dr. Brooks, Messrs. Ashton Hill, Dent, Hand, Ingram, Shardlow, Thorpe, White and Young.

The previous day, Sunday, January 28th (Sexagesima), Mrs. Wing presented the following scholars with their Sunday School prizes:—John Thorpe, Elizabeth Baguley, Pauline Thorpe, John Metcalfe, Julia Thorpe, David Latham, John Westley, Norman Green, Peter Green, Antony Westley, Peter Evans, John Hayday, Freda Young, Raymond Thornton, Jennifer Hill, Susan Thornton, Sheila Gee and Cathleen Boddington.

In order to assist the printer, it has been found necessary to print two editions of the magazine simultaneously, which will entail two copies coming out every two months.

The Mothers' Union held its very successful January meeting on the 23rd. Once again, thanks to Mrs. Hunt and others, there was a most excellent tea, and in consequence a very good attendance. There was also a collection in aid of the new banner, for which almost sufficient has now been collected.

BURIALS.

January 10th—William Henry Newham (aged 82 years).

January 26th—Ernest James Townsend (aged 71 years).

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.

1923.—Mr. Henry Goldston, Organist and Schoolmaster for 38 years, retired on April 1st. A presentation was made to him and Mrs. Goldston on March 29th.

May 19th. Bryan Dent died on eve of Whit-Sunday, having been Parish Clerk and Sexton and leader of the Ringers for 19 years. He was succeeded by his son-in-law, George Priestley.

July 21st. The Choir of the Church took part in a Diocesan Choral Eucharist in Southwell Cathedral, under the instruction of Mr. S. H. Nicholson, Mus. Bac., Organist of Westminster Abbey.

September 18th. The Rector and Mrs. Hill kept their silver wedding day. The parishioners presented them with a silver inkstand and an address.

—from "The Rector's Book."

CHRISTIAN RENEWAL

Vol. VI. No. 2

EDITED BY D. R. DAVIES

FEBRUARY, 1951

MAN TO MAN

The Editor Speaks to all Parishioners

HOW can we account for the fact that the Bible, one of the oldest published books in the whole history of mankind, circulates more than most of the newest books put together? In 1949, the Bible sold over 11,000,000 copies, or parts of the Bible. We cannot put such a huge sale down to the activities of *The British and Foreign Bible Society* merely. No organisation could sell 11,000,000 copies of a book, 430 years after its first publication, unless it had some extraordinary appeal to the men and women of to-day. Why aren't millions of copies of *The Koran*, for instance, sold every year? It certainly looks as though the Bible must exercise some remarkable fascination over the hearts and minds of men and women in all ages. After all, four hundred and thirty years!

We get a glimpse, at least, of this fascination, when we read many of the stories of the Old Testament. I am constantly re-reading these Old Testament stories. As often as I read them, so also do I see something new in them. I have just been re-reading (for the umpteenth time) the second book of Kings, when I came across the following story:—

"And it came to pass after this, that Ben-hadad king of Syria gathered all his host, and went up, and besieged Samaria. And there was a great famine in Samaria; and, behold, they besieged it until an ass's head was sold for eighty pieces of silver (i.e.—£11 16s. in our money to-day). And as the king of Israel was passing by upon the wall, there cried a woman unto him, saying, Help, my Lord, O King. And he said, If the Lord do not help thee, whence shall I help thee? out of the barn floor or out of the wine press? And the king said unto her what aileth thee? And she answered, This woman said unto me, give thy son, that we may eat him to-day, and we will eat my son to-morrow. So we boiled my son, and did eat him; and I said unto her on the next day, give thy son that we may eat him: and she hath hid her son. And it came to pass, when the king heard the words of the woman, that he rent his clothes; and he passed on along the walls and the people looked, and behold, the king wore sackcloth next to his skin."

It is a wonderful story

To begin with, it shows what hunger can do to human beings. This Old Testament story can be

confirmed over and over again in the history of our own time. Back in 1928, American correspondents came across dreadful cases of cannibalism in the great Stalin-made famine in the Ukraine. Hunger dehumanizes men.

But the story also shows what a highly civilized man the king of Israel must have been. So horrified was he by the discovery that women were eating their own children, that he tore off his clothes. A man must be profoundly and passionately moved to tear his own clothes! This action of the king was the action of a civilized man. It is only civilized men who could be so horrified at cannibalism. But even more striking is the people's discovery when the king tore off his clothes.

He had sackcloth upon his skin. That was the very last thing which anybody would have expected. A king wearing sackcloth? "My dear sir, don't be absurd." Beggars might wear sackcloth by necessity. Priests might wear it in penitence, "repenting in sackcloth and ashes." But never kings! Most certainly not. Why! as Jesus once said, kings wear fine linen, silks and satins. But never sackcloth! And yet . . . here was a king clothed in sackcloth. Without a doubt, this is a wonderful story—so tragic, so human.

You never can tell

One point, at least, in this moving story stands out as plain as a pikestaff, and it is this: how fatally easy it is to misjudge people. But for an accidental quarrel between two women in a famine, nobody would ever have suspected that the king wore next to his skin, not the finest silk, but the coarsest garment he could find. How little we can trust to appearances. If ever a true word was spoken, it was that line of Longfellow's—"things are not what they seem." Nor people either! Let me give a few examples.

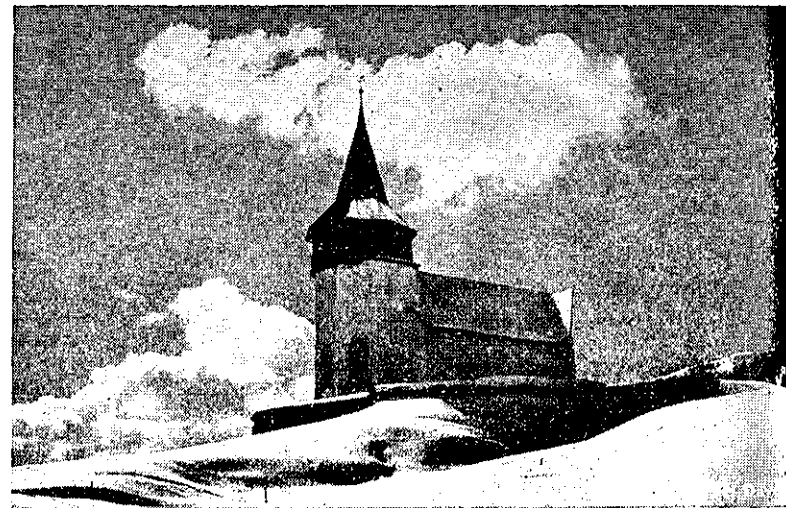
The late Archbishop of Canterbury, Cosmo Lang, gave most people whom he met the impression of being a proud and reserved man, and, what was worse, he was written off as a snob. It must be confessed that appearances very largely justified that rather harsh judgment of his contemporaries. He literally purred so loudly in the presence of royalty, that his purring was easily overheard by the long-eared public. "There you are, my dear sir, can't you see that the man was a snob of the

first water." Just over a year ago, a biography of the Archbishop was published. One part of the life-story had the force of a revelation. In the silence of his own chamber, and in the isolation of his private devotions, he was a man tormented with a sense of guilt. That proud exterior was only a disguise, just a facade, and nothing else. It effectively hid a man profoundly aware of his own unworthiness; a man whose cries came up out of the depths.

Another and equally striking example was a politician, the late David Lloyd George. Was there ever in English history a statesman of greater gaiety, greater self-confidence or greater inner assurance? Sir James Grigg was once asked if Mr. Winston Churchill was the greatest man he had ever met or worked with? Somewhat surprisingly, he said: "No. Lloyd George is the greatest man I ever met. Lloyd George was the equal of Churchill plus Roosevelt"! He thrived on success. So at any rate it seemed. But he didn't. His biography too has been published. In consequence, we know a little bit more about the Lloyd George behind the public appearance. Whether we believe it or not, the fact is that success tormented him, as indeed it torments all men, except pigmies and fools. And Lloyd George was neither a pigmy nor a fool. Deep inside of himself, Lloyd George was a mass of contradictions, painfully aware that his successes were little more than bubbles and froth.

A short while before he died, he suddenly asked his secretary one day: "Do you pray?" "Yes," was the reply, "especially so at times of difficulty I pray more than ever." "Ah," answered Lloyd-George, "I feel I have no contact . . . I do not know which way to look to get hold of God." The real Lloyd George was vastly different from the brilliant figure of the platform. In the privacy of his own heart, he was frustrated, sad and lonely.

"Brother, of Your Charity Pray



Switzerland—Kirchlein, the little church near Davos—6,000 feet up!

for Humility."

There is one fact concerning which we need never be in doubt; about which we can always be certain. And here it is: *Our judgment of one another is certain to be, at its very best, incomplete, inadequate, and almost certainly wrong.* This very wonderful story enshrines a very profound principle, which makes it inevitable that our judgment of one another should be in error. The principle is this: *that appearance and reality can never be identical, never one and the same.* What we are inwardly and really; what we are in the sight of God—this we can never be outwardly, in the sight of social convention. "I set it down as a fact that if all men knew what each said of the other, there would not be four friends in the world" (Pascal). With the best will in the world, therefore, we can never be just in our judgment of our fellow-men—let me repeat, "at best." But our habit and tendency to pass judgment on one another is nearly always an expression of ill-will. And this makes true and just judgment absolutely impossible. Let me recall what Browning once wrote about this.

"But all the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the

main account;

All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his
work, yet swelled the man's
amount.

"Thoughts hardly to be packed
into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through
language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This was I worth to God,
whose wheel the pitcher
shaped."

All human judgment is clumsy, blundering and heavy-footed. It can't be anything else. How can I tell what lies in the abysmal depths of your soul, or you in mine? God alone knows that, and only God, therefore, can ever judge justly.

But God is merciful, and indeed that is what makes Him just in His judgment. "There's a kindness in His justice which is more than liberty." I'm glad that the Last Judgment is in the hands of "God Who is Just and Merciful. Whose judgments are true and righteous altogether." Let us remember this as we look forward to death.

Yours sincerely,

D. R. Davies.

ST. PAUL by the Editor

THERE was, of course, no doubt whatsoever where to look for St. Paul. I did not search for him in a cemetery. Such a man as St. Paul couldn't remain dead for long. It is true that I have entitled these pages "Conversations with the Dead," but that is just a manner of speaking. In these pages I am conversing with those who have passed through the portals of the grave to life beyond time and space. As St. Paul himself once asked—"Oh grave, where is thy victory?" There would be no sense, therefore, in going to some ancient graveyard or catacomb to look for St. Paul.

The problem of finding St. Paul was, fortunately, solved for me, as nearly all the supreme problems are always solved for us, not by us. As I lay wondering how I could get into touch with St. Paul—I had even contemplated the possibility of contacting a medium—I suddenly felt myself being wafted (yes, that's the right word) away. It was a strange sensation, which I am unable to compare with any experience known to me. I was once put under an anaesthetic, but it was not a bit like that. I seemed to be passing out of my bodily frame, yet retaining some sort of consciousness of my material surroundings. It seemed as though my mind were a meeting point of two kinds of consciousness. I became aware of a strange world of beauty and light whilst retaining consciousness of my physical environment.

And suddenly, without the least preparation or warning, there he was—St. Paul himself. He wasn't a bit like the pictures and sculptures of him. He was beardless, beautiful and young, eternally young.

St. PAUL: "Come along. I've been expecting you."

MYSELF: "Expecting me? But how? You didn't even know of my existence."

St. PAUL: "What does that matter? With your insistence on the insufficiency of reason as an instrument of knowledge, you ought not to be so surprised that I was expecting you. I knew you were coming, not with my brain or mind, but deep down inside me, behind the brain-cells. I knew you wanted to see me, but I don't know why you want to see me."

MYSELF: "I won't waste time—" "That's alright," said St. Paul, "time here absolutely doesn't count. It doesn't exist even. So just say what you like." "Perhaps, it isn't so much a matter of time as my sense of fitness," I answered. "If time doesn't count here, neither—so I imagine—does the social conventionalism of the world."

Therefore, I am not going to multiply words to convince you how immensely I value this privilege and opportunity of meeting you and speaking to you." St. PAUL: "I understand perfectly." MYSELF: "The point which I am most eager to put to you for decision is really simple. It is in fact a point of theology, on which nobody in the whole history of the Church can speak with greater authority than yourself. I once heard a professor of theology say that you were a very great missionary, but a poor theologian, which only proves how utterly stupid a professor of theology can sometimes be."

At this, St. Paul smiled

MYSELF: "One of the greatest controversies in the Church during the last fifty years or so has revolved about your person and teaching. It was said by many first-class scholars, and came to be very widely believed, that you are the great 'Corrupter' of Christianity. It was you, St. Paul, who covered up the simple teaching and faith of Jesus with a lot of theology, about atonement, justification by faith, the second coming of Jesus and so on and on. Before you came on the scene, the Apostles were proclaiming a practical, simple way of life, which consisted of just loving our fellow-men. Jesus preached the message of love and brotherhood, with which His own personality had nothing to do. It was you, Paul, who tied everything up with Jesus as a person and presented Him as a creed instead of a character, and so led the Church and the world hopelessly astray. Please understand that this is what a certain school of theologians were saying about you. I, of course, do not believe it. But I am most eager to hear what you, yourself, have to say about it."

St. PAUL: "I am still capable of being surprised by the ease with which very good and intelligent people can believe and talk nonsense, and fly in the face of obvious facts. There were, of course, many points of difference between myself and the Apostles, especially Peter (I can never get used to calling him and the others 'Saint'), who could be very trying at times. I had, on more than one occasion, to tell Peter quite bluntly what I thought. But on the question of what was to be the subject of our preaching and message, there was never the ghost of a shadow of disagreement between myself and the rest of the Apostles. Not the remotest hint of a difference! We were all absolutely agreed that the Lord Jesus died a very special kind of death, a death of atonement for the sins of all the world, and that this message was our first duty

to proclaim. There was, in fact, quite a difference of opinion or view between us Apostles about what exactly love, and brotherhood and other points of practical behaviour meant. The one thing about which there was never a shadow of disagreement between us was what it was our life's work to proclaim and preach: it was Christ and Him crucified for the sins of the world. If that was a corruption of Christianity (by the way, that is a new word to me), then we were all of us 'corrupters'—Peter, John and the rest. But that is no corruption. That is the message we all received at first hand from the Lord Himself."

So that's that, I thought. Of course, I felt absolutely sure that the idea that St. Paul had falsified the Gospel was just crazy. But it was nice to hear what St. Paul himself had to say about it. All I have done here is merely to convey what St. Paul answered in reply to my statement. I have not attempted to convey the overwhelming power and passion with which he affirmed his agreement with Peter and the rest of his fellow-apostles, simply because it is beyond the power of my pen to do so. I was certain, of course, what that earliest message was. But hearing St. Paul made me doubly certain. It was a tremendous experience.

(Continued from page 13—col. 1.)

of catastrophe. If God guaranteed that there would be no recurrence he must have made some marked change in the earth's atmosphere, which previously perhaps had not the prismatic quality that makes the rainbow. A drastic change in the earth's atmosphere might account for the longevity of men before the Flood and the shortening of their years after it. Noah's son Seth, according to the Bible, outlived his children for several generations. Jacob evidently thought he had a short lease of life, and for a while a hundred odd years was considered good. By the Psalmist's time to live beyond three score years and ten was a burden rather than a benefit. If the world got a severe rattle some thirty-five centuries ago it might get another and a more severe one in the future. We may not have to wait for an astral visitor, man with his atomic and hydrogen bombs may blow the earth to pieces. The President of the British Association a couple of years ago outlined the possibilities in words taken from St. Peter's second letter. And we would ask with St. Peter, if the world is to disappear in fervent heat what manner of persons ought we to be? Our Lord, who made it clear beyond peradventure that He would come again, gave as His last command to His disciples that they should love one another. And St. Paul says: Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.

THE GLORY OF SWITZERLAND

by MAX THOMAS

SWITZERLAND is very much easier to see than to believe; and strangely enough, every time I go back there my incredulity seems just as great. Whenever I am whisked into that enchanted fairyland, I find myself exclaiming with emotion, "This place may not be heaven, but it is surely very near!"—exactly as I did the time before. Yet who, for that matter, would dare say less in these days of any country where English cigarettes, all in their unfamiliar Sunday best of cellophane and tinfoil, are on sale at circa 1/6d. for 20; and where even the automatic machines on station platforms have confectionery to sell?

But of course it is the scenery one thinks of first. Other countries have their beauty-spots, but Switzerland, properly speaking, has none, for it is all one big beauty-spot—indeed it is only the non-beauty-spots (if such exist) that would deserve special mention in the guide-books. Nowadays, moreover, apart from this natural scenery, Switzerland boasts another type of scenery in its way perhaps even more striking. I remember at Montreux last year, as I sat outside a shop near the lake's edge having tea on my first afternoon in the country, remarking to my companion, "I just can't get over the scenery. I don't mean so much the scenery that side"—indicating the dream-like lake and snow-capped mountains beyond—"but the scenery this side"—indicating the row of shop windows, and in particular the window stuffed with delectable cream pastries and *gateaux* of all kinds in front of which we were sitting. A woman sitting opposite—who turned out to be English too—laughed when I said that, exclaiming with great feeling, "It is marvellous, isn't it?"

The whole country in fact seems to radiate a feeling of comfortableness, cleanliness, and quiet *bien-être*; so that even the cows seem to smile at one in a friendly way, and murmur *Vive la Suisse!* as one passes by. Here indeed is a land where life is soft, and only the currency hard.

Nevertheless there are three criticisms I must make of Switzerland. The scenery is a little bit too good to be true; while the people are almost too polite to be natural, and too honest to be human. I found the politeness became almost oppressive after a time, so that I really began to wish someone would swear at me for once, just to make me feel a bit more at home; and I also almost hoped that some Swiss would offer me short change somewhere—just for the change, and to prove that he was human. But neither happened.

The Swiss, by the way, actually have a sensible currency, with none of those

messy little banknotes (whose grubbiness is only excelled by their lack of value) which plague the life of the tourist in other Continental countries. More than that, they even count like sane men, saying *septante*, *huitante*, etc., instead of "sixty-ten," "four-twenties" and all that nonsense—which in fact was only invented in order to confuse schoolchildren and foreigners. A Swiss, when told by his doctor to say 99, answers straightforwardly *nonante-neuf*, instead of the ridiculous *quatre-vingt-dix-neuf*—which incidentally must make a doctor's work in France almost impossible to carry on.

With regard to the "natural" scenery, however, I rather feel that the Swiss overdo this a bit, and underrate the intelligence of the foreign visitor. For instance it was perfectly obvious to me at Montreux that no lake could be that blue without external assistance—which probably takes the form of concealed colour-injectors installed by the authorities at strategic points, and brought into operation at periodical intervals. Then again, that marvellous little wispy halo of cloud that ringed the top of a certain mountain we passed as we ran through the Rhone valley on the train that morning—as if I didn't know that it had been arranged specially for us by a faithful employee of the Swiss Government, concealed—with special cloud-preparing apparatus—in a hollow on the mountain side, and acting on instructions received by telephone from the railway men far below! Really, if they must insist on making every view so uniformly marvellous, the Swiss have only themselves to blame if



The Castle of Chillon—on Lake Lemman, Switzerland

this evokes a certain scepticism on the part of the foreign visitor.

On the whole it's a very discouraging business trying to find fault with the country. The whole place looks so clean and tidy that one feels ashamed even to drop a cigarette end anywhere. There don't seem to be any poor—least one doesn't notice them—and I sought in vain for a beggar. *Poin d'argent, point de Suisse* says an old French proverb—it certainly seems true in this sense. All the school children look clean and neatly dressed. Everybody in fact looks so extraordinarily healthy—I'm sure it can't be good for them.

That indeed is the trouble with Switzerland—that there's almost nothing wrong with it. No riots, no arson, no shooting, no recurrent financial or industrial crises—scarcely even a strike, a murder, or a scandal worth mentioning—none in fact of the things that serve to make life interesting. Nothing much ever happens there—there's no reason why it should—and therefore the Swiss newspapers (apart from foreign news) are about as dull as any on earth.

And that I think is why, though I should love to go back to Switzerland now—and again every year—I don't think I could live there very long. On the train last year, after I had passed on into Italy, I overheard a Swiss talking about his country to an Italian. "Mais vous savez," I heard him remarking thoughtfully to the Italian. "les Suisses, ils s'ennuient." And there, I felt, lay the clue to what is really wrong with Switzerland—the fact that almost everything is right with it. It is too near to being a Paradise and Paradise can be such a dreadful bore!

February, 1951

February, 1951

Our Lives

by CONWAY A. ROSS

IN recent years nineteenth-century economics and nineteenth-century science have been getting severely criticized. We suggest that it is the abuse of capitalism rather than capitalism itself that is at fault. When one thinks of it, is not capitalism built into the universe? Is not God Almighty the great and original capitalist? We start with the capital of the earth and the air, the rains from heaven, the productive soil, and the minerals under the soil. We are God's workmen, or perhaps God's deputy capitalists, God's land stewards. Nineteenth-century free trade certainly got the goods, some will say at too high a price, but what is socialism but state capitalism? And we suggest that state capitalism is more likely to be abused than was private capitalism, which at least had the checks of other capitalists, and the government. [Who is going to check the state? Have we been for centuries on the wrong lines? In the Old Testament usury, or interest, is classed with adultery and other heinous sins. Under the Mosaic Code the taking of interest was forbidden, and there was a release of debts every seven years. Western civilization rests on interest, and Western civilization is collapsing. Western civilization with its large cities and everything mechanised has brought in a new type of man, without superstition, without a sense of wonder, cut off from the wholesome influence of nature. We men detached from the soil seem to have lost power, children are our oppressors and women rule over us, or did until they quite recently tried to be men.]

Nineteenth-century science with its continuity and its evolutionary ideas has had its day. Your twentieth-century scientist is always on the alert for the unexpected. If the atom and the solar system are based on the same principle, then planets may change places. We have just read two very able reviews of Velikovsky's *Worlds in Collision* which suggests that this has happened, and not so very long ago, that a huge comet was thrown out of Jupiter which finished up as Venus, and that this comet was playing havoc with our atmosphere about 1500 B.C. when God called Israel out of Egypt with signs and wonders. According to Velikovsky trouble of all sorts was experienced all over the world at this time. It would be interesting if someone would go back further, to the date of Noah's Flood, which we suggest was probably the last of this particular kind

(Continued on page 11—col. 3)

THE SAD HEART

A Story by Joan Crole

CHAPTER II.

It was all becoming clear to Father Stephen now. The child, at first wondering at the advent of the new baby, then puzzled at no longer being the centre of attention, bewildered and finally sick with jealousy and heartache, had decided in his child-mind that he was no longer wanted, and would run away. The psychological workings of his young mind had passed unnoticed by his parents, caught up in their new interest and too busy to worry about the older boy. It was pathetic and infinitely touching.

But why had he come to him, the Father, first? Why had he not embarked straight on his journey—though if he had, Father Stephen shuddered to think of what might have happened.

He looked across at Little Tom. "Where were you planning to go?" he asked, quietly.

"To—to that place you were telling us about on Sunday," said Little Tom, eagerly, "where you picked all those apples and tickled trout—you know. I wanted you to tell me the way."

Father Stephen smiled to himself. Yes, he knew. The village of his youth, situated high up above Galway Bay, was almost like a dream now, but he still remembered. He had been telling his class about it on Sunday, painting in vivid word-pictures those long-lost days where he had played and sung as a boy. And to Little Tom it had become a kind of promised land, where the child expected peace and happiness, and to which even he, Father MacNabb, longed to return. Well, maybe one day... He paused, as his eyes fell once more on Little Tom. Poor little lad—he must do his best to put matters right in that direction before he fell to day-dreaming about himself.

"Little Tom," he said, slowly, "how old is Timothy?"

"Five weeks."

"He is very small, then?"

"Yes."

"And helpless?"

Little Tom's brow wrinkled. "I s'pose so."

"When something is little and helpless," went on Father Stephen, "what do we do with it?"

There was a moment's silence, and then Little Tom said, "We look after it."

"Yes," said Father Stephen, nodding "we look after it until it is big enough to start looking after itself." He smiled at Little Tom. "How old are you?" he asked, gently.

"I—I shall be seven on Tuesday."

"Old enough to start looking after yourself, then?"

"Well," Little Tom frowned again, "I s'pose so."

"Your mother will be very tired having someone like Timothy to care for," went on Father Stephen, "and your father will be very busy earning enough money to feed two little mouths instead of one. You see that, Little Tom, don't you?"

"Yes." Little Tom looked up at him doubtfully. "I think so."

"So you see," went on Father Stephen, "it wasn't that they didn't want you, it was just that they were busy—and well, you being nearly seven—he paused—"they thought you would understand."

There was a long silence.

"You know it is only cowards," said Father Stephen gravely, "who run away."

Little Tom hung his head. "I don't want to run away," he said softly, "if they want me."

"I'm sure they want you." Father Stephen smiled. "Now if you'll excuse me for just a moment—there is something I must do."

He went to the kitchen, and spoke a few words to Agnes who immediately put away her knitting and fetched her hat and coat. As she put them on, Father MacNabb repeated earnestly, "Number fifteen—now be sure and make no mistake."

"I'll not make a mistake." Agnes pulled on a pair of knitted gloves. "The poor wee laddie—fancy running away. Well, I was wondering when I saw him with that wee bundle..."

"Remember, not a word to anyone except his parents," said the Father, "and go quickly, Agnes—I expect his poor mother is worried sick."

"I'll go at once," said Agnes, softly. "You can rely on me."

Father MacNabb nodded, and went back to his study. But Little Tom was not watching for him as he came through the door. He was lying in the chair, his curly head half-covered by his arm, fast asleep.

Father MacNabb fetched a cushion, and then very tenderly slipped it behind Little Tom's head. The child stirred but did not wake. The Father sat down opposite and watched him silently. He looked so small and innocent, and yet young as he was, he had suffered. The hand of suffering is far-reaching, reflected the Father; young and old, rich and poor—none are immune.

He leaned forward and re-lit his pipe, and then sat lost in thought. It was but an hour or more since he had felt himself an old man, living in a provincial town, with nothing done. Then this child, unhappy and afraid, had come to ask the way to the land that flowed, in his childish imagination, with milk and honey—and what was he doing?

He was doing the only thing possible—he was sending him back home. He was thankful that he had been there ready—at the right time—and that he had known the right answer.

There was a slight tap at the door, and he rose to answer it. Agnes stood in the hall with Little Tom's father. The man's face looked strained and tired, and silently Father Stephen beckoned him into the study. At the sight of Little Tom—still asleep—he would have started forward, but the priest restrained him.

Then very softly he told him the story, and Little Tom's father, who until then had been inclined to scoff at the huge priest with his black cassock flying in the wind, bowed his head and understood.

"But what had I better do, Father?" he questioned, with his eyes still on the little boy.

"Only make him feel you want him." Father Stephen smiled gently. "If you do that, I don't think you need bother about anything else."

Then very quietly Father Stephen stepped forward, and gathered Little Tom into his arms. The child opened his eyes and smiled trustingly into his face.

"Where are we going?" he murmured.

"Home," said Father Stephen, softly. "I'm taking you home."

Little Tom's father opened the door, and then slowly the little procession,

with Agnes leading the way with a torch, made its way down the hill to number fifteen. Almost before they reached the gate the door was flung open and Little Tom's mother was half laughing and half crying at the sight of them.

"You'll stay awhile, Father?" she cried, but Father Stephen just smiled and shook his head.

"No," he said. "It's late, and the little lad should be in bed."

He handed Little Tom very gently to his mother. "I've brought him back," he said, and then he added softly, "I don't think he'll want to go away again."

"It was our [fault, not his," said Little Tom's father. "We've been very blind, I'm afraid..."

The Father's eyes wandered to the windows, where the undrawn curtains showed a black abyss outside.

"It is often on the darkest night," he said, paradoxically, "that one learns to see more clearly."

Then, smiling at them, he turned, ran his hand over Little Tom's curls, and went.

Outside, Agnes was waiting patiently. Once more they toiled up the hill, facing the cold and icy wind. At the top Father Stephen paused and smiled at her.

"It's a cold night, Agnes," he said, "a very cold night. Yet it's an odd thing—I feel warm inside."

(Concluded)

Managing Myself. 2.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS

by E. S. BARBER, M.A.

ONE of the most unpleasant characters in the New Testament is the Pharisee in our Lord's parable. You remember him, standing in a prominent place in the Temple, mentally patting himself on the back, and repeating boastfully, "God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men."

Now I don't think he was a conscious hypocrite. He really thought he was better than other people. And indeed in many ways he was. He didn't cheat in his business, he wasn't a wastrel or a drunkard. He was a good citizen, a dutiful husband and father. He was most devout in his religious observances; he even went beyond what the law required.

But the trouble was that he was judging himself by a wrong standard. It's always a dangerous thing to judge ourselves by other people. For one thing we don't know them well enough. We only see the outside of their lives. We don't know what they have to put up with. But God judges sin not merely by quantity but by opportunity and the weight of temptation. The Pharisee

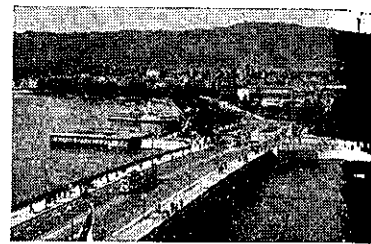
would have been right in thanking God for his opportunities; instead he patted himself on the back for what he had made of them.

When John Bradford, the puritan preacher, saw a poor wretch being led out to execution he might have said like the Pharisee, "I thank Thee I am not as you fellow." But his attitude was quite different. "There but for the grace of God goes John Bradford." His was the true reaction, wasn't it?

We need to set ourselves beside the true standard, God's standard. If you were to take a freshly laundered handkerchief and set it beside a dirty one, you would think how white it was. But if you saw it against the snow, it would look by comparison dirty and yellow.

So while you go on comparing yourself with other people you may be satisfied; but when you compare yourself with the Standard of Christ you'll be humbled.

Self-Righteousness in religious people is a horrible thing. There is nothing that does more harm to Christianity. "All Christians are self-righteous hypo-



Switzerland—Zurich

(Continued from page 15—col. 3)

That, of course, means that the worst of grace in us can only be partially successful and the danger remains that the rot will break out again.

Ultimately we discovered why the rot had set in. Some fantastic ass who owned the house years ago had actually blocked up the air-bricks in the foundations with cement, so that there was no ventilation under the floor. Was there ever such imbecility! As well blow up the wind-pipe with cement and expect to continue living! Of course the floor boards and the joists rotted where no fresh, clean air could reach them. Indeed, it could not be otherwise. And it cannot be otherwise with us if the channels through which the fresh clean breath of the Holy Spirit purifies our lives are blocked up. The windows of the soul should be kept open night and day so that the Spirit of God can cleanse all the thoughts of the heart

crites," is one of the pet sneers of the man outside the Church. Of course it isn't true; but there is just enough truth in it to have a sting.

Anyway self-righteousness isn't only the vice of Christians. There is an even more deadly kind of self-righteousness; the self-righteousness of the man who says "I can get on without God, I don't need Him. I can stand on my own feet." In his great saga of Victorian respectability, Galsworthy makes none of the male members of the Forsyte family a religious man. Yet they were self-righteous to the core, puffed up with their successes, their possessions and their position. Their whole attitude reflected the spirit of the Pharisee, "I am not as other men." The only difference was that they congratulated themselves and not God for what they were. When we stand to face God there is no question of merit whatsoever. For Christianity is Love; love God, love your fellow-men. And just because it is, there can be no limit to duty and no question of merit.

So you see self-righteousness is a luxury none of us can afford to indulge in. "When you have done that which was commanded you," said Jesus to His disciples, "say 'we are unprofitable servants.'" How then can we possibly be satisfied with what we are?

WOMEN AT HOME

Dear Women Readers,

Last weekend I left my family in the capable hands of the Swiss young lady who is with us for a year—an angel of peace, discipline and order, unruffled by the storms and wickedness of the young, and a source of interest and intelligence to the older ones of the family. A person, in fact, to whom you can give the care of your family without an anxious thought.

So off I went to a tiny unspoilt village in Berkshire, motoring 140 miles through our lovely English countryside, Sussex, Surrey, Hampshire, Berkshire all fast asleep for the winter. It looked so lovely to right and to left that it seemed to me sometimes as if the road were an intruder on the calm heath and woodland, as if the panorama should have been left to itself to sleep out its wintry night and not be perpetually disturbed by the roar of engines.

How nice at last to arrive at the cottage and to enter a log-warmed room, being careful, of course, not to bump your head on the beams; and to know that there is the promise of good company and some hot food. This was my good fortune. Here was a home of God-loving, unworldly people. A mother who had done her work well, having brought up three children who were good citizens, pulling their weight in a difficult world, alive and seeking, and at the same time all of them contributing handsomely to the community such gifts as had been bestowed upon them.

I loved this family, and I lapped up the atmosphere, picking up pearls of fun and wisdom wherever they fell before me, storing them away for future contemplation and use. It's odd how soothing an unworldly atmosphere can be, and in contrast how irritating a worldly one can be. A worldly acquisitive person frequently has his thoughts on things, but an unworldly person has time to think of God. If God comes first, everything else falls into place. And we have time to think of God. Some things definitely take our thoughts, like planning and cooking, but a good many household jobs, such as dusting, sweeping, washing up, etc., leave plenty of room for thoughts. It is interesting sometimes to sit by and listen to your own thoughts. They aren't always very grand—at least mine aren't. They want turning the other way round; instead of grumbly ones, I suggest to myself that I should turn these into thankful ones. An old man once helped me a bit in the house. He hadn't a home, except in the workhouse, and he said: "If I lived in a house like

this, I should always, always be happy." (I expect he was forgetting the rates when he made that statement!) However, that remark struck home, and I have had good cause to remember it many times. There is a story of a very poor man walking down the street muttering and grumbling he hadn't any shoes to wear; further on down the road, still grumbling loudly, he saw a beggar upon the roadside who hadn't any feet. So I think it is a good idea when we are sorting out the thoughts in our heads, to start off with thankful ones, and then let other thoughts that cheer, help and inspire follow on. It's a wonderful solver of problems, namely, not to think of any particular trouble, but to build up a reserve of right thoughts with the knowledge that God is there to help and guide.

So my visit to Berkshire was a source of help and inspiration to me, and I hope I shall be as successful in bringing up my family as this person was, though between you and me, the prospects are a bit cloudy sometimes.

RUTH MCCORMICK

Books to Read

MAKING SURE OF THINGS

by FRANK NOAD
(Epworth Press, 5/-)

This book consists of eighteen addresses for women's meetings. They have a personal and human message and I recommend them for reading to the housewife whose work sometimes gets on top of her. There is good and helpful stuff in them and plenty of food for thought.

JENNIE

by PAUL GALLICO
(Michael Joseph, 9/6)

If you enjoyed *The Snow Goose* by the same author, you will enjoy this book. Although it is meant for children, any cat-lover would delight in this fantasy. It is the story of a little boy who changes into a cat, but he keeps his own little-boy thoughts and tells us what it is like being a 'stray.' Everyone in the family would enjoy this story.

THE CHILD'S OWN BOOK OF PRAYERS AND HYMNS

by S. V. BENSON
(Warne, 2/6)

The prayers are arranged to be used for a month, the second half being for older children. A Hymn prefaces each group of prayers and is the keynote to the prayers. The book is attractively bound in white and has a frontispiece by Margaret Tarrant.

(Continued from page 16)

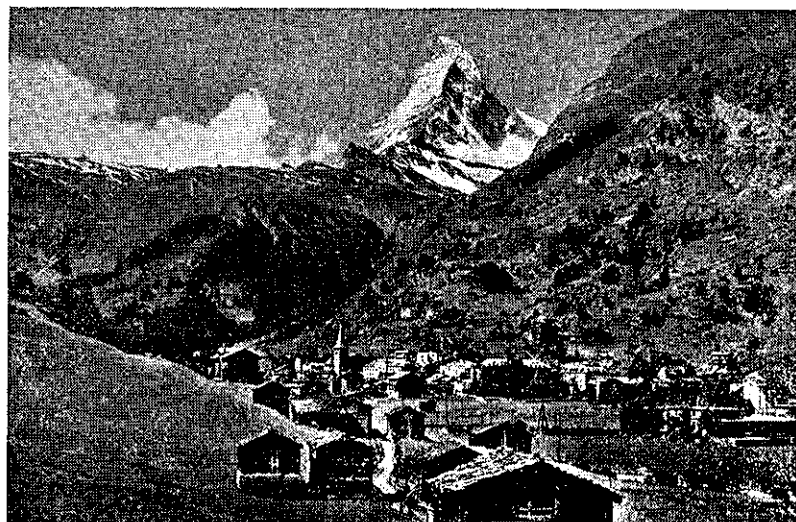
What a parable! By heaven, what a parable. Was there ever such an analogy of sinful men and women, outwardly so smart and so lovely: inwardly so foul.

Sometimes we are astonished when a highly respected person, perhaps even a minister of religion, finds himself in trouble and his name is blazoned in all the newspaper headlines. We cannot imagine how a man or woman of that standing, so universally esteemed can have become so involved. Perhaps it is a particularly squalid divorce, or a court case arising out of sordid vice. Everybody is astounded at the revelations. Yet if we had been able to observe the kind of books on his shelves or the kind of magazines he read we should have known that while all was outwardly respectable, the rot was working within. Perhaps the case is a shocking, fraudulent bankruptcy. I know of just such an instance. The culprit was an alderman and a lay preacher, a thoroughly good man in many ways. Had we known that he simply could not resist a game of cards when approached by travelling companions on a train we would not have been so surprised as we were; for the judge who summed up the case attributed the tragedy solely to that.

If we find in ourselves the beginnings of that kind of dry rot there is only one sensible course of action: however it hurts, tear it out before it ruins our whole life. That it will hurt is certain for there is nothing most of us enjoy so much as succumbing to temptation. If we did not, there would be no temptation worth speaking of. I hated having that floor pulled out. Every board removed was another smack at my bank balance. Yet were it not done, and done drastically, the disease might have spread to other rooms and before many years were passed I should have been faced with re-timbering the whole house. That would have been worse than ever.

It was a carpenter who ripped away the rotten floor and restored the room to cleanliness and health. That is part of the parable. It is a divine Carpenter, He of Nazareth, who cuts away the rot from human lives. Nobody else can do it; but He can and will, if we let Him. In the last resort, knowing little of such matters myself, I had to put my affairs unreservedly into the carpenter's hands. "I rely on you to put this matter right so that there shall be no recurrence and no extension of the evil." I trusted the human carpenter and left him to get on with the job. I wonder whether I trust the divine Carpenter with my affairs so completely! Not many people do. They think they know more about their needs than Christ does, and they make reserves.

(Continued on page 14—col. 3)



Glorious Switzerland—The Matterhorn towering over Zermatt

DRY ROT

by the Rev. C. O. RHODES (Editor of the Church of England Newspaper)

NEVER buy a house! Having just done so myself I give this advice with deep feeling. First, of course, there are endless negotiations. You engage estate agents, communicate with lawyers, inspect the premises, peruse countless documents and sign on innumerable dotted lines. Solicitors ask you hundreds of questions, pertinent and impertinent. Building societies ask still more questions, mostly impertinent. There are delays, foreseeable and unforeseeable; then more negotiations and more delays. You move and find that your furniture van arrives before the other chap has begun to clear the house. You pay and pay. Finally, when the other fellow has cleaned up, your wife has cleaned down and your pocket is cleaned out, you fondly imagine you can settle down quietly and enjoy your purchase.

But can you? There's the rub. It is just when you think you are safest that the real trouble begins. Suddenly you realise with dismay that nothing has been done about the gas, the electricity, the telephone, the coal or anything. You fill in more and more interminable forms. You tell the Electricity Board all your past life almost from birth and before. Did you use a slot machine in your last house; who supplied you with electricity there; when did you leave it; where was it; have you ever paid your bills monthly, quarterly or annually; what is your

occupation; who employs you; what is their address; was your great-grandmother—no, they do not go quite as far as that but you are rather surprised that they do not. You repeat this process for half-a-dozen other Boards and such like. You obtain signatures and counter-signatures.

Finally you settle down again. By this time everything *must* be alright. But this is just where you are wrong. It is just now that the worst troubles of all begin. For now, when you have emerged from the snow storm of forms and documents, you find time to look around your fine purchase and take stock of things. Then the fat is in the fire!

You notice cracks in walls and ceilings that you had not even glimpsed when you first inspected the house. Breaks in the plaster suddenly begin to stare at you from all sides. All the doors seem to be falling off their hinges. The stairs creak. The floors shake. The windows rattle. The roof leaks. You are like a man reading a medical text-book. Everything that can possibly be wrong with a house seems to be wrong with this one. It is in imminent danger of collapse. At any moment it will break in two. Probably on a wet night. You wish you had never bought the beastly thing.

It was just when I had reached this point that my wife noticed a slight smell in a cupboard. For my part I could smell nothing. By that time all

my senses were deadened. I could stand no more catastrophes. So my wife came to the conclusion that it was the smell of the previous occupants. Unfortunately, it was not. It was the smell of the present occupants.

Contractors came to make some small alterations in the house and were led (by my wife) to the smell. They had a closer look. They found worms, they found, also, *dry rot*! That was where trouble really began.

Now before this house was bought, we had a fully qualified surveyor examine it from chimney pot to cellar floor and make a confidential report. This he did admirably and in detail. But never a word about worms or dry rot. Indeed, we had been in the house for weeks before we noticed it ourselves. But it was there alright and no doubt about it. The contractors, however, did not think the matter was serious and estimated the cost of repair at a few guineas.

In due time the workmen came along to deal with it. Now dry rot in the timber of a house is like an abscess on the body. There is only one thing to be done. Tear it out! Clean up all the infected area. And this the workmen began to do. They pulled away the cupboard and then got at the floor boards. They shifted one and looked underneath. It was almost rotted away. So they dragged up the next; and the next; and the next. Before long they had taken up the entire floor of the room. The whole floor was rotten and from the joists there were springing horrible, noxious, stinking, fungoid growths. A workman gave one of the beams a slight kick and it broke into fragments.

They said that dry rot must have been eating away at that floor for some eight or nine years. But never a sign was there on the surface until my wife noticed that slight persistent smell of putrefaction.

(Continued on page 15—col. 3)

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	11-5	1-45	2-45	4-15	5-55	7-50	8-15	9-20	9-55		10-25	1-52	2-37	3-40	5-10	6-45	8-37	9-7	10-7	10-37
MONDAYS TO FRIDAYS	T	T	A	V	T	A	S	T	S	V	T	T	S	T	T	S	T	S	T	S
	7-0	8-0	8-20	10-0	11-0	1-45	2-20	4-15	5-10	5-30	6-0	7-25	7-45	9-0	10-7	12-7	1-7	2-40	3-7	4-15
	6-30	7-20	8-30	9-0	9-55							5-10	5-50	6-20	6-45	8-7	9-7	10-7	10-37	
SATURDAYS	T	T	A	V	T	A	S	T	S	V	T	T	S	T	T	S	T	S	T	S
	7-0	8-0	8-20	9-30	10-20	11-0	11-30	1-10	1-45	2-30		7-25	7-45	8-45	9-15	10-7	10-37	11-37	12-7	12-45
	3-15	4-5	5-0	5-40	6-45	7-30	8-25	9-20	9-55		1-7	1-50	2-37	3-37	4-7	4-52	5-37	6-37	7-37	8-22
												9-7	10-7	10-37						

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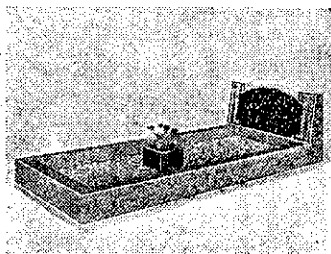
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		NS		NS						SLO							
		am	pm	am	pm	am	pm	am	pm	am	pm	am	pm	am	pm	am	pm
NOTTINGHAM	dep.	8	5	5	10	5											
Radcliffe By-pass																	
(Creswell Road)		8	20	9	20	10	5	am	pm	pm	pm	8	5	9	10	10	1045
Radcliffe Post Office																	
Saxondale Cross Roads		8	26	9	26	10	5	1035	1	55	25	55	9	25			
Bingham								1041	12	31	31	7	26	9	31	1026	11
Gunthorpe Road		8	30	9	30	10	5	1045	12	35	35	5	9	35			
Bridgeford L.E		8	32	9	32	10	5	1050	12	40	40	10	30	30	40	1030	1110
Car Colston								1055	12	45	45	10	32	32	45	1032	1112
Screveton								11	02	20	20	10	33	33			
Red Lodge Inn		8	36	9	36	10	5					8	36	9	36	1036	1116
Flintham								11	52	25	25	55	9	55			
Syerston R.A.F. Station		8	39	9	39	10	5	11	57	27	27	57	9	39	39	57	1039
Syerston L.E		8	41	9	41	10	5	11	59	29	29	59	9	41	41	59	1041
Elston								11	59	29	29	59	9	41	41	59	1041
East Stoke		8	45	9	45	10	5	11	57	31	31	57	9	45	45		
Farnston L.E		8	50	9	50	10	5	12	22	42	42	77	9	45	45	10	1045
NEWARK	arr.	8	55	9	55	10	5	12	24	44	44	79	9	50	50	1050	1120
R. and M. Works								12	24	44	44	79	9	50	50	1050	1120

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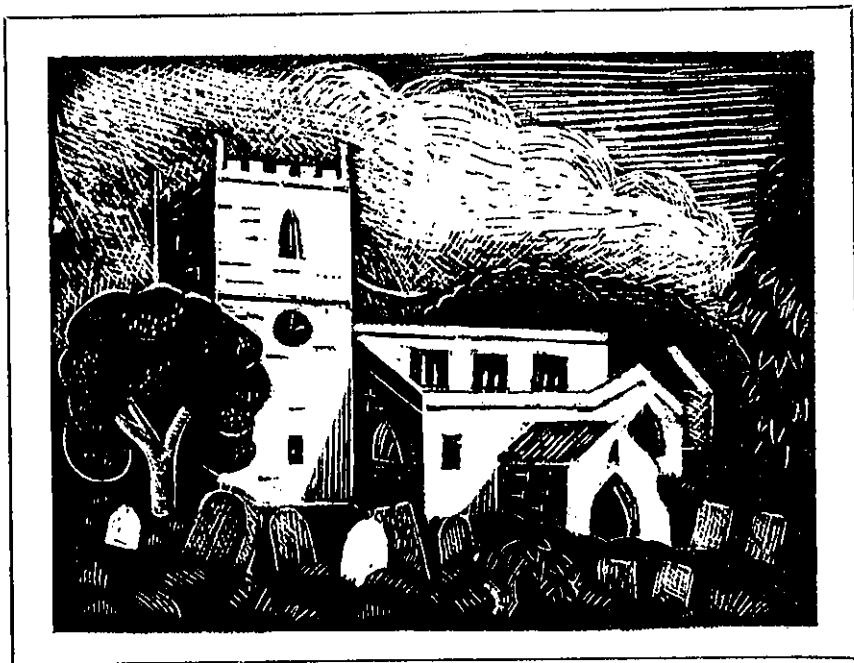
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SAINT PETER'S, EAST BRIDGFORD CHURCH MAGAZINE



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Matins: 11 a.m. 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays.
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[illegible]

Nearer than hands and feet!" Their eyes were opened; AND THEY KNEW HIM. Oh! wasn't it wonderful, too wonderful, beyond the power of words to describe?

The two disciples certainly thought so and they behaved as new men. At the marvellous moment of recognition, Jesus vanished out of their sight, *but not out of their hearts*. There the living Lord remained, "blest, when their faith could hold Him fast." All thought of food vanished. Would you bother about supper if you had suddenly had a vision of the Lord Jesus, if you had gazed for one moment of blissful agony into His eyes and touched His hand? At that very moment they set off to return to Jerusalem in the black-out. And the night became bright with a brightness brighter than the sun. Their spirit devoured the five miles of the return journey, the road, at every step, springing with flowers of joy and ecstasy. Never, never will there be a more wonderful journey than that of the disciples from Emmaus back to Jerusalem, for they had seen Him who was dead but is alive for evermore.

They arrived breathless in Jerusalem at midnight, and through the silent streets they found their way to the house where the eleven disciples were gathered in hiding and fear—but fear shot through with something half daring to become a hope. "Open the door. Open the door!" I can almost hear their agitated knocking. Before they are properly in the room, their words burst from them: "The Lord. He is Risen. He is alive. We've seen Him. We recognized Him *at the breaking of the bread*." That was the midnight of a new and lovely day, the first day after the grave had been compelled to restore its one and only incorruptible occupant. Once again, the Lord was amongst them. I don't think any of that little company had any sleep that night, certainly not Cleopas and his comrade.

I will not attempt anything so

stupid or fiddling as to "explain" this wonderful and utterly lovely experience. You can't explain Christ's revelation of Himself to simple, despairing souls. It's like trying to express the language of angels in mortal words. There is a music which can never be imprisoned within quavers and semi-quavers. The greatest music that Beethoven ever heard he was never able to write. He tried to do so in his *Hammerklavier Sonata* and the string-quartets he wrote in his last year of life, when he was stone deaf. But as he confesses, he never succeeded. It defied his most inspired attempts. It is the crassest stupidity to imagine that the Resurrected Lord can be reduced to rationality. No! No! In this realm of Easter, explanation is a sign of pride, with which we will never see the Risen Lord.

Come to the Lord's Table with humility, especially on Easter day. This is Easter. We are not merely recalling the Resurrection of the blessed Lord and His self-

manifestation to the two disciples. The Resurrection is contemporary, it is here and now. Cleopas and his friend, in a room in Emmaus, knew the Lord, recognized Him in the breaking of the bread. You will witness the breaking of bread at the Lord's own table. Will you recognize the Lord? Will you meet Him? Do you want to? Something very wonderful may happen to us at the Lord's Table, that will transform us, as it transformed the two disciples in Emmaus. Oh! if it be God's will for you and for me, on wonderful Easter morning, to grant us a new vision of the Risen Lord. He is here. He is "closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet." Be on the alert. Our eyes may be opened to see Him, our living and triumphant Lord. Let us keep watch and wait for Him.

With Best Wishes,

A. R. Davies.

A MODERN CONVERSION

By GEORGE H. STEVENS

TO some people the word "conversion" has a strange and unattractive sound. They connect it exclusively with the penitent form of the Salvation Army or the more emotional type of American evangelism. But, rightly understood, true conversion in one way or another plays a part in all genuine Christian experience. Conversion means the turning of the human heart to God, and since we all begin life with our affections turned in upon ourselves, we must be "converted" or turned round, before we can begin to love God in any vital way. Nor can we convert ourselves for the simple reason that left to ourselves we have neither the desire nor the power to give up our self love. Conversion is brought about by the work of God's Holy Spirit in our hearts. He uses many ways to bring men to God. With some the process is so gradual that they can never remember a particular day or hour when they were converted. With others there is a sudden crisis, a dramatic turning point when they are arrested in their course and turned round to a completely new way of life. Cases of this sort are generally spoken of as "sudden conversion," though, in nearly every instance, the final crisis is the

climax of a gradual process. It was so with St. Paul and with Sadhu Sundar Singh a man of our own day and generation.

Although Sundar's home was not Christian but Hindu, it was deeply religious and he always claimed to have owed much to the example of his mother. She was a saintly woman who would rise early in the day to say her prayers and perform her first religious observances. After he became a Christian, Sundar used to contrast this habit of his mother's with the behaviour of so called Christians in the West "who spent five minutes and then are tired, but who hope to spend all eternity praising God." Religion was a serious matter in this Hindu home and every item of the daily programme including every meal and the simplest domestic task was begun and ended with prayer. Years afterwards when Sundar Singh had become a Sadhu (a wandering preacher wholly dedicated to God's service) he used to say, "It was the Holy Spirit Who made me a Christian, but it was my mother who made me a Sadhu." It was indeed her most earnest prayer that he should grow up to be a holy man of God.

March, 1951

With such a home background, it is little wonder that Sundar grew up with an intense desire to know God for himself, and when other boys were playing games he would often be found reading the Sikh Scriptures or practising some of the difficult exercises of Yogi. But despite all his efforts he failed to gain personal knowledge of God and at the age of fourteen he was still dissatisfied when he was called upon to bear the greatest imaginable sorrow that could come into his life. His beloved mother was suddenly taken from him by death, and shortly afterwards his favourite elder brother died also. His reaction to these hard blows of fate was a bitter rebellion against the very God for Whom he was still longing so passionately. About this time he began to attend a Christian Mission school because of the advantages it offered in secular education. He opposed bitterly the compulsory study of the New Testament which was a condition of entrance to this school. So fierce was his hatred that he publicly burned a copy of the New Testament in his father's courtyard. His father had no particular fondness for Christianity, but he was shocked at this fanatical action and warned him that dire consequences might follow so impious an act as the burning of sacred books. Grave consequences were certainly to follow, but hardly of the sort which either Sundar or his father had imagined.

His act of defiance concealed, in fact, the deepest uneasiness of soul, and the sequel is best told in his own words. "My intention was," he said, "that if I got no satisfaction I would place my head on the railway line when the five o'clock train passed and kill myself. If I got no satisfaction in this life I thought I would get it in the next. I was praying and praying but got no answer; and then I prayed for half an hour longer hoping to get peace. At 4-30 a.m. I saw something of which I had no idea previously. In the room where I was praying I saw a great light. I thought the place was on fire. I looked round but could find nothing. The thought came to me that this might be the answer God had sent me. Then as I prayed I looked into the light and I saw the form of the Lord Jesus Christ. It had such an appearance of Glory and Love. If it had been some Hindu incarnation I would have prostrated myself before it. But it was the Lord Jesus Christ whom I had been insulting a few days before. I felt that a vision like this could not have come out of my own imagination.

"I heard a voice saying in Hindustani. 'How long will you persecute me? I have come to save you. You were praying to know the right way. Why do you not take it?' So I fell at His feet and got this wonderful peace, which I could not get anywhere else.

This was the joy I was wishing to get. This was heaven itself."

The greatest possible proof of the reality of this experience lies in its revolutionary effect upon the life of Sundar Singh. From now onwards he was entirely devoted to the service of Christ, spending his whole life as a preacher of the Gospel, seeking to pass on to others the wonderful truth he had found for himself.

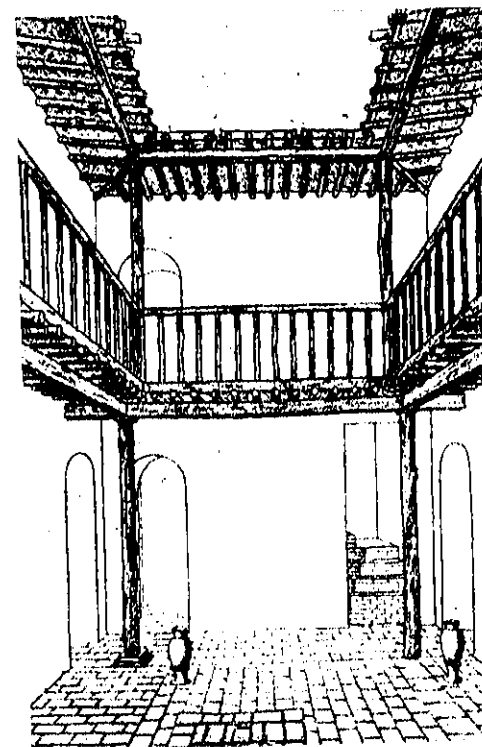
In particular the forbidden land of Tibet lay as a heavy burden on his soul. On more than one occasion he ventured across its border as an ambassador of Christ and it was to Tibet that he set out on his last journey in 1929. He was in poor health at the

time and yet he undertook the perilous expedition through the Himalayan mountains. But he was destined never to return. For a long while his friends continued to hope that he would come back and several search parties were sent out to try and trace him. But in the end it seemed all too clear that early on his journey either an accident or ill-health had granted him his heart's desire, which was to see face to face the Christ he had served so faithfully since the hour of his conversion. In the words of Archbishop Soderblom of Sweden, "In the history of religion; Sundar is the first to shew the whole world how the Gospel of Jesus is reflected in unchanged purity in an Indian Soul."



HAS ABRAHAM LIVED HERE?

The upper picture shows the ruins of a house excavated by Sir Leonard Woolley, at Ur, in 1928. Thanks to many tablets with inscriptions found in the ruins, it was possible to establish beyond any doubt that the house was inhabited in Abraham's time and might have even been the house from which Abraham set out from Ur.



The lower picture represents a reconstruction of the house seen from the same point from which the photograph of the ruins was taken. The house was built with walls of burnt brick below, rising in mud bricks above, plaster and whitewashing hiding the change in material, two storeys high, and containing as many as thirteen or fourteen rooms round a central paved court.

THE FOREMAN AND THE PROOF-READER

By GRACE LUMPKIN

I STARTED to work in a printing plant over a year ago. There were six of us; the plant foreman, the pressman, two linotypers, a "bank boy" and I was the proof-reader. All of us brought our lunches and ate together in one corner of the huge plant that was big enough to house several airplanes. Lunch was the time we talked.

Pete, the foreman, dominated the conversation. He was an excellent worker, but somewhere along the way he had got off the track in his thinking. He spoke bitterly about the rich and pointed out all the faults of our country. While not a Communist, he talked their line.

Luncheons were not very pleasant because not only did Pete try to tear down all the values which I had learned were important, but the others sided with him. The talk was rough. The plant, with its huge machines, the dirt, the low level of conversation and prison-like supervision, was an ugly place.

It had become a practice of mine to pray about certain people and problems, so each morning before work I stopped in a church and concentrated on the situation in the shop. This became a daily habit. I knew that it was up to me to be one of God's workers there in the plant.

One day at lunch Pete was in a particularly propagandizing mood.

"Human beings are nothing but a higher form of animal," he said. "There's no right or wrong. Everything is relative. It's the churches that stir up the trouble."

"Not the churches, Pete," I spoke out suddenly, "but you and I, because we have denied God."

"What do you know about it?"

"I know because I was with the Communist Party for ten years," I answered.

The others stared at me in amazement, perhaps wondering how a mild-looking woman like myself could ever have become so involved.

"I used to preach all those things you have been saying," I went on. "I sneered at God and the Church... I told lies, cheated and approved of stealing and murder because I believed the end justified the means. In spirit I was a traitor to my country. We talked a lot about the equal rights of man, but it was only when I accidentally read our own Declaration of Independence, which says: ... all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights ... that I understood we have no rights and no equality except as we believe in God."

The foreman was speechless at my outburst.

"My wife and I were married in a church," contributed one of the other men lamely.

Pete didn't say another word then, but I knew he was angry. Later he called me into the shop, where I found him holding a sheaf of proofs in his hand. In a rasping voice, aimed to be heard by all, he pointed out every minor mistake I had made in the last week. I didn't attempt to justify them because I knew the work was basically all right, that his rage had nothing to do with proofs.

Yet it was a humiliating experience. I walked to my desk fighting back tears of anger. Furious, I wanted to triumph over him, to humiliate him as he had humiliated me. Then I remembered my recent vow to pray over upsets at the very moment they occurred.

"Thy will be done in this place and in my heart," I whispered fervently. At first I couldn't possibly mean it. I had to say it over and over again until peace came in me—peace and confidence and love.

From then on there were fireworks almost daily during our lunches. I was determined to answer all false statements with the truth as I knew it, and I was armed with the facts about Communism. But only through prayer was I able to do this without personal animosity.

Pete and the others, like so many who had been disappointed in life, were the obvious, easy marks for the Communist line. Several times I stressed the fact that Communism's emphasis on materialism as a way of life made its followers virtual slaves to their leaders. It had done so to me until I transferred my loyalty to another kind of leader—Christ. Who never broke a promise, Who never let anyone down, and Who makes men free.

For months they tried to shake my stand. I would sit there eating my lunch or knitting—and as I did so I prayed for each one in turn, as well as for myself, that I could be honest, sincere and understanding.

One noon Pete said: "Why do you say Communists are against religion? They let the churches alone in Russia."

"While still with the Party," I answered, "I was told by first-hand observers how religion was fought there. Really religious people get no benefits. They are last when it comes to ration cards, last to get essentials, first to be oppressed. Just as it was in Nazi Germany. These are facts. Communist children are expected to tell the secret police if their parents worship God."

March, 1951

"Well, what makes you think America is so wonderful?" Pete came back. "That book we are printing points out that all newspapers in this country are controlled by the rich—that 75 per cent of the news is in Russian papers tell the truth."

"You are misquoting that book." He insisted that he was not.

After lunch I found the galley and brought them down to Pete. "Read this galley," I said.

Reluctantly he did. The galley stated that some 75 per cent of Americans are misinformed on foreign affairs through poor newspaper reporting, not that 75 per cent of the newspapers print lies.

When Pete finished reading his face was livid. "Go back to your desk!" he yelled. He picked up a wrench and flung it clear across the room against the wall.

I left, trembling. An urge to try and rouse the others to mutiny welled up. I knew they, too, resented Pete's behaviour. And then I sickened at what I had been thinking. I was not there to have a personal fight with Pete. It must be God's will and God's victory—not mine.

Suddenly it struck me that I must go and say something to Pete at that moment.

Pete was at one of the linotype machines with his back to me. I had no adequate words, so I walked up to him and touched him lightly on the shoulder. When he turned around, I smiled, at the same time praying hard. The tense muscles around his face relaxed and he smiled back. He stuck out his hand. I shook it, then went to my desk.

More months passed and I began to notice a definite change in the plant and in Pete. Nothing startling. We still argued at lunch, but without the bitterness.

One morning I said: "You know, Pete, you and I both have had a lot of disappointments in our lives."

His nod was friendly. Then he told me how he had married young and had never been able to complete his education. He had never owned his own home. I told him how often I give my disappointments to God.

Shortly afterward Pete said with an air he tried to make casual, "Amazing coincidence, but I went to church with my family last Sunday and the minister preached about giving your disappointments to God. How do you figure that?"

Although he had gone to church, I could see that Pete was ashamed to have the other men know. Even to say the word church during lunch had always produced a dead silence of ridicule. How could he acknowledge that he had gone back on all those things he had said?

(cont. on page 24—col. 3)

March, 1951



The Gold Dagger of Ur



An inlaid Gaming Board.

Ur of the Chaldees

The dagger and the gaming-board shown above were discovered by Sir Leonard Woolley in 1926 during his archeological excavations on the site of the city of Abraham, Ur of the Chaldees (in present-day Mesopotamia).

The dagger is of pure gold, its hilt of lapis lazuli decorated with gold studs, and its sheath of gold beautifully worked with an open-work pattern derived from plaited grass.

The oldest discoveries made by Sir Leonard have been dated soon after 3,000 B.C., or are nearly 5,000 years old.

The two wonderful objects shown here were found not far from a fine-grained black stone, covered with inscription, which enumerated the conquests of the famous king and law-giver, Hamurabi of Babylon, that Amraphael who is mentioned in the XIV Chapter of Genesis as a contemporary of Abraham.

One would like to think that the dagger once adorned the girdle of the patriarch and that he might have whiled away his leisure hours by having a game of draughts on the very board shown here.

CHRISTIAN RENEWAL

21

THE CONVERT

A Story by
BOLESLAW PRUS

OLD LUKE sat thinking hard. He was tall, gaunt and stooping. He was about seventy years old, but his hair was still dark, thick and only flecked with grey. His mouth was completely toothless; and his pointed beard and hooked nose did not enhance the amiability of his features. Neither were his looks improved by his round sunken eyes below his bushy eye-brows, nor by his yellow, wrinkled skin and a slight trembling of his head.

He was seated in a large room which had not been tidied for many years and which was crammed with furniture: there were old-fashioned wardrobes and chests of drawers inlaid with bronze, large easy chairs with their hides eaten away by moths, upholstered chairs of odd shapes, and roomy settees with twisted elbow rests. On the cobweb covered walls hung blackened pictures, on the chests of drawers and desks stood statuettes and large clocks, so thickly covered with dust that their finer lines and surfaces were completely hidden.

In addition to this vast room, there were two smaller rooms filled with so much other junk that it was difficult to move in them. The numerous shabby objects were all of different kinds and were tightly shoved in anyhow; many of them were rotting and they looked as if they had been brought from all accessible parts of the world to be dumped in a common grave.

Among them were some objects of considerable archaeological value; some were strikingly beautiful, others were remarkable for size and excellent craftsmanship, but others, as the saying goes, weren't worth two hoots. Their origins were not less diverse. Some Old Luke had inherited, others he had bought from antique dealers or at auctions for next to nothing; some he had received as gifts, being known as a collector of curios; still others he had obtained by distraining on his debtors and insolvent tenants. He amassed all these in his apartment, filling every square foot of space, hanging smaller objects on the walls or cramming them into wardrobes and on the chests; the less valuable objects he dispatched to the loft. In short he was accumulating without discrimination, order or purpose, and without ever asking himself why he did it, or what good it would do him.

There is a water-weed, said to be of American origin which is distinguished by such voracity and such rapid growth that if it were not being constantly exterminated, it would fill all the rivers ponds and lakes in the world, seize every inch of damp soil, and absorb so

much carbon from the air that all other waterplants would wither away; and all this would have happened not from malice, envy or disregard for the rights of others but simply through an in-born impulse.

Old Luke was a similar creature but of the human species. Having been brought into this world with an instinct for grabbing everything he could lay his hands on, he never reflected on the purpose of his actions; he never realized the consequences but... grabbed, and grabbed. Deaf to the clamour of suffering and reproaches, indifferent to the misfortunes which he caused, frugal in his wants he wronged people at every turn, never himself feeling anything in particular, but merely continuing to grab and to accumulate. This conduct contributed not a whit to his happiness, it merely satisfied a blind instinct.

While still a child, little Luke used to wheedle toys from his playmates, appropriate the best sandpits for his own use, gorge himself with food till he suffered from indigestion, pocketing what he could not devour and careful that none of his brothers or sisters should partake of his portion. While at school, he slaved day and night to gain the highest possible prizes and he fretted that others, too, were receiving awards.

As a young man he got a job in an office. There he wanted to perform all the functions, to execute all the work, to earn all the salaries and gain all the favours of his superiors. In the end he married the best looking and the richest girl, not for love but to prevent her from marrying anyone else. And still dissatisfied with his good fortune he wanted to seduce the wives of his colleagues and of his friends, too.

During that period of his life however he met with serious setbacks. His colleagues in the office readily gave him their work but jealously guarded their positions and their salaries. His superiors readily took advantage of his willingness to take pains, but were niggardly in their favours. And finally, the ladies he was wooing mocked him, because of his appearance while their menfolk taught him painful lessons.

Because of such bitter experiences, Mr. Luke ceased to strive for the possession of everything under the sun, limiting himself to what was attainable and at hand. Thus he accumulated furniture, books, clothing, all sorts of curios and, first and foremost—money.

In this pursuit of possessions he never gave a thought to the question of their enjoyment. He never redecorated his apartment, he kept no servants, he ate in the poorest restaurants, rarely took

a cab, visited the theatre only once every few years, and when he did not feel well he never called a doctor because he would not pay the fees.

His wife died early, leaving him a house and a daughter. Mr. Luke brought up the daughter not too badly, and speedily married her off. But he neither gave a wedding reception, nor paid the promised dowry, nor ceded her mother's house to her. In the end, his unbearable obstinacy forced his son-in-law to take action in court for its possession. The case was clear and Mr. Luke was bound to lose, but he would not yield voluntarily. As he was well-off and had considerable skill in legal matters, he invented innumerable quibbles to drag the case out, valiantly aided by Mr. Crispin, an old barrister. Crispin was no longer practising at the bar, but by force of habit, he searched for clients with the most unsavoury cases, attending court for them at a very low fee, or sometimes for any fee at all, just to keep his hand in.

For a time Old Luke had one recreation. He and a few old judges, a former public prosecutor, and the barrister Crispin used to meet daily for a game of whist, playing at two tables for points. This went on for twenty odd years, until it came to an end. The judges and the prosecutor died and Old Luke was left alone with the barrister. As they could not play whist by themselves and could not find partners as suitable as the old ones, they both gave up the game. They could only look forward to the time, which sooner or later was bound to come, when they would be reunited with their deceased comrades in heaven; and there, at two tables they would play whist for all eternity.

And so Old Luke was sitting on the couch, one corner of which was torn and showing the horsehair. He rested his folded, bony hands on his knees, which showed sharply under the shabby, quilted dressing gown, and unconsciously moved his sunken lips, and shaking his head, he went on thinking.

He had many worries.

Tomorrow, his case against his daughter about the housing property was coming up for hearing in the court. As luck would have it, too, the barrister had just gone away from Warsaw. What if he did not return in time and the case were lost?

In many ways this would be a sad blow for Old Luke. In the first place, he would have to give the house back to his daughter and he only liked to take. In the second place—who could say if the daughter, whom he abandoned in straightened circumstances, would not, just to spite him, insist on his paying rent?

"Well, I hope she won't do it," Old Luke muttered. "She always was a good child . . . but then," he sighed

"—it may happen all the same. The world has got so greedy nowadays! . . ."

Early next morning, Old Luke sent a letter to Crispin's office inquiring when the barrister was likely to return. But he received no reply, though it was 2 o'clock in the afternoon and the old clerk at the office was punctuality itself.

Whatever could be the matter? That was one of his worries, though not the biggest. For to-morrow, too, they were selling by auction the furniture of a joiner, who rented an apartment in Old Luke's house and had not paid rent for three months. And Old Luke was worrying lest the dishonest tenant had concealed some of his property and lest the auction would not yield enough to repay the rent and the costs.

The auction itself caused him no end of trouble.

Not a day passed but one or other of the joiner's family would call on Old Luke and beseech and implore him to give them time to pay at least, if not to cancel the debt altogether. They left crying and telling him that the joiner was gravely ill and that the auction might kill him.

But Old Luke did not worry with such matters. He could not help fearing that several good tenants intended to move out from his house—one apartment had already been vacant for two weeks. Evil-minded people were blackening his character. They were saying that he was greedy, a bad father, and a bad landlord, and that though he was carrying 30,000 roubles worth of bonds stuffed in his bosom, he was refusing to redecorate the apart-

ments and was letting down the tenants as completely as he could. Because of this, only as a last resort, would people rent apartments in his house.

"A bad landlord," Old Luke muttered. "Why, don't I keep a caretaker? Don't I call personally every first of the month to collect the rents? Didn't the Council force me to cover the pavement in front of the house with asphalt? They are still boiling that evil-smelling pitch in front of the windows, till one gets choked with smoke. May those asphalt workers never leave hell—and the contractor last of all!"

And he went on muttering. "They say I don't redecorate their apartments. Is it so long since that I had the lavatory plastered? And think what trouble it gave me. The plasterer was a crook and did the work so badly that I had not only to stop his pay, but also to seize his tools."

Now Old Luke glanced into the corner of the room, to make sure that the sequestered objects were still there. And in fact, he saw a lime-covered wooden pail, a hammer and a trowel. True, a brush and a plumb-line were missing, but this was not Mr. Luke's fault. It was due to the malice of the plasterer, who succeeded in concealing them.

"And this scoundrel," added Old Luke, still muttering to himself, "dares to threaten me with the court or to break into my home and claim his tools and his wages! . . . It's sheer robbery. . . . It's dreadful to think how little conscience people have nowadays. And it's all due to greed . . ."

(To be continued)

Managing Myself. 3.

SELF-CONTROL

by E. S. BARBER, M.A.

WHAT would you think of a man who entered for an important athletic event and then refused to enter training? You wouldn't think much of him, would you? You realize that athletic success can only be won through a narrow gate, the gate of self-control, of self-discipline. And the same is true of success in any branch of life.

There is a widespread demand today for freedom to express ourselves as we like. Yet we all realize that in certain things it isn't possible. Society cannot allow a man to express himself by breaking a shop window and grabbing whatever takes his fancy, or by punching a stranger on the nose because he doesn't like the look of his face. You may want to do these things, but society demands that you control yourself.

But it is just as important to have self-control in small things. How many

marriages are broken up either because the wife has no control of her tongue and keeps on nagging at her husband, or her husband has no control of his temper and says bitter and cruel things that eventually kill her love. How many violent crimes—even murders—are committed because of lack of self-control in thought. If thoughts of hate are allowed to breed unchecked they will reap their harvest in deeds of violence.

Self-control requires a motive. It must be positive. A man training for a race; a scholar working for an examination; a musician practising for a concert—there is a purpose behind their self-discipline.

John Foster, in one of his essays, tells of a young man who had squandered his father's estate in a few years of wild living. One morning he rose with the sad thought that before night he would

(Continued on page 24.)

WOMEN AT HOME

Dear Women Readers,

With two victims of influenza in the house, I hardly feel in a mood for letter-writing when at last a restful feet-on-the-mantelpiece moment comes at the end of the day; one victim is 40 steps up, but the M and B one is only 20 steps up. "Forty steps" is quiet and does not require too many meals carried up but makes up for this by the endless telephone messages which have to be rushed up and down in the twinkling of an eye. And "twenty steps" calls out all day long: "Mummie, mummie, can't somebody come and read to me?"

Talking of reading, the children bought, with Christmas book tokens which they received, that lovely book called "Kon-Tiki and I." Do you know it? It consists mostly of pictures drawn by one of the members of the expedition during the voyage across the Pacific. My children from 6 upwards simply love it. The drawings are very funny and real; the sort where one line tells you a lot. The story of the life in the sea and the adventures of these six men is thrilling. What courage to undertake 4,300 miles on an open raft! They were warned and threatened of a terrible fate, but they took no notice, and pursued their course to a successful end.

Courage we all need in plenty these days, with the tenseness of the international situation hanging over us like a black cloud. We haven't all the opportunity of showing courage in a huge way as these Kon-Tiki men had, but we all have the opportunity of showing it in smaller and less spectacular ways, and all the little mickles can make a muckle of gigantic strength and determination if we have a will to see things, through, no matter what stands in our way, or who puts us off with threats of danger and alarm.

Personally, I have my own little black clouds which keep blowing up from goodness knows where. It takes some courage and effort of will to ride over a wave of depression which then settles on one, when everything seems to have turned sour, and one is tempted to abandon effort. But whenever I feel like this, I am comforted by the knowledge that this is a road which I do not tread alone. It is an experience which is familiar to all people who seek to take life seriously. The temptation to despair is one of the spiritual diseases of sincerity. It is, so to speak, one of the by-products of spiritual health. A great English poet, W. H. Clough, was no stranger to this experience, because he too was tempted sometimes to despair.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,

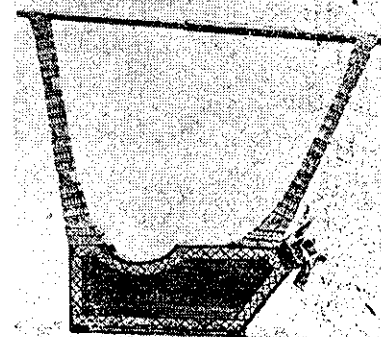
The enemy fain't not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.
If hopes were dupes, fears may be
liars;

It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd.
Your comrades chase e'en now the
fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.
For while the tired waves, vainly
breaking,

Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets
making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.
And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the
light;

In front the sun climbs slow, how
slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!
If hopes are dupes, fears may be liars.
That indeed is exactly what fears are,
when we recall the great Easter message,
'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'

RUTH McCORMICK.



The Harp of Ur

A 5,000-years-old harp. The harp was found by Sir Leonard Woolley in the Great Death-pit at Ur, and with its decorations intact it has been reconstructed. The upright wooden beam was capped with gold, and in it were fastened the gold-headed nails which secured the strings; the sounding box was edged with a mosaic in red stone, lapis lazuli and white shell, and from the front of it projected a splendid head of a bull wrought in gold with eyes and beard of lapis lazuli.

HOUSEHOLD CORNER

How to make a bought Sponge interesting.

Make a chocolate filling in the following way: soften $\frac{1}{2}$ lb margarine and beat into it 3-4 oz. castor sugar, add $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons drinking chocolate and a desertspoon Nescafe (or cocoa and a bar of chocolate melted) Spread this between the two halves of sandwich. It should be about $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick.

Joyce's Eggless Biscuits.

Soften $\frac{1}{2}$ lb margarine and beat with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb sugar, add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb self-raising flour and some flavouring (almond or orange is nice) but no liquid. Roll out thin, cut into shapes, brush the top of each with water and sprinkle sugar over it. Bake in a cool oven for about 15 minutes, till golden brown.

Doughnuts

4 oz. self-raising flour, 1 oz. butter, 1 oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon jam.

Sift flour and baking powder into basin. Rub in fat, add sugar and egg and knead with hands to a stiff paste. Roll out about $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick, cut into small rounds (a wineglass will do) sandwich in pairs together with jam and fry in blue-smoke deep fat. Drain, roll in sugar and cat.



Queen Shub-ad of Ur

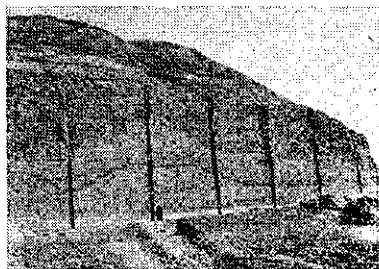
A head-dress 4,500 years old

The splendid head-dress discovered in the tomb of Queen Shub-ad at Ur. It has been established that Queen Shub-ad lived at least 1,000 years before the time of Abraham and belonged to the Third Dynasty of Ur after the Flood. A full description of the head-dress is on page 24.

Queen Shub-ad's Headdress

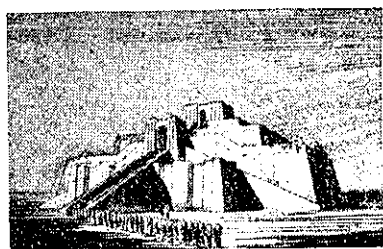
(Picture on page 23.)

The head-dress had as its basis a broad gold ribbon festooned in loops round the hair—and the measurements of the curves showed that this was not the natural hair but a wig padded out to an almost grotesque size; over this came three wreaths, the lowest hanging down over the forehead, of plain gold ring pendants, the second of beech leaves, the third of long willow leaves in sets of three with gold flowers whose petals were of blue and white inlay; all these were strung on triple chains of lapis lazuli and carnelian beads. Fixed into the back of the hair was a golden "Spanish comb" with five points ending in lapis-centred gold flowers. Heavy spiral rings of gold wire were twisted into the side curls of the wig, huge lunate ear-rings of gold hung down to the shoulders, and apparently from the hair hung also on each side a string of large, square stone beads with, at the end of each, a lapis amulet, one shaped as a seated bull and the other as a calf. Complicated as the head-dress was, its different parts lay in such good order that it was possible to reconstruct the whole and exhibit the likeness of the queen with all her original finery in place.



4,000 years old

The ruins of Ziggurat—"the Hill of Heaven" built by King Ur-Namma about 2,000 B.C.



The Ziggurat of Babylon
4,000 years ago

The Ziggurat restored. The most famous and biggest was the Ziggurat of Babylon, which in Hebrew tradition became the Tower of Babel and which was a repetition on a larger scale of the Ziggurat at Ur.

(Continued from page 22.)

be a homeless man. Before saying goodbye to it all he climbed a little hill that overlooked the estate to have a last glimpse of his old home. As he stood there he made a resolution to change his life and by rigid economy and ceaseless energy to win back the heritage he had thrown away. The vow was kept, but unfortunately in keeping it he became a miser and lost his soul. His purpose just wasn't big enough.

Self-control is no irksome discipline when it is done with a purpose. Abraham Lincoln, as a boy, stood at a slave market in America and watched that wretched traffic in human lives. "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing I will hit it hard" was his vow: Christopher Columbus saw the vision of a new world beyond the ocean and that vision burned in his soul like a Greenland sun, never setting night or day. Their lives were dedicated to their over-mastering purpose. And no discipline was arduous if the goal demanded it.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." That was the way the greatest of all Christ's followers put his life's purpose. And for it he endured imprisonment, scourging, loneliness and even death itself. His goal demanded self-control, "I master my body lest that when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." But it was no irksome discipline. The goal was worth the cost.

Here is the choice. A life of pleasing yourself, drifting along aimlessly and getting nowhere. If that's your choice, then self-control WILL seem a harsh and meaningless burden. The other choice is life dominated by a purpose. There are many goals you may set yourself. Some are selfish—and therefore unsatisfactory. Will you choose the greatest of all—the goal of following Jesus Christ? It will grip you so completely that self-control will be no harsh repression, but a discipline gladly accepted for an end that's worth it.

(cont. from page 20.)

One morning during my prayers, I asked God to show me how to get Pete to do this without losing "face." That day at lunch Pete began to tell us about a Sunday excursion he had taken with his wife and kids. "Was that after church?" I slipped in.

"That's right," Pete said without blinking and finished his story.

After that religion came naturally into the conversation. One man who had been most profane in his swearing and had backed Pete most emphatically, spoke one day of church in a very familiar manner. A younger man said: "What do you know about it, Bill? You never go to church."

"What the hell!" Bill retorted. "What do you mean I don't go to church! I was in church last Sunday." We all laughed.

The biggest thrill came shortly after. Pete's kids were baptised—and so was Pete! He became an active member of his church, vividly punctuating the Bible phrase, "with God all things are possible."

One day Pete said: "Will you pray for me today? I am going to meet some lawyers to talk over buying a house."

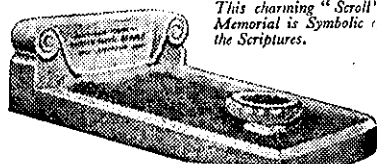
Would I! I didn't tell him that for weeks I had been praying that God would make this possible. I think I was as happy as Pete when he came back and said it was all arranged.

Today our shop is a different place, but it won't stay that way if we let up. People are always changing one way or the other. If it isn't a steady change for the better... it will be for the worse.

I have learned this: Keep God as Foreman and "all things work together for good." It takes "guts" to demonstrate that law. But God gives us guts. If you try, you'll see.

Beauty in the Churchyard

This charming "Scroll" Memorial is Symbolic of the Scriptures.



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APRIL, 1951

SAINT PETER'S, EAST BRIDGFORD CHURCH MAGAZINE



SERVICES

SUNDAYS:—

Holy Communion: 8 a.m.
Holy Eucharist: 11 a.m. 1st and 3rd Sundays.
Matins: 11 a.m. 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays.
Evensong: 6-30 p.m.
Children: 3-30 p.m.

R.A.F. Station, Newton:—

Morning Service—Sundays: 9-45 a.m.
Children: 2-30 p.m.

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Rector's Warden:

Mr. R. WING, The Old Manor House (Tel. 245).

People's Warden:

Mr. E. MILLINGTON, Millgate.

Sidesmen:

Dr. G. O. BROOKS, Messrs. G. BATEMAN,
A. V. DENT, L. HAND, E. INGRAM, C. L.
WESTLEY, L. W. A. WHITE and F. YOUNG

Organist:

Mr. J. H. SHARDLOW, College Street.

Choirmaster:

Mr. N. RHODES, The School House (Tel. 226).

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Boys' Brigade—*Captain*:

Mr. E. BULLERS, Toll Bar Lane (Tel. 301).

Girls' Friendly Society:

Mrs. WESTLEY and Mrs. McLEAN.

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March 17th—Kenneth Armstrong and Barbara Farrand.
March 27th—Peter Edward Richardson and Kathleen Walker.
March 30th—John William Needham and Kathleen Mary Cook.

The last thing, the absolutely very last thing, in the minds of these rose-water idealists was that, instead of moving towards abundance, leisure and security, the world, in fact, would fall into scarcity, severity and fear. If someone had whispered to Edward Bellamy sixty years ago that social services in socialist Britain would be largely financed by American capitalists, he would, in all probability, have had the man certified as *non compos mentis*, which is Latin for lunacy. But truth has always been stranger than fiction; and history has always been more crazy than imagination. Here we are, in the middle of the twentieth century, with barely enough food to eat, certainly not enough variety of

food (which for a *civilized* man is even more important than quantity). And the chief luxury of the working-class fifty years ago—tobacco—has become almost prohibitive in price.

Let Us Think Instead of Grousing

It is very natural for us to react to all this situation with resentment, bitterness and dissatisfaction—natural, but very short-sighted. Most readers will remember the old proverb about saving one's breath to cool one's porridge. There is a world of wisdom in it. Resentment, especially resentment against a government, is about as childish and stupid as any attitude could be. A government—any government whatsoever—is too trivial a cause too account for the plight in which modern man finds himself to-day. Far better will it be to use the energy we waste in resentment in the effort to *understand*. Kipling has hit off this point perfectly.

"I ate my fill of a whale that died
And stranded after a month at sea . . .
There is a pain in my inside.
Why have the Gods afflicted me?
Ow! I am purged till I am a wraith!
Wow! I am sick till I cannot see!
What is the sense of Religion and Faith?
Look how the Gods have afflicted me.

Money spent on an Army or Fleet
Is homicidal lunacy . . .
My son has been killed in the Mons retreat.
Why is the Lord afflicting me?
Why are murder, pillage and arson
And rape allowed by the Deity?
I will write to *The Times*,
deriding our parson,
Because my God has afflicted me.

We had a kettle: we let it leak:
Our not repairing it made it worse.

We haven't had any tea for a week . . .

The bottom is out of the Universe!"

This is what happens when we merely feel where we should think!

In order to help us to think instead of simply grousing, there is one tremendous fact we should take into account. And this is the fact of *soil-erosion*. All over the world, in Africa, in the United States, in Australia, in Mexico, and especially in South America, once fertile land has been reduced to arid, sterile desert. The all-important part of the soil, it seems, is the eight or nine inches of top-soil. This is the root of all growth. Owing to bad farming, wasteful farming, giving land no rest, exhausting it and then going on to virgin soil; owing to senseless cutting down of forests; owing to heedless slaughter of wild life, thus destroying the balance of Nature—owing to these and many other causes, soil has been denuded of its natural protection, and consequently top-soil has been washed away. In the last 150 years, it has been estimated that of its precious nine inches of top-soil, the United States *has lost three of them!* *Land is less fertile in the world to-day than it was a hundred years ago—and there are more mouths to feed.*

The Christian Explanation

The ultimate reason for this decline of the soil is the greed and materialism of the modern man. In his passion for the accumulation of material wealth and power, the passion to get rich quick, Nature has been exploited without heed or conscience. Think of the slaughter of wild bird and beast because their feathers and skins were a source of enormous profits. We are only now beginning to realize that these same birds and beasts preserved a delicate balance of forces in Nature, the disturbance of which is making Nature less

fruitful. So the chickens of greed, lust for power, godless materialism in the XVIIIth and XIXth centuries are coming home to roost in the XXth century, so that instead of increasing our over-all supplies of food and raw materials, they have decreased. The Bible is forever warning the world that men and women cannot make a god of material greed without having to pay the price. History is now presenting some of the bills. The I.O.U.'s are falling due.

It is to this materialism of the modern world that we have to look for the ultimate cause of many of the ills and disasters that have befallen us. In this materialism, lies the reason for the falsification of the hopes and dreams of the idealists of fifty years ago. Let our answer to this be, not resentment, but Repentance.

Yours Sincerely,

D. R. Davies.

A LADY once asked Mr. Wesley: "Supposing that you knew that you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam?" he replied. "Why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning; after that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

Hymns up to date

*The poor man in his castle!
Officials at his gate
Assess his rates and taxes,
And claim the whole estate.
All things must be entered
All incomes great or small;
The gross amount is wonderful,
Our rulers spend it all.*

D. V. CLATWORTHY.

ST. PETER by the Editor

I THINK it must have been all that stuff I read about discovering the grave of St. Peter down in the crypt of St. Peter's Church in Rome that led to this conversation with him. It brought vividly back to my mind memories of my visit to St. Peter's Cathedral a few years ago, when I spent a holiday in Rome. I was, of course, greatly excited by my first sight of St. Peter's. Who wouldn't be? I was fascinated by all that I saw. Surely enough there, exactly as I had read, were people of both sexes, of all sorts, rich and poor, kissing the toe of the famous black little statue of St. Peter. Then I descended the stairs below the high altar, and I was told that beneath that floor, somewhere, was the grave of St. Peter. It was a tremendous moment for me. Inside myself I was greatly moved to feel that I was in places which had known the presence of St. Peter. I was still more excited when, on my way out to visit the Catacombs, I halted at a little Church supposed to have been built on the spot where St. Peter (who was fleeing from Rome) heard a voice commanding him to return to Rome. He did and was martyred. When I read in *The Times* the news about the discovery of St. Peter's tomb, all this and more was recalled to my mind.

That night "I lay me down to sleep, and I dreamt a dream" in which the little statue of St. Peter in the great Roman Cathedral came alive. I was suddenly struck to realize that St. Peter *had no halo*, and I expressed my surprise to him. "Oh," said St. Peter, "between you and me I'm glad to get rid of that halo occasionally. It's a little bit absurd really, and I am somewhat self-conscious when, now and again, unseen, I look in at the Cathedral and gaze on my own statue, with that ridiculous halo sticking up on my head like an advertisement of somebody's petrol. So you will understand that whenever I get half a chance, I leave my halo behind in the wardrobe."

To hear St. Peter talk in this fashion gave me a feeling of confidence and intimacy. I felt that Peter was the same man as St. Peter! A very human sort of bloke. So I began to gather courage to put a few questions. It did flash through my mind to ask Peter exactly what happened in Jerusalem the night before Christ's crucifixion, but I dismissed the idea at once from my mind. The fact that a man's weakness has become public property does not necessarily justify bad manners! Unless Peter himself raised the matter in the course of our conversation, I was determined not to mention it.

"You know, of course," I said to Peter, "that your name is the principle or source of the greatest division and bitterness between those who profess to be followers of Christ ever known in the whole history of the Church. Is it possible, please, for you to say anything about that to me?"

"Are you referring," asked Peter, "to the claim that the whole Church of our Lord Christ is founded on me?"

"That's it," I replied.

"Well" went on Peter, "to tell you the truth, I've always been rather embarrassed by that claim of the Roman Popes. It is something which I myself have never claimed. I have never been able to persuade myself that, in the literal sense, the Popes themselves ever meant that the Church was founded on my own person. As I say, I never made any such claim, and if I had, my colleagues in The Apostolate would have laughed me out of it. We always had a very great sense of humour, which The Saviour created in us. If I had said to my fellow-Apostles: 'Look here, brethren, I wish you to understand that the Church is founded on my person,' they would have pulled my leg no end. No! Such a claim on my part would have been—how do you say?—'a bit thick'."

"Then I can take it," said I, "that whatever St. Matthew meant in his celebrated story of Caesarea Philippi,¹ he could not have meant that you were the foundation on which the Church was to be built?"

"Oh yes, most certainly," answered Peter. "My religious experience and understanding of our dear Master was most decidedly no better or deeper than that of my brother Apostles. In fact it wasn't even as good. If there had been any question whatsoever of our Lord building the Church on human beings, on very imperfect, fallible men, I am sure He would have made all His Apostles, not just one, the foundation stones of His Church."

"In that case," I went on, "what exactly happened at Caesarea Philippi, and how could it ever have come about that the Church was supposed to have been founded on you personally?"

"I'm afraid," answered Peter, "that you mustn't expect me to explain all the complicated, devious workings of the minds of the theologians and Churchmen who made me personally into the foundation of the Church. I was never what you in your country to-day

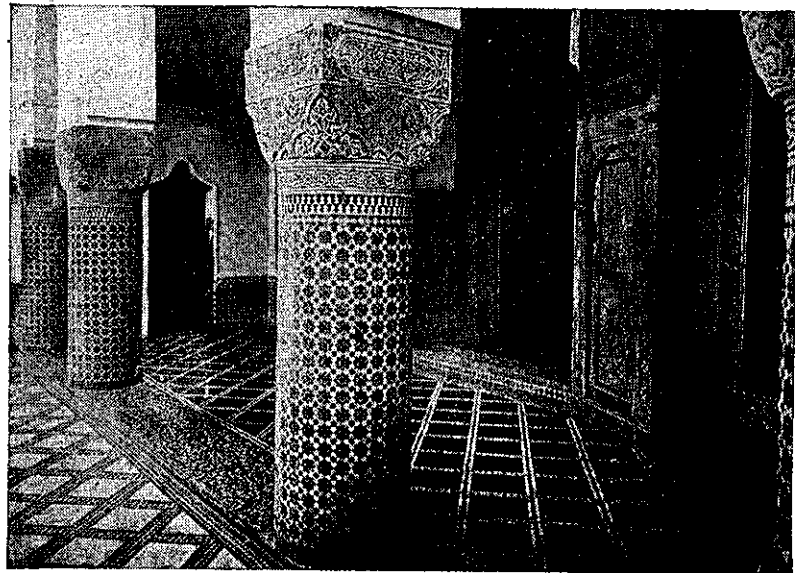
¹Read St. Matthew, chapter xvi.

would call 'an intellectual.' I was never one of 'the intelligencia.' Thomas was 'the intellectual' in our little crowd. What happened in Caesarea Philippi was really plain and simple. None of us was in any doubt about what actually happened then or since."

I was by this time, as can be well imagined, feeling very excited. I could hardly contain my eagerness to hear the great story from the lips of Peter, who, after our Lord, of course, was the chief actor in that famous scene.

"As you know," continued Peter, "we were on our way to Jerusalem. We were all wondering what was going to happen when we got there. Would the Master go to the Temple or Sanhedrin, and simply announce that He was taking over the power of government? We didn't know and we didn't dare to ask Him. But among ourselves we argued and talked endlessly. Then, suddenly one day, absolutely like a bolt from the blue, when we were eating our midday meal, the Master said: 'You have been mixing up with people a good deal lately, and you will have heard them express all kinds of opinions. Who do they say I am?' 'People in general seem somewhat confused,' someone answered. Then one after another volunteered—'Some say that you are Jeremiah or Elijah. Someone even said that you are John come back from the dead. But everybody seems to think that you are one or other of the prophets.' Then, very quietly, and with tremendous impressiveness, The Master asked—'but who do you say I am?' And as He spoke those words, He turned to look at me—I was sitting beside Him—and His gaze was like an arrow, piercing deep into the bottom of my soul. And without knowing what I was saying, I said in a blinding flash—'You are the Messiah foretold in the Scriptures, the Very Son of The Living God.' I realized suddenly who the Master was. There was a dead, fearful silence. Then the Master spoke again. 'Simon, those words you have uttered, which you never premeditated, came into your mind from My Father. You could never have reasoned that out. It was God's revelation in you. You are greatly favoured, Simon.' And picking up a little stone which had been chipped off from a great boulder near by, the Lord said: 'do you see, Simon, this is what you are, this *peter* (peter was the word for a bit of chipped-off rock), and pointing to a great rock close by, 'it is on this *petra* (which was the word for a great rock) I am going to build my Fellowship, which will be made up of all those who will believe and understand what you have just said.'"

It was a wonderful dream. I shall never forget it.



Glories of Moorish Architecture
The courtyard of the Sultan's palace in Fez

A FAMOUS CRICKETER'S CONVERSION *by George H. Stevens*

ONE of the most famous names in first-class cricket in the late nineteenth century was that of Studd. In the year 1877 three brothers, Kynaston, Charles and George Studd were all in the Eton first XI. In the same year their father came under the influence of Moody and Sankey, the American evangelists who were conducting missions in England at that time. He professed "conversion", sold all his race-horses and turned his ballroom, which had previously been the scene of glittering social assemblies into a meeting hall where visiting evangelists were invited to conduct gospel meetings.

When the cricketing brothers returned from school for the holidays they were not at all sure they liked the new arrangements and they particularly despised one evangelist who was no good at games and could scarcely keep his seat on a horse. One morning the boys took him for a canter and did all they could to unseat him. The evangelist was determined to have his revenge in his own way. That afternoon, as Charlie was going out to play cricket he took him on one side and asked him outright "Are you a Christian?" The directness of the question startled him as did the persistence of the evangelist who would not let him go until he had knelt down and asked Christ to come into his life. Whatever

we may think of such methods there can be no doubt of the reality of what happened that afternoon. In C. T. Studd's own words: "I knew then what it was to be 'born again' and the Bible, which had been so dry to me before, became everything." Charlie lacked the courage to tell his father immediately what had happened but he wrote later from Eton to tell him of the great change only to find that both his brothers had made the same great decision on the same day and had all written to their father to tell him what had happened.

For a time Charlie was a keen Christian and he and his brothers started a Bible Class together, but for the next few years he had time to think of little besides Cricket. Soon his greatest ambition was fulfilled and he found himself playing for England against Australia. He was in the first English team to be beaten by the Australians in the game that has become immortal since it was commemorated in the *Sporting Times* by an epitaph which began the legend of the Ashes. "C. T." was again in the English team which toured Australia the following year, and his name was among others inscribed on the urn in which the "Ashes" were brought back to England.

But Charlie Studd was not destined to be left alone. Two old ladies started to pray that he might be brought back to God and their prayers had a sudden answer. His brother George was taken desperately ill and was not expected to recover. By his bedside Charlie saw afresh the passing nature of all earthly things and resolved to give his life utterly to the service of Christ. A hard struggle followed as C. T. realised that God was calling him to the foreign mission field. But the victory was won at last and he offered himself to the China Inland Mission. Six other Cambridge athletes offered for China and the departure of the "Cambridge Seven" in 1885 caught the attention of the public and was one of the greatest sensations in the history of modern missions.

On arrival in China C.T. and his companions adopted Chinese dress and began to sleep on bare boards. He trained himself to wake at 3-30 a.m. for prayer and Bible study and then to have another hour's sleep before rising for the day. At the age of 25 he inherited a fortune of approximately £29,000 from his father. He determined to take literally our Lord's words to the rich young ruler and within a few months he gave the entire amount to Christian work. When he sent off the last cheque to General Booth he said "Even the Bank of England may break in the Day of Judgment. Henceforth our Bank is in Heaven."

All this might be put down to youthful enthusiasm but C. T. Studd's devotion never weakened throughout a long life. Not only in China but in America and India he gave devoted service. But it was in 1908 when he was penniless and ill, that against the advice of his Doctor and the wishes of his nearest and dearest he set out for his greatest adventure in the Heart of Africa. Here, for eighteen years he lived "gambling for Christ" among cannibal tribes. The last two years of his life were spent in a terrific struggle against ill-health working eighteen hours a day to complete the translation of the whole of the New Testament and Psalms into the Kingwana language. When he finished his task all the strength was drained out of him and on July 16, 1931, surrounded by his African converts, he passed triumphantly to his reward. Thus the results of his youthful conversion remained to the very end and the last word that ever passed his lips was "Hallelujah!" and C.T. was "not out" to the Demon bowler at the end of his earthly innings.



Glories of Moorish Architecture
The Moulay of Idris—Fez. Musliman girl dropping a coin into the collecting box in the wall

PERFECT COMEBACK

The bus was loading up; hurrying to catch it was a round little man, his arms filled with packages. Suddenly he collided with another man, and spilled his parcels. With a snarl the other man showered abuse on Mr. Five-by-five. Perspiring freely, the fat man gathered up his packages, and flashed a sunny smile at the man he had accidentally bumped.

"You've called me everything else," he said. "Now call me 'Brother'."

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THE CONVERT

A Story by

BOLESŁAW PRŮS

II.

AT that moment Old Luke raised himself heavily from the couch and, shuffling his feet, went to the window, to see the lavatory which the plasterer was supposed to have ruined. But much as he wished to, he could not make out how the repaired outbuilding had been damaged.

Closer to the window was a rubbish heap, always heaped up, fetid and stinking. On top of loose straw, papers, offal and similar rubbish, Old Luke saw his old, badly-torn slipper, which after a long internal struggle he had thrown out with his own hand.

"Here, wasn't I too rash in throwing it away?" thought the old man, "From this distance the slipper looks quite all right. . . . Still . . . let's leave it alone. . . . I had to patch it up every day and I reckon that it cost a few shillings every year to mend it. . . ."

At that moment he heard a knock on the door. Turning away from the window and making a great effort in swiftly shuffling his feet, he reached the door. He opened the peephole and asked through the grill:

"What do you want to knock so loudly for? Don't you know you may break the door down?"

"It's a letter from the barrister's office," replied the voice behind the grill.

Old Luke snatched the letter.

"What about a tip?" the messenger asked.

"I have no change"—replied Old Luke—"And don't you knock so loudly if you want a tip."

He closed the peephole and dragged himself to the window while outside the door the messenger swore at him:

"The old miser. He's padded his ribs with thirty thousand pounds, he fleeces everyone and won't even give a tip. They won't even have him in hell! . . ."

"Hold your tongue, you saucy fellow"—retorted Old Luke as he opened the envelope.

The news was terrible! . . .

The clerk informed him that the train in which Crispin had been travelling was wrecked. As the barrister would never waste money on telegrams, the clerk was still uncertain whether he was alive . . . none the less, however, the letter continued, Old Luke's case against the son-in-law with regard to the housing property would be defended. For, as a systematic man, Crispin had appointed a deputy, before he went off.

"Ah, that's too bad," muttered Luke, "the deputy will want a fee, while good old Crispin did it for nothing . . ."

If I lose, they may throw me out of the house!"

He folded the letter, put it back into the envelope and shoved it into the desk, continuing his monologue:

"I'm sure Crispin had all his money on him, as usual. . . . If he was killed in the train someone is sure to have robbed him. He's got no family. . . . And old bachelor. . . . Couldn't he leave this money to me? He must at least have had 20 thousand pounds on him. . . ."

Thus saying, he carefully felt with his hands his bosom, where under the dressing gown, the shirt and the under-vest a thick wad of hundred-pound bonds rested day and night.

The news of the probable death of the barrister, together with the court case and the auction, which the man was to have conducted made a strong impression on Luke. The old man was so much worried that he acutely felt the rheumatic pains in his legs and in his head. Unable to walk, he wrapped his head in a shabby scarf and laid down in bed.

From the street came the smell of asphalt, which at his expense and that of the other landlords in the street, was being poured out on the pavement. The strong smell irritated him.

"There's your municipal administration"—the old recluse moaned—"They cover the pavements with such brittle stinking material that one's head is near split. I wish you were all in hell for ever, and first of all that engineer who wrote so much and so often about asphalt that in the end he got the contract. What a scoundrel. . . ."

And with a certain satisfaction he reflected that the engineer might really go to hell and stay there for ever. But then he remembered that a moment ago the messenger cursed him:

"They won't even have you in hell!"

"What a fool," Old Luke muttered, "Why shouldn't they have me in hell. . . .?"

But he soon realized that he was talking nonsense and damaging his own reputation. For if they didn't throw him out of hell, he would have to remain there forever, boiling in pitch. . . .

"What for?"—muttered the old man, "What do I owe to anyone?"

But his conscience must have reproached him with something, for he soon corrected himself:

"Of course I don't owe anything to anybody. . . . All my life I've never borrowed money from anyone."

Still, even this excuse did not set him at ease.

Old Luke was strangely upset. The smell of asphalt was growing stronger

and his headache was getting worse and worse. He couldn't help thinking about the fate of the barrister Crispin, who was already dead, though he was only sixty, and who had died so suddenly.

And that fine team of whist players, who only played for points, how rapidly it was vanishing! One judge had died of apoplexy at the age of fifty eight, the second of consumption, when only fifty. The third had fallen down the stairs and been killed. The Prosecutor had probably taken poison, and now had come the turn of the barrister.

Compared with old Luke's seventy years, they were all youngsters, and nevertheless they had all departed from this world. There, beyond the grave they had a full complement of whist players and if they were not playing, it must be because he wasn't there yet.

"Brrr . . . I feel cold," old Luke muttered. "And now, on top of it that asphalt. . . . What a business it would be if this smoke should choke me now . . . right away. . . . When the case in court hasn't been settled, the joiner's chattels haven't been sold, the apartments are still vacant and the plasterer may steal his tools. . . . And the porter . . . if I were to die, he would search my body and find the thirty thousand pounds under my vest. . . . And I shouldn't be able to call the police. . . . Can I possibly have lived for seventy years? My childhood, school, the office, the whist, and so forth, all seem to have happened yesterday, but the worries, the lawsuits, the loneliness. . . ." oh, how long they've been dragging on.

Old Luke was seized with a sudden fear. Never before had he thought so seriously about living, never before had he contemplated life, he had simply grabbed and accumulated everything he could lay his hands on.

Oogh! Did these new, unheard-of thoughts mean that the end was near?

Old Luke wanted to get up, but his legs refused to support him. He wanted to pull the scarf off his head, but his hands had lost their power. And when he tried to open his eyes . . . he couldn't.

"I must have died!"—he groaned, feeling that his very lips, too, were numb.

When Old Luke recovered consciousness, he was no longer lying on his bed, he was standing in a vast hall in front of an iron door. The hall was vaulted and had a tiled floor. On the doors was fastened an enormous lock, through the keyhole of which one could see the adjacent apartment.

Old Luke peeped through the hole.

He beheld two large chambers, one behind the other. In the first someone very much resembling the barrister Crispin was reading a large folio of legal documents. In the second was a table covered with baize cloth and a few straight-backed chairs upholstered in

black leather. At the farther end, in front of large cupboards filled with documents, four men were changing their clothes and putting on robes which were either too tight or too loose and all of which were much faded.

Old Luke felt rather uncomfortable. He knew the four men quite well. One of them, lame and with scars on his face, reminded him of the judge who had been killed by falling down stairs. The second one, rather fat, with a short neck and blue face was a very double of the judge who had died of apoplexy. The third, as thin as a bean stick, a walking and coughing skeleton, was no other but the judge who had died of consumption. And the fourth one was the Prosecutor himself, who always quarrelled with everyone at whist, who was always sick and always liverish and who in a spell of hypochondria had taken poison.

What was the meaning of it all? . . . Was old Luke asleep and dreaming? . . .

The old man pinched himself, and only then did he realise that instead of his dressing gown, he was wearing a long, black, padded frock coat. He felt a prick under the chin. It was a collar starched so stiffly that in all his life he never had one like it. He also noticed that his feet were aching, and looking down, he saw that he had a new pair of shoes on. They were new and too small for him!

Old Luke was seized with boundless amazement. He gave up all attempt to reason, he lost his memory, and, what was worse, he began to regard the presence of the four dead whist partners as most natural.

In this frame of mind he pressed the great latch. The heavy doors opened and he entered a chamber vaulted like the vestibule and resembling the refectory of a large convent. At that moment, the individual reading the documents turned, and Old Luke recognized the barrister Crispin.

The lawyer seemed somewhat battered about, but his hand was uninjured and the expression of his face was quite natural.

Managing Myself. 4

SELF-PITY by E. S. Barber, M.A.

Do you ever go for a walk over the mountains? Then you'll know what it's like to run into a patch of bog; your feet get stuck and the more you struggle the worse you get caught.

Self pity is like that bog. It's a desperately easy habit to get into and the more you wallow in it the harder it is to get out.

We all know the type of person who thinks that life has a special "down" on him. Very often he has had every advantage; but he's got s oused to pitying himself that he can't see it.

"You're alive, Crispin?" Old Luke exclaimed, pressing his friend's hand.

The barrister gave him a quizzical look.

"Your clerk," Old Luke continued, "wrote to me that the train you were travelling in was wrecked. . . ."

"So it was."

"And he assumed that you'd been killed. . . ."

"So I was," the lawyer replied, unconcernedly.

Old Luke hesitated as if he could not believe his ears.

"How is that?" he asked "Were you really killed in that train disaster?"

"Of course."

"Killed outright?"

"Of course," the barrister answered, impatiently. "When I myself tell you that I have been killed, it must be the truth."

Old Luke had to think hard. According to earthly logic, what his friend was telling him would not be called "truth" but nonsense. But at that very moment the old man began to have an inkling of a new kind of logic, in which the barrister who spoke of his own death as having taken place seemed if not an ordinary, at least, a probable phenomenon.

"Tell me, tell me, my dear Crispin," asked Luke, "tell me . . . haven't they stolen your money?"

"Not at all, it is here, in this room."

With these words the lawyer pointed to a shelf, on which, among a pile of old documents the packet of bonds could be seen.

Luke became indignant.

"Now that's all wrong, my dear Crispin. It may get lost!" he exclaimed.

"What do I care? Treasury bonds have no value here."

"You mean that only gold has?" Luke asked.

"Gold has no value either. We get free beard and lodgings here, clothes don't get worn out and when we play whist, we stake our venial sins."

(To be continued).

(Continued from page 30)

good deal deeper than that. We've got to get quite clear that life isn't a picnic. It's a school—and sometimes a pretty hard school. No one has things easy all the time—even those whom we're inclined to envy.

I'll never forget a woman in one parish I worked in. Her husband died and left her with seven children of whom the eldest was just leaving school. She had only a small pension and a bigish rent to meet out of it. If anyone might have given way to self-pity it was she. But she faced that terrific burden with splendid courage and unbroken faith in God. If ever I saw faith working, it was in her.

Most of us are apt to want a ready-made good world. God couldn't have

made a world like that unless He made men like puppets on a string. The very fact of free will involves the possibility of things going wrong. God took that risk when He gave men the freedom to choose for themselves.

We've got a world in which good seems often on the scaffold and evil on the throne; a world in which cruelty and greed and injustice seem rampant; a world that could not tolerate in it the presence of the Son of God.

Have you accepted that fact and reconciled yourself to it? Or are you still quarrelling with God about the world in which He has put you?

The courageous reaction to the evil in the world is not to sit down and deplore it; but to get up and fight it.



Glories of Moorish Architecture
The Moulay of Idris in Fez

There is a great story about self-pity in the Bible. Elijah was a very giant among men; but one day he seemed faced with failure and he turned and ran away and asked God to take away his life. He felt that his work had been in vain, that he himself stood alone as champion of a lost cause. But God showed him how self-pity had clouded his vision and made him see things all wrong. He told him to go back and fight on, and forget himself in the tasks that lay to his hand.

God says the same to you. Your way may be hard. You may be finding the struggle of life full of difficulty. But you were put into the world to fight. The Christian life is not a pleasure cruise, but a crusade; and the crown is given only to those who bear the cross.

If you want a harvest in one year, plant corn;

If you want a harvest in ten years, plant trees;

If you want a harvest in one hundred years, plant men.

Old Chinese proverb.

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CUT OUT
AND SEND
TO DAY -

But the problem of self pity goes a
(Continued on page 31)

WOMEN AT HOME

Dear Women Readers,

I'll tell you a story. It is a true story of amazing courage and heroism on the part of a boy of 13, and is retold by Honoré Morrow with imagination and a real understanding of children. The events of this story took place just a hundred years ago, during the old pioneering days on the Continent of America. My forebears were pioneers, and the spirit of adventure and "moving on" runs hot in my veins, which is probably why I was so moved by this story. I should like the book to be in the hands of every restless, irresponsible adolescent in the country!

Well, I will begin: John was the eldest son of Henry and Naomi Sager. He was born in 1841 in Ohio. After the arrival of Francis and Catherine, the family moved to a farm in Missouri. Whilst there the stork called repeatedly and left Elizabeth, Louisa and Matilda. Henry Sager was often told of a wonderful, rich and fertile valley beyond the Blue Mountains, called the Willamette in Oregon, over 2,000 miles away. He was very anxious to go there, but Naomi was against it, as very few white women had travelled that long and dangerous way and certainly none with a large young family. But Henry was so eager and when their growing sons also wanted to go, then Naomi gave in and they set off with an expedition of 14,000 other people on this long journey.

John was then 13, Francis 11, Catherine 10, Elizabeth 6, Louisa 4 and Matilda 3. John was a naughty, irresponsible boy, unwilling to do his share of work, sulking and resentful when he was punished. Once during the journey, after a "licking" from his father, he packed up his belongings and some food and ran away. But the neighbourhood was alive with bad and thieving Indians and John was awakened after his first night's rest by an evil-smelling Indian who demanded every garment and possession he had. He took them and left John standing naked! Fortunately for John a scout came riding along and after making him promise not to do such a foolish thing again, took him back, with some clothes on, to his caravan. He found on his return that another sister, Anna, had been born, and that Catherine had fallen down and broken her leg. They moved on, getting hungrier and poorer and were often held up by the wet weather.

Then dysentery spread through the camp and many died. John and Francis were ill but recovered, but their father was very ill and after a few days severe illness, he died. John was deeply distressed over this, and he now, with-

out being told, undertook his father's duties which he fulfilled well and willingly. His mother's words he was never to forget: "John, I wish you had been a better son to your father these last few months."

Three weeks later—what terrible misfortune—the mother Naomi also died from dysentery and "lung fever". Just before she died she told John that the baby Anna was to be his baby and to be his special care and that he should try to keep the family together.

This family of young children was now a terrible burden upon the rest of the caravans and various plans were made for them, but none of the plans suited John, as he was determined to carry out his father's dream and get to the Willamette valley. Overcoming many difficulties and much opposition, the eldest three children decided to trick their grown-ups and make their own plans, meaning to catch the others up after a week's travel, when they could not be turned back. John bartered his father's best suit for food and ammunition, and they packed up and started off in the middle of the night, three children on one ox, two on the other, Betsy the cow following, and John with the baby in his arms in front leading the oxen.

It was the maddest scheme, but John felt pleased with himself and in spite of cold and snow, everything went well for the first few days. It must have been a very lonely and very terrifying experience, and always there was the fear of Indians. John must have been a marvellously brave boy to have undertaken such responsibility. The route was often strewn with huge black rocks, there were immensely deep canyons, endless rivers to cross. That that month-old baby survived the thousand-mile trail carried by John all the way is really the most amazing thing. To cross the deep madly rushing "Snake" river once, he had to make a raft for the children. He himself rode on one of the oxen, trying to guide them, but the current was too much for them, and then Betsy, the cow—now yielding so little milk, poor thing—was added to the team, and between them they got across. This was a terrible strain and ordeal for John, but he nevertheless swam back with Betsy the next day to fetch their things. "One can but wonder what Henry and Naomi Sager would have said, could they have looked down from heaven upon that terrible crossing. The grand, desolate valley; the wicked, rushing river; the tiny, tiny, fragile craft with its freight so inexpressibly dear to them. Surely, the sight was enough to make even one safe in heaven tremble and weep."

The following day they were forced by Indians to camp with them, and during the night they robbed the children of all their food, ammunition, guns and extra blankets. John was so discouraged after this, that he decided he must find the other six children a suitable camping site, and then go on alone to catch up the rest of the outfit and ask them to wait. He took the wrong trail and after three days came across a part of the outfit which was heading for California. They did not want all those children travelling with them, and sent John back with food, ammunition, and clothes for the baby—renamed Henrietta Naomi—on an old pony.

So the children set off once more, sometimes finding good camping sites for the night, once a hot spring, catching and shooting their food as they went, Betsy still yielding a little milk for Henrietta. They caught up the Oregon caravans, but alas, the people were all ill with dysentery, they did not want and could not help the children, and John, decided that after a short rest they must travel on alone. Sometimes they met good Indians who helped them cross a river. They had been warned of the terrible difficulty of crossing the Blue Mountains, but somehow they managed it. One day, Silas, the one remaining ox who carried most of the children, knelt down and died on the mountain side; they all cried round him. This was a terrible loss. From then on they had to walk, only Catherine, who was lame from her broken leg, and one of the smaller ones riding on Betsy.

At last the Blue Mountains were behind them, and this bedraggled, half-starved, wild little party arrived at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, who adopted them all, but not until John had been assured that when he was older and able to manage a farm he would be given a stretch of that fine fertile black land in the Willamette valley which had been his father's dream.

RUTH MCCORMICK



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MAY, 1951

SAINT PETER'S, EAST BRIDGFORD CHURCH MAGAZINE



SERVICES

SUNDAYS:—

Holy Communion: 8 a.m.
Holy Eucharist: 11 a.m. 1st and 3rd Sundays.
Matins: 11 a.m. 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays.
Evensong: 6-30 p.m.
Children: 3-30 p.m.

R.A.F. Station, Newton:—

Morning Service—Sundays: 9-45 a.m.
Children: 2-30 p.m.

Rector:

Rev. G. R. D. McLEAN, M.A., The Hall (Tel. 218).

Rector's Warden:

Mr. R. WING, The Old Manor House (Tel. 245).

People's Warden:

Mr. E. MILLINGTON, Millgate.

Sidesmen:

Dr. G. O. BROOKS, Messrs. G. BATEMAN,
A. V. DENT, L. HAND, E. INGRAM, C. L.
WESTLEY, L. W. A. WHITE and F. YOUNG

Organist:

Mr. J. H. SHARDLOW, College Street.

Choirmaster:

Mr. N. RHODES, The School House (Tel. 226).

Sexton: Mr. L. JOHNSON, Closen Side Lane.

Hon. Verger: Miss HAND, Toll Bar Lane.

Hon. Treas. to P.C.C.: Mr. N. ASHTON HILL,
"Highclere," Kneeton Road (Tel. 298).

Hon. Sec. to P.C.C.: Mr. C. L. WESTLEY,
"Strathmore," Kneeton Road (Tel. 271).

Hon. Sec. to Freewill Offering: Miss HAND.

Leader of the Bellringers: Mr. A. V. DENT,
Cuttle Hill.

Mothers' Union—Enrolling Member.

Mrs. HUNT, Kneeton Road (Tel. 219).

Boys' Brigade—Captain:

Mr. E. BULLERS, Toll Bar Lane (Tel. 301).

Girls' Friendly Society:

Mrs. WESTLEY and Mrs. McLEAN.

O BEND my words and acts to Thee,
 However ill,
 That I, whate'er I say or be,
 May serve Thee still.

O let my thoughts abide in Thee
 Lest I should fall :
 Show me Thyself in all I see,
 Thou Lord of all.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE Archdeacon of Nottingham, at his visitation in April, made an announcement of interest and importance to everyone. It was to the effect that gravestones and kerbs of marble, or polished stone, would no longer be allowed to be placed in churchyards without a faculty from the Chancellor of the Diocese, and that this would not readily be granted. This pronouncement is the culmination of a long effort to improve the appearance of churchyards and burying grounds by encouraging the use of local stones or slate which harmonise with the nearby buildings. It is undoubtedly a right decision, for there is no question but that the general appearance of modern graveyards is made hideous by the lack of uniformity and the conglomeration of varied memorials. Relatives are not always to blame; firms of monumental masons only offer certain lines from which choice can be made; and there is always the temptation to think that by providing an expensive memorial, the respect and affection for the departed is increased and shown.

If anyone wishes to test the wisdom of the decision for himself, let him enter East Bridgford churchyard and look at the dignified and orderly slate stones that flank him as he goes in; and then let him look at the higgledy-piggledy shapes, colours and sizes as he descends the hill beyond the church.

The aim, surely, of any memorial should be to provide a thing of beauty, expressing the beauty of good thoughts of the departed, and setting up something permanent to improve the appearance of the enclosure where all men are truly equal.

* * * *

The death of Mrs. Boyce, not entirely unexpected after her prolonged spells of illness and complications, is a grievous loss to the village. Not everyone realises how much the social life of Bridgford depended upon her unfailing and continued piloting of the Village Hall for many years. She was an excellent secretary; she loved the work which she gave freely; and like so many others who have experienced bitter suffering and blows, she was herself most lovable.

Her daughter and son both wish to offer their thanks for the many expressions and tokens of sympathy which they received.

* * * *

The Mothers' Union took part in the Deanery Festival Service on Lady Day (April 30th this year) at Whatton-in-the-Vale. The preacher was the Rural Dean (Bishop J. R. Weller); and the whole trip was both inspiring and enjoyable. The new banner is almost completed, and has proved less expensive than anticipated. It has been worked beautifully by Miss Games on a lovely piece of damask given by Mrs. Harry Curtis, to the design of Mrs. McLean.

* * * *

BAPTISM.

April 1st—Christine Joyce Tyler.

BURIAL.

April 10th—Florence May Boyce (72 years).

CHRISTIAN RENEWAL

Vol. VI. No. 5

EDITED BY D. R. DAVIES

MAY, 1951

MAN TO MAN

The Editor Speaks to all Parishioners

DURING this month of May, which, I trust, will live up to its reputation, a very considerable event is going to take place—the opening of the Festival of Britain. It is a hundred years since anything comparable to it took place at the Crystal Palace Exhibition in 1851. A lot of water has flowed under the bridges since then. I want to talk over this event of the Festival: first of all, to take stock, so to speak, of the last hundred years; and second, to try to estimate some of the things which our country has achieved during that time, and, finally, to remember the greatness of our nation and what she can still contribute to the world.

The Last Hundred Years

It is of the utmost importance for all Christian people in particular that they should not miss what I call "the spiritual aspect of the Festival of Britain." It is an aspect which is sure to be hidden from the common eye. The Festival of Britain, simply because it celebrates a hundred years of British history, symbolizes something which will not be openly and audibly celebrated. No speeches will be made at the Festival itself or elsewhere to the effect that Britain, in common with the rest of the civilized world, has been nursing a delusion, and fondling an empty hope. But this is the truth. It is the most decisive and important truth of the whole Festival, however much it may be ignored, as ignored it will most assuredly be. All the more necessary, therefore, is it that we who think of ourselves as Christians should realize it. The Festival, all unwittingly symbolises a Delusion. How?

The concrete and uppermost idea behind the Festival is the tremendous technical, material progress that Britain has made in the last hundred years, all of which is the result of applied science. All that is true in the sense that it is an actual fact. There is no comparison, for instance, between the "puffing billies" that pulled the railway carriages in 1851 and the complicated, beautiful steel monsters that pull them in 1951, just as there is no comparison between the primitive cannon of 1851 and the electric artillery of 1951, which can destroy targets at a distance greater in miles than the cannon of 1851 could in yards. All this is an undeniable fact.

But what is NOT a fact—and this is the vastly more important point—is this: that the hopes

which our world placed in technical progress and triumph have been in the least bit realized. *They have not.* Richard Cobden, for example, expected that international trade would automatically abolish war between nations. Every manufacturer was an ambassador of peace. The century which was to witness perpetual peace has, on the contrary, seen the tragedy of more and more numerous wars, each one more destructive than its predecessor, more productive of hatred, bitterness and division.

The Penny Post was to make wars impossible by greater communication between people, leading to more knowledge of one another. And, so it was believed (fatuously), as people got to know one another better, the more they would grow to like one another. Whoever started that silly idea? Mere familiarity leads at least as much to misunderstanding as to its opposite.

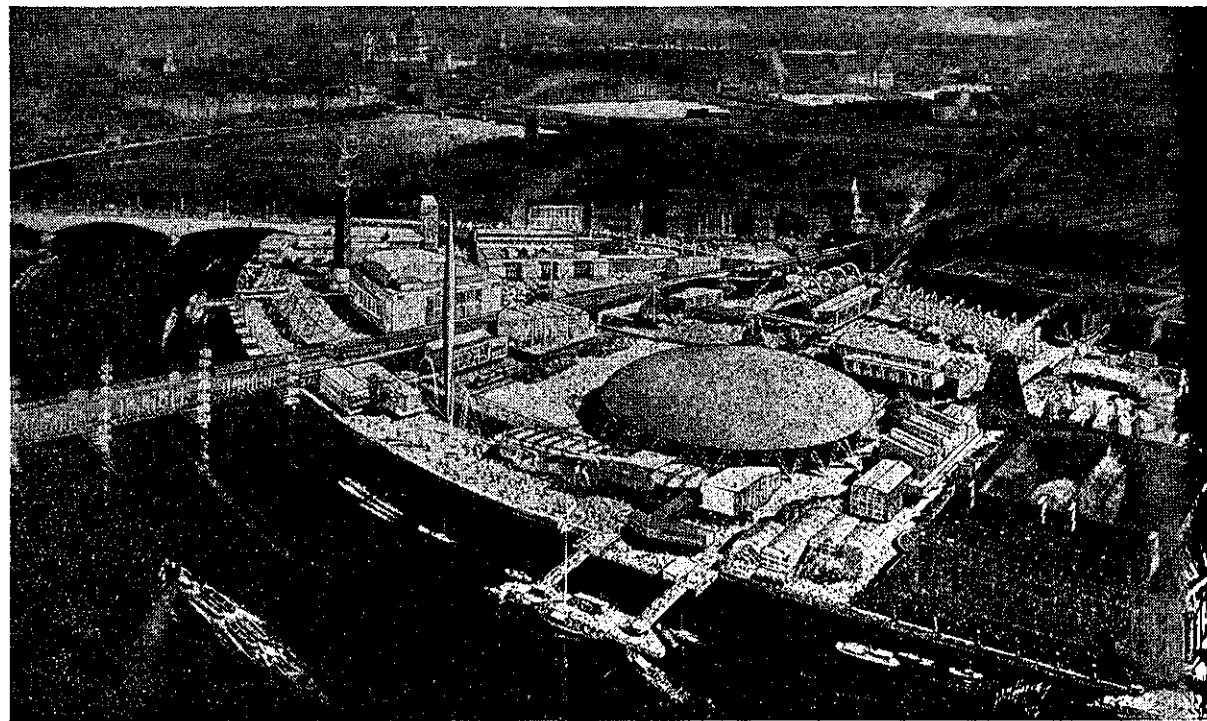
It was the firm belief of our fathers and grandfathers in the last hundred years that technical, material progress would automatically result in moral and spiritual betterment too; that greater quantity would mean finer quality. *And it has not.* People in Britain today are not better because of the greater number of things which they make use of. They may be better than their ancestors of a hundred years ago. On the other hand, they may be worse. But be they better or worse has less than nothing to do with material progress.

The idea that by controlling material nature you thereby, as a by-product, control human nature is a snare and a delusion. This is the deepest lesson we may learn from the Festival of Britain.

The British Achievement

The Festival of Britain gives us the opportunity to unlearn a great deal of the nonsense and the untruth which fifty years of socialist propaganda have instilled into us about Great Britain and her Empire and imperial activities. I confess that I derive a great deal of grim enjoyment from the fact that it is a Socialist Government that is providing the opportunity for us. And I confess too that I played my part in the past in spreading this particular propaganda. Let me give a brief summary of it.

How many billions and trillions of words have been spoken and written in the last fifty years by ignorant, starry-eyed idealists to the effect that



Artist's impression of the South Bank Exhibition, London Festival of Britain, 1951

British capitalism formented war, that England was the blood-sucker of primitive peoples, and the shameless exploiter of India, China and the Seven Seas? We know, of course, that Britain has been guilty of a great deal of exploitation. But the picture painted of British Imperialism in the last hundred years was a picture of exploitation only. *And that is a gross lie*, as Mr. Nehru is realizing now that he has to govern India without the help of Great Britain. It was not Indians, in the first place, who built schools for the education of the out-castes; hospitals in which to heal their poor diseased-worn bodies; factories which resulted in a higher standard of living for them; railways which enabled Indians to get to know their own country better; better methods and principles of farming to increase their food-supply. It wasn't Indians who built those dams which

irrigate the soil of India, the drains and sanitation systems, but the despised British. Let us restore the balance a bit. Let us now, at the opening of the Festival of Britain, praise the famous British, who, while they have done many cruel things, have also done many fine and noble things.

For nearly a hundred years, the British Navy policed the seas and gave the world a peace which it has not known since. The account of British Imperialism isn't all debit. There is also a credit side, a very considerable credit side indeed, as the presence at the Festival of men and women of all creeds, colours and races will amply testify. The British Navy, when it ruled the waves never inspired the terror and fear which the Red Armies inspire wherever they plant their cruel feet. It never sowed concentration camps and tyranny in its wake.

The British are a Great Breed Still

Nineteen Hundred and Fifty One finds the world, and Great Britain's place in it, a vastly different reality from that of 1851. True, too true. *But it is not a better, freer or saner world.* The world in which the British Bulldog was top dog was a far freer, finer world than this world of today over which the Russian bear has cast its ugly shadow. The British Navy is no longer undisputed mistress of the seven seas—to the detriment of the whole world, even of the Russian part of it. Away with the rotten sentimentalism of Left-wing Socialism, and let us face the facts by way of a change.

A nation whose record can boast the great contributions to civilization and peace that Britain can claim in the last hundred years is not a nation that needs to hang its head in shame. Not it.

by a very long chalk. Let us as British people in this very much worse world in which the Festival of Britain opens lift up our heads and our hearts. Great Britain is still a Great Power and—what is even a fact of greater importance—she is still a great Nation. There is no greater nation in the world today than this beloved nation in which Providence has placed you and me. Don't lend your ears to the dismal jimmies who croak *Ichabod*; who say that our day and destiny are done. Don't you believe it. Great Britain's greatest task is yet to be done, namely, the preservation of liberty in the world, which cannot be achieved without the co-operation of Britain. God bless the British Bulldog.

A. R. Davies.

FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN—1951

Some outstanding features of the programme

(NOTE: we print here, for the convenience of our readers all over the country, some of the outstanding features of the Festival.—Editor.)

Feature One

At a time when an Iron Curtain is being clamped down to hide and seal off nearly half of the world, Great Britain is opening wide her gates to all the world, foe as well as friend, to enter in and see for themselves, without any restraint, the British Way of Life. Visitors can be absolutely assured that their footsteps will not be dogged by secret police, either uniformed or in plain-clothes.

PROGRAMMES

I. In London

- (1) State opening by His Majesty the King, after a Service in St. Paul's Cathedral on May 3rd.
- (2) South Bank Exhibition, May 3—October 31.
- (3) Exhibition of Science, Kensington, May 3—October 31.

- (4) Exhibition of Architecture, Lansbury, Poplar, May 3—October 31.
- (5) Exhibition of Books, Victoria & Albert Museum, May 3—October 31.

II. In Glasgow

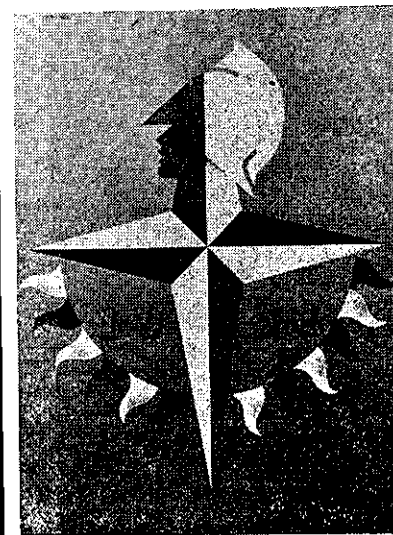
Exhibition of Industrial Power, Kelvin Hall, May 28—August 31.

III. In Belfast

Ulster Farm and Factory Exhibition, June 1—August 31.

ARTS FESTIVALS

- (1) London Festival of The Arts: May 3—June 30.
- (2) Aberdeen Festival: July 30—August 13.
- (3) Alaeburgh Festival: June 8—17
- (4) Bath Assembly: May 20—June 2.
- (5) Belfast Festival: May 7—June 30.
- (6) Bournemouth and Wessex Festival: June 3—17.
- (7) Brighton Regency Festival: July 16—August 25.
- (8) Cambridge Festival: July 30—August 18.
- (9) Canterbury Festival: July 18—August 10.
- (10) Cheltenham Festival of Contemporary British Music:
- (11) Dumfries Festival: June 24—30.
- (12) Edinburgh Festival of Music and Drama: August 19—September 8.
- (13) Inverness 1951 Highland Festival: June 17—30.
- (14) Liverpool Festival: July 22—August 12.
- (15) Llangollen (International Musical Eisteddfod): July 3—8.
- (16) Llanrwst (National Eisteddfod of Wales): August 6—11.
- (17) Norwich Festival: June 18—30.
- (18) Oxford Festival: July 2—16.
- (19) Perth Arts Festival: May 27—June 16.
- (20) St. David's Festival (Music and Worship): July 10—13.
- (21) Stratford Shakespeare Festival: April—October.
- (22) Swansea Festival of Music: September 16—29.
- (23) Worcester Three Choirs Festival: September 2—7.
- (24) York Festival: June 3—17.



The Symbol of the Festival of Britain, 1951, designed by A. Games, F.S.I.A. The design shows the head of Britannia surmounting the star of the compass

SPECIAL EVENTS

In Scotland

- (1) Edinburgh: Gathering of The Clans, August 16—19.
- (2) Exhibition of Eighteenth-century Books, August 3—September 15.
- (3) Exhibition of Scottish Architecture and Traditional Crafts, July—September.
- (4) Glasgow: Exhibition of Contemporary Books, June 1—July 28.

In Wales

- (1) Cardiff: Pageant of Wales, July 25—August 6.
- (2) Exhibition of Contemporary Painting and St. Fagan's Folk Festival, July 16—28.
- (3) Dolhendre, Merioneth: Welsh Hillside Farm Scheme, May—September.

In Northern Ireland

- (1) Belfast: Royal Ulster Agricultural Show, May 23—26.
- (2) Combined Services Tattoo, August 29—September 1.

N.B.—All enquiries regarding the Festival should be addressed to—Festival of Britain Information Centre, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

COSMO'S CONVERSION

or the Soul of an Archbishop

By GEORGE H. STEVENS

TO many people Cosmo Lang, Archbishop successively of York and Canterbury seemed a proud and somewhat aloof figure, not the kind of person with whom one would associate the word conversion. But in the written memoirs prepared by him before his death to assist his biographers he revealed himself not only as a true Christian who walked humbly with his God, but also as one who claimed to have had what is commonly called a "sudden conversion."

Son of the Manse

Like many others who have made valuable contributions to Christian history Cosmo Lang was, in the literal sense a "son of the Manse," his father being the minister of the famous Barony Church in Glasgow. He thus imbibed an atmosphere of Christian piety from his earliest years, but there is no sign of personal spiritual experience until his seventeenth year. Shortly before that period he summarised his youthful ambitions by writing an imaginary entry under his own name in "Who's Who." It was a glittering career of worldly success which he planned for himself culminating in his elevation to the peerage and attainment of the office of Prime Minister. Such a career might well have been his had not he been captured by a loyalty higher even than that which he always owed to his earthly sovereign.

Spirit Awakened

God has many ways by which He draws men and women to himself, and in the case of Lang, surprising though it may be to some people, philosophy was the schoolmaster which brought him to God. He had recently been reading Stirling's "Secret of Hegel." For a time, he tells us, like the universe, as he was taught, he existed only in and for thought, and it was this intellectual awakening which led to the first awakening of the spirit. "I remember" he tells us, "one experience, strange perhaps in a mere boy, which might be classed with the experience of sudden conversions. I was standing, full of thought, in Kelvingrove Park, when suddenly I cried aloud—if anyone had heard he must have thought the boy was mad: 'The Universe is one and its Unity and Ultimate Reality is God!'

Easy words, no doubt, but they were the quick and real expression of an overwhelming sense that then and there I had got behind phenomena to Reality and found that Reality was God." There can be no doubt about the reality of that experience since its effects lasted a life-time. Lang himself says that he never wholly lost the sense of God's presence that came to him that day. In his own words "This half-intellectual, half-spiritual conversion has been as abiding as, perhaps more abiding than, such experiences usually are. From that moment it lay at the root of all my religious life and thought."

A deeper and more definitely Christian experience was, however, to follow, for Lang did not, at once, surrender the worldly ambitions of his boyhood. While at Oxford, he tells us, his religious life was mainly formal and impersonal. He was very slack and intermittent in any habit of personal prayer. He used sometimes to attend the University sermons at St. Mary's, but mainly this was due to the curiosity of the Scotch student and his desire to compare the performance of the leading Anglican preachers with that of the great Scottish divines revered in his own home. It was not until after he had left Oxford and was doing social work at Oxford House in East London that he became sufficiently interested in personal religion to be troubled by serious doubts. Then, at the age of twenty-two he began to question in his mind such things as the existence of a personal God, the Divinity of Christ and the truth of Christianity generally.

It was then or shortly after, he tells us, that he happened by chance to read these words from St. John's Gospel: "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." "I remember," he says "saying to myself: 'I must trust the man who spoke those words and try my best to follow him.'"

Unbidden Question

Little did he realise where that decision was to lead him. Shortly afterwards he was elected a Fellow of All Souls, a greatly coveted honour, and it seemed as though the glittering dreams of his youth might indeed be fulfilled. His inward life may still have been somewhat uneasy, but outwardly all was bright and promising. It was

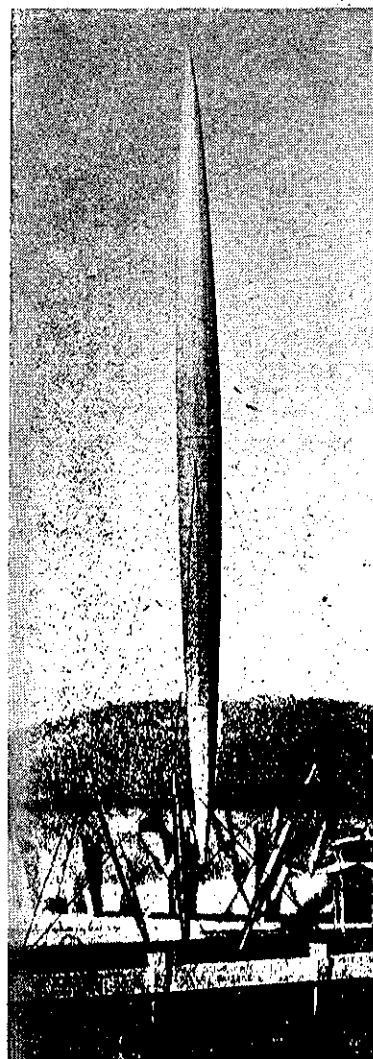
then, in a mood of buoyant self-confidence that he went to stay for a short holiday at his home in Wiltshire with his friend Tupper-Carey who was intending to be ordained in the near future. "Tupper" was troubled by doubts and difficulties and young Lang expended his best eloquence and argumentative ability in persuading him to go forward. Suddenly, in his own words "as the horses were walking down the slope in the setting sun, a question unbidden, wholly irrelevant to anything that had previously entered my thoughts shot itself into my mind—'After all, why shouldn't you be ordained?' At first he laughed inwardly at this seemingly foolish question but the Divine Voice had spoken in his soul and would not be silenced. He heard the words ringing in his ears in the train on his way back to London, and it went on constantly interrupting him in the course of his legal work. At last he confided in a friend who disconcertingly replied: 'Well, I've always thought you would make a better parson than a lawyer.'

The Inward Voice

As a last resort, since he could not rid himself of his burden in any other way he began to pray about it, always a dangerous thing to do when the voice may be the voice of God! The result was only to increase the pressure and in a mood of great perplexity while spending a week-end at All Souls' he walked over to Cuddesdon where there was a theological college. What follows is best told in his own words "I went to the Parish Church for Evensong. The whole scene is indelibly impressed on my memory. I sat in the second pew from the pulpit . . . I paid little attention to the service and less to the sermon, but I had a strong sense that something was about to happen. I was not in the least excited; there was no sort of nervous tension; I had only prayed during the service in some such manner as this—'I can't go on with the struggle. End it Lord, one way or another.' Then suddenly, while the unheeded sermon went on, I was gripped by a clear conviction. It had all the strength of a masterful inward voice. 'You are wanted. You are called. You must obey.' As I walked back to Oxford I felt like a man who had been suddenly set free from chains; and I really could have shouted for joy . . . That night in my rooms at All Souls' I prayed as I had never prayed in my life before. But all my prayers had the one refrain 'I obey, and I am free.' Later the words came to my mind; 'I will run the way of thy Commandments when Thou hast set my heart at Liberty.' Thus did God call to himself away from a life of

May, 1951

May, 1951



A view of the Skylon in the model of the 1951 Exhibition, Thames Bank, London

The photographs in this issue reproduced by courtesy of the Festival of Britain Office

worldly success the man who was eventually destined to be Archbishop of Canterbury. Years afterwards, he said of the experience "If there be a Personal God, if He is ever concerned with or speaks to the individual spirit He then and thus spoke to me. I have staked my life on this and though the remembrance of it brings not only trust, but also rebuke and humiliation, I cannot doubt its truth."

CHRISTIAN RENEWAL

37

THE CONVERT

A Story by

BOLESŁAW PRUS

III.

OLD LUKE could understand nothing of what he heard, but he stopped wondering.

"But still," he said to Crispin, "even in such circumstances gold has certain attractions. It has its gleam, its chink."

The barrister went up to the wall and opened a small iron door. Old Luke then saw a blinding glare belching forth as if from a furnace of molten steel, he heard the groans of a thousand voices and the clatter of chains.

He hurriedly closed his eyes and stopped his ears. Never before had his nerves received an equally strong impression.

The barrister banged the little iron door and said: "That has a better sound and a brighter gleam than gold. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," replied Luke, at ease again, "but what about the weight and durability of gold?"

For a moment Crispin kept sadly silent.

"Luke"—he exclaimed, "Give me my glove. It's on that shelf there."

Luke quickly picked up a black glove of commonplace appearance, but dropped it at once. Then something incredible happened—that small object crashed on the floor with an impact like a lump of iron weighing several hundred pounds.

"What does it mean?" he asked, in terror.

"That, my dear Luke, is the material from which our clothes are made. The gloves and the tie weigh five hundred pounds each, the shoes two thousand pounds, the frock coat about a hundred thousand pounds and so on . . . As you see, we have enough of this weight, which you so much admire in gold!"

We have already said that from the moment he entered the hall, Old Luke had felt no surprise at anything, but had understood nothing. Now he began to get an inkling, which gradually got more and more clear of something. At the same time he was overcome by fear which, slight at first, was growing steadily. To dispel his doubts, and his fears with them, he tenderly pressed the lawyer's hand and whispered:

"Crispin, my dear fellow! Tell me . . . tell me, where am I?"

The barrister shrugged his shoulders. "Haven't you yet realized that you are beyond the grave, in a place where the dead exchange temporal existence for eternal life?"

Old Luke wiped the sweat off his brow.

"What a misfortune!"—he exclaimed—"I have left the house and my rooms with no one to look after them!"

A bell rang in the adjacent chamber.

"Who's there?" Luke suddenly asked.

"Our old whist partners: the judges and the prosecutor."

"Oh, so we can have a rubber?"—said Luke, a little comforted. "I saw a table there, too."

But Crispin was not reassuring.

"We do not play the game here,"—he replied, "but as far as you are concerned, we must first get over the official function. You must know that these gentlemen represent a special court, which will investigate your entire life and decide to which category of hell you belong. I am your defence counsel. I have studied the documents and I am afraid you will not be able to join us for a game of whist."

If Old Luke could have seen himself in a mirror he would have agreed that he was in fact a corpse—for, as he listened to the barrister, his appearance changed greatly.

"Crispin!" said the unfortunate man, his body trembling "so you are in hell?"

"Bah . . ."

"And I am to stay in hell? . . ."

"Oogh! . . ." grunted the barrister, astonished at such a question.

"And by what right are you going to judge me?"

"You see, they have a custom here that rogues sit in judgment on rogues," Crispin replied.

"My dear friend," Luke asked beseechingly "if that is so, please classify me in the section you are in yourselves."

"We should like to very much," the lawyer replied, "but . . ."

"But? . . . There can't be any but . . ."

"You must prove to the court that in the course of your long life you performed one disinterested deed."

"One?" Old Luke exclaimed. "A hundred . . . a thousand . . . All my life I acted disinterestedly."

Crispin shook his head disparagingly.

"My dear Luke," he replied, "from the study of your personal documents I couldn't see this at all. If, as you say, you had acted disinterestedly all your life, you would never have been able to join our company, which forms the eighth section of the eleventh branch of the fourth department of hell."

In the next room the bell rang for the second time.

And at the same time Luke heard the heavy voice of the judge who had died of apoplexy.

"Is the newcomer ready?"

"Let's go!" said the lawyer, taking Luke by the arm.

When they entered, the court was in plenary session, but none of the judges

as much as nodded in recognition to Luke. The old man cast his eyes round the chamber. In a huge cupboard were bundles of documents, each with a name attached. Luke rapidly glanced through the names and found to his amazement that he knew most of them, as they were the names of landlords in the city, whom he knew personally. On one shelf were documents of whist players, on another dice players, on still another of poker players.

Over the cupboard were thick cobwebs in which spiders with the faces of notorious usurers were occupied with tormenting the flies. In these poor insects Old Luke recognized the best known contemporary wasters.

This chamber was under the charge of an ex-police officer, who was generally known to have taken bribes and who had drunk himself to death.

The prosecutor opened the proceedings.

"My lord Justices," he said, indicating Luke. "This man, as you know from relevant documents, during the seventy years of long life he passed on earth, has never done anything good to anyone and has wronged many. For this conduct, by a sentence of a higher authority, he has been classified for the eleventh branch of the fourth department of hell. Now, we have to decide if he is to be admitted to our section or to another one . . . or perhaps . . . sent further on. This will depend on his personal deposition and his future conduct. I call upon counsel for defence."

Old Luke noticed that half-way through the Prosecutor's speech all the judges were fast asleep. This did not surprise him, because as a persistent litigant he had been familiar with various courts on earth.

Mr. Crispin had never shone brighter as a defending counsel than on the present occasion. He was confounding the case, he was quibbling and lying so well that the surprised faces of the devils looked in through the grilled windows. But the judges continued to doze unshakably, for they knew that even in hell it was useless to listen to arguments which had no foundation in fact.

At last the barrister came to his senses and exclaimed: "And now, my Lords Justices, I shall quote only one truth in favour of my client but that is irrefutable. He was . . . he was a first class whist player."

"That's true!" the judges whispered, waking up.

"He could go on playing for hours without ever getting flustered."

"That's true . . ."

"I have nothing more to add!" ended the lawyer.

"You are quite right," replied the Prosecutor—"And now, will you describe one, just one act, which the accused performed disinterestedly in

his life. Otherwise, as you well know, this sinner cannot be admitted to our section."

"He was such a good player . . ." whispered the judge who had killed himself by falling down the stairs.

The eloquent lawyer silently studied the numerous documents in the case. Obviously, he had nothing more to say. Luke's case looked so hopeless that the Prosecutor himself felt sorry.

"Accused!" he exclaimed, "Don't you remember one single disinterested deed in your life . . . a good deed?"

"Justices," replied Luke, bowing respectfully. "I had the pavement in front of my house paved with asphalt."

"But not before you raised the rents all round—" interrupted the Prosecutor.

"I had the lavatory rebuilt . . ."

"Yes, the police forced you to."

Luke tried to remember.

"I got married!" he said, after a while.

But the Prosecutor waved his hand disparagingly and asked sternly:

"Have you got anything more to say?"

"Worshipful justices!" cried Luke, very much scared now—"I have performed many disinterested acts in my life . . . but I am old . . . my memory is failing . . ."

At this the lawyer jumped up as if he had been sprinkled with holy water.

"My Lords Justices," he said. "The accused is right. If he were to search, he would undoubtedly find many a fine deed in his life—disinterested, noble deeds. But what can he do, if memory fails him? I request therefore, I even demand that in view of the age and fear of the accused, the court should not be satisfied with his depositions, but should submit him to tests which will show all his lofty qualities in their full lustre. . . ."

The suggestion was accepted and the court considered what test to apply.

Managing Myself. 5.

SELF AND OTHERS

By E. S. BARBER, M.A.

DO you ever think about the faces you see in buses or cafes or in the streets? Some, of course, are happy; but a good number have discontent and bitterness written all over them.

Of course, there are many reasons. Some come from unhappy homes; some are overworked or underpaid; some are not well. But what is wrong with a good number of them is that their relations with other people are wrong. They are cherishing grievances and resentments and poisoning their own lives.

Some of these grievances are quite small and yet they prove terribly persistent. Somebody laughed at you and made you look a fool; or cut you and

Meanwhile Old Luke looked round and noticed a new figure standing behind him. This looked like a court usher, but his face resembled that of a disgraced solicitor, who had gained notoriety on earth in a great larceny case, in which he was also convicted of fraud, embezzlement and posing as a titled person.

"I seem to have had the pleasure of knowing you, dear sir?" said Luke proffering his hand to the usher.

The usher's eyes sparkled and he was about to grasp Luke's hand, when suddenly Mr. Crispin jostled him off, saying . . . "What are you doing, Luke? That's the devil . . . You wouldn't half like it, if he once got hold of you!"

Old Luke felt very much embarrassed. He studied the new figure more attentively and whispered to the barrister:

"People exaggerate everything. I was always told that the devil had horns as big as an old goat's, and this one has only got something smaller than a young calf's. One can hardly see their tips."

At that moment the court summoned the counsel for the defence. The President whispered something into his ear, whereupon Crispin turned to Luke and asked:

"Have you ever made a donation in your life, let us say to a charitable institution?"

Luke hesitated with an answer.

"I don't remember very well," he replied, "I'm seventy . . ."

"And would you be prepared to make such a donation now?" enquired the lawyer, tipping him the wink.

Old Luke had no inclination to do so, but noticing the wink he agreed.

He was handed paper and pen, while Mr. Crispin said: "Write a note that could be published in the papers."

(To be continued)

hurt your pride. It's very petty; yet you can't forget it.

And behind these trivial things are the really big and tragic grounds for resentment; being swindled by someone you trusted; or slandered by one you called a friend; or thrown over by someone who pretended to be in love with you.

These sort of things make resentment seem natural and inevitable. It may be, but it is one of the greatest causes of unhappiness. We lose our peace not when others hate us, but when we allow ourselves to hate them.

There is no way out except Christ's way—the way of forgiveness. Surely

(Cont. on page 40, col. 1)

WOMEN AT HOME

Dear Women Readers,

This month I propose to tell a few stories of saints for the children, which mothers may read to them. The children's passion for stories is inexhaustible. They never tire of them. Last thing at night they must have their bedtime story, and mothers sometimes are at a loss what to read to them. Here are two stories which are worth telling.

RUTH McCORMICK.

ST. GENEVIEVE

A Story of Courage and Goodness

This is a wonderful story of how Genevieve saved the people of Paris three times during her life.

A great enemy was marching through France, destroying towns and villages as they went, and at last they were near the great city of Paris. Soldiers guarded the walls and kept watch and the people at first were brave, but they grew frightened and at last decided to flee from the city while they could; they crowded the gates of the city, shouting to the soldiers to open them and let them out. A young nun heard this noise, saw the distressed people of Paris trying to escape and she said to herself: "Poor things; they have forgotten God"; and she called to them to go back to their homes and face the enemy. Some took no notice, but many did and returned home with their children and belongings and prayed to God to defend them and save their beloved Paris.

God heard their prayer and the enemy was defeated before it even reached Paris. A long time afterwards Paris was again in danger. A great army was encamped just outside the city gates, and none could get either out or in and the people were starving. Genevieve tried hard to think of a way to get food for the people and at last suggested that boats should go up the river by night and bring food from the farms. But it seemed that there was an evil spirit at a certain point in the river and the boats were overturned and the sailors drowned. Genevieve did not believe in evil spirits, of course, and offered to go with the sailors. What do you think the evil spirit turned out to be? A submerged tree which had fallen into the river! The trunk of the tree turned the boat over and the dead branches seemed to clutch at the sailors and entangle them. Genevieve got the sailors to saw the tree to pieces and remove it, and that was the end of the evil spirits! The boats were then able to get food from the farms and return laden for the people of Paris.

These dogs became associated with Bernard and after his death were called St. Bernard dogs. Bernard was made a saint for he had loved and followed the Lord Jesus Christ and had helped his fellowmen as Jesus would have done.

A third time an enemy tried to starve Paris into surrender, and the people fought bravely but were defeated, and their conqueror was so angry at their spirit, that he ordered that all who remained alive should be put to death. But the good and courageous Genevieve knelt at the feet of this tyrant and begged for pity and forgiveness and the man's anger died away and he forgave and showed mercy.

And so Genevieve lived, loving the Lord and doing His will all her life.

ST. BERNARD

Apostle of the Snow

A thousand years ago travel over the Alps from Switzerland to Italy was a perilous undertaking, and a pilgrim wishing to reach Rome had to run the risk of being attacked by bands of robbers, or losing his way in the snow and perishing of the extreme cold or from the fall of an avalanche.

Bernard of Menthon was worried about this and longed to make the way safe for travellers, and so he found a spot near the top of the pass which was suitable for a house to be built, and during one spring, with the help of other monks he overcame many difficulties and got the house built. He lived there with his friends and three dogs called Courageous, Faithful and True, and was often able to help the travellers. One night some weary travellers called and told him that one of their party was lost and they were too tired to hunt any longer for him, so Bernard and two other monks each took a dog and set out to hunt for him. Bernard's dog soon found some tracks of the lost man and these he followed until he came to a little mound of snow at which he began to scratch excitedly. It was the lost man. Bernard said to his dog "Fetch help" and the dog bounded off and fetched the other two monks, and soon the man was being fed and cared for in the mountain house.

These dogs became associated with Bernard and after his death were called St. Bernard dogs. Bernard was made a saint for he had loved and followed the Lord Jesus Christ and had helped his fellowmen as Jesus would have done.

HOUSEHOLD CORNER

Apple Trifle.

- 1 round sponge cake
- Raspberry jam
- ½ pint sherry if liked
- ½ pt. apple custard
- 2 small bottles of apple juice.

Cut sponge into slices and spread with jam. Put into glass dish and soak with apple juice. Make custard with ½ pt. of a mixture of apple juice and milk, 1½ oz. custard powder or corn-flour and 1 oz. sugar. When cool pour over the sponge cake and allow to get quite cold. Filling: 1 oz. margarine, 2 oz. sugar, 1 gill milk, 1 oz. cornflour, few drops vanilla essence. Whip this well, spread over trifle and decorate with glace cherries and chopped apple jelly.

Apple Barley.

- 2 large bottles of apple juice.
- 4 oz. pearl barley
- 2 oz. sugar
- 1 tablespoonful lemon juice.

Cover the pearl barley with water and boil for 3-4 minutes. Strain off and put in a large jug with the sugar. Pour on boiling apple juice and add the lemon juice. Allow to stand until cold or overnight. Strain and serve.

Creamed Onions Au Gratin.

Bring one lb. of shredded onions to the boil and simmer for about 25 minutes. Melt 1 oz. margarine in double saucepan, add 1 oz. flour and stir till smooth, add 1 gill milk, and stir till thickened and smooth. Add salt and onions to this white sauce, and finally add about 2½ oz. grated cheese, ½ teaspoon mustard and a dash of cayenne pepper. Serve.

Rhubarb Flan.

- 1 lb. rhubarb
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 egg
- 6 oz. self-raising flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 3 oz. lard and marge mixed
- 1 oz. arrowroot and 1 small knob of marge.

Set the rhubarb, cut into 1-in. lengths, into a fireproof dish with the sugar and no water. Cover and stand in mild oven, at reg. 3 for 30 mins. Sift flour and baking powder and rub in fat, mix to stiff paste with cold water, roll out and line flan tin with the pastry.

(Cont. on page 40, col. 3)

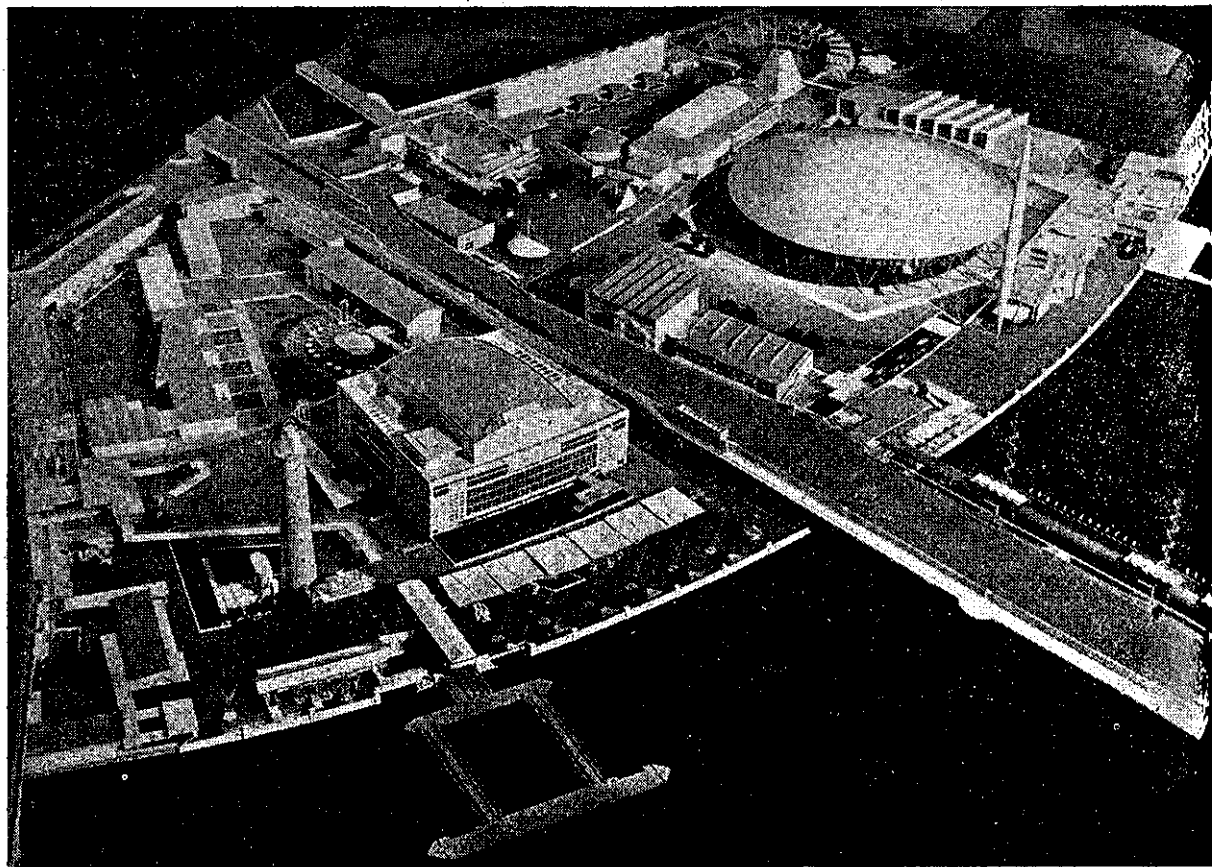
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The South Bank Exhibition—Festival of Britain, 1951

(Cont. from page 38, col. 3)

that's why He was so insistent about it.

"How many times shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him?" asked Simon Peter. "Till seven times?" "I say not unto thee, till seven times," was the answer, but "until seventy times seven."

Then He went on to tell a story. A story of a man forgiven an enormous debt by his master and then refusing forgiveness for a small one. He went straight from a deed of mercy to a deed of revenge.

Word of it came to his master. He sent for him, and his words poured forth in a blazing torrent of condemnation. And he cast him into prison because of his refusal to forgive.

It is one of the most vivid of our Lord's parables. And it drives home the trust that to ask God's forgiveness and withhold our own is a hollow sham.

I realise how a great many people tend to react towards the suggestion of forgiveness. They admit it is right in small matters, even if they don't always practice it. But when it comes to big things they're apt to think that the

suggestion that they should forgive is absurd and even monstrous. "But do you know what he did?" they protest. And then they tell the old tale over again.

You may fool yourself that way. But if you are nursing a grievance, if there's anyone you won't forgive, you're poisoning your life. Worse than that, you're cutting yourself off from God.

"How can I do it," you ask, "even if I'm willing." Will you take a look with me at the Cross? If anyone had just cause for resentment, it's the One who hangs there. He had done no wrong. Yet He hangs dying by the cruellest and most ignominious of deaths, with the pitiless Eastern sun beating on His head, and the jeers of His enemies ringing in His ears. Listen to what He's saying: "Father, forgive them: they know not what they do."

That is the way of Christ—the way of forgiveness. It's the only way to purge the poison of bitterness and resentment; it's the only road to fellowship with God. Will you take it? "Forgive us, as we forgive."

(Cont. from page 39)

Now strain rhubarb, blend arrowroot or cornflour with a little cold water, reheat the juice in a small saucepan, thicken with the cornflour or arrowroot, boil up for 1 minute with the knob of margarine, fold gently into the rhubarb, cool and spread into the tin. Beat up egg with a little sugar, pour over fruit and decorate with pastry strips. Bake in quick oven, Reg. 7-8 for 20 mins. This is a bit fussy, but is very very nice.

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CHRISTIANITY AND COMMUNISM

By D. R. DAVIES

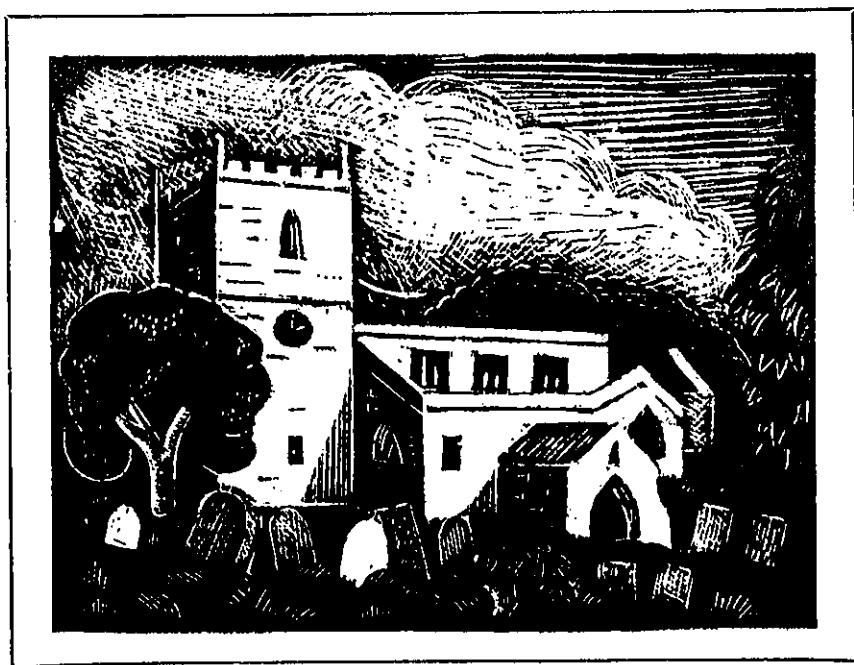
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JUNE, 1951

SAINT PETER'S, EAST BRIDGFORD CHURCH MAGAZINE



SERVICES

SUNDAYS:—

Holy Communion: 8 a.m.
Holy Eucharist: 11 a.m. 1st and 3rd Sundays.
Matins: 11 a.m. 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays.
Evensong: 6-30 p.m.
Children: 3-30 p.m.

R.A.F. Station, Newton:—
Morning Service—Sundays: 9-45 a.m.
Children: 2-30 p.m.

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Rector's Warden:

Mr. R. WING, The Old Manor House (Tel. 245).

People's Warden:

Mr. E. MILLINGTON, Millgate.

Sidesmen:

Dr. G. O. BROOKS, Messrs. G. BATEMAN,
A. V. DENT, L. HAND, E. INGRAM, C. L.
WESTLEY, L. W. A. WHITE and F. YOUNG

Organist:

Mr. J. H. SHARDLOW, College Street.

Choirmaster:

Mr. N. RHODES, The School House (Tel. 226).

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Boys' Brigade—Captain:

Mr. E. BULLERS, Toll Bar Lane (Tel. 301).

Girls' Friendly Society:

Mrs. WESTLEY and Mrs. McLEAN.

ONE look of that pale, suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness ;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

H. W. Longfellow, "The Sifting of Peter."

* * * *

MAY began at last to show signs of summer. On the Ascension Day (May 3rd) there was a beautiful Evensong, at which Father Hebert, of Kelham, was the preacher. It was also the official day for the opening of the Festival of Britain which was marked in Bridgford by a special united service on Sunday evening. This was well attended and quite an occasion.

The main activity of the month was centred round the great Church pageant for the Festival which took place in Langar church on May 29th, and the three following evenings. The whole performance was most impressive, the costumes being really splendid. It was particularly gratifying to note how effective the Bridgford scenes were. The Whitby scene of St. Hilda and Caedmon was the best of the whole pageant. Mrs. Morris was very good as the angel and carried the Senlac scene most dramatically. The Crusaders with St. George were also excellent. The reports from all sides are most appreciative, and the best thanks of the village are due to the performers (who gave up a lot of time) and to the producer of the scenes, Mr. Fedden of the Hall.

The big events of June are the **Flower Show** on Feast Saturday (June 23rd), **Feast Sunday**, and St. Peter's Day itself (Friday, the 29th). On this last the new **Mother's Union banner** will be dedicated, the service being taken by Bishop Weller, the Rural Dean. This will be a busy day, with visiting branches and representatives. The Mothers' Union also held a successful outing to Trentham Gardens on May 30th.

The fading and passing of Mrs. Hand at the great age of 87 years has removed a well-known and loyal figure from the village. The members who were at her funeral testify to the respect and regard with which she and her family are held. Sympathy goes out to her son and daughter, the latter being a devoted nurse to her mother for a long time. Both of them wish to thank their friends and acquaintances for all the marks of appreciation and sympathy that were shown.

* * * *

BAPTISMS.

May 6th—Hazel Joyce Cook.

May 13th—Dorothy Mary Allwood.

May 20th—Stuart Albert Whittaker.

* * * *

BURIAL.

May 15th—Emma Hand (87 years).

CHRISTIAN RENEWAL

Vol. VI. No. 6

EDITED BY D. R. DAVIES

JUNE, 1951

MAN TO MAN

The Editor Speaks to all Parishioners

THE year of the Festival of Britain offers an opportunity to remind ourselves of "the rock whence we have been hewn." It is an altogether good thing that, from time to time, we should look afresh into the history of our nation, re-steep ourselves in our traditions, and learn anew some of the things which Britain has contributed to the world. I think Europe would be a happier continent if, from time to time, its nations each had its Festival—a Festival of France, a Festival of Germany, Festival of Russia etc., to which the rest of the world should be invited to learn what the nation had done, and what it stood for. I don't know who first thought of a Festival of Britain for 1951. I congratulate him (or her), whoever he (or she) was. The idea was a real brain-wave. A national Festival symbolizes the great force and value of Patriotism, the love for and feeling of loyalty to one's own country.

The Fact of Nationality

What a profound and strange thing is this emotion that we feel for our native country. It is not anything that we deliberately create ourselves. On the contrary, it is a thing which we discover in ourselves, with which we grow up. It is an emotion which inspires all decent, normal people. It is instructive to recall that, during the war, Hitler could not recruit any tools or hirelings among patriots. It was only among men who had sunk so low that love of country had ceased to mean anything at all for them that Hitler could find creatures willing to collaborate with him. Patriotism, in fact, was a great moral defence and safeguard. Its roots are deep down in something which God Himself has created. Nations are the creation of God in a very decisive and definite sense.

"God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us." (Acts of The Apostles, Chap. XVII, verses 26-27).

In these words the New Testament is asserting two things: (1) that nations have been directly created by God; and (2) that His purpose in doing so was to make it possible for humanity to seek after God and find Him. The ultimate purpose and

justification of national existence is religious, not political. Politics is merely the means. Religion is the END, the PURPOSE, of Nationality.

The Creation of Nations

It would be difficult to argue that many of our social institutions had been created by God, except remotely and indirectly. Take, for example, the British Chamber of Commerce or The Trades Union Congress or the Co-operative Movement. These are not the creation of God, except in the broad sense that everything and everybody in the world comes ultimately from God's will. But these are not the direct creation of God. He did not create The Trades Union Congress in that particular form. God created the men who make up the Congress. The Trades Union Congress like nearly all our various institutions—for example, political parties, universities, social movements—are the result of the clash and by-play of various forces in history. As it is sometimes put, social institutions are accidents or by-products of history.

Now nations and peoples are not accidents of history, like The Trades Union Congress or The British Chamber of Commerce, but the direct creation of God Himself. Nations and peoples are the raw material, so to speak, of human history. They are the stuff which God made, and are the materials out of which history has to fashion its ends and objects.

The mistake so often made is to confuse the *nation* with the *State*, which makes it difficult, of course, to understand the teaching of the Bible about *nations* having been created by God. The *State*, which is the Executive Committee of the nation, is not a direct creation of God but more of an accident of history, like The Trades Union Congress. The *State* is a much later development than the nation. It is simply the form in which the nation asserts itself. We must never confuse or identify the nation with the State. The nation, the people of the national community, always come first. The State is man-made, but the nation is made by God.

The history of the world helps us to understand a little how true it is that nations have been created directly by God, because they persist through all changes in history. Think, for instance, of the

Jewish people. Here is a *nation* that has maintained itself through all the ups and downs of history. It is very interesting and striking to note that for 2,000 years the Jewish nation had no State at all or of any sort. But the destruction of the Jewish State made no difference whatsoever to the continued existence and reality of the Jewish nation. The cruelty, persecution and oppression endured by the Jews throughout history have been too terrible to contemplate, none more so than what they have had to suffer in our time at the hands of the Nazis. If persecution and calamity could have killed a nation, then the Jewish nation would have vanished from history centuries ago. But history cannot destroy what God has created. History can only destroy what it itself has created. Nationality, especially Jewish nationality, is an anvil that will wear away the hammers of history.

To take modern examples, we can see the same truth — that nations are the direct creation of God—in the history of Ireland. Better still in the history of Poland, whose tragedy very nearly equals that of the Jewish people. Four times in a period of two hundred years has the body of Poland been torn and carved by conquerors—by Prussia, by Austria and by Russia. No nation in our time has suffered so much as Poland. But the oppressions and conquests only succeed in intensifying the national feeling of the Poles, in hardening and strengthening the Polish sense of nationality.

It is no more than common-sense to recognize in this simple fact of the indestructibility of the sense of nationality, as exemplified in the case of the Jew and in that of Poland, that we can only satisfactorily account for it by saying what the New Testament does in fact say—that God has directly created the different national peoples of the world and given them their habitations. Nationality is not an accident of history, doomed to pass with the

circumstances that happened to give it birth. Nationality is an abiding reality, because it has come into history direct from God.

Human Unity Through National Distinctions

In creating nations, God has His own purpose, which we may express as the achievement of unity, co-operation and fellowship. God always has purpose for His creation. The reason for the existence of different nations is that through and in their differences they may realise one vast human worldwide unity. Not uniformity but unity. Human unity is not a single, mechanical pattern, but a harmonious, co-operative relation between distinctive and different parts. A motor-car for example is a unity of purpose achieved through differences of function. So is a football team—eleven (or fifteen) men doing separate things in relation to one another.

Nations are the God-created units in a final fellowship of all

mankind. There can be no real or abiding internationalism without the existence of separate nations. A patriot who loves and honours his own land is doing more for a genuine internationalism than the mere cosmopolitan, the man who wants to abolish nations or to merge them in one mechanical world society. That is a slave-state. Liberty can be realized and preserved only in a world society made up of distinctive national communities co-opting together for common ends and purposes.

Let us remember all this as we thread our way through the Festival of Britain and take note of the various Exhibitions. Let us look upon it as a great Pageant of Patriotism. And above all let us thank Almighty God for His great mercy to us as a nation, and pray that, as a people, we may more zealously do God's will.

Yours sincerely,

D. R. Davies

THE CONVERSION OF KAGAWA

by GEORGE H. STEVENS

"GOD moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." An unwanted child of delicate physique, orphaned at the age of four and handed over to the care of utterly loveless and pagan parents would not seem to be very promising material. Yet this was the child destined to grow into the man who has often been described as the St. Francis of modern Japan, Toyohiko Kagawa.

His childhood was unusually unhappy. His foster-grandmother did everything in her power to remind him that he was an unwanted guest in her home. Frequently she would imprison him in one of the dark outhouses on her estate and would send him to bed at night with a volley of oaths in his ears. By all the "laws" of modern psychology such a child should have developed into a hopeless neurotic, a mass of complexes, quite unable to play any useful part in life. This, however, does not allow for the Grace and Providence of God, nor for the power of the human spirit to triumph over the most adverse circumstances. The young Kagawa found release from the miseries of his own surroundings in the world of

books. In the Buddhist temple he not only found many books on Buddhism but also the writings of the Chinese sage Confucius and he eagerly absorbed the wisdom of these great men of the past.

The book of nature also made a great appeal to him and he early developed a reverence for all kinds of life which made it impossible for him to hurt the least of God's creatures. It was consequently a blow almost too heavy to bear, when at the age of twelve he was falsely accused of having injured the invalid child of one of his neighbours. He gave all his savings to the child's parents, but felt he could no longer stay in the village which had accused him so falsely and eventually obtained the consent of his elder brother (now the head of his household) to leave home and go to live with an uncle in a city where he was able to attend a boy's school. It was here that he was to meet with the greatest adventure of his life. An American missionary and his wife, a Dr. and Mrs. Myers kept open house for students away from home. At first it was their simple kindness that attracted the young Kagawa. For the first time in

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his life he met joy and affection and learned something of the possibility of happy home life, a thing previously utterly remote from his experience. Then he became fascinated by the new range of knowledge opening out to him with this first contact with the Western world and with Western civilisation. But more was to follow. His eager mind was searching for the Truth and he was now about to discover a wisdom infinitely superior to that of the Oriental sages with whom he had already become acquainted. His new friends told him of the things which could not be found in Buddhism or Confucianism. They spoke of a personal God, perfect in goodness and love, Who had a purpose for the life of each individual. Moreover this God was not far off and unknowable. He had revealed Himself in terms of a perfect human life. The Gospel of Jesus Christ was to Kagawa the most wonderful good news in the world and in the ethical teaching of the Sermon on the Mount he saw the solution to all the greatest problems of humanity. He began to pray earnestly to the God of Whom he had now heard and the burden of his prayer was "Lord make me like Christ." From now onwards he found an answer to the loneliness and lovelessness he had known from childhood. Never again would he feel alone and never again would he be deprived of love. God was all in all to him and completely satisfied the longings of his heart.

But it was to no easy life that he felt himself called. Although his health had collapsed while still at college he was content to be called a fool for Christ and resolved to give himself to the service of the weakest and poorest specimens of humanity to be found in the slums of a Japanese city. His wealthy uncle who had intended leaving him a fortune now cut him off without a penny and henceforth he was to live in poverty among the poorest of those he now called his brothers and sisters.

In one of the worst slums in Kobe he found a house left empty through superstitious fear because it had once been the scene of a murder. Here the prayers of Kagawa and the presence of the Christ he served completely exercised the spirits of evil. Men no longer feared to come here and Kagawa's little room soon became the refuge of the outcast and downtrodden. No one was refused admission and through sharing his bed with a diseased beggar, Kagawa himself contracted the disease which rendered him half blind for the rest of his life. Once he was order by the Doctor to spend a month in darkness and in that darkness he tells us that he saw God face to face and henceforth surrendered every earthly prospect for

(Cont. on page 47, col. 3)

Conversations with the Dead. 4

ONESIMUS—THE RUNAWAY SLAVE

By THE EDITOR

IT must have been those pictures that did it.

I was browsing around in a second-hand book shop the other day, and came across an illustrated history of New Testament times. Some of the pictures were rather funny, I must say. I was deriving no little amusement as I turned the pages. The people of the New Testament, especially the Apostles, were made to look like bearded Victorian gentlemen dressed up in Roman clothes—all of them, strangely enough, except Onesimus, who looked very much like a Greek or a Galatian of the first century. His picture made a very deep impression upon me—so deep that very soon after I came across him in one of my transports into the past. But do you know who Onesimus was? Perhaps I'd better say a word or two about him, just to make sure.

There is only one reference to Onesimus in the New Testament. It occurs in a letter which St. Paul wrote to Philemon, in which he is pleading with Philemon to forgive Onesimus, one of his slaves, who ran away to Rome. Paul somehow or other came across Onesimus in Rome. He must have felt great affection for Onesimus, because, as Paul says in his letter, he had adopted him as a son "whom I have begotten in my bonds." Philemon was evidently well-to-do. For some reason, Onesimus ran away to Rome. It may have been that he just wanted to feel a free man. When Paul got the whole story from Onesimus, he persuaded him to return to his owner, Philemon. Then Paul persuaded Philemon to take him back but no longer as a slave but "as a brother beloved." I feel sure that it was a longing for liberty that inspired Onesimus to run away.

One night, after seeing the picture in the second-hand bookshop, I fell into one of my dream-like trances, in which I was carried far back in time as early as the first century A.D. Miraculously I found myself in Rome, which was faintly familiar to me. The streets were thronged with people who mostly seemed to be in a hurry to get somewhere or other. Then I spotted a young man in a dust-stained toga and very worn sandals walking slowly towards me. In a flash of recognition, I realized who it was. It was Onesimus, of course. He looked exactly like the picture of him which I had seen in the bookshop. Without any hesitation, I went up to him and said: "Forgive my familiarity, but I know you. Aren't you Onesimus,

Philemon's run-away slave?" He smiled. He took it all for granted, and before realizing quite what was happening, we were chatting away as though we had known each other all our lives.

Natural brothers

"I've always been a little bit puzzled," said I to Onesimus, "by the attitude of the Church of your time to the whole question of slavery. Holding property in human beings seems to be so clearly a complete and absolute violation of Christianity, that it is with a little bit of a shock, indeed with more than a little sense of shock, that I realize there is no direct condemnation of slavery in the New Testament. From our way of looking at things to-day (which is the middle of the twentieth century) one would have expected St. Paul in his letter to Philemon about you to have told him pretty straightly and bluntly that, as a Christian, he had no business to own slaves at all, since slavery was so obviously anti-Christian.

"I don't think I quite follow your point," replied Onesimus in a remarkably gentle and soft voice. "We weren't greatly concerned in our time with making wholesale condemnation of this, that and the other evil. The first thing for us was to get men and women, whoever they were, to believe in and to accept the good news about the Lord Jesus. When they did this, they naturally became members of our Brotherhood, in which we all lived together as brothers and sisters. What was the point of condemning slavery as a system when there was no actual slavery at all within the Brotherhood? That would indeed have seemed meaningless and pointless. By accepting the Lord Jesus and becoming one of the Brotherhood, we became new and different men and women. We ceased to be slaves or slave-owners when we became brothers in Christ. What more could you desire than that?"

Onesimus made me feel that perhaps we have, nearly all of us, been barking up the wrong tree. For the last fifty years we have been spending more time and energy in the Church passing resolutions against *systems*, that we have nearly forgotten that *systems*, after all, are still a matter of personal relations.

Onesimus brought me back with a bang against the real problem and the only solution—*How to become brothers in Christ*. Nothing else matters.

Thank you, Onesimus!

THROUGH THE NIGHT OF DOUBT AND SORROW

By DEWI MORGAN

IN Korea there is an undecided conflict. In Japan there is a great vacuum, once occupied by Shintoism. In China great forces stir. India and Pakistan explore the swaddling bands of nationhood. West Africa gropes towards a new independence. South Africa plunges into the deep waters of racialism.

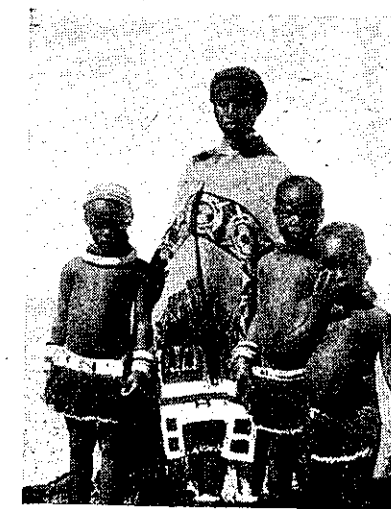
Never before has the world offered a more restless picture. In the midst of it all, Europe writhes under the last shackles of a false idea of progress. And in its convulsions fails to take into account some of the facts of the historical situation. For the world-wide Church is a fact. And coming increasingly alongside it is an ecumenicity which would have been quite inconceivable to our forefathers.

Perhaps a notable birthday this year will do something to help fasten men's attention upon these facts. For the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel will see its 250th anniversary on June 16th. And it has contributed perhaps more than any other agency to this field.

So prosaically have Christians come to treat the world-wide Church that it is little wonder that the secular world leaves it out of account. Yet when Thomas Bray, country Rector, son of a yeoman farmer, obtained from William III the Royal Charter to send an orthodox clergy "to the Plantations, Colonies and Factories (trading posts)

beyond the seas belonging to our Kingdom of England" a new principle of first magnitude was established. For the first time the English Church was accepting a responsibility to the backward peoples. English clergy had gone overseas before. But only to work with the English settlers. The native was a useful chattel. He had to be given some minimum of subsistence or he couldn't work. But there the responsibility ended. The S.P.G. Charter was the beginning of a new age. From it and through it comes the care for the backward peoples so eagerly solicited by national and world organisations today. U.N.O. and its satellites can seek their roots in the work of an Anglican parson.

Not that England readily—or even, perhaps, willingly—heard the cry of those who had gone from home. Throughout the end of the seventeenth century the settlers of the New World had sent home their appeals. Many an observer said that their moral and spiritual condition differed but little from that of the natives among whom they had made their home. Henry Compton, Bishop of London was aware of the situation. But it took quite a time to dawn on him that he had some shadowy responsibility to the emigrants. And when he at last did something about it he sent as his commissary an obscure village rector called Thomas Bray whose only previous distinction was that he had written a good book on



A Leirdebele mother and her children, Pretoria, S. Africa.

the Catechism.

But Bray was a man of zeal and action. On his return to this country he was afire with his project and had little patience with the sluggishness of official channels. His direct appeal to the King was unconstitutional perhaps. But it was effective. And did much more than change the course of ecclesiastical history by installing the foundations of a future Lambeth Conference. Bray changed the course of world history. He was the midwife at the birth of the British Empire's soul.

Perhaps those words are a little high-flown. But they can be substantiated in colourful details as well as in overall theory. It was their contact with the S.P.G. which contributed to the removal of the 'Faithful Mohawks' to Canada on the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was because Thomas Thompson, a Cambridge don, had seen the pitiable condition of the plantation slaves and had heard stories of their sometime African home that he was led to appeal to S.P.G. for permission and support to start the first Anglican missionary work in Africa. Nkruma on the Gold Coast owes more than a little to a priest who landed on this territory two centuries ago. It was an S.P.G. missionary who accompanied Wolfe as chaplain when he climbed the heights of Abraham to meet Montcalm.

In the West Indies the famous Codrington College has been the intellectual centre for a quarter-millennium. It was built by the S.P.G. on the income derived from a slave estate bequeathed by General Christopher Codrington. The original inventory of the slaves has an honoured place in the S.P.G. archives. But the story that document tells of man's inhumanity to

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man has had a much more honourable place as a stimulant to missionary effort. And has made its contribution to the social amelioration which has brightened subsequent English history.

But apart from its academic interest, history is important only so far as it helps us to improve the present. What of this S.P.G. on its 250th birthday? Juvenile? Or mature with the experience of years and fresh with the energy of youth? We may thank God that it not only dreams of its men of old. It also sees the visions which are the inspiration of the young, and the challenge of the future. Fully aware of all the difficulties—what missionary society could do otherwise?—it pities the Wellman despair which sees no way out or through or over the impasse.

And so today it is as active as ever. It works in Japan. Can any country offer more glorious opportunities? Those people who showed themselves so quick to learn the mechanical ingenuities of the Occident. Are they to continue in darkness?

And today it works in Korea. Can there be any better tribute to the vitality of our Faith than to say that S.P.G. is seriously considering adding to its present staff of English missionaries in that war-torn country—and that in spite of no news of its Bishop since the people of the North crossed the 38th parallel!

Today in China European missionaries can do more by their absence than by their presence. But they are not abandoning China any more than the faithful gardener his seed-plot when he has tilled and planted it. It is not unreasonable to hope that the work of English missionaries in China is going to be the dominant factor in a happier future.

The girdle of S.P.G. goes on around the world. Through the islands of the South Seas, through Borneo, Malaya, Burma, India, Africa and across the Atlantic to the West Indies—where one of its bishops has just been elected 'Man - of - 1950.' In the tiny pin-points of Tristan and Car Nicobar—an island which is steadily gaining a new name, 'The Iona of the East.'

This year London will bid Godspeed to envoys who will take the S.P.G. greetings throughout the world. And will welcome delegates from across the world to share in the birthday festivities. It is a moment when the Church Catholic lifts up its heart in joyful thanksgiving—the thanksgiving of a mother with her children around her. And it is a moment when the whole family, drawing its strength from Him who is the Father of all, must pledge itself anew.

Fortified by rejoicing and inspired by the promise of her Lord, the Church in a steadfastly face—and overcome—the yawning gates of Hell. The S.P.G. at the spearhead of attack.

THE CONVERT

A Story by

BOLESŁAW PRUS

IV.

OLD LUKE sat down, thought a while, wrote the note and handed it over.

The Prosecutor read: "Mr. Luke X, landlord of the premises situate Nr Street donates one pound sterling (£1) for a charitable purpose. At the same address plasterer's tools for sale, as also various rooms to let at moderate rents."

On hearing the statement, the court was flabbergasted, the defence counsel bit his lips and the devil could hardly contain himself for laughter.

"Defendant!" shouted the Prosecutor, "You have written not a declaration of a charitable donation but an advertisement for your apartment house. A donation for charity must be made disinterestedly and not mixed up with business."

Thus enlightened, Mr. Luke was given another piece of paper. Trembling with fear, the unfortunate man sat down and wrote:

"From an anonymous donor, for the poor . . . fifteen shillings."

But he crossed out the word fifteen and wrote five.

As the court read the statement, the judges shook their heads, but they agreed that considering who Luke was, such a donation, provided it was disinterested would suffice.

However, the devil asked:

"Mr. Luke, why have you donated the five shillings to the poor?"

"For the salvation of my sinful soul, dear sir," replied Luke.

The devil burst into laughter again, the presiding judge struck the desk with his gavel, and the barrister tore his hair.

"Oh, you old fool?" Crispin shouted to Old Luke. "Haven't you heard that you must make the donation disinterestedly, and neither as an advertisement nor as a contribution to the salvation of the soul! . . . But you seem to be so greedy that you can't offer even five shillings to the poor without expecting a reward, and what a reward . . . salvation!"

Now the judges rose from their seats. In their stern and sad faces Old Luke could read for himself a terrible verdict.

"Usher!" said the president, "Take the Defendant to the bottom circle of hell!"

But the devil waved his hand.

"We have no use for a pensioner," he replied, "who puts the value of his own soul at five shillings."

"Then what shall we do with him?" asked the Prosecutor.

"Whatever you like!" retorted the

devil, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously.

"Well, let's have another test," interjected the lawyer; and coming close to the president he whispered something to him.

The president consulted the other judges and said:

"Defendant! You cannot remain with us and the devil will not have you, because you put the value of your soul too low. We therefore sentence you to a last test. Your soul shall enter that old slipper, which a few days ago you cast on the rubbish heap . . . That's all!"

Old Luke had listened indifferently to the remark about the soul, but when the president mentioned the slipper, he became interested.

At that very moment, the devil pushed him gently towards the grilled window of the Court Chamber: the old man looked through the window and saw to his amazement the back yard of his house, the window of his own apartment—some one was walking about in it at that moment—and finally the rubbish heap with the slipper on top.

"There," he muttered, "haven't I been too rash in throwing it away? . . . Though mending it was so expensive . . ."

In the backyard appeared a wretched looking beggar woman dressed in rags. One of her feet was wrapped in a dirty piece of cloth and she was limping.

She scanned the windows with the obvious intention of begging for alms. But as no one looked through any of the windows, she turned towards the rubbish heap, hoping to find something there.

She noticed Old Luke's slipper.

At first she thought it was too shabby. But as there was nothing else at hand and her sore leg must have pained her greatly, she seized the slipper.

Mr. Luke missed not a single detail of this scene. When he saw the beggar-woman taking the slipper and making away with it, he shouted:

"Hi! You—woman—that's my slipper!"

Turning back, the beggar-woman looked at him and asked:

"What use could such a rag be to you, sir?"

"It may be a rag, but it's still mine. It won't do to take it like that, because it's stealing! So if you don't want to commit a sin . . . say a prayer for the soul of Luke! . . ."

"All right, all right, sir," replied the woman as she began muttering a prayer.

"I knew this slipper still had some value!" thought Luke, and called out:

"I say—you . . . since I made you a



Codrington College, Barbados, W. Indies

present of such good footwear, you might go and see who's walking about in my room."

"Yes, sir," said the woman and mounted the stairs, limping badly.

She returned after a few minutes and said:

"Sir, I can't tell you who it is because they wouldn't open the door to me... God be with you sir..."

She prepared to walk away, but Old Luke would not let her alone yet.

"Mother... Mother" he called out—"since you've got such a decent slipper, you might call the porter for me."

"Where can I find him?" asked the woman.

"Probably in the street, where they are repairing the pavement."

"I've been there and he isn't there."

"Maybe he went to fetch water at the end of the street. Do call him for me..."

"You want me to run to the end of the street for this old slipper?" the woman asked.

"Of course," Old Luke replied, "I don't want you to do it for nothing."

Though so very poor, the woman got indignant.

"You beastly miser!" she shouted, "keep your slipper and take it with you to hell!"

And she threw the slipper with such force that it flew through the grill, over Luke's head, and fell on the baize-covered table.

Old Luke turned round.

Again he saw the full court; and, noticing the slipper on the table the Prosecutor said caustically:

"Here is the *corpus delicti*, material evidence of the boundless greed of that wicked Luke." And turning to the lawyer and to the devil who stood behind him, he added:

"Do what you like with the defendant. We can neither judge nor sentence him now!"

The dignitaries changed from their official robes into the ordinary clothes in which they had been buried and went out without as much as looking at Luke. But the judge who had died of apoplexy, and who had always acted rashly, spat as soon as he was out of the Chamber.

The devil laughed like a madman and the lawyer Crispin felt like boxing old Luke's ears.

"Oh, you egotist, you miser!" he shouted. "We conjured your soul into that old slipper expecting that in that shape it would be of disinterested service to someone. And everything went as we wanted it: the old beggar-woman found the slipper and might have had at least an hour's use of it, while you would have, despite yourself, performed a good deed. But no! So immense is your greed that you have spoilt everything... You have even doomed the slipper for ever—having been once animated by such a miserable soul as

yours, it must now be relegated to the nethermost circle of hell!"

And indeed, the devil picked up the slipper from the table and cast it into the vent, from which belched forth frightful flames accompanied by groans and the clatter of chains.

"And what are you going to do with him?" the lawyer asked the devil, pointing with his foot at Luke.

"With that pretty fellow?" replied the devil. "I'll throw him out of hell, for fear he should dishonour us! Let him go back to earth, and stick for all eternity to his bonds and notes. Let him keep the house, let him seize his poor tenants' belongings and wrong his own children. He would only make the hell stink with his loathesome presence, while on earth, in doing wrong to people, he may be of service to us."

Listening to this outburst, Old Luke was seized by gloomy reflections.

"Just a minute!" he said. "Would you mind telling me where I am going to be?"

"Nowhere!" retorted the lawyer angrily. "I suppose you yourself aren't thinking of heaven or even of purgatory, and in spite of our best efforts, you're being thrown out of hell. Well—" he added, "good-bye and I hope you break your neck!"

And so as not to have to shake hands with Old Luke, he put both his hands into his pockets and left.

Old Luke remained dumbstruck, and he might have stood there for all eternity, if the devil had not given him a kick, and shouted:

"Get a move on, old man!"

They emerged from the Courthouse into the street and ran fast, because a pack of hellish street urchins began to jeer—

"—Look! Look!... that miser Luke is being kicked out of hell..."

The devil nearly choked himself with shame and anger to have to escort such a wretch. But Old Luke apparently had no more ambition, for he kept his composure—instead of bemoaning his disgrace he was viewing the sights of hell! The devil spat with fury; pretending to suffer from toothache, he fastened a coloured handkerchief round his face so as not to be recognised.

They were going so fast that Old Luke could not see much. But it struck him that Hell was very much like the City and that the penalties inflicted on the sinners seemed more like a continuation of their experiences in life than like ingenious torments.

In passing, he noticed that the municipal authorities were driving all day long in primitive coaches over the hellish pavements, which were no better than those of the City. In the display-window of a bookshop, he noticed a pamphlet entitled: "On the uses of asphalt in the torments of hell and on its superiority to ordinary pitch"; this

pleased him greatly, because he assumed that the asphalt contractor, together with his live and dead stock had indeed landed where Old Luke in his anger had wanted him to go.

In the Town Hall a number of Committees were conferring on drainage, on the disposal of refuse, on the high prices of meat and so forth. And as the talks went on day after day with no visible results, the members of these respectable committees were driven by boredom to despair and jumped out of the windows on to the pavement, bursting their heads like ripe coconuts. Unfortunately every time this happened, their broken remains were collected, patched up and returned to the Committee rooms.

Old Luke also observed the sufferings of the literary profession.

Newspaper editors spent all eternity blowing into enormous tea kettles, each holding many thousand gallons of water, vainly attempting to bring it to boiling point. They worked exceedingly hard and nearly blew themselves frantic, but the water remained tepid. At last it began to have a bad smell, but it still remained tepid.

Dramatic critics suffered equal torments. By higher decree they were transformed into ballet dancers, singers and actors; in this capacity they had to perform twice a day and to read dramatic criticisms which they had written about others, but which were now applied to themselves. What was worse, the public, always trusting the printed word, disregarded the difficulties of their position completely, put unbounded faith in the criticisms and tortured the author-actors accordingly.

Only the writers of popular economics suffered no torments, their works being given to the most hardened sinners to study. While reading them, the unfortunate wretches tore out their hair, bit their own flesh and cursed their oppressors. This made the popular economists enjoy quite a reputation in hell.

Old Luke noticed all this while moving fast through the streets of the Underworld accompanied by a pack of urchins who kept shouting:

"Look! Look! This is Luke, a City landlord, who is being chucked out of hell under escort!"

The devil who was escorting Luke could stand it no longer. Never before had his patient pride suffered such an ordeal. Losing control of himself, he seized Luke by the scruff of the neck...

Half dead with terror, the egotist received such a kick into a spot situated between heels and neck that he shot into the air with the velocity of a cannon ball.

He could hardly breathe.

(To be continued)

WOMEN AT HOME

Dear Women Readers,

I hope by the time this is in print we shall be having some fine weather. How the foreign visitors to this country laugh at us for continually referring to the weather in our conversation! They know what to expect on the following day. But we do not. Being perpetually prepared for a surprise is part of our national make-up. How differently we greet our friends on a sunny day compared to a wet day. I know I feel all smiles and light of heart on a sunny day. So let the sun shine and give us all the lightness of heart which we need just now.

There has been a lot of talk in the papers lately about slimming. I wonder what you think about this, and whether you are going in for Dr. Stephen Taylor's drastic slimming diet? I have read it all through with great interest; all the more interest because I am not personally concerned, having no fat to lose. I should hate to have to make the decision to stop eating bread and begin eating watercress. There seems to be no way of accounting for fat. The general cause which Dr. Taylor gives, eating too much, must certainly have given rise to a storm of protest in many quarters. Personally I think one of the causes is not so much over-eating, as a wrong combination of things at the wrong time. I remember a large good-natured woman continually saying: 'I hardly eat anything, so I can't imagine why I am so large.' But all day, I noticed, at about two-hourly intervals she sat heavily down and consumed many cakes and cups of tea! What she meant was that she never ate a good square meal, but always nibbled. And another reason for fatness is insufficient exercise and/or not putting enough energy into the work which is undertaken. Real, energetic, muscle-using work keeps you thin. Athletes are never fat—it gets used up in their activities.

I think perhaps worrying over things keeps you thin too. But fat people couldn't worry to save their lives, so it's no use offering that as an antidote. A placid nature and fatness go hand in hand through life and it's such a delightful quality to have that it would be a great pity to 'reduce' it away. In fact there is some danger of the whole nature of the person altering with the slipping away of the physical body. I know a large mother of 45 who has four young children and they say to her: 'We like you nice and fat; you're so nice and cosy when we're ill.' Well that's one point of view, and I must say there is something to it. Being the skin and bone sort myself, with little hope of middle-aged spread, I feel my children

can get little comfort out of me of that nature when they are ill.

No, there's something to be said for a comfortable covering of fat, and I, for one, should welcome it, as long as it caused no inconvenience. So don't go denying yourself the food you need and like without very careful thought and planning beforehand. We must, of course keep well and healthy, that is our duty to the state and our families, and I give below some recipes which will help to that end; and suggest that if a daily brisk walk in fresh air, no matter what the weather, were added to a good fruity diet, all should be well.

RUTH MCCORMICK.

★

HOUSEHOLD CORNER

Egg Mousse

For three people, separate whites from yolks of two eggs; beat the whites, adding a little castor sugar, until stiff, fold in the beaten yolks and add a little flavouring, such as rose hip syrup, Ribena, or children's concentrated orange juice. This is excellent for children just beginning to take an interest in food after an illness.

Tomato Soup

Put one pound of tomatoes (after wiping clean) in a saucepan with a little water. Simmer slowly for a few minutes and then pass them through a sieve. Using the same saucepan, fry a little finely-chopped onion in some bacon fat or margarine, add celery salt, or salt and pepper and a little milk when the onions are nicely browned, and finally the tomato puree and bring it to the boil. Serve with little squares of fried brown bread, if you are NOT slimming!

Spinach

1½ lbs. spinach does for three adults. Wash the leaves, removing very thick stems, put in large saucepan with no water, and boil gently for about 5-7 minutes. Drain and either chop it up fine or put through sieve, add a little butter, salt and pepper. Serve as attractively as possible, as so many people are put off this excellent vegetable. It is delicious served with grated cheese on top or in the following way with eggs: Pile it in a fireproof dish and make three little holes; break an egg into each, and put it in a moderate oven until the eggs are done. Most delicious!

(Cont. from page 43)

HIM. Through all the tragedies of earthquake, war and defeat through which Japan has passed Kagawa has remained faithful to the Vision which started him on the Christian pathway and has always refused to recognize any separation from Christians of other nations. His story proves again the power of Christ to transform even the most unlikely material.

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

In *Global Mission*, General H. H. Arnold, writing of early U.S. Army flying days, said: "One day Captain Donald W. Buckman was flying one of the earliest Army transports from March Field to Bakersfield, California, with six enlisted men for passengers. Some while before Buckman's estimated time of arrival, we heard him calling the Bakersfield Tower. He said he believed he was having a heart attack; the pain was very bad and he didn't know whether he would be able to make it. He would do everything he could, but in case he blacked out, he wanted us to know what had happened.

"We sent him such encouragement as we could by radio, and waited with an ambulance and the crash wagon standing by. Everybody knew that in that plane the pilot sat in front alone, without any possible communication with the people back in the fuselage.

"At last the plane appeared. It came in a little uncertainly, making a more abrupt approach than usual, but it levelled off all right, touched its wheels, and rolled to a stop. With great relief, we hurried out to meet it, and, as we drove up, saw the enlisted men climbing down casually, unaware they had been in any danger. Then we looked into the cockpit.

"Captain Buckman was sitting at the controls, dead."—Published by Harper.

Beauty in the Churchyard



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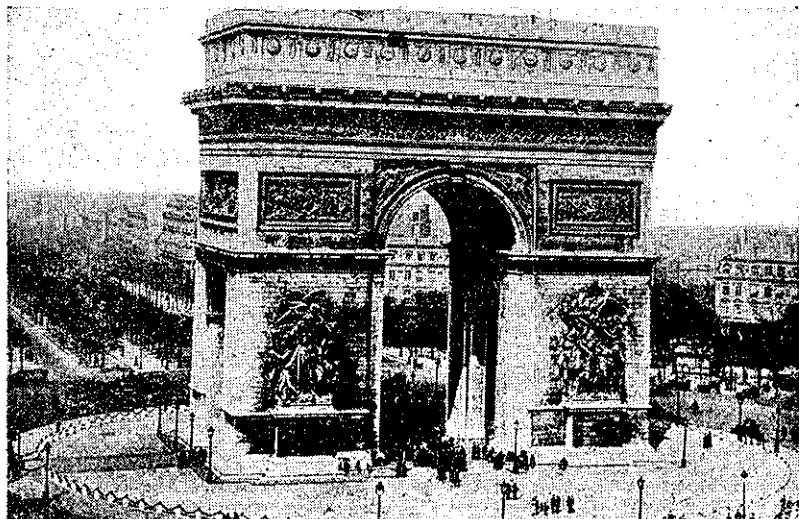
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Arc de Triomphe—Paris

A HOLIDAY ABROAD

by ANNA PARKER

HOLIDAYS have become a serious consideration in our time. Fifty years ago, holidays were regarded as the privilege of the rich. To-day they are a common enjoyment. The proof of this is to be seen in the great increase of the number of agencies catering for travelling and holiday-making. The provision of holidays and their organization have become a great industry. It has also become a great source for acquiring foreign currency, especially dollars. The question, therefore, where to go for holidays is one of considerable importance.

For many people, the problem of the holiday in this Festival of Britain year settles itself. Obviously, holidays will be spent in London or Edinburgh or Canterbury or some other major centre of the Festival of Britain. It is, I'm afraid, rather late in the day to begin thinking of a holiday in London this summer. The demand for hotel accommodation or boarding house accommodation or indeed accommodation of any sort outruns the supply hopelessly. Unless readers have booked accommodation some time ago, the prospects of a holiday in London this year must be considered very dim. The best you can hope for, as far as the Festival is concerned, is by means of the day-trip. This can best be found out in your own locality by application to your companies or local travel agents. But I should not think of a day-trip to London to visit the Festival as a holiday. It will be very hard work calling for another holiday—holiday in the sense of complete rest and relaxation.

It is the prospect of overcrowding in London and other cities this year that is turning the minds of many people to the idea of a holiday abroad. Strange though it may seem, when prices here in Britain are on the up-and-up, a holiday abroad this year can be cheaper than last year. This is partly because the tourist agencies are making more use of third class travel, which is quite a saving in itself. It is also due in part to devaluation which, in certain countries, has increased the value of the pound sterling. This applies more particularly to Spain and Austria, where the pound has gained over the peseta and schilling.

Every year more and more people are venturing on holidays abroad, which is a very good thing to do. It is not so very long since when foreign holidays were the monopoly of the few, and a visit to the Continent was regarded as a tremendous adventure. It can, of course, be a wonderful and an altogether delightful adventure. I envy those of my readers, for example, who have yet to make their first trip to France. What a delight and a thrill await you!

I would like to encourage those who are thinking of going abroad for their holiday this year, particularly if it is going to be their first trip abroad. Proceed with absolute confidence! Don't be confused or intimidated, for instance, by the language difficulty. There is always, or nearly always, someone or other about who can speak a little English. But think of the fun and excitement of hearing a new language, picking up words and phrases. It is like

adding a new dimension to life. Let me then offer a few suggestions of holidays abroad to those of my readers who may be thinking of this for the first time.

I should have no hesitation whatever in answering this question. My first trip abroad would be Paris, the most wonderful city in Europe, even more wonderful, I think, than Rome. Paris with its wide boulevards, its beautiful squares and streets, its monuments, buildings and Churches, its shops, its teeming life, its varied excitements, its food and cooking, its . . . thousand other attractions. Yes, for a first trip abroad, Paris every time. There you can savour the whole experience of being abroad among different people, yet not so different as to be utterly unlike the people we know at home.

Since I have presumed so far in giving advice or making suggestions, let me presume a bit further and advise you on how to get to Paris and plan your holiday. There is no doubt whatsoever in my mind that for a first visit to Paris, you cannot do better than go on one of those excellent conducted holidays, which have become so popular. It costs a little bit more, but it is well worth it. Indeed, it would probably cost you a lot more if you did Paris on your own for your first visit. A seven or eight day visit will cost you about £21, with third class travel. This includes fares, hotel and meals, tips, service, excursions, of which there will be three or four in the course of the eight days.

A conducted tour gives you, so to speak, the lay of the land. When you've been to Paris once and experienced some of her entrancing sights and sounds you will be sure to go again.

Young people, more particularly older school boys and students, who wish to make the most of their long summer holidays on an absolute minimum of cash, can have cheap holidays in France if they cycle and can enjoy being under canvas and in the open air all the time. My advice to young people who wish to go abroad under these conditions is to join the Youth Hostels Association (membership fee is 10/- a year if you are over 21, less if you are under). Membership entitles you to a night's stay in a Youth hostel anywhere for about 1/6 a night, and to meals correspondingly cheap. For about 30 or 40/- a week, including travel, you can get to know a good deal of France (or Switzerland, Belgium, etc.) in a few months, and meet the young people of the country you are travelling in. Membership in the Youth Hostels Association also means great reduction in fares. Return fare to Denmark is cut by nearly half to members of the Y.H.A.

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JULY, 1951

SAINT PETER'S, EAST BRIDGFORD CHURCH MAGAZINE



SERVICES

SUNDAYS:—

Holy Communion: 8 a.m.
Holy Eucharist: 11 a.m. 1st and 3rd Sundays.
Matins: 11 a.m. 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays.
Evensong: 6-30 p.m.
Children: 3-30 p.m.

R.A.F. Station, Newton:—

Morning Service—Sundays: 9-45 a.m.
Children: 2-30 p.m.

Rector:

Rev. G. R. D. McLEAN, M.A., The Hall (Tel. 218).

Rector's Warden:

Mr. R. WING, The Old Manor House (Tel. 245).

People's Warden:

Mr. E. MILLINGTON, Millgate.

Sidesmen:

Dr. G. O. BROOKS, Messrs. G. BATEMAN,
A. V. DENT, L. HAND, E. INGRAM, C. L.
WESTLEY, L. W. A. WHITE and F. YOUNG

Organist:

Mr. J. H. SHARDLOW, College Street.

Choirmaster:

Mr. N. RHODES, The School House (Tel. 226).

Sexton: Mr. L. JOHNSON, Closen Side Lane.

Hon. Verger: Miss HAND, Toll Bar Lane.

Hon. Treas. to P.C.C.: Mr. N. ASHTON HILL,
"Highclere," Kneeton Road (Tel. 298).

Hon. Sec. to P.C.C.: Mr. C. L. WESTLEY,
"Strathmore," Kneeton Road (Tel. 271).

Hon. Sec. to Freewill Offering: Miss HAND.

Leader of the Bellringers: Mr. A. V. DENT,
Cuttle Hill.

Mothers' Union—Enrolling Member.

Mrs. HUNT, Kneeton Road (Tel. 219).

Boys' Brigade—Captain:

Mr. E. BULLERS, Toll Bar Lane (Tel. 301).

Girls' Friendly Society:

Mrs. WESTLEY and Mrs. McLEAN.

GIVE unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
 The confidence of reason give ;
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

—William Wordsworth.

FEAST SUNDAY was a particularly great occasion this year. The British Legion had made a special effort and there was a fine parade, headed by the band of the Boys' Brigade, to whom all congratulations are due. Heavy rain fell during the Church service ; but it was possible to hold the ceremony of reading out the names and commemorating the fallen at the Memorial.

On the previous day, Midsummer Eve, the Flower Show was again held, and proved a conspicuous success. In spite of the absence of the great array of former years from the Manor, the exhibits were excellent and the display did not seem to suffer. A great feature was the fancy dress parade, and the judges wished to award prizes to everyone. Financially the Show covered itself comfortably this year ; but it was a good day, and the margin is none too great.

Two special events took place on Saint Peter's Day itself. In the afternoon the new Mothers' Union banner was dedicated in the presence of a large congregation from the Deanery branches. The preacher was the new Vicar of Whatton-in-the-Vale, the Rev. R. P. Fallows. The banner was afterwards inspected and appraised by a number of people ; and tea was provided for everyone in the Village Hall.

In the evening there was the honour of a visit from the Assistant Bishop of the Diocese, who is also the Rural Dean, the Rt. Rev. J. R. Weller. He came and administered the ancient rite of Confirmation, and a very beautiful service it was. The following were confirmed on that day:—Henry Derek Gee, Eric Massey, Allwood, Arthur Thorpe, Fred Young, Molly Higgs, Shirley Amy Willis, Mary Thornton and Muriel Barlow, who are all commended to the thoughts and prayers of Christian folk.

The great Deanery Pageant was concluded at the beginning of June ; all expenses were met, and about £10 was over which has gone towards the repair of the roof of Langar Church.

* * * *

WEDDING.

June 9th—Gordon Pickles and Kathryn Elizabeth Eyre.

CHRISTIAN RENEWAL

Vol. VI. No. 7

— EDITED BY D. R. DAVIES —

JULY, 1951

MAN TO MAN

The Editor Speaks to all Parishioners

A FEW months ago a book was published, under the striking title, *The Coming-of-Age of Christianity*, by The Canterbury Press. The book itself is as striking as its title. Often and often a book fails to live up to its title. I myself have frequently had the experience of being struck by a title sufficiently to shell out hard earned shillings to buy the book, and then being woefully disappointed. But I unhesitatingly promise any reader who reads this book that he will find that its contents do not let the title down.

The book is composed of seven chapters, each one written by a leading scholar and theologian. Let me give the list:—(1) *The Achievements of Christ In Twenty Centuries*, by Dr. John Foster ; (2) *The Significance of Christ Through the Ages*, by Dr. W. R. Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's ; (3) *Christ as Known in the Experience of Men*, by Dr. Sydney Cave, Principal of Hackney College ; (4) *Science and the Christian Life*, by A. D. Ritchie, who is Professor of Philosophy in Edinburgh ; (5) *The Christian Future*, by Dr. K. S. Latourette, the great authority on Christian Missions ; (6) *The Union of the Churches*, by Bishop Stephen Neil ; and (7) *The Coming Great Church*, by Dr. Henry Van Dusen, President of Union Theological College, New York. The whole of it has been planned and edited by Sir James Marchant. It is a book of the greatest importance, and a careful study of it will be an education in itself.

The Coming-of-Age of Christianity is an answer to the following question:—"Christianity will soon have been here for two thousand years, and what has it to show?" Let me try to say one or two things in reply to that question so as to introduce what the book itself has to say.

The Spiritual Achievement

The first thing we have to do is to get rid of the idea that Christianity either has (or was ever intended to do so), changed *this present world* into a paradise of comfort, happiness, and care-free existence. It has been one of the fatal misconceptions about the Christian faith that it is a glorified instrument for achieving material prosperity in this world, and to make existence in this world into a garden of ease. It is amazing how, in spite of the most explicit, forceful denials, we still

persist in entertaining false ideas about the purpose of Christianity. It was Christ Himself who said that He had not come to bring peace but a sword ; who said that the result of His coming would be division, hostility and bitterness. It was Christ Himself who said that "in the world ye shall have tribulation".

Christ's first purpose was not to change circumstances, but to transform souls. He came not first to change the world, but men. The world can be changed only in so far as men are changed. But the first effect of changing men is to make the world hostile. Nobody likes opposition, least of all the world. We must never forget the fact of the Cross or its meaning. The Cross symbolizes the opposition of the world to Christ. And the more Christ-like professing Christians become, the more also will they be hated and crucified by a world that opposes them. The truth of the matter, therefore, should be plain and simple. The new heart and will which Christ promises to those who obey and follow Him are at variance with the world, which is the embodiment of the old heart and will, which are at enmity with God's will. Inevitably, then, Christianity first of all brings suffering, struggle and conflict. *But it is suffering with a difference.* This is its spiritual achievement. Perhaps I can best explain this by quoting a passage from the writings of one of the greatest thinkers of our time, Leon Bloy, the French genius. What a profound, disturbing man he was. He once said that the purpose of Christianity was to help Christians to suffer better. But let me give the passage from his work which I, more particularly, have in mind.

"Up till that Day (i.e., Good Friday, the Day of Crucifixion), Man had not really understood the full meaning of suffering. Humanity was not ready for the lesson of the Cross. But when the blood-bespattered executioners came down from the hill, they spread the news of the Coming-of-Age of the Human Race. At one bound, sorrow spanned the gap between Accident and Substance, and became Necessity. Then it was that all those Promises of Joy which saturate the Scriptures, and which are summed up in the single word, 'Beatitude', swept like a whirlwind through the ranks of mankind. Humanity began to suffer in Hope . . . and this is what is meant by the Christian Era."

"Humanity began to suffer in Hope"! This is the Spiritual Achievement of Christianity in the world—that it has made suffering a means of Hope and Joy.

A cry of pain

It doesn't need any very profound knowledge of history to realize that it is a record of tragedy, injustice and cruelty. Let me quote Leon Bloy once more:—"The world still goes on its way. An age-long, immemorial procession of the strong and oppressed, the wicked and the innocent whom they trample, towards the common grave of Eternity. *History is nothing but a cry of pain in every century.*" It really baffles me how, in the face of what we know about man's history, people can retain any complacency or optimism about human nature. It is impossible ever to comprehend the pain and horrors which mankind have suffered and today are suffering more than ever. Think only of the nightmare of horror which millions of helpless, innocent men, women and children suffered in Hitler's gas-chambers, and what they are suffering at present in Stalin's frozen concentration camps. Prate then, if you can, about human nature.

What is the meaning of all this endless, ageless calamity and pain of humanity? Has it got a meaning? Or is it "a tale of sound and fury signifying nothing"? Is History only "a brief candle lighting fools upon their way to dusty death"?

Perhaps the greatest thing that Jesus Christ has done for men and women is to transform the nature and character of this terrible experience of tragedy and suffering. He has enabled them to endure all this in Hope! To see in it a thing of meaning and purpose and discipline, in spite of all its horror and wickedness. Through His empty tomb, we behold a vision of Transfiguration, in which the pain of mankind shall

have yielded beauty, harmony and peace, when mankind shall, at last, have been restored into humble obedience to, and dependence upon, God's will, we suffer in Hope!

The Social Achievement

This spiritual achievement is one which is realized in the inner world of man's spirit and heart. But this achievement in not the only one that Christianity can boast, though it is certainly its greatest. It can also claim a social achievement, which is visible in the outer world of civilization, society and institution—an achievement which has left its mark upon history.

This achievement can be best appreciated if we look for a moment at the slave societies of the ancient world. Look, for example, at Egypt with its vast pyramids. How were they built? It has been computed that the great Pyramid at Gizeh took the combined labour of 150,000 slaves, many thousands of whom were crushed and killed in the process. Why not? After all, *they were only things*. Aristotle, one of the greatest of the Greek philosophers, classified slaves as agricultural instruments of production. Before the coming of Christ, men were *things*, mere instruments, raw material.

Men as personalities

Now the great consequence of Christianity in social life was to transform men from being instruments into being souls, individuals, PERSONALITIES. Under the influence and pressure of Christian teaching, influence and example, men came to be regarded as ends in themselves. Men acquired the greatest value of all. I do not mean by this that all at once men and women ceased to be treated as things and automatically became ends in practice. They continued to be used as mere instruments, though to a lesser extent. But the great thing was this: *that*

the treatment of men as instruments was no longer taken for granted. Such treatment was henceforth subject to challenge, protest and resistance, all of which were the fruit of Christianity.

Whenever and wherever Christianity is denied and abandoned, as today in Soviet Russia and in countries under their control, men revert to the *status* of mere instruments. Soviet Russia has invented a new, satanic science, which they call "Social Engineering". It is a science which treats men in the mass as mere raw material for the plans of the State—i.e., for the will and objects of a tiny handful of men gone crazy with the lust for power. These men have rejected Christianity completely. Together with the denial of Christianity there goes, in necessary consequence, the denial of the spiritual value of man as an individual person. The humanity of man depends on the Christian view of man.

How does this come about? Very simply. Christianity affirms that (1) God created all men, who are therefore His children, and (2) that Christ died so that all men might be restored to their sonship which they had lost in consequence of their sin against God.

If God has created man for Himself, and, through the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, re-created him into fellowship with Himself, then it follows:—that man is too precious and valuable ever to become mere instrument for other men's purposes. Christianity in short is the only possible charter of man's social hope.

Here, then, are the two supreme achievements of the Christian Faith—the spiritual one of a sure and certain hope, and the social one of spiritual equality.

With best wishes,

D. R. Davies.

July, 1951

July, 1951

Conversations with the Dead. 5.

ST. AUGUSTINE

by THE EDITOR

AUGUSTINE! Who was Augustine? There is some confusion in the minds of most of us about Augustine, because, in fact, there were two celebrated Augustines, and we mostly get them mixed up.

First of all, there was the Augustine who landed in Kent, the first Christian Missionary to England, and the founder of Canterbury. The story is that one day Gregory the Great was visiting the slave-market in Rome and came across three fair-haired boys. On enquiring who they were, he was told that they were *Angles*—i.e., three boys from England. Years passed. Then, when Gregory, who had been a monk in the monastery of St. Andrew, became Pope, he decided to send a mission to England under Augustine, who was, at the time, the abbot of St. Andrews. He came to England and began the work of Christianising England, which has by no means been completed.

But there was a second, and more famous, Augustine, Aurelius Augustine, or to write his name in the correct Latin manner—Augustinus Aurelius. He was the great doctor, saint and theologian of the Church, Bishop of Hippo in North Africa. He wrote literally hundreds of books, which included commentaries on various books of the Bible, sermons, autobiographies, histories, philosophy, doctrine, controversial books, etc., etc. It is almost beyond belief how he could find time to write what he did, besides doing the work of a busy bishop. He was born somewhere about the year 354. He died on August 28th, 430, at the ripe age of seventy-six. This is the Augustine with whom I had my conversation.

That very entertaining American writer, Hendrik Van Loon, once wrote a book round the very fascinating idea of asking the famous men and women of history, to dinner. "Whom shall we ask for dinner tonight?" A very fascinating idea indeed. It was glancing at some of the celebrated names in his book that set me thinking about Augustine of Hippo. He would most certainly be one of the famous men in history that I would invite to dinner, though not here in England! I couldn't very well offer him tinned beef or gristled fat, could I? I think I would wait till I could get to France before asking him to dinner!

Then I thought to myself—"Why not get into a time-machine and go back to the fifth century and have a talk with him? In all probability, if I

could contact him, he would entertain me to dinner. After all, not even a Bishop in North Africa in the fifth century has the opportunity every day to talk to a twentieth century editor of a Parish Magazine Inset, and on that whimsical fancy, I fell asleep.

I don't really know what happened afterwards, except that I found myself sitting in the garden of a white house, surrounded by date-palms under a sun that was unbearably hot. Even in the shade it felt as though I was in a Turkish bath. All of a sudden it flashed upon me that I was in Hippo in North Africa. Don't ask me how I knew that, I just did know. And there, coming towards me, was a grave, solemn-looking man. My heart gave a thump, then began to beat wildly. "This man is Bishop Augustine," I said to myself. He came up to me, and with a smile he said to me, "Peace be unto thee, my brother." I was so over-whelmed, so—so—flabbergasted, that, forgetting I was in North Africa and not in England, I said, bowing low before him, "thank you, my Lord Bishop." He looked searchingly at me for a moment, as though the sun had affected me. Then suddenly collecting my wits, I said—"I'm so sorry. I thought for a moment that I was in Chichester."

"No, my son," replied Augustine, "you are in Hippo." "Oh yes," I replied, "I see that now. I think it so wonderful to meet you here, and to have the opportunity to talk to you. I've read many of your books, especially your *The City of God*, which, I think, is perhaps the most wonderful of all your books—at least of those I have read. I began to read it when I was eager to find some answer to the terrible events that were happening."

"And what were those terrible events?" asked Augustine. "Oh!" I replied, "wars, civil wars, destruction, slaughtering of innocent people and such things."

"But that is almost the same sort of world as the one we are now living in," said Augustine. And then he described to me what happened in far-away Rome the day Alaric entered it at the head of his Goths—thousands of them. It was a terrible day, followed by a night which was even more terrible. The streets were strewn with thousands of dead men and women; little children were roaming the streets, crying for their mothers. Buildings were ablaze. And books and precious manuscripts lay piled on one another,

feeding the flames that raged in the city."

"But even now in such dreadful conditions," continued Augustine, "people are slow to understand what is happening. They do not yet realize that this world cannot endure, that all this glory is mortal and is bound to pass away. In Rome, after the fury of the barbarians had spent itself, and the magnificent arches, towers, senate-house and palaces lay in smoking ruins, people were numbed and dazed and utterly baffled. They simply could not realize that Rome was not eternal. They had come to think of Rome as 'the eternal city'. Indeed, they had fallen into the habit of calling Rome 'the eternal city.' Stamps had been engraved with those words on them. And here was their wonderful city in ruins."

I was enthralled by his descriptions of those savage Gothic soldiers running amok in Rome. I waited for him to continue. "*Sic gloria transit mundi*," went on Augustine. "This world cannot endure. It is a realm in which men and women are constantly deluding themselves and one another that they can either do without God or relegate Him to a place of unimportance; that they don't need God for every breath that they draw; that without Him their buildings and ships and armies can continue to stand. The city of this world is an experiment in the impossible."

"But within this City of the world, there is another city being built, whose maker and builder is God. It is composed of those who have given themselves to a life of complete and utter obedience to the will of God. They are untouched by all the destruction. The flames of the barbarian fury cannot reach them. In their hearts is *The City of God*."

His voice ceased and his form faded away. But not his words. They remain.

NOTE

Readers of *Christian Renewal* may wish to read some of St. Augustine's writings. The book of his which I would recommend would be his *CITY OF GOD*. It is his best known book. In it Augustine describes the destruction of the city of Rome in the year 410 A.D., and then he goes on to explain the existence of another city beyond this world of space and time—the City of God, which nothing can destroy. The book is now obtainable in the popular *Everyman's Library* in a two-volume edition (Nos. 982 & 983) published by J. M. Dent, London in 1945. (5/- for the two volumes).

BASUTOLAND

The Foundation of a new Bishopric



Basutoland—South Africa—a typical landscape

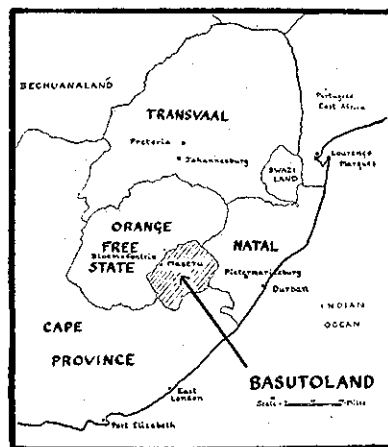
ONE hundred years ago, Moshesh, the Paramount Chief of the Basutos, placed his country under the protection of the British Crown. By this action Basutoland became a British Protectorate, administered directly from Britain, and not by the Government of the Union of South Africa. The Basutos have an intense loyalty to the Crown, and gave the King and Queen a great welcome when they visited the Protectorate in 1947. But the wisdom of Moshesh was not confined to politics alone, for about the same time he invited the first Archbishop of Cape Town to send missionaries to his people. In this way the Christian Church came to Basutoland. The faith was taught, churches were built, and schools were founded.

Recently, Basutoland has received independent status as a diocese of the Church of the Province of South Africa. As from its inception the new diocese will be concerned solely with the affairs of Basutoland, this step should make for even closer co-operation between the Church and the administration.

The country itself is a poor one and its rugged hills make communications difficult. There are few good roads and the sure-footed Basuto pony is of greater use to the traveller than the motor-car. Most of its people are engaged in agriculture and the industries that go with it, but the soil is not good and the flocks and herds are of low standard. As a result, each year many Basutos leave their homes to seek work on the farms and in the towns of the Orange Free State and in the gold mines of the Rand.

Among these simple country people the work of the Church has flourished, and many Basutos have been ordained to the priesthood, serving the church in their own land and in other parts of the Province of South Africa. Others, again, have sought training as teachers.

It is in this very work of education that the Church in the new diocese is confronted with one of its greatest tasks. Altogether there are about eighty mission schools, and care must be taken to ensure that these schools attain a quality which is at least equal to that which is to be found in other schools in South Africa. This can only be achieved if there is an adequate provision of first-class teachers, for a true Christian education is needed if the



Basutoland—Where it is.

evangelistic work of the Church is to flourish. A grave threat exists in the recrudescence of ritual murders and the growth of "initiation schools" which bear witness to the strength of the old pagan beliefs and practices.



A typical Modern Basuto Hut.

Managing Myself. 6.

SELF-SACRIFICE

by E. S. BARBER, M.A.

YOU can't read till you've learnt your ABC; you can't do mathematics till you're able to count. So in the business of living you must learn the elementary lessons before you can go on to the final ones.

The final lesson of living is self-sacrifice—which is love in action. The great deeds of history have been those in which self was cast down on the altar of a noble cause—be it patriotism or truth—or faith.

No motive has impelled such self-sacrifice as the cause of Jesus Christ. No other body has a roll of honour like His Church.

One reason is that Christ was Himself the supreme example of it. "Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor." He was born in a manger; He died on a Cross. His whole life from its dawn on the hills of Bethlehem to its setting behind the clouds of Calvary was an act of self-sacrifice from beginning to end. No man, He claimed, took His life from Him; He laid it down Himself.

Self-sacrifice is closely allied to self-denial and self-control; but it's far more than either of them. Self-denial

(cont. p. 56, col. 2)

THE CONVERT

A Story by
BOLESŁAW PRUS

V.



The interpretation of the Madonna and Child—Indian—by Angelo de Fonsera.

AN acute pain sobered Old Luke. Opening his eyes, he discovered that he was lying on the floor beside his bed. His dressing gown was crumpled as if by violent movement and his scarf had slipped from his head and was hanging down from the pillow.

The old man rose with difficulty and looked round. He recognised his own bed, his apartment, his dressing gown. The furniture was his and he could smell the same fumes of asphalt with which the sidewalk was being paved.

He looked at the clock. It was six o'clock and dusk was filling the room. So it must be evening. The last hour he could remember the clock striking was three o'clock.

What had he been doing between three and six?

He must have been asleep.

Yes, there could be no doubt, he had slept and had a nightmare!

A dream?

Yes, of course, a dream... There could be no doubt about it. Hell, if it existed, must have looked quite different, and his former whist partners could hardly be functioning there as judges!

None the less, it was a strange dream; it stood out quite clearly, it had a prophetic air, and it was deeply engraved in Old Luke's mind.

But was it a dream? ... If that was all it was, why did Luke now feel a dull pain in his back, as if the devil had really kicked him?

Was it a dream? Or wasn't it? It was a dream! No it wasn't... the old man kept saying; and to re-assure himself completely, he crawled to the window, put his spectacles on and carefully studied the rubbish heap.

He could see the loose straw, the papers, the refuse, but he could not identify the slipper...

Old Luke's skin began to creep. He opened the vent and shouted to the porter who was sweeping the yard:

"John! Who took that slipper from the rubbish heap?"

"Why, an old beggar woman took it," the porter replied.

"What woman?"—inquired the old man, increasingly apprehensive.

"I don't know. She must have been daft. She kept muttering to herself all the time, and praying for the souls of the dead and she even knocked at your door," the porter explained.

Feeling alternately cold and hot, Old Luke went on questioning the man.

"What did she look like? Could you recognize her?"

"There's nothing to it. She had one leg wrapped up in a tattered rag and she was limping badly."

Old Luke's teeth clattered.

"Did she take the slipper?"

"She picked it up, but then she began to curse someone and flung it so violently that I couldn't say where it went. It must have whizzed to hell! But there's nothing to worry about, it was all torn to bits, anyhow!"

But Old Luke was no longer listening. He shut the vent quickly and fell exhausted on the old couch, muttering: "So it wasn't a dream? It was real! I have been turned out of hell!..."

"Henceforth," he continued—"until the end of the world I shall live in this house, among this old lumber, carrying in my bosom the Treasury bonds... which are of no value... there... What use are they to me?"

For the first time in his life Old Luke wondered what use they were. What use was this uncomfortable house? All this furniture, all this junk rotting away? And what was the use of all the money he had, which he never used for his own enjoyment and which was utterly worthless in eternity. And as far as he was concerned, eternity had already begun!

An eternity of monotony, of dreadful boredom, of no change, no hope and no anxiety. In a year's time, in a hundred, a thousand years' time, Old Luke would carry the Treasury bonds in his bosom and would fill the drawers of the many desks with banknotes and with silver and gold, if any should come his way. After a hundred, after a thousand years he would still own his depressing house and still be defending his title-deeds first against his own daughter, and son-in-law, then against their children and later still against their grand-children and great grandchildren.

Never again would he be able to sit down in the pleasant company of his friends to have a game of whist, but for all eternity he would gaze at this furniture, crammed more and more chaotically and covered with ever-thickening dust, at the blackened pictures, at the torn couch, at his own shabby and greasy dressing gown... and at this plasterer's pail, filled with tools.

Whatever he could think of, whatever he saw around him, reminded him of his eternal punishment, all the more horrifying because it was as changeless and motionless as if it had been petrified. The life he was living today could be exhausted in a single day and would become unbearable in a week. But to live it for ages and ages—that was the cruellest of tortures.

The packet of Treasury notes in his bosom was scalding his flesh. He pulled it out from under his woollen vest and flung it into the chest of drawers. But this gave him no peace.



THE PRODIGAL SON.

A wood carving by Stephen Katsande, a student at the mission school, Cyrene, Southern Rhodesia.

"What use are these to me?" he whispered. "I have got them and—perish the thought—I shall never be able to rid myself of them."

There came a knock at the door. Contrary to his habit, Old Luke opened the door without first looking through the peephole; he saw the plasterer.

"Do have pity on me, sir," the plasterer implored him very humbly—"and give me back my tools. I cannot sue you because I'm too poor. But without my tools I shall never find work, and I haven't any money to buy new ones."

"Take them, take them away, but be quick," Old Luke cried, glad at least to get rid of the wooden pail.

The plasterer hurriedly carried the pail into the passage, unable to conceal his amazement. He looked at Old Luke embarrassedly and Luke gazed at him.

"What else do you want?" asked the old man.

"Well sir, what about my wages?" the workman said timidly.

Old Luke went to the desk, opened one of the many little drawers and asked:

"How much do I owe you?"

"Two pounds, sir. But I lost a great deal more by not being able to work without my tools," replied the plasterer, hoping to get the money quicker that way.

"How much have you lost . . . now speak the truth?" Old Luke asked.

"At least three pounds"—the plasterer replied, worrying all the time whether the old man would pay him even his bare wage.

But to his utter amazement he soon found out that Old Luke paid him five pounds with no further fuss.

The plasterer could hardly believe his own eyes as he gazed at the money and showered his blessing on Old Luke. But the old man banged the door before his nose, muttering to himself:

"Thank God I got rid of the pail and five pounds. If only they don't come back . . ."

Presently there came another knock at the door. Old Luke again opened the door and found himself faced by the joiner's wife.

"Oh, sir," the woman cried beseechingly, "for the last time I implore you not to sell us up. We'll pay you what we owe. But today I haven't any money, I can't pay the doctor to attend my sick husband and I can't even buy a crumb of food for him or for the children!"

And she burst into tears and cried so pitifully that the old man's heart was moved. He ran to the desk, and pulled out ten shillings pressing the money into her hands he said soothingly:

"Now, now, don't cry. Here, take

this for your most urgent needs and . . . later I'll give you some more. I'll cancel the sale, and leave you in the apartment and I shall be helping you . . . provided you apply to me only in real need, and don't try to exploit an old man."

The woman was struck dumb, and regarded Old Luke with wide eyes. He pushed her gently away from the doorstep, closed the door and whispered as if he were arguing with someone.

"No, I shan't sell their chattels, neither to-morrow or ever! And of course, I've got ten shillings less. That makes five pounds ten shillings so far . . ."

Soon, however, his worries returned, for every single object that stood in the room—and there were so many of them—was like a dagger pointed at his heart.

"Who ever will want this junk?" he wondered. "And I shall never be able to move out of here, because of the curse hanging over my head that I must spend all the eternity in this house! . . ."

Feeling immeasurably weary, Old Luke lit a candle, undressed and went to bed.

He slept like a log and had no dreams. But next morning he remembered his visions of hell with its monotonous eternity, and his useless life and again became sad.

The porter brought him a slice of bread and a pot of hot water. Old Luke made himself a cup of tea, drank it and again began to meditate over his misfortune. At lunch time the man fetched him a meal from a cheap eating house and departed without a word. Mr. Luke was sure that for the remainder of the day he would see no other human face but he was loth to go out, fearing that the city would remind him too much of hell. Unexpectedly, about four in the afternoon, someone began banging violently at the door. Old Luke opened it and almost had a collapse, when before him he saw the barrister Crispin!

Unable to collect his wits, he said nothing. Meanwhile the lawyer who seemed somewhat disgruntled, walked to the centre of the room remarking grimly:

"Well, you may be pleased to know that you have won the case, but only before the heavenly tribunal."

The old man went nearly mad with joy.

"I've won the case before the heavenly tribunal? How could that be? . . . Aren't they going to throw me out of hell any more?"

"Have you gone crazy, Luke?" asked the astonished lawyer.

"I understood that you said . . ."

"When I say that you've won the case before the heavenly tribunal, it means that you've lost it before the human court; we must either find a quibble to have the judgment set aside or you'll have to part with the house which goes to your daughter. Now do you understand?"

Old Luke got an inkling of his meaning.

"The heavenly tribunal . . . the heavenly tribunal . . ." the old man muttered, then suddenly he asked the lawyer:

"Wait a minute! . . . Is it true that you weren't killed in the wreck on the train?"

"I haven't even been on it! But what are you talking about, Luke?"

"Just a moment—" the old man interrupted—"then you haven't been killed and been in hell? . . ."

The Porter burst into the room with the slipper in his hand. "Here is the slipper—I found it behind the vat . . ."

Old Luke examined his slipper and could not see even a trace of fire. "So my slipper hasn't been in hell that either?" he whispered.

"Luke, you're crazy!" the barrister shouted. "I'm telling you of wild young teenagers will enjoy that you have lost the case and you are blabbing about an old slipper!"

"You see, last night I had a strange and oppressive dream." "Never mind your dreams," Crispin interrupted him—"dreams are neither here nor there as far as I am concerned. What you've got to decide is whether you will move out of the house or continue the lawsuit against your daughter?"

Old Luke pondered deeply. He reflected, weighed and calculated and finally said with determination:

"The lawsuit goes on!"

"Well said—" the lawyer answered. "But what was it that the plasterer told me this morning, that you were opinionated and enthusiastic and have withdrawn the sale of the chattels. Is it true?"

Old Luke nearly jumped. "God forbid!" he shouted. "I was slightly upset yesterday and promised not to sell their chattels and even—I feel ashamed to confess it—I even gave that hag ten shillings . . . but to day I am perfectly sober and solemnly revoke all my earlier and imprudent promises!"

"That's right!" the lawyer smilingly said, shaking Luke's hand. "Now the occasion to learn the lesson of can recognize your old self . . . When I hope and believe) but having once man!"

"I'm the same, unto death! . . . Your old Luke for ever," the old man replied, profoundly moved. "I only regret the five pounds ten shilling which I so foolishly parted with."

And again the two gentlemen shook hands heartily.

The End

WOMEN AT HOME

Dear Women Readers,

I wonder if you have been to the festival Park at Battersea and taken your family? I have not been yet, though I should rather like to go. The thought of the terrific crowds puts me off. I am ashamed to say I have done little more towards the beautifying of Britain than plant some bright flowers in the garden, and mend the chicken run so that the wretches do not get run so that the wretches do not get garden, scattering the earth far and wide.

I well remember the Wembley Exhibition in 1925; I was then in my teens and wore for the first time a costume down to my ankles, and behaved in what I supposed to be a grown-up way, not so grown-up, however, that I was unable to enjoy that terrible 'Racer', do you remember it? An experience I do not want to repeat; but doubtless the new generation of wild young teenagers will enjoy with their usual heartiness.

'Teenagers' have given me a lot of trouble for thought lately. We have had three staying in the house—girls of 15, 17 and 19, and much as I love these growing young people, I found their company most exhausting. In spite of the dreadful things people write about the young today, my opinion is that there is a difference for the better between the young these days and those of thirty years ago.

There were certainly no inhibitions, frustrations and complexes with these girls we had staying with us (only the youngest was our own daughter).

They talked freely (and noisily). They were opinionated and enthusiastic and discussed everything under the sun including their parents' attitude towards them. They looked upon a person of thirty and over as one who had lived so long that his opinion was quite valueless and out-of-date. Only the newest and most far-fetched and modern ideas were interesting and the right ones. Well, I had all these failings when I was their age, and was selfish and rude as well which these girls were not, and so once more I have learnt it, it continually has to be applied to new situations. Watching our own children grow up makes me appreciate the more the great tolerance my mother must have had for her five children with their wild schemes and general idiocies. And so on, each generation being about the same distance from eternity as the last.

Another rather annoying thing about these girls which also demands of parents or teachers, tolerance and understanding, was that not one of them knew what she wanted to do in life. Each of them is clever, artistic, musical and interested in every mortal thing from a pressure cooker to the position of the stars, but not one of them was prepared or eager to take any responsibility in the world. All of them were penniless, but all wanted to travel the world 'earning their own way.' Not one of them wanted to teach or be in an office; each expected to be able to walk straight into some tremendously interesting work specially created for herself!

So besides the passive tolerance which one must school oneself to feel towards the 'teenager', we have to suggest things to them and guide them without them having the slightest suspicion of what we are doing, and somehow or other they must be given a picture of the world, which they are about to enter as persons, in relation to themselves which is at the same time fair and truthful and suitable to their development, so as to lessen the shock which must come to them if they are allowed to remain "teenagers" in spirit.

I regard my life as a succession of shocks which I suffered, not because I was ill prepared for life, but because I resisted the advice and preparation with such obstinacy. It is that obstinacy to which the young cling with all their might, which must be handled so delicately and if possible painlessly dissolved.

Ruth McCormick.



HOUSEHOLD CORNER

Children's Pudding

(This recipe is healthy and digestible). Soak about half a basinful of scraps of brown bread in milk and add spice, currants, sultanas, according to taste and availability, about a tablespoonful of marmalade, 6 oz. margarine grated in and enough wholemeal flour to make the right consistency for a steamed pudding. Steam or boil for 1½–2 hours, according to size. This sounds rather a vague recipe, but you will be surprised how delicious it is.

Apple Medley

To be made overnight. A heaped tablespoon of medium oatmeal or porridge oats, and a sprinkling of brown sugar to be soaked in a pudding basin in milk. Next morning, grate an apple

into this, adding a little more sugar, the top off a pint of milk, perhaps a few raisins or grated nuts or grated lemon peel, or all of them if you like!

Finally let me remind you of summer pudding, which is so delicious.

Summer Pudding

Line a large pudding basin with slices of stale wholemeal bread, a round piece for the bottom, and triangular-shaped pieces usually fit in round the sides. Pour into this previously cooked fruit of any description, or any mixture, such as apples and bottled cherries, black currants and apple, gooseberries and raspberries. Don't be stingy with the fruit! Put a cap of bread on it, cover with a tin plate and place some weights on top. Serve cold with custard or fruit juice. Our children like a spoonful of condensed milk with it.

The Journey

A Vision

NOT for my soul to know when it shall leave

This pris'ning house of clay to seek for Thee.

I can but wait until Thy Messenger Shall touch my brow, and take me by the hand

And bear me up and onward, past the stars

Set in illimitable space

Until I catch the waft of angel wings in flight; The swell of myriad voices worshipping; The vision of a Radiant Presence near, Omnipotent.

Emptied my soul, of every plea save this That Thou did'st die for me; did'st die for ME.

Blindly I sink before Thy pierced Feet, And Thou, forgiving to the uttermost, Welcom'st me Home.

—Georgina P. Brown.



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I DO THE BEST I CAN

... and leave the rest to God

by H. T. "DICK" MERRILL

The famous American Airman

I HAVE flown across many million miles of sky during 22 years of piloting every kind of plane from the tiny open-cockpit Pittcairn Mailwing-5 back in 1928, to the present-day huge four-engine Constellations. On every one of those flights, this thought has always been with me:

"Do the very best you can and then put full trust in the Lord."

When flying was really in the pioneer stages, there were frequent emergencies. I was stunting in a battered old two-seater one day when the wing buckled. Luckily, I had a parachute, so I bailed out in a hurry. In jumping, the chute got twisted.

My hand reached for the rip-cord and clawed at air and clothing only. The plane hadn't been very high, I was falling earthward like a stone, yet my desperate fingers couldn't locate the rip-cord. With a prayer I practically twisted myself inside out before my fingers fastened on to the rip-cord. I jerked, the chute opened, swung twice and I was on the ground. It was that close.

I am convinced that the sense of God's strength within me made the big difference.

If you are *really* doing the best you can in flying or any other enterprise, you've taken all the abilities and intelligence that God has given you and trained and developed them to efficiency. You've kept healthy in body and mind. You've done nothing which might impair your co-ordination or make it more difficult to do your work.

If you have failed to make these efforts, you are showing that you have no confidence in the talents God gave you.

Utilization of this full whole-hearted trust mustn't be confined only to emergencies, I've discovered. It should be an everyday habit, as automatic as brushing your teeth when arising. The more confidence you have in God, the more incentive you will have to do the best you can. Then, if an emergency does arise, you are so much better prepared for it.

Once many, many years ago I was flying the mail south out of Richmond late at night when I noticed the roof of a house in flames. No one seemed to be about. I suspected that the occupants might not be aware of the fire. I dove at the house and performed all kinds of aerial acrobatics until the family awoke and sought aid in dousing the flames.

Such tactics would not be necessary

today. I would merely call the nearest radio station from my plane. They would notify the proper authorities who would cope with the problem.

Just think what God has enabled us to accomplish in this Air Age.

I remember another flight years ago, when a crisis arose over the ocean that called for immediate landing. Weather conditions in the area were hazardous. Fog was impenetrable. I never prayed any harder in my life.

At the same time I recalled the approximate location of an emergency field just off the coast. Heading the plane in what I felt sure was the general location, I rapidly calculated all the necessary mechanical factors I must allow for in making the landing.

Suddenly I looked down. The fog parted magically and there was the field below. We landed without any trouble. God had helped.

He helped too when I was alone in a tiny 90-mile per hour, 200 horse-power Pittcairn Mailway flying through the night between Richmond and Atlanta. Trust in Him enabled me to make the first commercial round-trip flight across the Atlantic. Today it shares the cockpit with me when I'm flying our modern five-mile-a-minute Silverliners.

I find the more I trust in God, the more I can do. The more I do, the more I trust in God. It's that simple.

(Contd. from p. 52)

is the sacrifice of part of your life; self-sacrifice involves the whole of it. Self-denial and self-control may be actuated by lesser ends. You may discipline yourself to make money, to win position or fame. But there's an element of selfishness in it. You may deny yourself, you may renounce certain desires, even renounce the world, and leave your essential self untouched. But self-sacrifice is something that can only be motivated by love, and love always means the annihilation of self.

Jesus demanded of His followers that they should lose their lives for His sake. What did He mean? For some it meant, and may mean again, looking into the grey face of death. Quite early in the story of the Church it meant that for Stephen, and James, and a host of others.

But for most of us self-sacrifice meant something quite different, something nearer to common experience and daily life. It means living not for ourselves but for the Kingdom of God; seeking to give sympathy to those who walk in

the valley of sorrows; courage to those who are battered in the struggle of life trying to make it easier for others to believe in God.

Those who lose their lives like that are the people who find them. Have you ever read the story of St. Francis of Assisi? His life was one of complete self-sacrifice; yet he and his companions called themselves "the merry men of the Lord." They went on that way singing, and the world caught the infection of their spirit and sang with them.

Here is the secret of happiness—the secret of managing self. It's to lose yourself in a great cause. Men have done that for unworthy causes, like Nazism. But I'm certain the supreme cause in the world to-day that can compel that utter self-sacrifice is the cause of Jesus Christ.

In recent years the Church in many parts of the world has been put to the test. Some have gone down under it but many more have come out of the fire of persecution with deeper faith and more flaming love. Perhaps in Britain things have been too easy for us certainly we seem to lack something of that spirit of heroism. We have confused Christianity with respectability being a decent fellow with being a follower of Jesus Christ. The New Testament never made that mistake. Christ never tolerated it. Listen to what He said: "If a man would come after Me, let him cross self out and take up his cross, and follow Me; for whosoever would save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for My sake shall find it."

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AUGUST, 1951

SAINT PETER'S, EAST BRIDGFORD CHURCH MAGAZINE



SERVICES

SUNDAYS:—

Holy Communion: 8 a.m.
Holy Eucharist: 11 a.m. 1st and 3rd Sundays.
Matins: 11 a.m. 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays.
Evensong: 6-30 p.m.
Children: 3-30 p.m.

R.A.F. Station, Newton:—
Morning Service—Sundays: 9-45 a.m.
Children: 2-30 p.m.

Rector:

Rev. G. R. D. McLEAN, M.A., The Hall (Tel. 218).

Rector's Warden:

Mr. R. WING, The Old Manor House (Tel. 245).

People's Warden:

Mr. E. MILLINGTON, Millgate.

Sidesmen:

Dr. G. O. BROOKS, Messrs. G. BATEMAN,
A. V. DENT, L. HAND, E. INGRAM, C. L.
WESTLEY, L. W. A. WHITE and F. YOUNG

Organist:

Mr. J. H. SHARDLOW, College Street.

Choirmaster:

Mr. N. RHODES, The School House (Tel. 226).

Sexton: Mr. L. JOHNSON, Closen Side Lane.

Hon. Verger: Miss HAND, Toll Bar Lane.

Hon. Treas. to P.C.C.: Mr. N. ASHTON HILL,
"Highclere," Kneeton Road (Tel. 298).

Hon. Sec. to P.C.C.: Mr. C. L. WESTLEY,
"Strathmore," Kneeton Road (Tel. 271).

Hon. Sec. to Freewill Offering: Miss HAND.

Leader of the Bellringers: Mr. A. V. DENT,
Cuttle Hill.

Mothers' Union—Enrolling Member.

Mrs. HUNT, Kneeton Road (Tel. 219).

Boys' Brigade—Captain:

Mr. E. BULLERS, Toll Bar Lane (Tel. 301).

Girls' Friendly Society:

Mrs. WESTLEY and Mrs. McLEAN.

LIFE may change, but it may fly not;
 Hope may vanish, but can die not;
 Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;
 Love repulsed—but it returneth!

—Percy Bysche Shelley.

THE good Summer holds out hopes for a splendid harvest—if it can be gathered; and this must exercise the prayers of many. The Harvest Thanksgiving services will be held this year upon Thursday, October 11th, and the following Sunday, the 14th. The preacher at one service will be the Rev. R. P. Fallowes, Vicar of Whatton-in-the-Vale with Aslockton.

The Deanery Musical Festival will be held on All Hallowe'en, October 31st, at Radcliffe-on-Trent. The choir is practising already for this event, which last year was very successful.

Many will have been pleased to see and hear the Rector of Lambley, the Rev. H. W. Pearson, on July 15th, when the Rector was away; and many thanks are due to him. He will be coming again on September 9th.

* * *

EAST BRIDGFORD HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

SUMMARY OF ACCOUNTS FOR 1951.

INCOME.			£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.			£	s.	d.
Subscriptions	71	7	6	Bank Charges	2	6
Gate Money	21	13	1	Frank Green Memorial Cup	6	15	0
Ladies' Prize Money	3	5	0	Children's Sundries	1	15	3
Ladies' Entrance Fees	2	13	0	Advertising	1	17	6
Donation to Memorial Cup	10	0	0	Stationery, etc.	3	5	8
Sundry Prize Money	10	6	6	Postages	1	2	6
Raffle	7	11	6	Ground Improvement	2	0	0
Roulette	17	11	8	Marquees, etc.	28	15	0
Skittles	14	6	0	Printing	17	0	0
Hidden Treasure	1	1	6	Band	11	9	0
Golf	4	15	0	Floats	17	6	0
Roll Penny	3	13	6	Luncheons	1	5	0
Hoopla	6	15	0	Half-pig and Refreshments	5	8	0
Ice Cream	3	6	9	Hire of Rooms	9	0	0
Sundry Sales	18	5	0	Watchman	1	0	0
						Field Labour	1	10	0
						Prize Money	24	4	6
						Prize Money (Ladies)	6	10	0
						Hon. Secretary's Honorarium	5	5	0
						Fancy Dress Prize Money	5	9	6
						Sports Prize Money	2	0	6
						Raffle, Hoopla and Sundries	9	4	5
						Ice Cream	2	10	0
						Balance	20	2	7
			£159	18	5				£159	18	5

* * *

WEDDINGS.

July 14th—Geoffrey Hickman and Janet Mary Curtis.

July 21st—Leonard Christopher Graham and Margaret Irene Wilkinson.

BURIALS.

July 14th—Sarah Alvey (89 years).

July 23rd—Alice Louise Dakin (73 years).

CHRISTIAN RENEWAL

Vol. VI. No. 8

EDITED BY D. R. DAVIES

AUGUST, 1951

MAN TO MAN

The Editor Speaks to all Parishioners

LAST April I was greatly privileged to spend four days in the little Swiss village of Zermatt, some impressions, of which I give on another page. It was one of the greatest and most enriching experiences of my whole life. What made it so, of course, was, in particular, the Matterhorn, that tremendous and majestic peak which rises in lonely splendour to the skies. It is the isolation of the Matterhorn which gives it its peculiar attraction. In the same range of mountains there are mighty peaks, such as Monte Rosa (15,265 feet high), the Lyskamm, the Breithorn and the Weisshorn. But they all stand a considerable distance away from the Matterhorn, which appears to tower above them because it is on its own. St. Peter's of Rome looks more imposing because of the clear space surrounding it. St. Paul's of London looks more imposing now than it did before the war, also because of the space around it. The Matterhorn gains its overwhelming appearance, like St. Peter's and St. Paul's, by its surrounding space. It is, of course, a mighty mountain—14,800 feet high—and of marvellous structure and proportion. It looks majestic in a photograph. But no photograph can possibly do it justice. I saw in the Matterhorn a parable of our life and time, about which I want to say something to my readers.

The Power of Little Things

The grandest view of the Matterhorn is from the top of another mountain opposite to it, the Gornergrat, which, in passing, seems to suggest that greatness is best seen only from a position of greatness. The higher you stand the more you can see of the greatness of life. The greater men become in spirit and character, the more they can see in life. Men who get lost in petty details are in peril of losing the power of vision. I felt this very much as I experienced the difference in the view of the Matterhorn between that of the village of Zermatt and that from the summit of the Gornergrat. The view from the village is truly magnificent; but the view from the Gornergrat is literally shattering, breath-taking. The view from 6,000 feet high is grand; from 10,000 feet high it is indescribable.

Though from the village the sight of the Matterhorn is not so grand as from the Gornergrat, it is nevertheless absolutely magnificent, and especially

from one particular spot in the village. Generally speaking, you only see the peak, just a fraction of the whole mountain, from the streets in the valley—except from one place. This is the road that runs past the little Catholic Church. Halfway down this road past the east end of the Church, opposite the little iron gate leading into the cemetery, you get an absolutely noble, awe-inspiring view of the Matterhorn, in which the top half stands out, about 7,000 feet of it. It looks as though the point of the peak enters into the sky! I do not envy the man who can look on that view and not feel humbled. I stood there absolutely entranced.

The Mighty Mountain

When I moved a little way down the road, I found that my view of the Matterhorn was almost completely blocked by a small hotel! The mighty mountain was blotted out by an object less in size than one ten-thousandth part of it. The man who would happen to look up only from that particular spot would never guess the existence of the Matterhorn. The most he would see would be just a tiny piece of rock jutting out from the sky.

How often life is like that. Tiny, petty things can rob us of the vision of greatness in life. Purely personal, individual happenings are frequently allowed to obscure and even to hide from our eyes the sense of truth. Here, for example, is a man who suffers some little injustice at the hands of somebody professing to be a Christian, and what happens? He becomes bitter and, in his bitterness, jumps to the conclusion (1) that all Christians are humbugs and hypocrites, and (2) that Christianity itself is no good. He has allowed one little incident, a personal disappointment, to blot out his vision of truth and greatness. He has shifted his position from the point on the open road, where the view of the Matterhorn of truth is clear, to an obstacle which shuts it off. Silly, isn't it? Maybe, but we are nearly all guilty of it at some time or another of our life.

When you come to think of it, life is made up mostly of little things for all of us. For every single great event in our lives, there are a thousand little ones, and it is these little ones that constitute the pattern of our lives. It is strange but true, nevertheless, that we manage the great events of life better than the little ones. How often do we hear or read of men standing up to the supreme decisions but

who are hopeless failures in the petty affairs of life. Sydney Carton, in Dickens' tale, *The Two Cities*, at a tragic moment finds it possible to give his life and to die instead of another person. But in day-to-day life he neglected his ordinary responsibilities, broke his promises, let people who depended upon him down time after time, until his life became a habit of neglect and self-indulgence. Is it not true to say, as we have discovered in two great wars, that men can die for their country more easily than they can live for it, or for those around them? It is easier to keep cheerful when death-dealing bombs are raining down upon us than it is to keep our temper in a queue or an overcrowded bus. It is the petty irritations of life that try people most. Trivial casuses breed great consequences. It does seem ridiculous that a building can block the view of a mountain peak which is about one hundred thousand times greater. But it is true. And the same thing is constantly happening in daily life.

So be on the look-out for those little things. Don't lie down or stand behind them. Keep the peak clear in view.

The Power of Pride

On my way to Zermatt, there was one thing in particular for which I was hoping and praying. It was most fortunate that my visit to Zermatt coincided with the time of the full moon. And I so longed to see the Matterhorn in moonlight! Moonlight has such a strange, mysterious power to change the appearance of things. I have seen an ugly town, dotted with disfiguring chimneys belching out smoke, transformed under a full moon into a vision of beauty. What would the Matterhorn look like in moonlight? Oh, for a clear sky at night!

Well, I was lucky beyond my most hopeful dreams. As it happened, my day at Zermatt was the

most beautiful, clear day of sunshine that they had had in the whole year up to that time. The skies had been absolutely clear all day, not a wisp of cloud. And the night was similarly cloudless. And there, high in the sky on that lovely Alpine night, was the moon riding like a golden galleon through a tideless blue! As you may imagine, I was filled with eager excitement.

14,800 Feet Up

Then, something strange, something totally unexpected happened.

As I stepped out into the village street, and stood at a point from which in the daytime I had seen the peak of the Matterhorn quite clearly my vision was blacked out by the street lights. Man-made light obscured from my eyes the God-made Matterhorn! What a paradox. The lights brought darkness! It was not until I had got well away from the lamplights, down the little lane alongside the church, that I could once more feast my eyes on that majestic splendour 14,800 feet above, a vision which, I know, I shall never be able to describe.

In this experience of mine, surely, lies another parable of life in our age and world. It is a parable of human pride, of how man's achievements and works, especially in the modern world, have made men feel that they can do without God. Man's work has blinded him to his need for God.

Losses and Gains

More and more do I find myself wondering whether, on the whole, the tremendous achievements of modern science have not been more of a curse than a blessing; whether the losses do not far outweigh the gains. I am not thinking merely of the fearful conditions that have resulted from our scientific progress which may be put into a single sentence: the sinister extension of man's power for evil that has come from science.

It is science that has made the totalitarian state possible. Without science, the modern enslavement of whole nations, of hundreds of millions of people, would simply not be possible. Can any advance in material comfort ever compensate humanity for such monstrosity?

But, as I have hinted above, this terrible though it is, is not my primary point at the moment. What chiefly concerns me is the kind of mind or mentality which the triumphs of modern science have bred. It is a mentality of peculiar pride, of what the old Greeks called *HUBRIS*. It is a mind that is in process of forgetting that everything human has its limits; of forgetting that man is a creature and therefore finite. It is, in short, the mind that finds it easy to believe that man is really God.

Man or Mass

One result of that belief is the society, the mass, is everything that man, the individual, personal human being, doesn't count at all in himself; he counts only as a mere cog in the great impersonal machine that we call "society". This kind of mind or mentality is the greatest enemy by which mankind has ever been menaced. And—here is the terrible truth about which we must face—it is the by-product of scientific progress. Science is the street-lamp which light has blotted out the view of the Matterhorn of God and His Kingdom.

"Put not your trust in princes," says the Bible. Let us translate that into the realities of our world and say, "Put not your trust in science." Don't pin your hope of salvation on science.

Yours sincerely,

D. R. Davies.

THE MOUNTAIN GUIDE

by THE EDITOR

A Swiss Valley

I can confidently promise you that you will never forget your holiday in Zermatt. First of all, there's the journey on the mountain railway up the valley, the Vispthal as it is called. You get the train at the little frontier town of Brique, which is surrounded by towering snow-covered giants. It is one of the most fascinating railway journeys in Europe. I can only think of one other which is more fascinating, more magnificent, more breath-taking, and that is the railway journey from Zermatt itself up the Gornergrat mountain. There is a mountain-side to reduce the most parrot chatterbox to silence! The journey from Brique to Zermatt is a fitting introduction to it, like the overture or prelude of Lohengrin to the opera. In that prelude, there are a few bars of almost every tune in the opera. And in the journey from Brique to Zermatt, you get glimpses of the great mountains, which later you will see in fuller grandeur as you climb the 10,000 feet from Zermatt up the Gornergrat. It is, every moment, absolutely unforgettable.

At the end of the journey, just before you arrive at the little station of Zermatt, as the train is rounding the bend, the Matterhorn breaks upon your vision. Only the peak of it, it is true. But it is enough! You know, in that momentary glimpse, that you have seen one of God's greatest creations in this world of space and matter. Look at the accompanying photograph. Notice how that giant peak bends over—so deceptively small in appearance. But in that overhanging peak, there are millions upon millions of tons of rock.

As you walk up the little shop-lined street of Zermatt, you also know that you are in one of the loveliest villages in the world. There is no smell of petrol there to assail your nostrils. Your cars are pleasantly stirred by the sound of the bells which tinkle on the horses' necks, as they draw the traps and carriages along. Zermatt is a place that does not tolerate the motor in any shape or form. You feel that you are in a world apart.

The Mountain Guide

I must let the reader discover for himself the innumerable wonders, beauties and joys of Zermatt. It will be the experience of a lifetime, which will sustain and encourage him through dark, cheerless winters, and dark days under gloomy, lowering English skies. But I must say a word or two about

some of the men he is sure to meet in the little streets and inns of Zermatt.

Among these men, you cannot fail to notice some of an exceptionally tough, hardy appearance. Their faces are bronzed by a thousand days in the scorching sun of the high Alps. Their skin has been worn to hardness of leather by the wind and storms that rage in the crags and precipices of the mountains. And in their eyes, there is tranquillity; there is confidence; there is the quiet courage that never blusters, never advertises itself. In their voices there is the sound of deep experience. In their hands, there is the power and grip which gives you the feeling of enormous confidence, which can hold your body as it trembles over some deep crevasse or precipice. They are men who cheat death almost every day over the abysses of the high Alps. They are a dedicated brotherhood.

Frontier Men

Who are these men that give you the feeling that they are a race apart? These are the Guides. These are the men who risk their lives daily to take you in safety to the giant summits, and bring you down again in safety "o'er crag and torrent" to the warmth and security of your hotel in the valley, where your hunger will be appeased, and your aching body can be enfolded in blessed rest. They are the "frontier" men, who stand between you and the death which always lurks on the high mountains. Beyond doubt, they are a magnificent breed of men. Not a finer anywhere on God's earth. In a world of horror, cruelty and selfishness, they restore your respect for human nature. If for nothing else, it is worth all the cost in time and money of a visit to the Alps to meet these men of the high mountains. So whatever else you miss on your visit to the Alps, don't miss the opportunity to meet and to talk to these men. Don't hesitate to approach them. They are the friendliest men you can ever wish to meet. Over a cup of coffee or a glass of wine, they will offer you good fellowship, and share their experiences with you. The mountains of the Swiss Alps are indeed magnificent. But the guides of Switzerland (or France) are still more magnificent. Their hearts are bigger even than their beloved Alps.

There is one striking characteristic that I have noticed about Alpine guides, of whom I have been privileged to meet many. One of them guided me, almost carried me, a few years ago up Mont Blanc. That characteristic is their simple religious trust. You won't meet any atheists among mountain guides. Atheism and irreligion are a

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The mighty Matterhorn 14,800 feet high.

Mr. Erroll Holmes. He was a keen captain and a dashing batsman—the sort who might knock up a century before you could say “Alec Miller.” On one occasion Surrey were playing Lancashire at Manchester. During the weekend, Mr. Holmes was the guest of friends of his in Cheshire. When he arrived at the house, his hostess informed Mr. Holmes that a lady who was very devoted to social work was coming to tea, and that he would have to be on his best behaviour. Mr. Holmes, it seems, was a great leg-puller. He was asked on this occasion to treat the lady guest seriously and not indulge in any of his jokes and pranks.

When the good lady arrived, Mr. Holmes was very polite and interested. He asked her what social work was claiming her interest at the moment, and she replied that it was an Order of Nuns not far away. “What do they do?” he asked, and the good lady replied, “They chiefly pray.”

And Holmes, with a twinkle in his eye, said “Do you think they would pray for me?”

“I am sure they would,” she said, “what do you want them to pray for?”

Then Holmes replied, “I would have them pray that I shall make a hundred runs on the wet wicket at Old Trafford (the Lancashire cricket ground at Manchester) tomorrow, and that one day I shall become captain of England!”

It seems an irresponsible request to make, just another example of the leg-pulling of which Mr. Holmes was so fond. Whether the good lady passed on his request to the nuns or not I do not know. Anyhow, this is what happened. I quote from Mr. Wynne-Jones. (To appreciate the point, the reader should know that a wet wicket at Old Trafford is one on which it is difficult to score ten runs, leave alone a hundred).

“Next day Holmes was 96 not out when Alf Gover (the Surrey fast bowler)—Surrey’s last man in, came to the wicket. Apparently Gover survived miraculously for an over and when Holmes faced the bowling again he got the four which gave him the century. But this was not all. Returning to the pavilion, he found a telegram waiting for him to take the M.C.C. (the English team) to the West Indies the following winter.

A coincidence perhaps, but a strange one, and Holmes told me that whenever they were doing badly in later years Alf Gover would walk over to him and say, “Skipper, you had better send for Miss Blank!”

This was certainly a very strange coincidence. I’ve heard of bullfighters

praying to the Virgin Mary for an easy bull to handle. And I have known of boxers asking God that He would help them to give their opponents a quick knock-out, plumb on the chin! But never before have I heard of a county cricketer praying for success on the cricket field. But after all, why not?

Well, what do you make of it? You may say that it was just a coincidence. But what does this word “coincidence” mean? It is a word which is a symbol of our ignorance, like the word “luck.” Just a coincidence? I wonder.

I believe in the future

By Dr. Arthur J. Brown

Secretary emeritus of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions

OLD MEN are said to be cynical and pessimistic. I am not. I am an incorrigible optimist.

I do not share the current lament regarding the young men and women of today. It is true that they are restless, critical, challenging. Thank God that they are. I was not a model youth myself and I did not become a model man, but I had the advantage of boyhood in a New England village where living was plain and discipline strict. The only reason I can give for a longer life, and more blessings than I ever expected, is that I am one of those of whom the Psalmist said: *The Lord hath not dealt with us after our sins . . . but according to His loving kindness.*

I learned that if I wanted anything we could not afford, I was to go without it; that if I expected the good things of life I must work for them; that the world did not owe me anything, but that I owed something to others.

In diet I had to obey the advice of the Apostle Paul: “. . . whatever is set before you, eat, asking no questions. . .” This was usually mush and milk, baked beans, codfish, bread and molasses, and occasionally, pumpkin pie. I was later told that this was not a wise diet, but those who warned me are long since dead.

Faith in God as revealed in Christ became the major factor in my experience, an aid to self control, a call to duty, an incentive to endeavour, a basis for hope, a support in illness and bereavement.

“Your philosophy of life has largely contributed to your recovery,” said the surgeon after a critical operation at the age of 85. I replied that it was not my philosophy but my religion. I was able to go to the operating room

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THE SACHEM

A Story by HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

The author of Quo Vadis

The events here described were related to Sienkiewicz when he visited the U.S.A. in 1881.

IN the city of Antelope, on the river of the same name, in the State of Texas, everyone was hurrying to see the circus. The curiosity of the inhabitants was aroused; this was the first time since the city had been founded that a circus had visited it with dancers, minstrels and tight-rope walkers.

The city was of recent origin. Fifteen years ago not a single house had been standing there and no whites had lived anywhere in this area. In the river delta, on the very spot where Antelope now stands, there had however been an Indian village called Chiawatta. It was the home of the Black Snakes, who had then been a scourge to such German frontier settlements as Berlin, Guendenau and Harmonia, and had made the settlers’ lives barely tolerable.

Of course, the Indians had only been defending their territory, which the State government had allotted to them for all time by a most solemn treaty! But the settlers of Berlin, Guendenau and Harmonia had cared little about that. It was clear that they took away from the Black Snakes their lands, their water, and their air, and gave them civilisation in exchange; and that the redskins had showed their gratitude in their own way by cutting the settlers’ scalps off.

This state of affairs could not continue. The settlers of Berlin, Guendenau and Harmonia, four hundred in number, gathered therefore one moonlight night and, summoning the Mexicans from La Ora to assist them, fell on the sleeping people of Chiawatta. The triumph of the good cause was complete. Chiawatta was burned down and the inhabitants put to the sword without regard to sex or age. The only survivors were small parties of warriors who happened at the time to be away hunting. In the village itself, not one survived, mainly because it was situated in the river delta, and the river, as usual in the spring, was in flood and encircled the village with an impassable expanse of water.

But this very position in the river fork, which had been the undoing of the Indians, attracted the Germans. It is difficult to escape from such a position, but easy to defend it. With this idea in mind, the inhabitants of Berlin, Guendenau and Harmonia emigrated into the delta. In a trice, out of savage Chiawatta arose civilised Antelope, and within five years it had a population of over two thousand.

In the sixth year, on the far side of

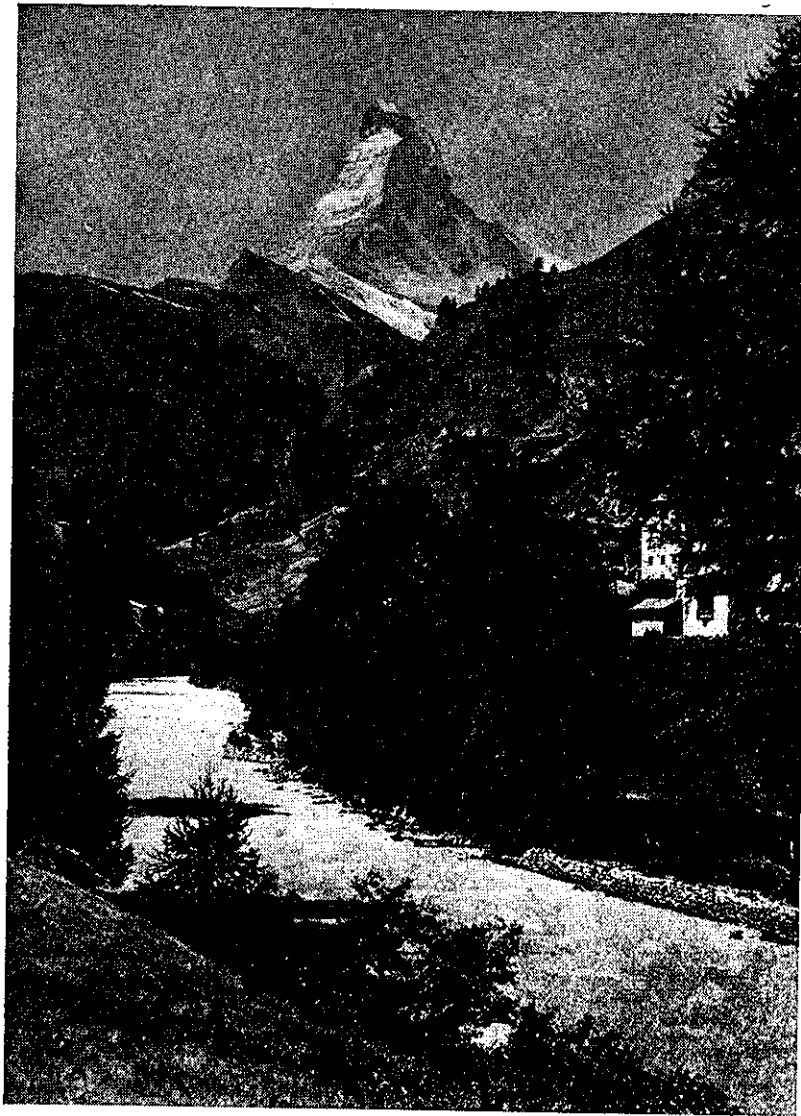
the delta, there was discovered a quicksilver mine, the exploitation of which doubled the population. In the seventh year, on the strength of lynch law there were hanged the last nineteen warriors of the Black Snakes tribe, who were caught in the neighbouring Forest of the Departed, thereafter the development of Antelope encountered no more obstacles. Three newspapers were published in the city, two *Tag-blatts* and a *Montagsrevue*. A railway line connected it with Rio del Norte and San Antonio. There were three schools in the Opinicia Gasse, one being a secondary school. On the very spot where the last of the Black Snakes had been hanged, stood a charitable institution; pastors were preaching every Sunday on the love of one’s neighbour, on respect for other people’s property, and on the virtues indispensable to a civilised community, while a visiting lecturer delivered an address in the Capitol “On the rights of nations.”

The more prosperous inhabitants talked about the need to found a university, to which the state government would have to contribute. The people of Antelope were doing well. Trade in quicksilver, oranges, wheat and wine brought large profits. They were honest, law-abiding, industrious and corpulent.

If, later, anyone had visited Antelope, the population of which rose to nearly twenty thousand, he would not have recognised in the wealthy merchants the merciless warriors, who fifteen years before had burned down Chiawatta. They spent their days in shops, workshops and offices, their evenings in the beer-hall “Under the Golden Sun” in Rattlesnake Street.

Listening to their voices, somewhat slow and guttural, to their *Mahlzeit! Mahlzeit!* their phlegmatic “Well, well, Herr Muller, has it really happened?” Listening to the clatter of beer glasses, to the flow of beer and the overflowing on to the floor of generously poured out foam, observing the calm, leisurely and self-satisfied faces overgrown with fat, and the fish-like eyes, anyone would think he was visiting a beerhall in Berlin or Munich rather than one on the pyre of Chiawatta. But everything in the city was now quite pleasant and no one ever thought of the burnt village.

One evening the people of Antelope were hurrying to the circus, not only because after hard work recreation is both well-earned and pleasant, but also because the inhabitants were proud of its arrival. Obviously, circuses do not visit any old town, so that the visit of the circus of the Hon. M. Dean,



A STRANGE COINCIDENCE

By THOMAS ICKLEY

I HAVE just been reading an entertaining book by that popular and well-known sports commentator, Mr. Wynne-Jones, entitled *Sports Commentary*, in which he tells the reader about his experiences and adventures among sportsmen, chiefly cricketers and rugby footballers. The life of a sports commentator—so it would appear—isn’t all beer and skittles. I suppose if we knew the inside of all the jobs which are done in our complicated

world, we should discover that no job, however easy and enviable it looks to the outside, is beer and skittles. Every job has its “seamy” side, especially that of the professional sportsman.

Now and again strange things happen to county cricketers, one of which is recorded in this book by Mr. Wynne-Jones.

A few years ago, back in 1947, Surrey County Cricket Club were captained by that popular amateur,

served to confirm the greatness and the importance of Antelope. There was however, another and perhaps a more important reason for this general curiosity. The second item of the programme announced "A walk on a wire-roped stretched fifteen feet above the ground—to the accompaniment of music—performed by the famous acrobat, Red Vulture, the sachem of the Black Snakes, the last scion of the rulers of the tribe and the last of the Black Snakes: (1) A Walk. (2) Antelope Leaps. (3) The Song and Dance of Death."

It was natural that in Antelope, if anywhere, the sachem was bound to arouse the liveliest interest. The Hon. M. Dean was giving it out at the "Golden Sun" that fifteen years ago, while travelling to Santa Fé, he had found in Planos de Tornado, an old Indian, with a ten years old boy. The old man had indeed died of wounds and exhaustion, but before his death, he explained that the boy was the son of the dead sachem of the Black Snakes and the heir to this dignity.

The troupe adopted the orphan, who in time became its leading acrobat. It was only at the "Golden Sun" that the Hon. M. Dean learned that Antelope used to be Chiawatta and that the famous rope-walker would be displaying his skill over the graves of his fathers. This knowledge pleased the director enormously, for now he could count confidently on a great attraction, provided he knew how to exploit its effect.

It was natural that the self-satisfied burghers of Antelope should throng to the circus, to show to the wives whom they had imported from Germany, and to their sons, who had never seen an Indian in their lives, the last of the Black Snakes and to say: "Look, such were the men whom we put to the sword fifteen years ago." *Ach, Herr Jekh!* It is pleasant to hear words of admiration whether from the lips of *Mathildchen* or of little *Fritz*. That's why, throughout the city, everyone was saying "Sachem, sachem."

From the early morning, children were peeping through the chinks in the boards with curiosity and fear, while older boys, returning from school and animated by a more warlike spirit, marched threateningly, without knowing why. As the clock struck eight the night was exquisitely beautiful, serene and starlit and the breeze wafted the fragrance of orange groves, which blended with the smell of malt brewed in the city.

The circus was blazing with light. Enormous torches of molten pitch, fastened over the main entrance, burned and smoked, and the breeze shook the plumes of smoke and glaring flame which illuminated the dark outlines of the structure. This consisted of a newly erected wooden circular shed

with a pointed roof topped by a Star-Spangled Banner. Before the gate, crowds, unable to gain admission, or possibly to afford the price of tickets, were gazing at the wagons of the circus folk, and especially at the linen curtain covering the main entrance door, overpainted with a representation of a battle between the Whites and the Red Indians. From time to time, when the curtain was lifted, the lighted interior of the buffet was revealed, with hundreds of beer tankards on the counter.

But now the curtain was rising and the throng was moving in. The empty spaces between the benches resounded with the tramp of feet, and soon the dark, moving mass occupied all the passages in the amphitheatre. The circus was brilliantly lighted, for although it was impossible to run a gas pipe into it, a gigantic candelabra consisting of fifty petrol lamps flooded the arena and the spectators with light. Its gleam fell on the well-fed, double-chinned and lowered heads of the beer-drinking men, the young faces of the womenfolk and the attractive, surprised little faces of the children, whose eyes were wide open with wonder. Moreover, as is usual with a

circus audience, all the spectators bore on their faces expressions of curiosity, content and stupidity. Amid the hubbub of voices, punctuated by shouts of "Fresh water! Fresh beer!" every one was impatiently awaiting the opening of the show.

At last the bell rang, and six uniformed attendants in top-boots emerged and took up their positions in two files at the entrance to the arena from the stables. Through this file rushed in a wild, unbridled and unsaddled horse carrying a cloud of muslin ribbons and tulle, the dancer Lina. To the sound of music it began to circle the arena. So beautiful was Lina, that young Mathilda, the daughter of the brewer from Opuncia Gasse, moved at the sight of her, leaned towards the young grocer Floss, of the same street, and whispered a question into his ear: "Do you still love me?" Meanwhile the horse, panting like a locomotive, continued its galloping; the whips cracked; the clowns who rushed in after her shouted and slapped each other's faces, while the dancer flashed about like lightning: applause; a marvellous spectacle!

(To be continued)

THE WORK OF THE CHURCH FOR THE BLIND

ST. JOHN'S GUILD FOR THE BLIND was founded in 1920 for the spiritual welfare of the Blind. It has a membership of nearly seven hundred, and has twenty-one branches scattered throughout the country. There are as yet only a few overseas members—in West Africa, Canada and the Bahamas.

All blind members of the Church of England should belong to St. John's Guild for the Blind. If you know of any blind churchpeople anywhere, and you think they would be interested, please put them in touch with the Hon. General Secretary whose name and address you will find below. Letters written in Braille will be answered in Braille. Enquirers desiring to join the Guild will be referred to the Secretary of their nearest branch, or if there is no branch anywhere near them they can still join the Guild as "lone" members until such time as a branch can be formed in their district.

The branches have devotional and social meetings, the emphasis being on the spiritual side of the Guild, and each branch has its Chaplain, Secretary, Treasurer and Committee. The meetings usually take the form of the Guild Office with perhaps Devotions and an address in church, followed by tea and conversation, and sometimes a lecture or music, etc., and the members are made to feel that they really are a part of the life of the Church, and that it does matter that they should take their

full part in the Church's worship.

St. John's Guild for the Blind publishes a monthly Braille Magazine, *The Church Messenger*, containing Guild news, religious articles, instructions in the Faith, and items of general interest, and also runs a lending library containing between 600 and 700 religious books, many of which are not otherwise available in Braille. These have been Brailled from print by friends of the Guild and bound into volumes. All members have ready access to the books which are issued to them free of charge.

It is difficult to express how much the Guild means to our older members—the making of friendships, their interest in the monthly Guild meetings and other activities, and the attainment of peace and joy through their membership in St. John's Guild for the Blind.

The following is true: A young blind woman attended one of our branch meetings with her mother, but made no suggestion of joining. In due course the Branch Secretary called on her and it transpired that the blind lady had not been Confirmed. On being asked about Confirmation, her attitude was rather "I don't mind." She was, however, well prepared and Confirmed, and from that day until the time of her last illness she never once missed her Sunday Communion. Week by week her mother took her to the altar and was herself Confirmed in due course. The girl's father had been Confirmed when at

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WOMEN AT HOME

Dear Women Readers,

With the tragic war in Korea in its second year, I am sure you will be interested in the stories of two Korean women who were invited by the U.S.A. Government to visit America and tell schools, colleges and women's clubs their experiences.

MRS. MARIA KIPOONG LEE is the wife of the Mayor of Seoul, the capital city of Korea. She is herself Dean of the Liberal Arts at the University of Seoul. Here is what she said:

My husband, sons and I were a part of the weary group who plodded south toward Pusan in June, 1950, following the North Korean attack.

Finally, we were compressed within the fiery perimeter of the Pusan beach-head. For three months our people shared what little food and shelter was available. Our worldly possessions were gone, but we thought not so much about them as about retaining our freedom of thought and action.

I remember soon after we reached Pusan, we heard praying and vigorous singing of hymns, in a nearby building, which continued right on through the night.

I discovered that our people had divided themselves into shifts so that the supplications to God would never stop.

We use prayer because we are Christians, but also because we are human beings. This memory of our people, all sects and creeds alike, massed together in the Pusan beach-head and praying around the clock, is something I'll never forget.

MRS. GRACE CHIANG, Principal of a Seoul high school, whose husband was assassinated by Communists, had this to say:

When my four children and I left Seoul and were waiting to cross the Han River, enemy planes came overhead and began to strafe us. I gathered my terrified children together in the shadow of a large rock, covering them with my skirt. As I prayed that they would be spared, a verse came to mind from the Old Testament: *I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and I will cover thee with My hand.**

This was a comforting and strengthening thought—truly an answer to prayer. Soon the planes were gone and we eventually made a safe journey to southern Korea.

When Seoul was recaptured, we returned and started to rebuild the *Exodus 33:22.

looted and shattered high school. The Chinese Communists' attack ruined this effort, but we will try again. The value of Christianity is that it teaches us patience and the confidence that out of all our hardships will come a better Korea.

It is difficult for us, in our secure little islands, to imagine what this dreadful war means to the Korean people. They are only a small nation of about 23 millions, and their picturesque country is almost exactly the size of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. Its misfortune is that it adjoins two such gigantic nations as Russia and China. By one of those blunders made at the end of the last war, Korea was split into two parts along the 38th parallel, to be occupied in the North by Russia, in the South by the United States. No sooner have the armies of occupation withdrawn, when Soviet Russia—having organised the North Koreans into a Communist State—made an attempt to bring the Southern Koreans behind the iron curtain. Prompt action by the United Nations, supported in the first instances by the armed forces of America, saved the South Koreans from slavery but at a terrible price in human life and suffering. The country, its cities and villages are in ruins and millions of homeless men, women and children are roaming the countryside in search of food and shelter.

No one can foresee when and how the war in Korea will be brought to an end. The Chinese, spurred on by the Russians, are so callous where human life is concerned that their losses, which must have reached over a million now, will not cause them to call the war off. The prospects for the Korean people are grim in the extreme. Whoever wins the war, they will be the losers. Let us remember them in our prayers, for only a miracle can save them from utter destruction and ruin.

ANNA PARKER.

(Continued from page 59)

product of towns and factories and city offices. It is one of the artificial results of an industrialised civilization. Men who are in daily communion with the mountains; who hourly brave their grandeur and terror; who are familiar with all their moods, the savage as well the smiling moods, know in their deepest being of the sure existence of God. They don't need the text-books of theologians to prove the existence of God. They see Him in all the wonder of His creation. What need has a guide for a mere argument?

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with a quiet mind because I felt an invisible One beside me, softly saying: "Let not your heart be troubled, I am with you."*

I have had, too, the high privilege of a part in a good cause. There are many such causes, local, national, international. The one into which I was brought is the supreme effort to proclaim the knowledge of God in Christ throughout the world and to apply it to all the problems of humanity, personal and social.

There is nothing mysterious about living to 94. It all comes down to this: whatever the number of years, to make life worthwhile, one should have a useful purpose; seek it diligently; form alliance with others of like purpose; have unshaken faith that beneath the surface tumult of the world there runs deep and strong the mighty current of God's eternal purpose. In the glory of this conviction, though my clock of time points to an evening hour, morning is in my heart.

*John 14:1, 27.

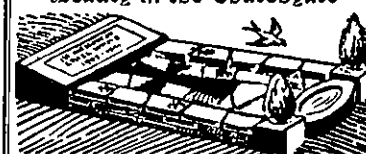
(Continued from page 62)

boarding-school but had long since put away all religion as a thing for women and not for the man who worked hard all the week. The blind girl died, and on the Sunday following, her father said he could not see his wife go to church alone: now they are both to be found at the altar every Sunday. This is by no means an isolated case; we know of many such cases.

The Guild has two Homes for blind ladies—one at St. Albans, Herts., and the other at Worthing. They are always full and there is always a waiting-list.

We should be most grateful for more subscribers of 5s. a year or more to our General Fund. Please write for a copy of our Annual Report and read more of what St. John's Guild for the Blind has done and is doing, and then send your subscription to the Hon. General Secretary, Miss A. H. Compton, 9 Sugden Road, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11.

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WHEN LIFE SEEMS GRIM

by RALPH MORGAN

A distinguished actor offers his formula for shedding self-pity

I HAVE enjoyed many of the good things in life, for which I am very grateful. But, like most others, I have also encountered what, to me, have been great tragedies.

There is no man or woman living who does not face catastrophe, loss, panic, heavy burdens and the terror of buckling under. Recently my sorrows and reverses piled up on me to such an extent and my future ahead looked so grim that life had almost no meaning. Yet, when everything seemed to be completely dark, a thought came to me:

"Why don't you try something that you have always believed in, but never used? Why don't you really try to love? Right now, start loving everyone with whom you come in contact—the milkman, the paper boy, the postman, the man at the service station; yes, and the trees, the flowers, the birds, every living thing. And tomorrow when you awaken, vow to yourself that you'll love more than you did today."

I tried, and it worked. The returns were unbelievable. Gone were the depression, the self-pity, the lack of good in my life. My world changed almost overnight. There is nothing mysterious about it, nothing really difficult. All that is needed is an honest effort.

Let me give you a specific instance. You are an actor, like myself. You're standing on the stage ready to go on and play your part. Another actor comes off-stage and says, "What a terrible audience. They're sitting on their hands. There isn't a smile in the whole crowd."

Don't you believe it! Say to yourself that it isn't true. Tell yourself: "I love those people out there, and they love me. They're my brothers and sisters." Go on the stage with that thought sincerely and deeply in your mind, and see what happens. You will be surprised and amazed.

I've proven it. I've seen it work. And if it works for me, it will work for you—for the salesman, for the businessman, for the mechanic, for the housewife, for each and every one. And when it works for you, you will feel exalted with a great hope that becomes a conviction.

You will also know that one of the great commandments, *Love thy neighbour as thyself*, was not an idle request, but that it was given as a guiding principle which will bring the *Peace of God which passeth all understanding* to each of us. I love this verse of John Greenleaf Whittier's:

*Then brother-man, fold to thy heart
thy brother,
For where love dwells, the Peace of
God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each
other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed
a prayer.*

I suppose every individual, deep down in his heart, believes that he has a formula or recipe for the healing of the nations which, if adopted, would bring lasting peace to the peoples of the world. This cannot be accomplished until the great majority of us has found peace individually.

My formula is a very old one, as old as Man; yet it has rarely been tried, except by comparatively few wise people. Of one thing, however, I am sure: it never fails when sincerely applied. This entire solution is embodied in one word, the word which I believe has been more abused than any other in the English or any other language—*Love*.

One word, four little letters; yet that little word carries within itself all the power there is in Heaven and Earth. If you honestly apply it, you will see something happen that will appear to you to be a miracle. But it won't be a miracle. It will be the natural operation in your life of the Great Law that governs the universe.

HOW TO PRACTICE FORGIVING

By Dr. N. V. PEALE

A NEW YORK physician says that seventy per cent of his patients reveal resentment in their case histories. "Ill-will and grudges help to make people sick. Forgiveness," he says, "will do more toward getting them well than any pills." So it is healthy to forgive, to say nothing of being the right way to live. Here are helpful rules:

1. Determine that you are going to forgive. It is not easy to revise emotional attitudes, but in due time you will feel the resentment leave you.
2. Remember the harm resentment can do, not to the other person, but to you.
3. Remember that you will never be spiritually blessed until you forgive.
4. Thinking about forgiving is not enough. You must come to a specific

moment when you say, "With God's help I now forgive."

5. Repeat the Lord's Prayer, inserting your offender's name, "Forgive me my trespasses as I forgive —."

6. Practice praying for the other person, asking specific blessing for him.

7. Speak to others in a kindly manner about the person against whom you harbour antagonism.

8. Write a brief letter of good will. Do not be offended if it is not answered. You have cleansed your own heart, that is what really matters.

9. Study the factors which created this unhappy situation to correct the "mistake pattern" in yourself.

10. Ask God now to effect a permanent spiritual change in your nature to forestall future rifts. Sincerely want this, pray for it, believe it is given you, and you will have it.

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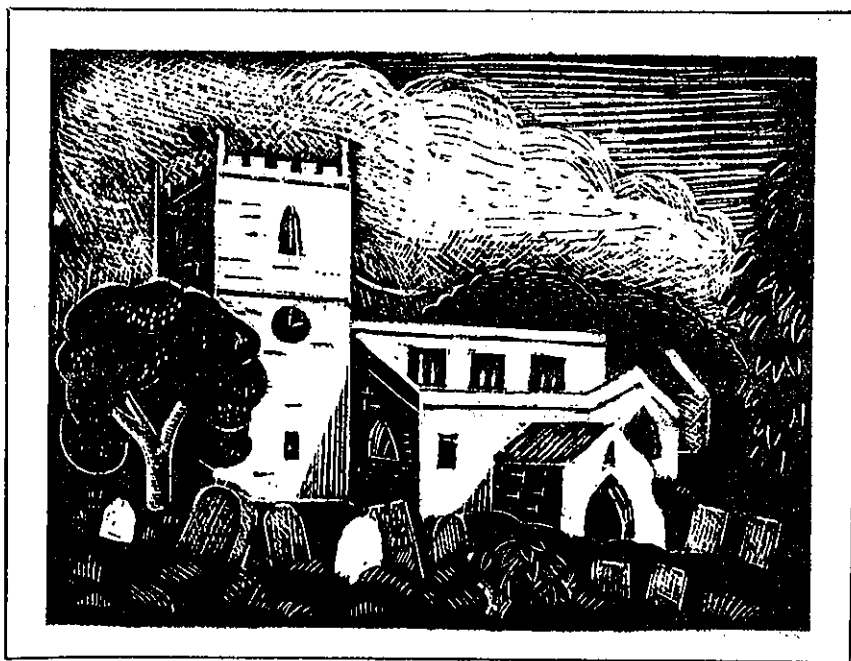
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SEPTEMBER, 1951

SAINT PETER'S, EAST BRIDGFORD CHURCH MAGAZINE



SERVICES

SUNDAYS:—

Holy Communion: 8 a.m.
Holy Eucharist: 11 a.m. 1st and 3rd Sundays.
Matins: 11 a.m. 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays.
Evensong: 6-30 p.m.
Children: 3-30 p.m.

R.A.F. Station, Newton:—

Morning Service—Sundays: 9-45 a.m.
Children: 2-30 p.m.

Rector:

Rev. G. R. D. McLEAN, M.A., The Hall (Tel. 218).

Rector's Warden:

Mr. R. WING, The Old Manor House (Tel. 245).

People's Warden:

Mr. E. MILLINGTON, Millgate.

Sidesmen:

Dr. G. O. BROOKS, Messrs. G. BATEMAN,
A. V. DENT, L. HAND, E. INGRAM, C. L.
WESTLEY, L. W. A. WHITE and F. YOUNG

Organist:

Mr. J. H. SHARDLOW, College Street.

Choirmaster:

Mr. N. RHODES, The School House (Tel. 226).

Sexton: Mr. L. JOHNSON, Closen Side Lane.

Hon. Verger: Miss HAND, Toll Bar Lane.

Hon. Treas. to P.C.C.: Mr. N. ASHTON HILL,
"Highclere," Kneeton Road (Tel. 298).

Hon. Sec. to P.C.C.: Mr. C. L. WESTLEY,
"Strathmore," Kneeton Road (Tel. 271).

Hon. Sec. to Freewill Offering: Miss HAND.

Leader of the Bellringers: Mr. A. V. DENT,
Cuttle Hill.

Mothers' Union—*Enrolling Member*.

Mrs. HUNT, Kneeton Road (Tel. 219).

Boys' Brigade—*Captain*:

Mr. E. BULLERS, Toll Bar Lane (Tel. 301).

Girls' Friendly Society:

Mrs. WESTLEY and Mrs. McLEAN.

'TIS said that Faith declines ; believe it not ;
Faith grows and spreads. Faith in the happier lot
Of human kind ; therefore, sweet Hope, in thee ;
And Faith in God's own climax, Charity.

Leigh Hunt.

A VERY beautiful gift will be presented to the Church this Autumn, taking the form of a new cross and candlesticks for the High Altar. They have now been completed as a thankoffering on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Wing for twenty-five years of happy married life, and for the safe survival of Mrs. Wing's two sons through the war. The Lord Bishop of the diocese will come to perform the dedication. They have been specially designed for this Church, to harmonise with the wooden front of the altar base, and to show up properly in front of the plain East Window, the whole cross itself rising above the line of the sill. The present cross appears in daylight to be cut in half. They are made in oak and are partly gilded, with a band of silver at the base recording the gift in the following words:—"1951. Presented to Saint Peter's Church, East Bridgford, by Richard and Margaret Wing."

These are something that are much needed. Some will perhaps have noticed that one of the conditions for the competition for the design of the new Cathedral Church at Coventry was that it should be a building to house an altar, rather than that an altar should be set in a building. How fitting therefore that a gift should be made to East Bridgford which will bring out the true glory and the fine proportions of the central feature of the Parish Church.

Gratitude is one of the most pleasing of human characteristics ; but most people find it very difficult to express as they would wish. No better way could be discovered than by an offering of this sort which will long serve as a thing of beauty and be one of the treasures belonging to the village.

* * * *

The wet August must have caused much disappointment and has marred a most promising season. It is nevertheless remarkable that in spite of the variableness, and indeed wretched nature, of the English climate, so much comes to fruition, and there is so much for which to be thankful.

* * * *

The new Rectory house "hastens slowly"; but at any rate it is started. It is an expensive building as it must be constructed to last. If anyone has suitable material of which to dispose, the pond in Tap Close is very nearly ready to be filled.

* * * *

It is hoped soon to have a book of guidance, issued by a committee of artists and architects, to assist in the choice of headstones and other memorials. At present people are at the mercy of commercial firms, who employ good craftsmen, but have little of the artistic senses. It is very lamentable how the standard has declined from the beautiful stones still standing in the Churchyard, which were set up in the 18th century.

BAPTISM.

August 12th—John Stewart Morton.

BURIALS.

August 1st—John Arthur James Cloxton (61 years).

August 13th—Emma Jane Simkin (80 years).

CHRISTIAN RENEWAL

Vol. VI. No. 9

EDITED BY D. R. DAVIES

SEPTEMBER, 1951

MAN TO MAN

The Editor Speaks to all Parishioners

SEPTEMBER is the month mostly in which Harvest Festival Thanksgiving Services are held in all the Churches. Like all Church Festivals, it offers us an opportunity to think afresh on the truths of life and religion which at other times we do not think of at all. What are the truths imbedded in Harvest Festival ? It is a question which we shall do well to ask and try to answer.

The Goodness of God

There is first of all the plain truth of the utter goodness of God to all men without exception. Harvest symbolizes divine goodness in a form which it is easy for all of us to understand, because it is a gift from God to all mankind. One of the deepest things in the Bible is its insistence that God is no respecter of persons. God has no favourites. He sends His rain and sunshine on the just and unjust alike. This clearly shows what Christianity always asserts, that God does not give good things to humanity according to any merit in man. God does not confine His gifts to the good and exclude the evil. This is what the New Testament means by the great word "grace". Grace is love irrespective of merit. God supplies all things that man finds to be necessary. It is God who has created the world, given to man for his sustenance the soil, water and sunshine and air, without which life, existence, would be quite impossible. It is on these primary, elemental things that the human race exists. It is true that man shall not live by bread *alone*, but it is also true that without bread, life would be impossible. And it is God who supplies it.

These material gifts symbolise also the spiritual things with which God supplies the human race. Beauty, joy, love, hope, also without which man could not continue to exist. These things too are *gifts* from God. Think of beauty, for example, in the form of music. Music is composed by the musician, your Mozarts, Haydens, Beethovens. But who creates the musician ? It is impossible for musical schools, colleges and academies to create Beethovens. They turn out artisans not geniuses. It is God who creates Beethoven, through whom He gives beauty in the form of music. And so it is with all the other spiritual possessions of

man. Man possesses them because God first gives them to him.

Dependence upon God

Harvest reminds us of another great, fundamental truth, which the modern man has largely forgotten, namely, man's utter and absolute dependence upon God—for everything. This is the human aspect of divine goodness. This is how the love of God looks when looked at from the side of history and experience.

It was John Stuart Mill, the XIXth century philosopher, who said that all man's labour was really secondary. Man does no more than shape raw materials, which are all given. Take the soil, which is fundamental to the existence of all living beings. Man didn't make the earth. This fact is expressed in science through the law of the uniformity of nature, which is simply another way of saying that no matter can neither be created nor destroyed—*nor destroyed*. Matter can only change its form. Its substance remains constant. Life would immediately perish without the things which are given, the things which man already finds at hand without his effort. Air, sunshine, soil, the processes of natural change. Man takes all these things for granted. *He counts on them*. Therefore, in the last resort, man is completely and forever dependent upon God.

The sin of our age is that it has forgotten this fundamental truth about himself. Pride in human achievements has dissipated the sense of dependence. But everything that man does sooner or later perishes. It is only what God does for man that abides. The supreme need of our age is to recover the sense of humility, by which we shall acknowledge our dependence upon God.

Divine Judgement

Still another profound truth enshrined in Harvest Festival is that history and the whole life of man lies under God's judgement, that God rejects everything in human life which does not arise from Himself. One reason for the failure to realize and to appreciate this truth is because we have tended to conceive of it in the wrong way.

What does the term "Judgement" make us think of? What picture does it give rise to in our minds? Almost without exception, whenever we think of "Judgement", we think of a legal process. We picture an assize court presided over by a judge. There is indeed some excuse for us thinking of divine judgement in this way. So many of our hymns speak of God's judgement in precisely this way. I can still recall my boyhood days in South Wales and the hymns that were sung in the chapels of Wales. I remember especially that great hymn known as *Dies Irae*, which is more vivid, dramatic and awe-inspiring in Welsh than it is in English. It is a wonderful hymn, but it tends to give a wrong idea or picture of how God's judgement works, because it makes it a legal process. But God's judgement is not a legal process at all.

History is Judgement

Harvest itself, in fact, gives a far more probable picture of divine judgement than a law-court. What happens in harvest? Is it not a state of maturing, of ripeness, of things coming to full term? An acorn falls into the ground. In due course, that tiny acorn becomes an oak, which, so to speak, is the final judgement of the acorn. Judgement is making manifest what a thing secretly, inwardly and truly is. It is a process of growth, of development; a process of becoming, maturing; a biological rather than a legal process.

Communism, for example, is a judgement. It is the open manifestation of what was secretly, inwardly implied in the idea that man has the power to fulfil his own needs in this world. This idea in time gave rise to another idea, that the good life consists in an ever increasing consumption of things, mere things. This idea has at last come to maturity in Communism, which is God's judgement upon modern Europe's way of life.

Divine judgement, therefore, is not something which happens

merely at the end of the world. It is happening here and now and all the time. *History is Judgement*. It is a self-revealing process of the character of man's thought and life apart from God. Harvest has no more important lesson to teach than this.

The Meaning of Consequence

Not the least important of the truths of Harvest is that of Consequence, "that things are what they are, consequences will be what they will be. Why therefore should we deceive ourselves?"

"Our deeds shall travel with us from afar.
And what we have been makes us what we are".

Concealed in this great issue or principle of Moral Consequence is a question of the greatest significance. It is the principle of discipline and community. Perhaps I can best explain what I mean by asking readers to try to picture, for the time being, a world in which things are not linked in consequence.

Let us suppose that the things we do carry no results. It would be a very strange world indeed. In that case, harvest would not bear any necessary relation to what had been sown in spring. The grape-vine might bear berries! Seed potatoes might become pumpkins. The result would be chaos and pervading uncertainty. You would not be able to bank or count on anything whatsoever.

In the relations between human beings, the case would be still worse and even more fantastic. Good and evil would become meaningless. System would disappear. Human relations would be reduced to absolute chaos. Everything would fall into universal confusion.

The individual would become incapable of learning from experience. If A does not result in B, but in C or X, Y, Z, nothing could be learnt, because nothing could

be guaranteed. Character would disappear.

Hence consequence is the fundamental condition of moral and spiritual discipline, which means it is the necessary condition by which human beings can alone learn from experience. If pain and penalty did not certainly follow upon stupidity and sin, character would be impossible of attainment. Nothing could be learnt about God or the universe, about life or about man. Consequence is the framework of a rational universe.

One World

It is also the condition for community. Without the law of consequence, every single individual would be shut off from every other individual. It is consequence that alone makes society possible. Instead of one world, there would be as many worlds as there are individuals, entirely dissociated from one another. We should all be as though we were blind and deaf and dumb! Life would be transformed into a polar waste, a frozen solitude and isolation. Consequence is absolutely the condition of community. It alone makes the brotherhood of man possible.

This is one of the profoundest truths to be learnt from Harvest. It speaks to man of system and society. It is the sign that the world created by God is a rational world, a world of meaning. It is, therefore, the sign also of the love of God. Perhaps we have thought that consequence (i.e., the law of consequence) is the expression of wrath, of cruelty and sternness. On the contrary, it expresses the tenderness and the love of God, Who was in Christ. If Harvest Festival teaches that to us at this time, it will be more than worth while.

Yours sincerely,

A. R. Davies.

BEHIND THE FESTIVAL FACADE

By the Revd. SELWYN GUMMER

NO ONE is in doubt that the Dome of Discovery dominates the 1951 South Bank Exhibition. However you look at it—through the eyes of your newspaper reporter, your television or news-screen, from Hungerford Bridge, the Embankment, from the river or from the air and, particularly, from the Government front-bench—it is the Dome which fills the picture.

That fact is symbolic and highly significant. To understand this one has to go back a hundred years. In 1851 an exhibition was held in a building, which, through an inspired phrase by Douglas Jerrold in *Punch*, came to be known as 'Crystal Palace'. This building of glass was erected in Hyde Park, and was itself an outstanding example of British skill and imagination.

Exhibition 1851

It is not important, but it is worth noting, that the Exhibition of 1851 made a great profit. What is important is that the profits were devoted to the establishment of a Science Museum, and for founding a number of 'Exhibitions' in the colleges and universities of Britain, principally for studies in Science. The 1851 Exhibition was, unashamedly, born in a mood of unbounded confidence in the powers and blessings of Science—a term meaning in this connection technology. Born in that mood, it developed in that mood, and its profits were devoted to fostering that mood for the future.

That was all very well in 1851—and in the Britain of 1851. By that time Britain was leading the world. Technologically Britain was supreme. There flowed from this newly discovered power an ever-multiplying abundance. Britain had been in on the ground-floor of this wonderful new world of material prosperity. Leading the world she would show the world that the sky was the limit to the heaped-up wealth which this power, technology, had made an 'open sesame'.

That, we repeat, was in 1851. It was then justified. It interpreted the confidence of the British people in the boons and blessings of technology. It needed the twentieth century to make us aware of its bombs and banes. Then they knew only its smile, we now have heard, with drum-splitting violence, its snarl. The tragedy of the Festival is that South Bank has been designed by men who have not advanced spiritually and mentally beyond the blind confidence of their predecessors of 1851. They have proceeded as though the two wars

had never been, as though poison-gas and bacteriological warfare was still confined to insects, and as though the atom and hydrogen bombs still resided in the mind and imagination of Jules Verne or H. G. Wells.

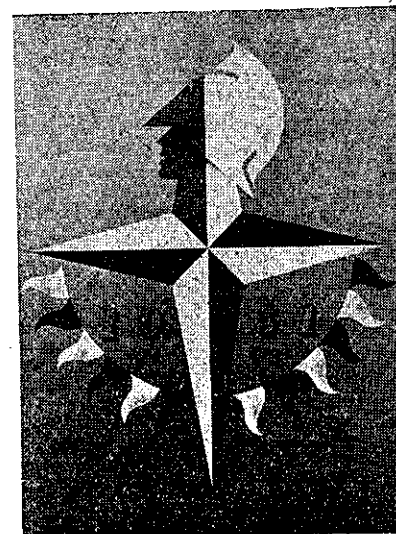
Do we believe in Technology?

That is unforgivable. The makers of the Festival Exhibition may still believe that the hope of salvation for Britain and the World lies with technology—with the ability to multiply the number and improve the effectiveness of more and more gadgets, but we do not. The man in the streets of Britain to-day has lost confidence in the magic of gadgets. And to present as the Dome of Discovery does that the creed of Britain is "We believe in technology" is an impertinence and an outrageous lie. WE DO NOT. We believe less and less in the value of things the more we understand the evil ends to which things can be put.

For this reason we deplore the fact that Christianity has been pushed out of the Exhibition. If you want to discover the recognition which the sponsors of the Festival have given to the Church of Christ, and what it has meant to the life of Britain in the last one hundred years, you have to leave the grounds of the Festival itself, and stumble your way to Waterloo Road, and if you do not get lost in the backstreets, you will find the Festival Church.

Now let these facts stand out in the minds of Christians, that they may realise the official estimate of the importance of Christianity in the life of Britain. This is what the planners of the Exhibition do to the Church. Only as a last minute decision, and under strong pressure from all sections of the community was the Church represented at all at the Festival—and then on the outside. At a time when many millions of the taxpayers' money was being spent on the worship of technology and to the glory of certain British politicians, the Church was told to foot its own bill for preparing the bombed Church of St. John's Waterloo Road, to the glory of Christ and for the worship of God.

What a fallacy the spectacle of South Bank presents! A hundred years of British life—with the Christian Church on the outside. Unwittingly—gloriously unwittingly—this circumstance does convey a message to those who have eyes to see. What St. John's is doing today in dirty, ill-favoured Waterloo Road, is what the Church has been consistently doing the last century, and



for nineteen centuries before that. It has not proved its genius under the arc-lights of a highly publicised, and publicly financed propaganda stunt, but in the back streets of its mean cities, on the voluntary and grateful gifts of its members—it has brought light to the dark places, comfort to the cheerless, and hope to the hopeless.

Now think of the century which has gone by since 1851. It is a century which on the social side has given us the Friendly Societies, The Co-operative Movement, The Trade Unions, all, be it remembered, born of Christianity, whatever they have become in these latter days. It is a century which gave us The Salvation Army, The Church Army, and a thousand similar organisations which have lifted the life of Britain to a new and higher plane. It is a century in which the Bible poured out from Britain in tongues and languages, to peoples and nations, many, many times more numerous than in 1850. It is a century which saw Christianity conquer more hearts and territory than during any other century from Apostolic times.

This is what was left out of the Festival. This makes it a mockery and a farce. Not one of these facts from a century of British life, with their resounding repercussions upon the entire life of the human race, seems to have penetrated so much as one skin of the thick secular hide of the Festival's sponsors. Let the Church, therefore which means you and me, publish the fact now that Britain's greatness is the triumph of its people's faith and Christian practice. Let us make it known that we consider it an insult and a lie to pretend as the Dome of Discovery does that our greatness rests on our ability as 'gadget-makers.'

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG

TWO STORIES OF THE PAST

Saint Hilda

Abbess of Whitby

Little Hilda was a princess. She learnt to read and write—and not many were scholars in those days. Her great-uncle, King Edwin was the first Christian King of that part of England, and he had had Hilda baptised. Hilda understood as she grew older that she had been given to God at her baptism, and she made up her mind that when she was grown up she would give herself to God again and for the rest of her life.

At last the day came when she could leave all the pleasant things of life, like pretty dresses, jewellery and home comforts, and go to a monastery, wearing the coarse dark gowns which were customary in those days. After many years of service and prayer at this monastery she was made Abbess of Whitby and was lovingly known as 'Mother Hilda'.

There was the Abbey Church and monastery where many nuns and monks lived. Mother Hilda cared for them all, teaching them how to serve the people and show them how to know and love God. Monks and nuns in those days had to comfort the old and weary and heal and teach the sick people, keep the Church clean and write out the Bible stories in their own hand and Mother Hilda helped and guided them in all this work.

Saint Ceadmon

A Singer for God

Caedmon was one of Mother Hilda's herdsmen. He worshipped in the Church and loved to hear the Bible stories. He loved an outdoor life, the animals and the birds, the starry sky and the full moon; but he specially loved the singing and chanting in Church and did so wish that he too had been able to sing. His fellow herdsmen used to tease him because he was quite unable to sing and one night when all the others were singing he crept shamefully away to his bed of straw near the cattle and in spite of a restless night, he had a wonderful dream. God's messenger came to him and said 'Sing to me Caedmon'. 'But Master, I cannot sing,' answered Caedmon. 'Yet you must sing to me' said the messenger, 'Sing of the beginning of created things'. And Caedmon tried to sing of the wonders of the earth and the sea and all living creatures. And when he

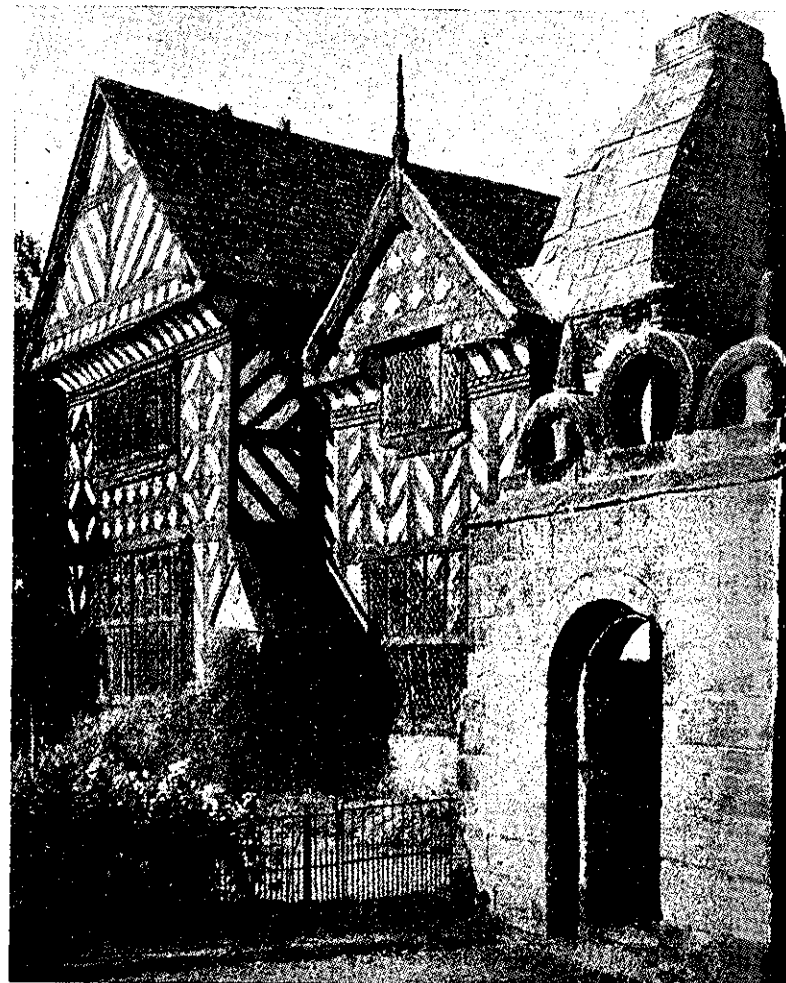
awoke in the morning he found he could sing!

We can be sure he went about his work with a very joyful heart, and when his fellow-herdsmen heard him they said that Mother Hilda must be told. When she heard Caedmon sing, she said 'Now you must leave the herds,

for God has called you to be His singer'. And so it happened that he turned the Bible stories into song, and then he learned to read and write the Bible stories himself. Many, many more people came to know about God and His great love because of Caedmon's wonderful gift of song.

Resolve...

Just for today I will be agreeable. I will look as well as I can, dress as becomingly as possible, talk law, act courteously, be liberal with praise, criticize not at all, nor find fault with anything and not try to regulate or improve anyone.



OUR HERITAGE—Speke Hall, one of the most richly half-timbered 16th-century houses in the country, on the Mersey. The National Trust.

A POEM

"How shall we teach
A child to reach
Beyond himself and touch
The stars,
We who have stooped so much?"

How shall we tell
A child to dwell
With honour, live and die
For truth
We have lived a lie?

How shall we say
To him, 'The way
Of Life is through the gate of love',
We who have learned to hate?

How shall we dare
To teach him prayer
And turn him toward the way
of faith,
We who no longer pray?"
Mildred R. Howland.

Mithra's Prayer

"Holy One, constant saviour of the race of men, so bountiful in cherishing them, so tender in the mother's love which Thou dost bestow on the wretched. Nor day nor night, nor shortest moment passes unmarked by Thy benefits, without the help of Thy protection for men on sea or land, without Thy succouring hand outstretched to ward off the storms of life. Powers above and powers below alike wait on Thy will. Thou makest the world to revolve, Thou givest his light to the sun, Thou art ruler of the universe, Thou dost tread Tartarus under Thy feet. To Thee are due the harmony of the spheres, the return of the seasons, the gladness of the Gods, the obedience of the elements. At Thy bidding the breezes blow, the clouds gather, seeds germinate and grow. Birds which pass across the sky, beasts which wander on the hills, serpents which lurk underground, the monsters which swim the deep—all tremble before Thy Majesty. But I am too feeble in mind to sing Thy praise, too poor in worldly goods to pay Thee sacrifice; nor have I wealth of utterance to tell all that I feel of Thy grandeur. A thousand lips, a thousand tongues, an unbroken eternity of un-failing praise would not avail. What the pious soul, though poor withal, may do, that will I perform. The features of Thy Holy Godhead will be treasured in the thoughts of my inmost soul for evermore."

THE SACHEM

A Story by HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

The author of Quo Vadis
II.

But the first item of the programme was soon over. Now came the time for the second item. Among the spectators the word "sachem, sachem" flew from mouth to mouth. No one paid any attention to the clowns who were still belabouring one another with their fists. While they displayed their monkey tricks, the attendants brought in wooden cross-bars several yards long and erected them at both sides of the arena. The orchestra no longer played Yankee Doodle, but the gloomy aria of the Commodore in Don Juan. A wire was stretched between the two cross-bars.

Suddenly, a sheaf of red Bengal light flamed in the entrance, and illuminated the entire arena with a blood-red blaze. In this blaze was to appear the terrible sachem, the last of the Black Snakes. But what is this? . . . In came not the sachem, but the circus director himself, the Hon. M. Dean. He bowed to the public and made a speech: he had the honour to ask the gracious and respectable gentlemen and the lovely and no less respectable ladies, to remain exceptionally calm, to abstain from applause and to preserve complete silence, because the chieftain was uncommonly angry and more savage than ever.

The speech made a deep impression and, strange as it may seem, the self-same notables of Antelope who, fifteen years ago had exterminated Chiawatta, now felt an exceedingly unpleasant sensation. A moment ago, when the lovely Lina was executing her equestrian vaultings, they had been glad they were sitting so close to the barrier, whence they could see everything so clearly. Now, they were gazing with some envy at the upper ranks of the audience; and contrary to the laws of physics they found that the lower they were placed the more stifling was the air.

But would this sachem still remember? He had been brought up from his early years in the circus troupe of the Hon. M. Dean, mainly composed of Germans. But what if he had not forgotten yet? This seemed improbable, for fifteen years of his acrobatic profession, fifteen years of circus life, with its display and applause, must have had their effect.

Chiawatta! Chiawatta! Why, they, the Germans, too, were in a strange land, far away from their native country, and they no longer thought about it, except when business requirements made them. One must eat and drink before anything else, and this was just as true for the average bourgeois as for the last of the Black Snakes.

These thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a wild whistling, and in the arena appeared the anxiously awaited sachem. The throng whispered in a hollow mumble "That's him! That's him!" and again became silent. Only the Bengal lights, which burnt continuously at the entrance, hissed. All eyes turned towards the figure of the chieftain, who was about to appear in a circus show held on the graves of his fathers.

The Indian richly deserved to be gazed at. He seemed as haughty as a king. A mantle of white ermine—the mark of the chieftain—covered his proud shape of so savage a mien that it resembled that of a jaguar. His face appeared to be wrought of copper in the likeness of an eagle, and in that face the truly Indian eyes, calm, seemingly indifferent, but ominous, shone with a cold light.

He scanned the ranks of spectators as if he were choosing a prey, for he was armed to the teeth. On his head shook the feathers of a warrior, and though in his hand, instead of the bow, he held a long balancing pole to maintain his equilibrium while rope-walking, through his belt were thrust a tomahawk and a scalping knife. He halted in the centre of the arena and suddenly emitted a war cry. *Herr Hott!*—it was the war cry of the Black Snakes. Those who massacred Chiawatta well remembered this gruesome howl, but it was strange that the same men, who, fifteen years ago, stood unfraid when they heard a thousand warriors raising this howl, were now perspiring at the sight of one of them.

But the director approached the chieftain and talked to him as if he wanted to appease and calm him. The savage beast felt the bridle and bit and the persuasion succeeded, for in a moment or two, the sachem was balancing on the wire-rope. With his eyes fixed on the cluster of petrol lamps he moved forward. The wire-rope was heavily sagging and now and then altogether vanished and the Indian appeared to be hovering in the air. He seemed now to be at once climbing and advancing, now retreating his steps and then, after having restored his balance, advancing once more. His outstretched arms, covered by his mantle resembled gigantic wings. He was reeling! . . . he was falling! . . . but no! A burst of applause broke the silence, only to quieten at once.

The face of the chieftain grew more menacing. In his eyes, rivetted to the petrol lamps, shone a terrible light. The audience felt alarmed but the silence remained unbroken. Meanwhile,

the *sachem* was approaching the far end of the wire-rope—he halted and a war chant burst unexpectedly from his lips.

How incongruous! The chieftain was singing in German. But there was no mystery about it. He must have forgotten the language of the Black Snakes. Moreover no one noticed it. Everyone was listening to the song, which grew more intense and more powerful. It was half a song and half a chant, mournful, savage and harsh, full of predatory instincts.

The chieftain intoned: "After the great rains, year by year five hundred warriors set out from Chiawatta to follow the war path or engage in the great spring hunt. When they returned from war, they came adorned with scalps. When they returned from the hunt, they brought buffalo meat and hides. Their wives welcomed them with joy and danced in honour of the Great Spirit.

"Chiawatta was happy! The women-folk busied themselves in the wigwams, the infants grew up into lovely maidens and valiant warriors. The warriors perished on the field of glory and departed to hunt with the spirits of their fathers in the silver mountains. Their battleaxes had never been stained with the blood of women and children, for the warriors of Chiawatta were men of noble courage. Mighty was the tribe, till the pale-faces came from across the distant waters and hurled fire on Chiawatta. The paleface warriors never defeated the Black Snakes in battle, but stole in by night, like jackals, and pierced with their knives the breasts of sleeping men, women and children.

"And behold, Chiawatta is no more, for in its place the whites erected their stony wigwams. The massacred tribe and the destroyed village call for vengeance!"

The voice of the chieftain grew hoarse. Swinging on that wire rope he now appeared like a scarlet archangel of vengeance, hovering above the heads of the throng. The director himself seemed perturbed. Dead silence spread over the circus. The chieftain continued his wild chant:

"Of the entire tribe one child survived. He was small and feeble, but he swore by the Spirit of the Earth that he would take vengeance, that he would live to see the dead bodies of white men, women and children—the blaze and the blood!"

His last words turned into a frenzied roar. A murmur swept across the audience like a sudden gust of wind. . . . A thousand and one questions crowded into the minds of the spectators. "What would this mad tiger do? What was he threatening? How would he carry out his vengeance? How could he do it alone? Should they remain

or go away? Or defend themselves—and how? *Was ist das? Was ist das?*—came from the lips of frightened women.

Suddenly, an inhuman howl broke from the mouth of the chieftain. He hesitated, then leapt on the wooden platform under the candelabra and lifted the pole. A terrible thought flashed like lightning through the minds of the spectators: he will smash the candelabra and flood the circus with burning petrol! A shout rose and broke off. But what was this? From the arena they shouted "Stop! . . . Stop! . . ."

The chieftain vanished! He jumped down and disappeared through the exit. He had not burnt the circus! And now again he emerged panting and looking worn out and ghoulish.

THE END

FROM THE FUN DEPARTMENT

The bus was terribly overcrowded, and a woman was standing, with her little boy clutching her hand. A man standing next to her said to her: "Aren't you afraid your little boy will be hurt in this terrible crush?" "Oh, no," she replied, "he bites!"

A Word to the Wise

A land-surveyor was driving through the countryside with an old gentleman to inspect a farm. They fell at last to discussing the sore topic of high taxes. They happened to be passing a school bus. "That's what I mean", said the old gentleman, "when I was a boy we walked two miles to school. Now we spend £3,000 on a bus to pick up children so that they don't have to walk to school. And then we build a gymnasium costing £12,000 so that they get exercise."

Desperation

Talking about taxes, *Mass Observation* (an organization which exists to find out what people are thinking) recently asked members of the middle class the following question:—"Given a one-tenth reduction of income, where would you make your cuts?" To which a country parson replied:—"Across my throat."

Bitter Resignation

Two men got talking together in a railway car. "So you have two grown up daughters," said the one to the other. "Do they live at home with you?" "No," replied the other, "they have not yet got married."

Compensation

Charles Lamb, the English essay-writer, was in the habit of being late

In his hand he held a tin bowl; presenting it to the spectators he repeated in a begging voice:

"Spare a dime for the last of the Black Snakes!"

The spectators breathed again. So all this was a part of the programme, prearranged by the director as a special attraction. You can't refuse the last of the Black Snakes—especially in Antelope, on the ruins of Chiawatta. How could anyone fail to pity him?

After the show the *sachem* was having beer and noodles at the "Golden Sun." The influence of his environment was obvious. He gained great popularity in Antelope, especially among the women. There were even stories, and gossip had it that . . .

to his office in India House, where he worked. One day his chief said to him: "I notice, Mr. Lamb, that you are late at your work nearly every day." To which Lamb, who was a great wit, replied: "Yes, Sir, but I trust that you have also noticed that I leave early every day!" The chief was so flabbergasted by Lamb's reply that he could think of nothing to say. By the time he had worked it out, Lamb had gone.

Poor Little Lion!

A class of Sunday School children were once taken to a Sunday School Exhibition, in which there was being shown a picture of early Christians being thrown to the lions. The lions were shown clawing the Christians, all except one lion which was standing away from the rest. Suddenly, a little girl began crying, and when the teacher asked her what was the matter she said: "(O) look! That little lion hasn't got a Christian."

Exactly!

"Politicians who try to please every body at once remind me of a puppy dog trying to follow four children going different ways at the same time."

Proof Infallible

A Russian historian said to Stalin that it was now certain that Adam and Eve were Russians. But Stalin said: "Can you prove it?" "Yes, absolutely," replied the historian. "Adam and Eve had no clothes. They had no dwelling-house. All that they had to eat was apples—and they believed they were in Paradise. Therefore, they must have been Russians."

WOMEN AT HOME

Dear Women Readers,

[NOTE: *Ruth McCormick is enjoying a short, well-earned holiday, and will resume her monthly letter on her return.*]

Very few of our menfolk seem to realize that a housewife has to be an all-round expert, accomplished in a great number of activities and professions. She has to be a nurse, a cook, a skilled dressmaker (especially to-day with the rising price of even the simplest clothes), a gardener, carpenter, teacher and endless other things. You cannot run a home to-day without some skill and knowledge of nearly everything. I am sure, therefore, that a little help and information will not come amiss to the busy, harassed and overworked housewife.

One thing I have discovered by hard experience where children are concerned is that accidents are always happening. It sometimes happens that serious consequences follow because these accidents are neglected or carelessly treated. Simple scratches may result in blood-poisoning. Defective eyesight may be the result of neglecting some foreign matter in the eyes. Deafness may follow a blow on the ear or the head. There are, literally, hundreds of possibilities of this kind in day-to-day happenings with children. A little knowledge and prompt action are all that is needed in nine cases out of ten. "A stitch in time saves nine."

I propose, therefore, to give you this month a few simple remedies and treatments of different kinds. Cut this page out and keep it for reference. You may be glad of it on some future occasion, when there is no doctor immediately available. I have known many cases of physical defect in children which were the result merely of ignorance and carelessness at the time of some simple accident.

(1) Head Injuries.

(a) If your child's head gets badly injured, get a doctor immediately or better still, take him to the out-patients' department of the hospital.

(b) Don't allow him to sleep without waking him at regular intervals as specified by the doctor. Don't give him anything to eat or drink till the doctor has seen him.

(2) Burns.

(a) If a child's clothing catches fire, wrap the child in a rug or blanket which is the best way to put out the fire.

In the case of minor burns, use a paste of bicarbonate of soda and

water to shut off the air. This will relieve pain. Cover the burn with a clean cloth and take the child at once to the doctor.

(b) Don't apply any ointment to the burn (except as above) until you have seen the doctor. Don't allow an extensive burn to remain exposed.

(3) Convulsions.

(a) In a convulsion, which nearly always ends of itself, lips or face may turn blue, the limbs will stiffen and then jerk. Don't get alarmed. Put the child on a bed and turn his head aside so that the saliva can escape. And in order to protect the child's tongue, place a folded handkerchief between his teeth.

If the child has fever, undress him and sponge him with alcohol or lukewarm water. When the limbs cease to jerk, make the child comfortable and call the doctor.

(b) Don't slap or douse the child with cold water.

Don't try to give anything by the mouth to a child in convulsions. Don't immerse the child in hot water or cold, for that matter.

(4) Cuts.

(a) If the cut is slight, wash it thoroughly with soap and warm water and cover it with some sticky plaster on a piece of gauze.

If the cut is severe, get the doctor at once.

If the cut bleeds profusely, cover it with a clean cloth or gauze bandage and press the area of the cut with your hand until the doctor comes.

If the cut is on the tongue or mouth, get the doctor immediately. Neglect to do so may be troublesome in the future.

(b) Don't use a tourniquet to try to stop the bleeding unless you know exactly how to use it, or unless bleeding cannot be stopped by pressure of your hands.

Don't put sulfa or penicillin ointment on a cut except on the advice of your doctor.

Don't apply antiseptics of any sort. Just wash the cut and keep it clean. That is the best antiseptic.

(5) Poisons.

(a) Get the child to vomit (except in cases of poisoning by washing powder soda or paraffin) by

putting your finger a little way down his throat. See that your fingers and finger-nails are absolutely clean.

If this doesn't do the trick, give him a tablespoon of table salt dissolved in a glass of warm water, or a teaspoon of dry mustard powder in a glass of warm water, or a teaspoon of ipecacuanha wine every five minutes until he vomits. Pinch his nose to make him swallow. After the child has vomited give some milk to him and take him to the nearest doctor, and take the poison-bottle with you for the doctor to know what the poison is. Treatment may depend on this.

If the child does not vomit, give him some milk and take him to the doctor without delay.

In cases of poisoning by washing powder, soda and paraffin, take him at once to the doctor.

(b) Don't throw away the bottle of poison. The doctor will want to see it.

Don't waste time telephoning. Treat the child first as directed.

Don't attempt to make the child vomit in cases of poisoning by washing powder, soda or paraffin.

Don't leave poison-bottles about where children can get them. Use your common-sense. "Prevention is better than cure."

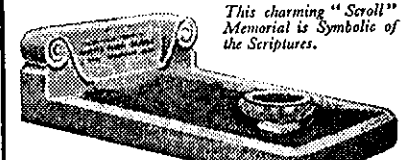
(6) Foreign Bodies.

(a) Throat. If the child swallows a foreign body (and it is amazing what children can swallow!), call the doctor. If the child is choking or gasping for breath, hold him upside down by the legs, and slap his back hard and repeatedly. But waste no time in getting him to a doctor.

Ear and Nose. Don't attempt to remove the foreign body. Get the doctor.

(Continued on page 72, col. 3)

Beauty in the Churchyard



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KNOW YOURSELF

CONFUSION exists today among our people about right and wrong. It isn't as simple today as it was for our forefathers when there seemed to be a more clear-cut distinction between black and white—good and bad.

Today, however, black and white have run together and there is a large area of grey. It is in this neither black nor white, good nor bad area that many of us wander in moral confusion.

What are some of these grey areas? What are the choices all of us face?

For businessmen: the question of padding expense accounts is one. For

advertisers: twisting words to create false illusions about products. For government officials: accepting "gifts", or allying themselves with people of questionable standing. For private citizens: manipulating tax returns or selling their votes. For students: cribbing on papers and exams. For writers and editors: distorting facts in the name of "editorial opinion."

People come to us and say frankly, "I am confused. How can I be sure when I have made a decision that it will be the right one?" We suggest these tests:

1. If I do this thing, can I look myself in the mirror without kidding myself?
2. Will I have to sneak around or act furtive about this act in any way?
3. How would I like to see this action in bold print in tomorrow's newspaper?
4. Will my decision hurt someone?
5. Is this something for which I might subsequently have to be forgiven?
6. What possible effect will this proposed action have on my future life, hopes and dreams?
7. Ask myself honestly, "What does my religion say about this?"
8. Will this action cause those who love me to be ashamed, or to think less of me?
9. What has happened to those who have done this thing in the past?
10. Christ set up four great standards to challenge men. *Absolute Love, Honesty, Unselfishness and Purity.* How will my action stack up against these standards?

(Continued from page 71)

Eye. Bathe the eye with bicarbonate of soda. If a foreign body penetrates the eyeball, keep the child still. Cover the eye loosely and call the doctor at once.

(b) *Don't* scrape at the eyeball with a handkerchief.

Don't try to grasp a foreign body which the child has swallowed. You will only push it further down.

These are a few simple instructions for emergencies. Keep this list handy, and may no accidents happen!

Yours sincerely,

ANNA PARKER.

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OCTOBER, 1951

SAINT PETER'S, EAST BRIDGFORD CHURCH MAGAZINE



SERVICES

SUNDAYS:—

Holy Communion: 8 a.m.
Holy Eucharist: 11 a.m. 1st and 3rd Sundays.
Matins: 11 a.m. 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays.
Evensong: 6-30 p.m.
Children: 3-30 p.m.

R.A.F. Station, Newton:—

Morning Service—Sundays: 9-45 a.m.
Children: 2-30 p.m.

Rector:

Rev. G. R. D. McLEAN, M.A., The Hall (Tel. 218).

Rector's Warden:

Mr. R. WING, The Old Manor House (Tel. 245).

People's Warden:

Mr. E. MILLINGTON, Millgate.

Sidesmen:

Dr. G. O. BROOKS, Messrs. G. BATEMAN,
A. V. DENT, L. HAND, E. INGRAM, C. L.
WESTLEY, L. W. A. WHITE and F. YOUNG

Organist:

Mr. J. H. SHARDLOW, College Street.

Choirmaster:

Mr. N. RHODES, The School House (Tel. 226).

Sexton: Mr. L. JOHNSON, Closen Side Lane.

Hon. Verger: Miss HAND, Toll Bar Lane.

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Cuttle Hill.

Mothers' Union—*Enrolling Member*.

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Boys' Brigade—*Captain*:

Mr. E. BULLERS, Toll Bar Lane (Tel. 301).

Girls' Friendly Society:

Mrs. WESTLEY and Mrs. McLEAN.

I AM content with what I have,
 Little be it or much:
 And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
 Because Thou gavest such.

John Bunyan.

MATTERS are now nearly ready for part of the scheme, although belated, for commemorating the fallen in the last war. A letter is in process of being circulated to every house, explaining what is proposed and asking for support. Briefly, the names should have a place on an equal footing with those of the earlier war who are already commemorated. It was very hard to find the best way of doing this, since the only place available was at the back of the existing Cross in the churchyard. It is suggested therefore that an approach, to be laid out in turf, should be made from the direction of the Church itself. This unfortunately involves the displacement of some headstones; but they will not be removed very far away.

This scheme will depend for its success not only upon what is done now, but upon future upkeep also. The turf, when set, will require some mowing. It is hoped to be able to provide some money for this, and perhaps to have a retiring collection upon, say, Feast Sunday, for the purpose. It would be of great benefit to the amenities of the village, and a source of pride too, if something of this nature could be completed and handed on to future generations. It will certainly result in an improvement to the present memorial and to the churchyard in general. The War Memorial Committee of the Parish Council therefore commends it to you.

* * * *

In connection with the churchyard it is pleasing to record that a supporting chain link has now been fixed high up to the three main stems of the great beech tree at Trent Lane corner; and that other work has been undertaken to preserve the beech tree next below. This should remove all anxiety about possible danger and should safeguard the fine trees for many years.

* * * *

Relatives who may be desirous of erecting memorials or headstones in the churchyard are reminded of the new regulations which prohibit imported and polished stones. They are also reminded that the provision and upkeep of such memorials is a responsibility they themselves take on. Owing to an unfortunate mistake, a headstone and kerb were placed recently upon the wrong grave. Responsibility for the erection does however rest with the relatives and those whom they employ. Contractors should be instructed to inform relatives when they are ready to site a memorial. A plan of the churchyard exists in the vestry for any cases where doubt arises, and relatives should check by this.

BAPTISM.

September 29th—Rodney Gough Goulsbra.

BURIAL.

September 1st—Myra Smith (68 years).

CHRISTIAN RENEWAL

Vol. VI. No. 10

EDITED BY D. R. DAVIES

OCTOBER, 1951

MAN TO MAN

The Editor Speaks to all Parishioners

I WONDER if you have noticed, during recent years, the number of new translations and editions of the Bible which have been published? I can recall straightaway almost a dozen. Let me mention a few.

There is Dr. Moffatt's translation of the whole Bible, which came out soon after the first world-war. It was a tremendous accomplishment for one man. It meant a mastery of Hebrew and Greek, together with a knowledge of several other ancient languages, like Syriac and Aramaic. It meant also a familiar acquaintance with many hundreds, well over a thousand, of ancient manuscripts (written) copies of different portions of the Scriptures. It involved too an expert knowledge of pretty nearly everything that had been written about the criticism of the Bible. The more you think about it, the more stupendous it becomes. How could *one man* know and do all this? But Dr. Moffatt did know all this.

A great Roman Catholic scholar in our own day has repeated Dr. Moffatt's performance of translating both the Old and the New Testaments in their entirety. He is Father Ronald Knox, a convert to Roman Catholicism from the Church of England. His father, by the way, was a Church of England bishop many years ago. Incidentally, this disproves a widely-held idea that the Roman Catholic Church does not regard the Bible as being very important. It is true, of course, that the Bible does not occupy in Roman Catholicism the place which it does in Protestantism. But all the same, the place it does occupy is very high. The difference between the Roman Catholic and Protestant attitudes to the Bible is not so great as we sometimes think.

These are but two examples of a great number. There is an edition of the Bible prepared for non-religious people under the title, *The Bible Designed To Be Read As Literature*. There is a similar one called *The Reader's Bible*, edited by Dr. Moulton. Then there is an Oxford edition of the Bible prepared by Mr. John Stirling, with beautiful woodcuts. Just over a year ago, the British and Foreign Bible Society published the the Gospel of St. Matthew as a sixpenny illustrated pamphlet, and believe it or not, it sold about 180,000 copies!

Revival of Interest in the Bible

All this is clear evidence of a new interest in the Bible. I know a little bit about publishing and

publishers, enough at any rate to appreciate that, as the saying goes, publishers "are not in business for their health". Why should they be, any more than butchers or miners? Publishers put out their books with the purpose of selling them. They sometimes publish books, which they know will be a dead loss. But not often. If they did, they would soon go bankrupt, and bankruptcy would do nobody any good at all. So when editions or translations of the Bible appear, one after another in swift succession, you can be absolutely sure that it is because there is a live interest in, and public demand for, the Bible.

This interest may not be of the best or most desirable kind. Nevertheless it should not be underestimated or lightly dismissed. Any interest almost in the Bible is to be welcomed, because it is the record of the Word of God. And when people read the record of God's living Word, you never know what may happen. A good deal of this new interest is obviously literary, not religious. That is to say, people are alive to the beautiful style and language in which the Scriptures are written. Then people begin to feel a *human* interest in the Bible. There is no book so full of human interest as the Bible. Those ancient stories of tribes and kings and prophets come to life again as we read them to-day. We can feel ourselves in those old figures of the old Testament and the New. And above all there is the wonderful story of Jesus and His parables and miracles.

It may well be, too, that people are turning to the Bible more and more to-day in some hope that it may have an answer to their perplexities and frustrations and problems. It cannot be denied that to-day men and women of all classes and none are growing more and more bewildered. The world situation has become so baffling. After five years of the most cruel and terrible war in history, the peoples of the world nursed the hope that, at last, they could look forward to the enjoyment of peace and security, "when every man shall sit under his own vine tree, and none shall make him afraid. They looked forward to "beating their swords into ploughshares." But instead, we are busily beating our ploughshares into swords, and our pots and pans into bombers and jet-fighters. It is a cruel, mysterious disappointment. What can the world be coming to?

This is the mood which is possessing increasing numbers of people everywhere to-day, to which they react in different ways. Some become reckless. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die". They plunge into wild excesses, as is evidenced by the growth in crime and violence. Others decline into apathy and indifference. This is proved by the difficulty which is being increasingly experienced of interesting the public in serious activities. Others again seem to look for temporary ways of escape from the harsh realities, like a man who gets drunk in order to forget his misery for a while. This is, in all probability, the explanation of the great and growing patronage of sport, the cinema, etc. It seems that on an average over 40,000,000 cinema tickets are sold every week in Great Britain, which means that thousands of people must attend more than once a week. But it is certain that many people are looking for light and guidance in our terrible time, who say with Newman, "lead kindly light amid the encircling gloom." It is among these people that the new interest in the Bible is being found.

The Bible Is True

Now in all this attitude there is the beginning, at least, of an awareness that the Bible is not merely a collection of ancient documents. It is that, of course, but it is also much more. There is something exceptional about these ancient documents. They have the knack of becoming alive, of growing legs and arms to walk and grip. We have lots of other collections of ancient documents besides the Bible. But people do not turn to these in their perplexity. People in general don't read Plato, the pre-Christian philosopher, or the Upanishads or the Koran, or the Egyptian *Psalms of the Dead*. But they do read the Bible, or are beginning to. I am quite certain that if the seventh chapter of Plato's *Republic* was published as a sixpenny pamphlet,

it would not sell 180,000 copies.

We shall greatly help this new interest in the Bible, whatever the reason for it, if we can begin to understand and to proclaim that the Bible is true as a book of history as well as a book of spiritual truth; that the Bible is *factually* true as well as symbolically true, and it is precisely this aspect of it which so much of recent science has been proving, especially the science of Archeology, the study of the ruins and remains of ancient history and civilization. Let me give you a few examples of this.

Has there been a more widespread joke, for instance, than Noah's Ark? Think of the sniggers that have greeted the animals entering the ark. How did the elephants get on with the tigers? And so on and so on. Surely nobody in his senses could treat this story as a record of fact. Archeologists who have studied the area where the Bible says it took place do not think the story is at all a joke, but a fact. Let me quote what Sir Leonard Woolley says about it. He was investigating the remains of the ancient city of Ur of the Chaldees, and this is what he discovered in the course of his excavations:

"The shafts went deeper and suddenly the character of the soil changed. Instead of the stratified pottery and rubbish we were in perfectly clean clay . . . which showed that it had been laid there by water . . . The clean clay continued without change until it had attained a thickness of a little over eight feet. Then, as suddenly as it had begun, it stopped and we were once more in layers of rubbish full of stone implements and pottery . . . No ordinary rising of the rivers would leave behind it anything approaching the bulk of this clay-bank . . . There could be no doubt that the flood was the flood of Sumerian history, the flood on which was based the story of Noah." Soon after this discovery of Sir Leonard Woolley's, Prof. Langdon announced that he had made a similar find at Kish,

hundreds of miles distant. The clay-bed belonged to the same period as that of the clay-bed discovered by Sir Leonard Woolley, "anywhere between 3400 and 3200 B.C. . . . When we made these observations two months ago we were loth to believe that we had obtained confirmation of the Deluge of Genesis, but there is no doubt about it now." Here is scientific proof, the sort of proof by which the man of to-day sets such store, of the truth of the Genesis story of the flood.

In a similar way, proof has been forthcoming of the strange story of the fall of Jericho. You will remember that Joshua told the Israelites to march round the wall of the city seven times and to blow their trumpets, and the walls would fall down. Surely, such a story could only be a myth. But no, it is a historical fact. *The wall of Jericho did fall down for no apparent reason.* The tale of how this was discovered is too long to quote here. But it happened surely enough. The site of the town of ancient Jericho, which is some distance away from the present-day town, was investigated some fifteen years ago by Prof. John Garstang, and that is what he discovered. He thinks there was an earthquake. But whatever the cause, the walls fell as Joshua said they would.

I have given here but two examples of the scientific confirmation of the historical accuracy of the Bible. Lying on my desk before me as I write, there are accounts of eighteen similar proofs. And these are but a fraction of the total confirmation of the Bible made during the last sixty years. Whatever arguments can be advanced against the Bible to-day, the argument of an earlier generation that it was not historically true is stone dead. *Science has killed it.*

Ultimately, of course, the truth in the Bible that will help and comfort people to-day in their anxiety and frustration does not

(Continued at foot of next column)

A SEASIDE CONVERSATION

by THE EDITOR

ONE Saturday last summer, I was standing on the promenade in Hastings, looking out to sea. It was a day of perfect sunshine. The beaches were crowded with people who were quite obviously enjoying themselves. The women looked very gay and pretty in their many-coloured summer dresses, some of which seemed to have been made out of the same materials as went to the making of Joseph's coat of many colours. The children were happy and sensibly dressed, with bare backs on which sunlight could fall. The ice cream shops were doing a roaring trade. Altogether, in spite of the crises, wars and rumours of war, it felt good to be alive.

Next to me was standing a man who looked prosperous, as though life was not treating him too badly. Like me, he, too, was gazing out to sea. Way out beyond the line of the pier, our eyes caught an unusual sight, a little ship smothered in flags. The town had been excited a few days previously by the visit of a naval frigate flying the Union Jack, still one of the finest symbols in the world. But the little ship now sailing up was not one of the Royal Fleet. As it happened, I knew the identity of the little ship. It was *The Centurion*, the missionary ship of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—S.P.G., for short. She was visiting Hastings as part of the celebration of the Two-Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the founding of the S.P.G.—a very great occasion indeed. In the year 1701, *The Centurion*, her sails braving the breeze, set forth upon the perilous journey across the Atlantic with missionaries on board, who were going to carry the good news of Christ

through the unknown continent of North America. And there was her successor, another *Centurion* perkily sailing up the channel to berth at the pier in Hastings, where William once landed.

My neighbour turned to me and enquired whether I knew what it was all about. (I wasn't wearing clerical garb on that hot day, so he didn't know I was a parson). So I told him. I was feeling happy to inform him, and proud too of the little ship. I told him a little about the 250th Anniversary of the S.P.G.

He hadn't much use apparently for Christian Missions and Missionaries. I had to listen, as patiently as I could, to a lot of ignorant and ill-informed criticism of missionaries and their work. "They do a lot of harm," he went on, "upsetting native life and customs." He seemed to be labouring under the delusion that African, West Indian, and South Sea natives were living in a sort of Garden of Eden, and that Christian missionaries were the serpents that destroyed their carefree and idyllic existence. I tried to tell him in bits and snatches that the peoples to whom the Church sent her missionaries did not enjoy such a lively existence as he imagined. Very much the contrary. But I could hardly get a word in. He didn't know how to listen. He had no need to, because he knew everything already. I was reminded of a verse in the Bible—"answer a fool with his folly." But I always feel diffident about using blunt words to strangers, even when they were as ignorant as this man was. So I just let him drool on, when quite suddenly, *apropos* of nothing, he said something about America to the effect that England would be in a worse way than she already was but for America. That gave me a chance.

I began by agreeing with what he said about America, and that seemed to please him. He probably thought that I must have a little bit of intelligence left somewhere, enough at any rate to agree with him once in a while, because he gave his tongue a rest.

"What a mercy," I went on, "that America, the most powerful country in the world, is a Democratic country. She produces more steel, for instance, than the rest of the world put together. She can produce 250,000 tanks, and as many aeroplanes a year, if necessary."

"That," he replied, "is what puts the fear of God into Stalin. He knows that if he starts a war, he'll be for it."

"Quite so. But have you considered," I asked him, "what the position would be like if Russia and not America were the strongest country in the world? Supposing that Russia produced the

most steel, coal, electricity, tanks, guns and planes in the world, what chance would England and Western Europe stand?"

By this time the ship *Centurion* had passed on, and we had got safely away from the subject of Christian Missions. He was becoming eloquent about the lurid prospect which a Communist America would mean for the world. Again I agreed with him.

"But why is America not Communist? I questioned. "Why is America democratic and so passionately and solidly anti-Communist? America is absolutely and unshakeably devoted to the ideal of personal liberty. Surely, that is not an accident. After all, there's no necessity about that. America might have been a dictator country."

"It's a wonderful piece of good luck for us that she is not."

"Good luck, or Providence," I countered. "The fact of the matter is that America has been a Christian country all through her history. I don't mean by that that all Americans have been consistent Christians in their actions. They most certainly have not! But they have been Christian in their ideas, principles and beliefs, and that has made it difficult for dictatorship to get a footing."

"But how did America become Christian and remain Christian?" "I continued." America was first of all an English colony, and was colonised by Puritans, who were a very tough breed of Christians. They went to America in *The Mayflower* in order to enjoy freedom to worship God in the way they desired. After them came a continuous stream of Christian missionaries to preach the Gospel of Christ. They founded Churches, schools, universities and colleges, so that the whole nation grew up a Christian people. It is this Christian nation that is to-day the hope and defence of England and Europe. Europe is being preserved from Communism to-day as the result of the work of Christian missionaries two hundred and fifty years ago."

"Oh! I don't know so much about that," he began. But without the least ceremony I promptly proceeded to shut him up."

"You may not know it. In fact, there are lots of things you don't seem to know. But that doesn't alter the fact. You don't seem to realize either that the one thing which the Communists are most afraid of is the Christian Church and Christianity, for which, apparently, you in your wisdom and omniscience, seem to have so little use. Stalin isn't a bit afraid of men like you who enjoy all the blessings of Christianity without any belief in it. He welcomes you as his allies, his fifth column. People who reject Christianity or ignorantly condemn it, as you do, are

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depend on mere historical fact. But the proof that the Bible is a record of historical fact will help a generation that has neglected the Bible to approach it once more, to delve into its sacred pages, and to read again its living words. From these words, under the Holy Ghost, men's hearts will catch the flame of new hope, which will give them a new faith and a new purpose in the midst of a collapsing world.

Yours sincerely,

D. R. Davies.

THE RESURRECTION OF JACOB JONES

by ARTHUR DUMAYNE

IT caused a terrific sensation in our small town, and it made more than a nine-days' wonder through the whole country. Perhaps you don't remember it. It happened during the time when we were wondering whether the Russians were going to invade Western Europe over the blockade of Berlin, so you probably missed the sensation; for sensation it was. But so many strange and unbelievable doings get reported in the newspapers nowadays, that it is not at all impossible to miss the report of a dead man coming back to life. But if you lived in Cwmawt, believe me, you wouldn't have missed it. The sight of old Jacob walking down High Street in his worm-eaten graveclothes would have scared you stiff. Jacob's ancient widow, old Maggie, nearly died when she saw him. She remained unconscious so long, that we were sure she was a goner. Twm-y-nant, the wag of our little town, couldn't resist his joke. "Now there's convenient that is. We can bury her in old Jacob's coffin. It will be warm and cosy for her." But nobody laughed at that one. But let me tell you about Jacob first.

Jacob died back in 1912, and was sincerely mourned, which is more than you can say about lots of people more respectable than old Jacob, who wasn't really respectable. He held too many unpopular opinions for that. If he had merely held his opinions, it would have been different. But Jacob didn't believe in holding opinions, or anything else for that matter, nothing would satisfy him but that he had to pass them on. And that annoyed people, especially the big wigs of the Baptist chapel, who sat in "the Big Seat." That was not surprising. There was Thomas Jenkins, the butcher, a real capitalist he was. People said he was worth thousands of pounds. You couldn't expect him to listen patiently to Jacob when he was explaining that on the first Monday morning after getting a Socialist government, Thomas Jenkins' shop would be nationalized and his money would be taken from him and divided among the customers he had overcharged. If you had a butcher's shop, you wouldn't take that lying down, would you now. Then there was Mr. Dafydd Davies, the pit manager, who was known, behind his back, as "Dai threepence," because whenever he gave a rise in wages, it was always threepence a day, no more and no less. Of course, to his face, it was always *Mishtir Davies*—"Yes, *Mishtir Davies*, no, *Mishtir Davies*." To him Jacob was like a red rag to a bull. But

Jacob was not afraid of him, because he didn't work at the pit any more.

You will have gathered by this time that Jacob was an extreme Socialist who took every opportunity to ram his opinions down everybody's throat, and especially down the throats of the rich people in the chapel. I used to be afraid sometimes when Jacob was carrying on that they would choke. But Jacob didn't care a bit.

We were a little bit behind the times in Cwmawt. In 1912, after all, Socialism was quite the thing; but not in Cwmawt. We were a good fifty years behind hand. Socialism was a word of sinister significance in Cwmawt. For instance, there was that dreadful business about nationalizing women. As usual, Twm-y-nant made a joke of it. He said it would be a godsend to old Silas' two elderly spinster daughters. But Jacob's denial made no difference. Socialism still meant the nationalization of women. But that wasn't the whole story. Socialism meant also "a night of long knives." Thomas Jenkins and his fellow-capitalists would have their throats slit open like the pigs in his slaughter-house.

So while Jacob was personally liked, he was symbolically ostracised. You would hear people say—"strange it is that Jacob Jones is a Socialist, he is such a nice fellow." When at last he died in 1912, the little town remembered only his personable qualities. They forgot and forgave him his Socialist aberration. It was one of those inexplicable things that crop up now and again. In spite of it, Jacob was a good sort. R.I.P.

On a warm morning of sunshine in June, 1950, I was walking down High Street. There were few people about, when out of Cemetery Row, which turns off High Street, came a fearsome-looking object. Women started screaming incoherent words, and children to cry. I saw the policeman suddenly flattening himself against the wall, and then blow several blasts on his whistle. I hurried up towards the figure, but on the other side of the street, until I came within ten or fifteen yards of it, when I perceived to my horror a walking corpse. I nearly fainted with a sense of eerie fear. It's all very well to be contemptuous. You weren't there! I crouched into Mariano's icecream shop, where a number of young miners who worked the two o'clock shift huddled together. "Good God," said one of them, "it's a corpse. Look at his eye-sockets." We watched it coming nearer and nearer, when Dick Shrimp said—

"Diawl, if it isn't old Jacob Jones!" And now we could hear the figure speaking or rather emitting sounds. "It's alright. It's alright. It's only me, Jacob Jones of Siop Fach. Don't be afraid." So a bunch of us from Mariano's plucked up courage and went, half-terror stricken, towards him. It was Jacob alright. You couldn't mistake Jacob once he got back his capacity of coherent speech.

I won't weary you with a description of the scenes, the excitement, the going to and fro, the hectic conversations and arguments that were the features of the next few hours in Cwmawt. Just let me say that, after the incident of Maggie's death-like trance, we got Jacob home. After a very hot bath—it took some scrubbing to get the caked grave mud off him—we dressed him. He seemed remarkably self-possessed. His old friend, Twm-y-nant kept on chaffing him. "Some folk get excited at anything," said Twm. "what was it like sleeping in a coffin, Jacob?" But we couldn't get anything from Jacob about his experiences in the nether world, however we tried. And we tried hard.

So Cwmawt gradually settled down to the situation of having Jacob back in our midst. So did Jacob, but with a difference. He was brought up to date on what had happened since his death in 1912. A lot had happened since—two world wars and the coming of a Socialist Government. That excited Jacob more than anything. He became eaten up with impatience to find out things for himself. When he began to find out, poor Jacob, he got a shock. Then he got angry and angrier. Let me try to describe it from the beginning.

By the time Jacob had had a good meal—it was a gigantic meal—he was ready for anything. He announced his intention of going for a walk. Maggie didn't try to stop him. She knew better from past experience. She knew that not all the devils in hell or angels in heaven—whichever place Jacob had resided in—could alter him once he had made up his mind. "Give me a shilling or two, Maggie," asked Jacob, and off he sallied, feeling as fit as a fiddle.

He was dying for a smoke. So he turned in at Williams' tobacco shop, and, putting down sixpence and threepence halfpenny on the counter, he asked for a pipe, an ounce of Franklin's shag and a box of matches. The young woman stared at him. "What's this for?" she asked, looking contemptuously at the 9½d. "It's for the pipe and shag and matches. Come on, hurry up." "Go on with you, there's funny you are. It will cost you ten shillings and a penny." "I don't want a dear pipe. The sixpenny cherry will do for me." Then she started to explain. Six shillings was the price of the cheapest pipe in the shop; shag was three shillings and eleven an ounce, and matches were twopence a box

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Jacob nearly died a second time with surprise. "Shag three and eleven an ounce, an OUNCE!" was she crazy? That was how his resurrected life began.

He left the shop pipeless, shagless and matchless. The shock had temporarily deprived him of desire for a smoke. THREE and ELEVEN. Just at that moment, he was passing a confectioner's shop, and he went in for a bar of Fry's cream chocolate. That was 3½d. "I only paid a ½d. for it last time," said Jacob. But when he was not allowed to leave the shop with his chocolate until he had given up a coupon, he exploded. "What the devil! Coupon!" So once again he had to listen to an utterly incomprehensible explanation. How difficult things were in a Socialist system for a man who had risen from the dead!

As the day wore on, Jacob became more and more baffled, angry and distressed. He just couldn't understand. There was Thomas Jenkins' butcher shop now owned by Thomas Jenkins junior, in spite of a Labour government. The one and only gleam of understanding poor Jacob got that whole day was when he walked past the Garwen colliery, by which he saw a board which announced—"This colliery is now owned and administered by the National Coal Board." It was, however, a fitful gleam. He got into a conversation with a miner on his way home. He grumbled no end. In answer to Jacob, he said that the National Coal Board was even worse than the owners! Wages were up, but so were prices. "Goddawch, man, what's the good of £9 a week, when tobacco is four shillings an ounce and beer one and eight a pint. And such beer, man, it wouldn't make a flea drunk. My missus had to pay eighteen shillings for a pair of boots for my little kid the other day..." Jacob could make neither head nor tail of it. Strange, the grave began to look attractive to Jacob. There was not a single sign of all the wonders that Jacob had expected from a Socialist government. Why! Things seemed to be worse! No meat or sugar or butter and the terrible prices of things. Fifteen pounds for a suit!

Early in the evening I got a message to go and see Jacob. I found him slumped in his chair, looking a picture of utter misery and disconsolateness. "O diawl, Harris bach, I don't understand." I tried my best to explain. But it was very hard work indeed trying to explain things to a man whose ideas of Socialism were the illusions of 1912. Jacob was his old sarcastic self as he lashed such a week-kneed government. "You don't understand, Jacob," I replied. "They are doing their best and they have done many good things for the working-class. There's free doctor, free specs' and free false teeth." "But Harris bach," interrupted Jacob,

CHRISTIAN RENEWAL

"what's the good of free false teeth if there's nothing for them to chew?" "Oh, it's not so bad as all that, Jacob. We're not starving. But we've had a terrible war. You were safe and snug in the grave all that time. We've had to get a lot of help from America."

After another outburst from Jacob I went on—"All you folk back in 1912 had some la-di-da notions about Socialism. You thought it would bring heaven on earth. What we are learning now, Jacob, is that no government can bring heaven on earth. Socialism won't make much difference so long as people remain the same. Do you find, Jacob, that people are any different from what they were when you were alive before? I don't know that government matters all that much. The

Tories are not quite so bad as we painted them. We were very glad of a Tory leader in the war. And the Socialists are not quite so wonderful as we thought. It's human nature, Jacob. Until that is changed, things will go on so-so."

"You don't mean to say, Harris, that you have come a chapel man. That's the stuff they tell you in chapel with their hymns and sermons and Bible-thumping."

"I can't help that," I answered. "It's the truth, Jacob, even if they do say it in chapel."

"It looks to me I'll be better-off back in my coffin," said Jacob.

The following morning I learned that Jacob had died, during the night, for the second time. R.I.P.

In Brief

DURING the Korean war 439 fulltime Christian workers have already been lost—over four hundred of these being native Korean Pastors and helpers—according to a report of the Methodist Board, as quoted in a recent edition of "Time." Of the Korean pastors 247 were Presbyterians. A few of these may be prisoners in Manchuria but it is feared that most have been killed.

A new translation of the New Testament in Russian is being made by the British and Foreign Bible Society ("World Christian Digest").

In the Soviet Zone of Germany the distribution of relief by church-sponsored organizations, Protestant and Catholic alike, has been virtually stopped by order of the Interior Minister of the (Eastern) German Democratic Republic ("Religious News Service," quoted by "Christianity and Crisis").

The Laymen's Movement for a Christian World and other Christian groups in New York have been appealing to all Americans to pray and work for immediate shipment of American grain to India. In this connection a recent letter from Dr. Frank Laubach, sent from India, has been given wide circulation to arouse those in the West to the sin of inertia in the face of widespread starvation and appalling destitution in a great sister nation. Meanwhile Christian leaders in Washington have been making every effort to secure the necessary legislation; as long as this is pending they need the active support of Christian voters—and after the bills are passed they will deserve expressions of approval. Those who have representatives in Washington should write to them—or to the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Com-

mittee, Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C.

Referring to the withdrawal of missionaries from China, Bishop Frank Houghton, General Director of the China Inland Mission, said:

"If we are withdrawing now, it is because that, in more and more centres, and with increasing intensity our presence is involving the Chinese Christians in difficulty, embarrassment, and even danger. In the mercy of God, the churches associated with us have, for many years, ceased to depend upon us financially, and in any case they have long been self-governing."

"The justification for our presence was that by 'humble co-operation' we could still do much for their spiritual development. This cooperation has now ceased to be possible, not because the churches have ceased to desire it, but because pressure is being brought to bear upon them to prove their complete independence of foreign control."

"It is one thing to face suffering and persecution for Christ's sake—and this is already the experience of many—but it is quite another thing for others to suffer because of their association with us, and we have come to the conclusion that they are right in asking us to withdraw." ("World Christian Digest.")

For some time the various church bodies in Egypt have been seeking representation on the state radio network. According to "World Christian Digest" unexpected support has recently been given them by one of the leading Mohammedan journalists, who writes:

"The fact that Islam is the state religion in Egypt is no reason to ban Christian programmes over the radio. Our radio station belongs to the state, and the state does not belong to the Moslems alone, but to the Christian Egyptians and Egyptianized Christians as well."

A COMMUNIST'S CONVERSION

by GEORGE H. STEVENS

(The facts of this story are vouched for by the Writer but for reasons of security names cannot be given).

R.W. was born in Eastern Europe just over forty years ago. He was of Jewish parentage but the religion of the synagogue never satisfied him. At an early age he drifted into the Communist party, at that time an illegal movement in the country where he lived. The Communists soon recognized his gifts, he could speak five or six languages fluently, and decided to use him as an international agent. Accordingly he was sent to Moscow for training and then travelled the length and breadth of Europe crossing practically every frontier secretly, often carrying bombs in his pocket. When he arrived in a new city he would frequently meet his fellow-conspirators in a church as that was thought to be the place where they were least likely to be detected. But there can, in the long run, be only one end to such adventures. When still little more than a boy he was arrested and sentenced to seven years imprisonment. Much of this time was spent in solitary confinement. The conditions were appalling and when finally released his health was ruined, he was riddled with tuberculosis and he had lost all faith in Communism and indeed in everything else. In this hopeless condition he was admitted as a patient into a sanatorium in a little village in the Carpathian mountains.

In this village there lived a simple Christian carpenter who read his Bible, was fascinated by the long, tragic story of Israel, and had long prayed that one day a Jew might come to his village so that he might speak to him of Christ. When he heard of this young Jewish lad who had been admitted to the Sanatorium he exclaimed excitedly "That must be my Jew" and on being asked for an explanation, added "the Jew I have been praying for for years." He then obtained permission to visit him and found him lying hopeless in black despair. The Doctors gave little hope of his recovery and he had lost all will to live. In these circumstances the carpenter sat down by his bed and began to read to him the story of the New Testament. The story was completely new to him and he heard it for the first time. Gradually a thought took possession of his distracted brain. "If there is any truth in all this and if this Jesus is, as this man says, in some mysterious way still alive and able to work miracles

today, He could surely heal me. He therefore began to pray the first real prayer of his life a prayer for healing of the body. There was not much faith behind the prayer and certainly very little knowledge, but Christ himself stressed the value even of faith "as a grain of mustard seed" and the miracle happened. To the complete astonishment of the doctors and nurses he began to recover and was soon able to leave the Sanatorium. He then made it his business to find out more about this wonderful Jesus, and before long he was baptised. For a while he was obliged to earn his living in business but at the earliest possible opportunity he became a whole-time worker for Christ. On the outbreak of War he became Pastor of his local congregation and shewed great heroism when his country was occupied by the Germans. During the War years he was able to bring many others to a knowledge of Christ. But worse trials were to follow. At the end of the War his country was "liberated" by the Red Army. Here was an opportunity not to be missed and the ex-Communist did his utmost to bring the message of the Gospel to these ignorant men. Copies of the Gospel were hastily printed in Russian and distributed. Not a few of these Red soldiers found forgiveness and peace through his witness. But this state of affairs was not allowed to go on for long. Three years ago he was arrested in the street and since that date has been once more a prisoner, this time for Jesus Christ. His sufferings have been very great and death when it comes will be a glorious release, but his story proves again the results that can follow from a good man's prayers and the power of the Living Christ to heal both body and soul in the world today.

THE LOVE OF GOD

Could we with ink the ocean fill
And were the heavens of parchment made,
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry.
Nor could the scroll contain the whole

Though stretch'd from sky to sky.

—Chaldee Ode sung in Jewish Synagogues on the first day of the Feast of Pentecost.

The 'Green Thumb'

By Pauline V. Hoving

I'VE discovered a new, though ancient, secret that does more for my garden than all that the wonder-workers advertise.

No doubt those gardening experts, who are recognized as having "a green thumb," know this secret already. Many, like myself, have guessed it—some know it and forget. But a story I heard a year ago gave me the key—the story of The Eleven Apostles' Trees.

There is a strangely arranged group of beech trees in England. Long ago, however, there were twelve trees in this group and each when planted was named after one of the Apostles.

Through the years the tree which bore the name of Judas gradually sickened and died—although there was no apparent reason. The other trees which were grouped with it showed no sign of decay. This example of the "Eleven Apostles" illustrates the power of thought even when directed toward plants.

I heard, too, of a man who talks to his flowers as he moves around them, telling one to be straight and full, praising or scolding. His love, they tell me, pours out on his garden and makes it a showplace.

It has long been recognized that all growing things respond to those who love them far better than to those who simply give them care, without affection.

I tried it myself, a little self-consciously at first—talking to my plants and shrubs and blossoms. I shan't try to tell you how truly they seemed to answer me. But I can show this response for I've never had so lovely a garden.

Best of all, in using this power of love, my own life as well as my garden is enriched.

SIX ERRORS WE CAN AVOID

1. The tendency to worry about a thing that cannot be changed or corrected.
2. Insisting that a thing is impossible because we ourselves have not accomplished it.
3. Refusing to set aside trivial preferences in order that important things may be accomplished.
4. Attempting to compel others to believe and live as we do.
5. The failure to establish the habit of saving money.
6. The delusion that individual advancement is made at others' expense.

WOMEN AT HOME

Dear Women Readers,

Whether it ought to be so or not, the fact remains that in the home women have much more to do with children than the menfolk. Circumstances partly make this inevitable. Men have the responsibility of earning the livelihood for the family, and this takes up most of their time and most of their energy. Women have the responsibility which is just as important as, if not more than, that of the man, of making the home—and that means care and nurture of the children. I feel that the time has come to do a little stock-taking in the ideas, now so widespread, of child-training in the home.

I'm sure that many of these ideas are half-baked, judging by results. If the proof of the pudding is in the eating, some of these ideas must be wrong, because so many children are growing up into difficult adults. Part of the responsibility lies back in the home. We are living in such a strange world. The more social security we get, the less seems to be our personal security. A government may give us social security. It can never give us personal security. Only persons can do that, and mostly only parents can help their children to feel personally secure.

At the bottom of the trouble about difficult adults is over-indulgence with children. I have often heard fathers boasting that they are able to give their children a much easier time than they had when they were children. It is very natural to think that this is a good thing. But I wonder. Isn't it possible that there is more wisdom in the old-fashioned idea that confidence comes to children only through their own efforts than in what is called "modern child-psychology"? Let me tell you a story, a true story of what really happened.

Many years ago, I knew a farmer and his wife who had fourteen children, every one of whom lived to become men and women. Life was a very hard struggle. The farm was a small one, and everybody had to set to. The older children had to make their own meals and do the housework. Even the tiny tots had things to do, such as fetching the cows to be milked. The older girls, seven and eight years of age, had to look after the babies. The mother was too busy, cooking, washing, ploughing, milking, etc., to look after the babies. As the children grew into their teens, they got part-time jobs or full-time jobs—selling papers night and morning, domestic service, running shop errands, etc. Later on, two of the boys went to college, one to become a minister and the other a teacher. Now notice what happened.

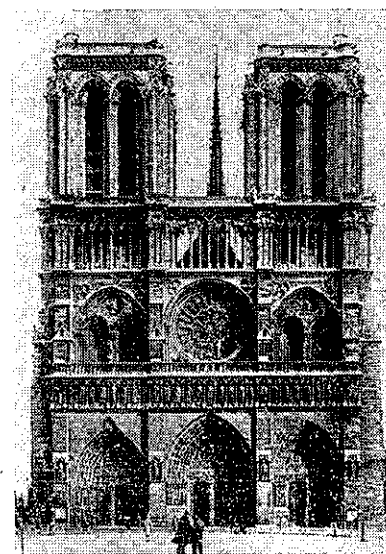
All these children became self-reliant, confident, cheerful men and women, who never understood what the word "complexes" meant. Their faces became a blank if you mentioned the word "neurosis" to them. They were rarely at a loss. They didn't feel any necessity to kill time. They weren't dependent on cinemas, the wireless and other gadgets, for entertainment. They could entertain themselves. Their hard, rough life had helped them to develop resources inside themselves. Their parents were religious and active members of the little Methodist Chapel; and they took the children, babies and all, to chapel regularly and compelled them to attend Sunday School every Sunday, wet or fine. They taught the children principles of good character, and when the children broke those principles, as sometimes happened (told lies, for example), they "copped" it. This family of sixteen never knew what it was to enjoy social security. But they did gain personal security. They became respected citizens and earned the good opinion of their neighbours. They never got into debt or went cap-in-hand to the State or anybody else. If they couldn't pay for things, they went without and didn't mind or make a song about it.

The principle of our life to-day seems to be absolutely the opposite. It is—*make things as easy as possible for the children*. I'm sure it is not a good thing for the children or for the country. I don't argue that we should impose extreme hardship or poverty. But I am quite certain that we are carrying the opposite principle too far. We are breeding a race of neurotics, a society living on its nerves.

Just consider what we are doing to-day. We are making it easy for our children to think that things can be got *without effort*. It's fatal. Kipling once wrote a poem in which he said, "if you don't work, you die." Buses are run to take children to school, for example. What's wrong with walking? We've got all sorts of things to entertain and amuse children, when they should be amusing themselves. The more we do for children what they could quite reasonably do for themselves, the more spoilt, querulous, and unreliable they will tend to grow up. If we could only use our imagination and picture the neurosis that we are risking in our children by making things easy for them, saving them the need for effort, we might pluck up the courage to make things a little bit harder for them, to their own lasting good and to the benefit of the country. Above all, we might acquire the courage to make our

children "toe the line," live by fixed Christian principles, lacking which, as experience proves, life goes to pieces.

Ruth McCormick



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THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

THE CHURCH Information Board published recently the facts and figures concerning the work and revenues of the Church of England, which every parishioner ought to read and ponder over.

WHY ?

In twenty pages the pamphlet explains why does the Church of England appeal for money and why does it need to appeal for money, and by way of an effective answer it sets out what are the Church's obligations and what resources it has to meet them. But before going into detail it states a few facts about what the Church is, and about the reasons for its existence.

The Church of England is a great fellowship of Christian people in this country, which provides facilities for the worship of Almighty God, for the teaching of the Christian Faith, and for the maintenance of Christian moral values on which, as a plain matter of history, a great part of the British way of life depends. It also attempts to exert a humanising and civilising influence on public and private life, in the face of powerful forces which tend to treat human beings as if they were merely impersonal units, and endanger personal liberty by refusing to recognise any but purely material values. We need to ask ourselves what we expect such a fellowship, charged with responsibility for proclaiming this faith and upholding these values, to do for mankind. What are the duties that are imposed on Churchpeople if they are to be in any degree worthy of the convictions in which they claim to believe ?

It is obvious that, like any other great body of people associated in a common object, the Church must have an organisation ; and the Church of England maintains a widespread organisation. With a few exceptions which are otherwise provided for, there is not an acre in the whole of England which is not included in a parish under the care of an incumbent (i.e. parish priest), and every soul living in the parish is a parishioner whether attending the church services or not.

There are 12,242 incumbents in charge of parishes in the Provinces of Canterbury and York, organised in 43 dioceses. Each diocese is under a diocesan Bishop who has Archdeacons and usually assistant Bishops to help him. The Cathedral of each diocese is in the charge of a Dean or Provost, and Canons, who usually perform other duties in addition. But the responsibil-

ities of the Church of England spread much further than England. Over every continent there are scattered dioceses of the Anglican Communion, of which the majority are self-supporting, but others are missionary, and depend largely for their support on members of the Church of England.

So when we speak of the "Church of England" the name implies not only a great spiritual society with thousands of local branches, but also the extensive and complicated organisation necessary to make its work available to all the people of this country and millions of widely differing peoples overseas. The vast scale of its responsibilities has constantly to be kept in view.

WHAT HAS TO BE DONE ?

Thus, in every part of every big town and city, in every small town and big village, and in every smaller centre of population or rural area, it is necessary to appoint and maintain a man who is trained and qualified to care for the spiritual needs of the people—in other words, an *incumbent* in every parish.

In addition to his duties in church the incumbent is expected to play an influential part in his community and to be the *spiritual friend and adviser of all who may be in trouble or difficulty* ; and it rests with him to give a lead to the lay members of the Church in carrying the truth of God to doubters and unbelievers.

The *church buildings* have to be maintained. The vast majority, even of non-churchgoers, would be shocked if they saw a parish church with cracking walls and derelict roof, and indignant if they heard that the tower or spire of a cathedral had fallen.

The cost of the services must be met ; costs for lighting and heating, and costs for cleaning the churches, for maintaining churchyards, for playing the organ and similar needs.

The Church must conduct *missions* ; that is to say that, outside the pastoral work in the parishes, Churchmen must organise special campaigns to carry the truth to those who have not heard it or do not yet accept it. This has to be done both at home and overseas.

More men must be trained for the service of the *Ministry* ; on this the whole future depends. And since few candidates are any longer able to pay the cost of their own training, greatly increased provision is required for this purpose.

Everything possible must be done to bring the *schools* belonging to the Church into line with modern requirements.

In carrying out all this variety of work *administrative* expenses are bound to be incurred. The Church manages to get its administration done at only 5½ per cent. of all its costs.

Read the pamphlet and find out what it all costs, where the money comes from and whether it is enough.

F.B.C.

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THE WORK AND REVENUES

of the

Church of England

What has to be done ?

What does it cost to do ?

Where does the money come from ?

Is it enough ?

Church Information Board
Church House, Dean's Yard, S.W.1

(Continued from page 75)

preparing the way for Communism. If Christianity isn't the surest defence for personal liberty, why are the Communists so keen on destroying the Church ? It is the first thing they try to do wherever they get power."

By this time, *The Centurion* was slowly moving past us on her way to other towns on the south coast.

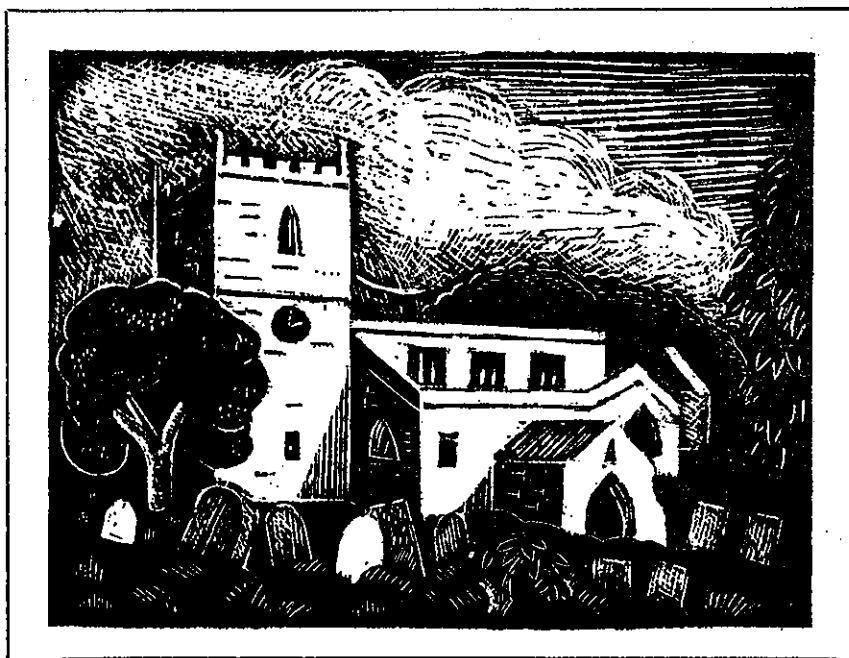
"There she goes," I said, "the messenger of the Faith you have no use for. But millions of poor, oppressed and suffering people in China, Japan, Africa, India and the South Sea Islands have all the use in the world for it. Christianity is their one hope even in this world, to say nothing of the next world. It is also our one and only hope in England that the world may be saved from Communism. A fat chance, shall we have of keeping our freedom, if the millions of Asia go Communist. Only if they become Christian can Europe hope to remain free. And how can they ever become Christian except by the means of the work of Christian missionaries ?"

He didn't stay to answer that question. But it is a question that must be answered. What is your answer to it !

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NOVEMBER, 1951

SAINT PETER'S, EAST BRIDGFORD CHURCH MAGAZINE



SERVICES

SUNDAYS:—

Holy Communion: 8 a.m.
Holy Eucharist: 11 a.m. 1st and 3rd Sundays.
Matins: 11 a.m. 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays.
Evensong: 6-30 p.m.
Children: 3-30 p.m.

R.A.F. Station, Newton:—

Morning Service—Sundays: 9-45 a.m.

Children: 2-30 p.m.

Rector:

Revd. G. R. D. McLEAN, M.A., The Hall (Tel. 218).

Rector's Warden:

Mr. R. WING, The Old Manor House (Tel. 245).

People's Warden:

Mr. E. MILLINGTON, Millgate.

Sidesmen:

Dr. G. O. BROOKS, Messrs. G. BATEMAN,
A. V. DENT, L. HAND, E. INGRAM, C. L.
WESTLEY, L. W. A. WHITE and F. YOUNG

Organist:

Mr. J. H. SHARDLOW, College Street.

Choirmaster:

Mr. N. RHODES, The School House (Tel. 226).

Sexton: Mr. L. JOHNSON, Closen Side Lane.

Hon. Verger: Miss HAND, Toll Bar Lane.

Hon. Treas. to P.C.C.: Mr. N. ASHTON HILL,
"Highclere," Kneeton Road (Tel. 298).

Hon. Sec. to P.C.C.: Mr. C. L. WESTLEY,
"Strathmore," Kneeton Road (Tel. 271).

Hon. Sec. to Freewill Offering: Miss HAND.

Leader of the Bellringers: Mr. A. V. DENT,
Cuttle Hill.

Mothers' Union—Enrolling Member.

Mrs. HUNT, Kneeton Road (Tel. 219).

Boys' Brigade—Captain:

Mr. E. BULLERS, Toll Bar Lane (Tel. 301).

Girls' Friendly Society:

Mrs. WESTLEY and Mrs. McLEAN.

... "Love, forgive him": but he did not speak;
And silenced by that silence lay the wife,
Remembering her dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

OCTOBER has been a month of things that will be remembered. Over and above everything else has loomed tragedy in the form of two terrible deaths. On Michaelmas Eve a former Bridgford boy, Arthur Pailing, who learnt his ringing in Bridgford tower, and in whom Rector Hill took a great interest, had a fatal accident in Daybrook steeple. He was the ringing master there, and the Chairman of the Nottingham Branch of the Diocesan Guild of Changeringers. At the age of forty-three a career in full course as a schoolmaster came to an abrupt termination; and he has left a widow and two boys. The accident made a profound impression on the whole district of Daybrook and Arnold.

Even more immediate to Bridgford has been the dreadful end of Mrs. Florence Jessie Hunt, returning with her husband from a visit to her childhood's scenes, when their car was crashed into, crushed and set alight on the Fosse Road in a fog. This has removed one of the great pillars of the community almost on the eve of the birth of her first grandchild. It is sometimes exaggerated to use the word "irreplaceable"; but in her case it is difficult to see what the Mothers' Union will do without her, and her place on the Church Council can never be filled in the quiet but adequate way in which she filled it. These two families are commended particularly to the prayers of the village.

These events have overshadowed all else. Nevertheless there were compensating features. First there were the Harvest Festival services, when the Thursday preacher was the Rev. R. P. Fallows, Vicar of Whatton-in-the-Vale with Aslockton, the Sunday morning preacher the Rev. H. W. Pearson, Rector of Lambley, and the marvellous unaccompanied Sunday evensong of October 14th, when the lights were dimmed and the power failed. The choir rose magnificently to the occasion, and it will not quickly be forgotten. Then on the following Sunday came the visit of the Bishop of Southwell to dedicate the new cross and lights for the High Altar, presented by Mr. and Mrs. Wing. It was immediately apparent that they transformed the Sanctuary, while in certain lights the gilt of the cross alone appeared, giving a most beautiful floating aspect. The gift had been most skilfully made by Messrs. Pancheri and Hack, the successors of the old Bromsgrove Guild of craftsmen.

As the Bishop said in his address, there is a problem of tragedy and of evil, and also a problem of happiness—the lights and the cross. May the cross always be a reminder of the love that lies behind all life!

* * * *

Remembrance Sunday falls this year upon November 11th. The Memorial Scheme will not unfortunately be completed by then, but the tablet is in hand at Messrs. Blakey (Nottingham) Ltd.'s, and work is beginning on the ground. The members of the Committee have worked hard in their collection, and nearly £80 has been contributed, with another £8/10/0 in the bank. Only £2/10/0 expense has so far been incurred, for notices of the proposal for shifting the headstones. Gratitude must be expressed to all contributors (practically everyone in the village), to the collectors, and to Mr. Howitt for his excellent printing.

BAPTISMS.

October 7th—Rosanne Nicola Hanson.

October 21st—Gordon Ian Lawson.

BURIAL.

October 19th—Florence Jessie Hunt (54 years).

CHRISTIAN RENEWAL

Vol. VI. No. 11

EDITED BY D. R. DAVIES

NOVEMBER, 1951

MAN TO MAN

The Editor Speaks to all Parishioners

WE are once again approaching the season of Advent, with its solemn reminder of the Last Judgment, when Christ will come again "to render to every man according to his works." This does not mean that man's final destiny, his place in heaven or hell, will depend on his works. If it meant this, then none would survive. "In the sight of God, no man living can be justified." We can be justified, not by anything that *we* have done, however meritorious, but only by what *Christ* has done. No amount of good works can ever dispense a man from dependence upon the mercy of God. The difference between the best of men and the worst in that respect will not count in the scales of divine judgment. God has concluded all men without exception, saint and sinner, under judgment. Nobody realises this truth more surely or clearly than the saints. They are under no illusion about their own merit in God's sight.

"To render to every man according to his works" is not a principle or process to decide a man's place, but to reveal a man to himself, to make it possible for men to see themselves as they really are, and not as they imagine themselves to be. It was Robert Burns who said, "Oh would the gift the gittie gie' us to see ourselves as others see us." But that is not enough. The way in which others see us is often just as false as that in which we look upon ourselves. Indeed, society can never justly judge its members. Our Lord warned us of this in the Parable of the Wheat and Tares. The wheat and the tares were to be left to grow together until the harvest—that is, until the end of the world, when God would do the sifting. So imperfect is human judgement that we do not realise that, in the sight of God, some men's failures have much greater merit than other men's success. We cannot see others as they really are. Our self interest always twists our judgment. In every judgment we pass upon our fellows there is present all unsuspected by us an element of self-justification. We condemn others in order to hide from ourselves *our own* condemnation. To see ourselves as others see us is not enough.

We must be made to see ourselves *as God sees us*; for that vision alone has the truth. In every other

vision we are running away from ourselves. In other words, we are always looking for excuses for ourselves. Against every human judgement we seek to defend ourselves. In the Last Judgement we shall be naked and defenceless. What the psychologists call "rationalization"—i.e., self-justification—will not operate. The text books will all be reduced to rubbish. Freud will have to get a new set of ideas altogether. And not only Freud. All of us will have to acquire new sets of ideas, especially about ourselves. In the Last Judgement, our works will reveal us to ourselves.

The Acid Test

If we treat our Bibles seriously, we shall not be in any doubt about the Last Judgement or about its principle of procedure or operation. Our Lord revealed to His disciples what the essence of God's judgement of men will be. That revelation is recorded for us in the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew. Let me quote part of it.

"When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory: and before Him shall be gathered all nations: and He shall separate them one from another, as shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on His left. Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer say unto them, Verily I say unto you, In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

In these profound words, Christ gives His followers a picture of the Last Judgement. He

reveals the principle by which He will distinguish the sheep from the goats. And this principle is very simple: *it is response to human need*. How did you act towards human beings whom you found hungry, thirsty, ragged, sick or in prison? Did you feed them, clothe them, visit them, comfort them? It is the way in which you behaved to men and women in distress and need which will show what you really and truly are, rather than what you think you are. This is what makes us human. And on this issue will turn the Last Judgement. At long last, the decisive question will be—*Were You Human?* Besides that, all else will fade into insignificance. Let us take particular note of a few important features of this principle.

First of all, this principle is decidedly *personal* in its operation. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." It is humanity towards the living, individual person that decides at last, not towards masses, mobs, majorities. Not man in the abstract, but concrete individual. This principle is decisive, not only in the Last Judgement, but here and now for our understanding of a great deal that passes as Christian action. We shall not necessarily pass the acid test by pleading mere social activity.

For example, we do not necessarily fulfil this principle of response to human need by organized behaviour. It will not be enough to say on the Judgement Day: "Lord, I organized mass demonstrations of the unemployed and carried banners in their processions, often getting wet through in doing so. I always voted in favour of working class policies. I was assiduous in attendance at committee meetings. I never ceased from agitating in favour of the oppressed and downtrodden. I went to no end of trouble in speaking at meetings which were called to advocate increase of wages, decrease in cost of living,

and reduction in hours of labour. I was a sleepless warrior in the cause of peace." To all this it is possible that our Lord may reply: "depart from Me, I never knew you."

The reason for this possibility is not far to seek. It lies in the fact that it is possible to love humanity in the mass and be indifferent or hostile to the individual, human, person. It is possible to feel indignation at social wrongs and be apathetic to personal suffering and need. Never have these two attitudes been more frequently or tragically demonstrated than today. In our time, the social championship of the poor has become a cloak to hide will-to-power. Look at what has happened to the Communist movement. It began as a genuine passion for the poor and outcast. Today it has become the greatest tyranny the world has ever known, and oppresses the poor and the workers with as much severity and cruelty as any other class. What can be the good of social emancipation, if at the end of it all, individual persons suffer more than ever?

So many of the social activities into which people throw themselves are only a means of escape from the far more difficult task of dealing with persons, making our relations with individuals human. This is the most searching test of all. It is the most difficult task of all. It is easy to vote for free medical service, to make passionate speeches which bring applause. But to create human relations with real human persons is up another street altogether. It is where we all fail. Think, for example, of the increasing breakdown in marriage. What does it mean? It means a failure to make and sustain a human relation, to respond to human need. But this is the acid test which God applies to men.

Since the principle of divine judgement is personal, each and every human individual carries an inescapable responsibility, which

surely means a real possibility of action. Where no action is possible, there we cannot be accounted responsible. For example, by no possible action of mine at this moment can I prevent a third world war. If it comes about, the responsibility for it cannot be laid upon me as an individual person. It may well be that I share a *social* responsibility for it. But not a *personal* responsibility. A personal responsibility carries with it a real possibility of action.

This possibility lies within the sphere of personal need. Not a single day passes which does not bring with it an opportunity to render some help or service to somebody. The people to whom Christ in the parable said, "depart from me, I never knew you," were genuinely surprised. "When saw we thee an hungred . . . ?" "Inasmuch as ye did it not [unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me]." People have to live in a certain way if they are to recognize human need. We shall be judged for our blindness to need. To say that we didn't notice it will be no excuse. There are people who are so obsessed with themselves that they are utterly oblivious to the hunger and thirst, the sorrow and tragedy of those with whom they come in contact. These are the people who will plead that they never saw Christ hungry and thirsty and sick. But that will not enable them to escape the judgment. They didn't see because they had eyes only for themselves.

We are already being judged, however little we may realise it. The Last Judgement is but the culmination of a divine judgement already operating in every moment of our life. Are we aware of human need here and now—in our families, in our neighbours, in our friends, in people we meet casually? To this need we can respond. On our response shall we be judged.

Yours sincerely,

A. R. Davies.

THE RELIGION OF OUR TIME

by THE EDITOR

ONE of the most popular ideas of our time is that people have ceased to be religious. It isn't true. It's only a rumour! People are always religious in every age. The great majority of people in England have ceased to believe in, and to live by, the *Christian* religion. But that is because they have come to believe in, and live by, another and a very different religion, which is a religion of worldliness, of Secularism. In this religion of Secularism, the present world of things—roast beef, the cinema, wireless, motor-cars, nylon stockings etc.—is the Great Reality. Its chief belief or creed is that the good life consists in having more and more *things*. In 1951, the Devil, in the shape of Materialism (the belief that life consists of *things*), has conquered Europe.

Gentle reader (as the journalists used to say), do you think that this is all tosh? Do you think this is only another bit of the parson's croaking? Just look at the facts.

What is the test of religion? How do you decide the question what a man's religion *really* is? It is not the *words* which a man utters. Jesus Christ has settled that point for us, "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Do you think it is the will of God for the people of England to spend most of their time, energy and thought, chasing after *things*? Our religion shows itself, not in what we say, but in the things and ideas and activities to which we devote our life, or most of our life anyway.

Can we honestly deny that most of our time and energy are taken up with the effort to get hold of mere things? We can deny it, of course. But can we do so honestly, truthfully? Most of us think that if we had loads of money, we should be perfectly happy. Don't we? In other words, *we think, deep down, that this world can satisfy us*. We can wriggle and pretend as much as we like, but this is the final truth about ourselves. We are a very religious people in Great Britain. We worship the world of things.

What our Religion has done for the World

There is a very close connection between what people think and do, and what happens throughout the world. It is plain nonsense to imagine that the things on which and for which we spend our lives have nothing to do with the great events that affect and shake the world. Our religion, our real religion, works itself out in social,

political and economic consequences. Absolutely, always, and unfailingly. What, then, has our religion of Secularism done for the World?

A full and adequate answer to this question would need a hefty sized book, which most people wouldn't bother to read. So let me give one or two examples.

What are the problems, the worries, which are uppermost in people's minds today? One of them beyond any doubt is the worry of a third world war. Don't you think there's something very strange about the fact? Something completely crazy and irrational? Why is it that when everything points to the desirability and commonsense need for peace between nations, we are all of us living under the shadow of another war? And such a war, compared with which the last one was a picnic. There have been more wars, civil wars, revolutions and oppression in the 20th century, *after fifty years of the religion of Secularism, the belief that this world can satisfy man's soul*, than in any single one of the preceding centuries. Read the books of Dr. Arnold Toynbee. I'm simply quoting facts. This is where our religion of trust in mere things has landed us—in a nightmare of fear about the future. By making life a scramble for things—for wealth, power etc.—we have turned civilization into one vast scene of conflict and tyranny, in which human life has become a thing of small value. *Things* have become very dear. *Only men and women have become cheap*.

This isn't what our fathers and forefathers expected when they so lightly and heartily threw Christianity overboard! when they ceased to bother about the Church. What they expected was heaven upon earth. Instead of heaven we find ourselves in hell.

What our Religion of Things has done for You

"Society" or the "world" is an abstract word, behind which are living, real men and women, like you and me, with bodies and minds, with wants and needs and passions and longings. The religion of things has made life a nightmare. That means it has done something to you and me as individual persons. Of course it has. What affects the world affects also you and me in our daily thinking and behaviour.

There is not a single living person anywhere who can isolate himself from the influences that shape and change the world. So the religion of things has also done something to you also. What has it done?

Let us look into our minds, and there we shall find, apart from the question of war and peace, a deep and nagging worry. How to make ends meet? It is as common and vulgar as that. Almost more than anything else today people are wanting *security*. And security means some assurance that tomorrow we shall still be able to pay the rent, to have four meals a day, clothes to wear. *Security! And we are torn by insecurity*. As a little verse in the Bible puts it—"We looked for light, and behold! darkness." The *things* on which people have spent their time and energy are slipping from their grasp. It is like a mirage in the desert. In the near distance, it looks so inviting, so attractive. But as you approach it, it recedes until finally it vanishes. As we seem to be on the point of realising our dream of material security—the idol of the modern man—it disappears.

So we spend our days and nights wondering. As the pound shrinks in value, we worry what's going to happen. Today the pound has gone down six shillings in value as compared with 1946. The future is over-shadowed by a great, sinister question-mark. What next?

Our abandonment of Christianity has not worked out as expected. People are certainly not happier in consequence. "What is this life if full of care, we have not time to stand and stare?" Are you satisfied with a religion which has landed us in fear, anxiety and insecurity? What about taking another look at the Christian religion? It surely cannot do worse than this religion of things. What is it all about?

ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS

"We give Thee thanks, O God, for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear; for the memory of their words and examples; for the sure and certain hope of reunion with them hereafter; for the happiness that is theirs, and for our communion with them; through Jesus Christ our Lord." Amen.

"Eternal God, whose Presence broods over our troubled years, we lift up our hearts in solemn gratitude for all our beloved dead, who live in Thee. Precious in Thy sight is the death of Thy children. For the vast unnumbered dead of two world wars, O Lord of life and death, we pray. Preserve them in Thy presence, and continue in them Thy perfect work, through Jesus Christ, our Lord." Amen.

AN ADDRESS TO A BRITISH LEGION RALLY

by the Rev C. O. RHODES

YEAR by year, almost in spite of ourselves, we feel drawn to reverence the dead of two wars, some of whom were our close friends. There was precious little we were able to do for them at the time. Perhaps we arranged some stones round the grave, a few yards off a road-side, and if a handful of flowers were available we laid them on the little mound. Then the usual rough, wooden cross was added, a *pro forma* with a map reference was sent through the usual channels and, only too often, that was that. It was war; and we had to be on our way. Sometimes there was no opportunity even for that little courtesy. Now, all these years afterwards, we make compensation and whether we are regular churchgoers or not, it seems fitting that this overdue reverence to the dead should be offered in Church, before the presence of God.

These men, we believe, have crossed a great divide. On the other side they have solved the greatest of all riddles. They have found the answer to the enigma of life. If that is true, what would they say to us if they could come back and give us a message? Their message, I am sure, would be far more dynamic and far more radical than anything I can say. It would certainly go to the deepest roots of our lives. All I can do is to interpret another message that has already come to us from across that divide. I am therefore going to speak on the basis of a text from Holy Scripture, the word of God to man, which briefly and pointedly sums up the truth which comes to us from eternity. It is a text upon which those tragic, road-side graves are the most remarkable commentary.

You have often seen this text. You have seen it on the hoardings where cranks and fanatics have bought space to present a message to their generation. You have heard it from the lips of queer people who stand at street corners preaching to non-existent audiences. And you have turned away with a good-natured shrug of the shoulders and laughed it off. You have said: "There goes those Bible thumpers again!" It is indeed one of the old fashioned Bible thumping texts that I have chosen. A text for imbeciles and fanatics. But you know it has been noticed that a loose tile often lets in a flood of light and some of those preposterous fellows who stand at street corners may conceivably have penetrated truths that are hidden from more sophisticated folk. Do not despise the crank or the fanatic! He may be the personal messenger from God to you.

It is indeed a Bible thumping text and I know exactly what some critics of religion say when a preacher announces it. They say he is trying to frighten his congregation into religion by dire threats and this they say is ridiculous even if not definitely immoral. Let them say! It is a fact which none of us can escape that we are all under the judgment of God. The Church has a duty to proclaim that fact. Must we clergy keep silent about the deepest truths of life and death because crack-brains and dunderheads will sneer? Must we refrain from telling the truth because the light-headed and the frivolous will laugh at us!

Moreover this text is one which you should not accept on faith. The truth of it can be tested by observation of human affairs every day. As a matter of fact, comparatively little of the Christian religion is a matter of faith. Read carefully through the writings of the prophets, the Sermon on the Mount, the letters of St. Paul and you will be amazed how much of them are interpretations of life by people who have themselves been right in the thick of things. That there is an element of faith in Christianity nobody would deny; but a surprisingly large propor-

tion of it is either sheer history or the close observation of men and women and their behaviour in the crises of life. It is experience and not either speculation or theory. The text which I have chosen is one which shouts its truth from every emergency. I do most earnestly request that you will not accept this text on faith.

It is quoted from St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, chapter 6, verse 23: *For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.*

The wages of sin is death! There is no incentive bonus and you cannot go on strike against that contract. No trade union negotiations are of the slightest use. It is a law of human nature.

The wages of sin is death! What would those comrades of ours whose deaths we are now mourning say if they could return across the great divide and comment upon this text? We may well believe that in many instances the cheque was made out to the wrong name. But however fine and upstanding these young fellows were in themselves both they and we would be the first to recognise that their deaths are the wages of social and international sin even if not of personal wrong doing. Those holocausts which from time to time strike the smile from the face of mankind, those waves of evil which leave behind them the sickening stench of the battlefield, spring from the wickedness of human society just as the smoke, rises from the fire. Would anybody dare to quibble about that!



HOW THEY CHEERED!

The Crown Prince, Von Papen, General von Blomberg and a multitude of others, cheering Hitler at the Hanover Stadium in 1934.

But it is not of the sins of nations, which we can do nothing much about that I want to speak; but of more intimately personal sins, that we can tackle ourselves. After all, from whence derive these international and social sins in the first place? Surely that question is relevant to this memorial service. The last war was not due to any one of us. Nor was it the peculiar fault of Britain. The Nazis began it. But what were the Nazis; how did they happen? Were they in a special way a German crime? I will tell you how the Nazis happened. Here is a Mrs. Beeton recipe for a Nazi party in any country in the world. Take some strutting ass who likes to lord it over other people, and you will find plenty of them in every government office and on every factory floor as you well know. Add a man of the bullying type and heaven knows there are plenty of those about. Put with these someone who imagines he has a grudge against a Jew and mingle with the group some hot-headed idealist, too impatient to say his prayers. Multiply these by a million, put a loud mouthed demagogue on top, provide an economic crisis, and you have a Nazi party anywhere you like. It is just as easy as that and there is nothing particularly German about the thing at all. Now you see from personal observation what the Bible means when it says the wages of sin is death. The wages of those sort of sins are deaths by the million and not one of us can claim to be free of them. The great tragedies of the world come from the accumulation of little sins. Do not say "It could not happen here." There is nothing whatever to stop "it" happening here. The idea that this country is in some strange way guarded from such evils is one of those miserable self-deceptions with which we evade the great issues of life. I would go further. I would say clearly that "it" will happen here if this nation continues to leave a vacant place where the throne of Christ should be. Look closely and you may see signs that "it" is already beginning here.

The wages of sin is death—and that does not only mean crude physical death. Certainly St. Paul himself was thinking of a death far more bitter than that of the body. Medical science may be able to keep the heart beating year after weary year. But no doctor can keep the soul alive when once it has entered on the road to death. Much can be learned from extreme instances. I am going to tell you a very gruesome story which throws the truth of our text into high relief. Some time ago I went into a public house for a drink. There, slumped on a bench, was an old woman of 84, well known to the habitués of the place. She was fat and repulsive in appearance, looking, if her features were any guide, as if she had never done a generous act and never

refrained from a mean one. She was a bloated lump of decaying flesh. Her friends had brought her there for a last "night out." But she was too feeble even to raise the glass to her own lips and another woman was doing it for her. I watched with incredulity while four tots of rum were put to her lips and poured down her. As I looked this text forced itself into my mind. There she was, receiving the last rites from the priestesses of hell. Years ago her soul had died, and some of the other people in that place looked as if death, spiritual death, were driving the youth from their features almost before they had reached maturity. Quite irresistibly I was reminded of another occasion when a chalice of a different kind is placed to the lips of another kind of person, where the atmosphere is not foetid with vice and where the thought is all of light and goodness; here at the altar rail in Church where kneeling worshippers take the Holy Communion. What a contrast! Think of these numerous men and women who have lived their lives in constant intercourse with Christ through the Sacrament, and compare them with those who have lived the other way. Only compare those two scenes, the one in the public house and the one in the Church. Before that awful contrast the Christian religion requires no evidences and no proofs. It authenticates itself. The truth is unmistakable and I challenge anybody to question the fact.

But the gift of God is eternal life. Now let us look at the second part of the text. The finest evidence of Christian faith, I say, is the personality of old people who have lived their lives with Christ. See how year by year as the body becomes weaker and weaker the spirit shines through more and more gloriously so that they seem to go on growing. We say that of our dead comrades, do we not? "They shall grow; not old as we that are left grow old." Yet we do not have to wait until we cross the great divide before entering upon this continuing growth. Not long ago I was at the death bed of an old Christian, 84, the same age as the hell-bent old soak in the public house. Until the very last days of his life he went about doing good and many hundreds of people were grateful for having known him. Of this man I could say truly: He remembered his creator in the days of his youth and the evil days never came nor did the years draw nigh when he should say, 'I have no pleasure in them.' The spirit within attained a new maturity and a new bloom as the years went by and touched the highest sublimity of all when the time came to leave the body behind. That man had entered into eternal life during his bodily youth and he had mediated to his fellow men the grace and goodness of eternity.



"THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH." The hand of a dead Nazi soldier. Notice the swastika on his signet ring.

Why do we wait? We wait and then one day it is too late. Let me repeat the words of the text. This eternal life is a gift and it comes through Jesus Christ our Lord. It is not something we strive and labour after. It comes to us freely presented. God wants to give it to us. Yet we turn away from the gift. I remember my mortification once as a boy when I saved up to give an elderly relative a Christmas present: a tobacco pouch or a pipe or some small trifle. On Christmas morning I duly handed over the gift which had cost me so much boyish self-sacrifice. But my relative was not very gracious. He took my gift with a hollow grunt, scarcely even saying 'thank you' and put it on one side. Days later it was still in the same place, unused and hardly considered. My gift was there but meant nothing to the recipient. In fact it was worse than useless to him because out of my gift he manufactured my mortification and spoiled a personal relationship. Are we not like that with the gift of God? To be of any use this gift of eternal life must be appropriated. We must take it. Let us take this gift and let it live and grow within us. It is not only for now. The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"For the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction: but they are in peace. For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality. And having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded: for God proved them, and found them worthy for Himself."

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

I
The Rev. Roger Lloyd,
Canon of Winchester on
Christianity and the Welfare State.

"It is impossible to teach Christianity without at the same time teaching the idea of sacrifice. But in proportion as a Welfare State succeeds in its aims, the idea of sacrifice as being universally necessary to the good life becomes less and less real, since the whole purpose of the Welfare State is to make it more and more unnecessary.

"Under the old system you did not need to be a Christian to know that you must sacrifice in many ways to provide for your old age, to provide against the day of sickness, to give the children a better educational chance, and the like. The teaching of Christ which starts with the universality of sacrifice, but raises it to higher levels than these, was therefore not initially incomprehensible. But now even to talk of sacrifice as necessary to the achievement of a social purpose like health or education is becoming a kind of treason against the Welfare State; and, in proportion as it still remains necessary under the Welfare State to achieve these ends, it is the recording of a judgment that it has either not yet fully succeeded or else that it has failed. The whole sacrificial idea is, in fact, an implied criticism of the Welfare State. When a generation has grown up to which the Welfare State is, so to speak, second nature, a part of the obvious and accepted order of things, how are we going to be able to preach about sacrifice? Already there are signs that many practising and well-taught Christians are more at sea over this matter of sacrifice than over any other part of Christian theology."

II
Dr. Emil Brunner on

The Last Judgment:
(in his book *Our Faith*).

One scarcely ever hears a sermon nowadays about the Judgment. Perhaps in former times there was too much and too rash preaching on this subject, motivated by a desire to drive men into the Kingdom of Heaven by fear. No one enters into the Kingdom of Heaven by fear, and the man who tries to do God's will out of fear simply does not do God's will. He alone can do God's will who loves God with all his heart and trusts and relies wholly upon His mercy, but just because we must constantly take refuge in God's mercy, and not go our independent way, we need the message of the Judgment. We need it, just because we learn from it to "bring forth fruits meet for repentance."

Every man, believer or unbeliever, ought to know that at last comes the

Judgment when the Shepherd of Nations will separate the sheep from the goats. "Then shall the King say to them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." "Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." These words are not an opinion, they are the Lord's words. So God speaks to each one of us, and whether or no we want to hear Him is

not a matter of choice or speculation.

The message of the Judgment informs us that God is to be taken seriously, that God will not be mocked. It tells us that God is not only the loving Father, but also the righteous Lord who desires that His commandments find obedience.

"We must all", says Paul, "appear before the Judgment seat of Christ and must testify". "Who then can be saved?" the troubled disciples asked their Lord. "With men it is impossible, but with God all things are possible." He gave answer. Therefore the message of the Cross of Christ is given us, that it might show us the mercy of God with whom all things are possible.

Something You Ought to Know

READERS probably know by this time that the "inhuman land" of Russia is honeycombed with slave labour camps, in which there are herded human beings, numbering—according to a computation made recently by the World Federation of Free Trade Unions—anything from 12 million to 18 million people. There are slave camps for men, slave camps for women, and slave camps for both men and women. But did you know that there are camps for children?

Read the following. It is told by a young man, who as a child was an inmate of a camp, situated 445 miles from Leningrad in the sub-Arctic region on the shores of Lake Vig. There, a corrective labour camp for children aged 12-15 years had been built and surrounded by a high barbed-wire fence and guarded by observation towers manned day and night. The young man was conscripted by the Germans during their occupation of Western Russia and the Ukraine in 1942 for slave labour in Western Germany, and on the defeat of Germany rescued by the advance of the British Army. As a "displaced person" he came to Britain as a European voluntary worker and has now settled in this country for good. Here is his story:

"I was born in the Ukraine, in a peasant family. My father was exiled to Siberia in 1932 for his critical attitude to Soviet methods. My mother was left behind with three children, of whom I was the eldest, aged 12, and a ruined farm from which all stocks of grain had been confiscated. Somehow we survived the following winter and spring, living on potatoes, cabbage and beetroot.

"In the summer of 1933, when wheat began to ripen, I, with my little sister aged 10, went into the fields (formerly our own) to collect two small bags of grain and so provide a meal for ourselves and our mother, who by that time was swollen from hunger. We were caught by the village militiaman (policeman) and taken to the Militia. My sister was allowed to go home, but I was detained. Notwithstanding all the

pleadings of my mother, I was sent to the Provincial Centre as a young criminal, as, according to the resolution of the Central Committee of the Communist Party (dated 7.8.32) my crime was a very serious one.

"At the Centre there were already collected a large number of children, and eventually we were sent to Nadvoitzi, where I was informed that I must do three years of corrective labour. After about a year, driven by homesickness and despair, I made an attempt to escape, was caught, kept two weeks in a cell, and got a further three years of forced labour as a punishment. This involved transfer to a concentration camp for adults at the age of 16.

"Life in the children's camp was unbelievably hard. Everyone had to work, and work was heavy, consisting of dragging tree trunks, sowing and cutting timber, loading railway trucks and anything else that wanted doing. We were only supposed to work six hours per day, but had to fulfil a norm which always took longer. For refusal to work the punishment was solitary confinement in a cell and intensified hunger. Eventually boys had to give in and return to work. Deaths from exhaustion and dysentery were frequent. When the end was near, a boy would be excused from work, but usually too late. Protests against the conditions were common, as children seldom realised the hopelessness of their position.

"Many attempted to escape, but very few succeeded. Horrible scenes took place; once two boys managed to get through the barbed wire at night, but the guard spotted them, opened fire, gave the alarm and the chase began. A specially trained dog was let loose, caught one of the boys and threw him to the ground. Unfortunately the boy put up a fight and the dog began to gnaw him. . . . By the time the guards arrived the boy was unconscious. The other boy ran into an ambush, was severely wounded, taken to prison hospital and was never seen by us again."

WOMEN AT HOME

Dear Women Readers,

A few months ago there was published a life of Florence Nightingale (*Florence Nightingale*, By Cecil Woodham-Smith), which makes it clear that she must have been a very remarkable woman. She lived ninety years. She was born in 1820 in Florence, Italy. Very few girl babies were christened "Florence," but in the next fifty years the name became the rage in honour of Florence Nightingale. She died in 1910. She left strict instructions in her will [that her funeral had to be without "trappings." A national funeral in Westminster was offered to the relatives. But it was declined. She was borne to her last resting place by six British Army sergeants. And on her tombstone are the few simple words—"F.N. Born 1820. Died 1910." Underneath that bare stone lie the remains of one of the greatest women of modern history. This is what an American writer said of her. "Florence Nightingale emerges as a woman of infinitely complicated personality—passionate, obsessed; inspired to a fanatical degree; a beautiful woman of astonishing ability." She was the means of saving thousands of soldiers' lives in the Crimean War, and she completely transformed the profession of army nursing from that of "drunken and promiscuous haridans" into that of one of the most honourable of all professions. What was the secret of this remarkable life?

When she was still but a small girl, she began the habit of writing what she called "private notes" about the inner life, and she kept this habit up almost to the day she died. She wrote these notes on any old scraps of paper that she could find. At the age of sixteen she wrote this note: "On February 7th, 1837, God spoke to me and called me to His service." This reminds us of Joan of Arc. She also heard voices outside herself. In the inspiration of the voices at Domremy, in France, Joan conquered the English army. Florence Nightingale conquered dirt and disease.

For a long time nothing happened, and she became troubled. She felt that God had not spoken to her again, because she was unworthy. She had been living the life of a social butterfly. But all the time, deep in her soul, she felt she had a vocation to serve God. But how?

In June, 1844, an American doctor visited her family. He was Dr. Samuel Howe, husband of the famous Julia Ward Howe, who wrote that grand battle hymn of the American Republic: "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." After a talk with him, she became certain of what God

wanted her to do—to devote herself to hospital nursing.

In carrying out her decision, she had to face tremendous opposition, especially from her mother. And no wonder. In 1844, hospitals were dreadful places of filth and squalor. What was still worse, hospital nurses were notoriously immoral. It was unknown almost for a respectable, virtuous woman to become a hospital nurse. Any mother who cared for her daughter's health and character in 1844 would have done what Florence Nightingale's mother did. But Florence persisted and she wore all opposition down. Finally she went

to the Crimean war, and badgered the War Office until she had her way and got what she wanted.

The source of her strength and courage and passion was the conviction that she was doing God's will. This is the secret of all who have rendered great, transforming service to mankind. The best things that we enjoy in our life today we owe to men and women who lived by the conviction that they were doing God's will. Those who serve God always benefit humanity.

We shall also benefit humanity in the form of our families and friends if we can get the conviction of doing God's will. There surely can be no surer example of doing God's will than training our children to give obedience to the demands of Jesus Christ.

RUTH MACCORMICK.

Doctor Found a Cure To Beat All Medicine

DR. REBECCA BEARD was told by her medical colleagues that she would never live through another heart attack.

"You must put your affairs in order," they said. "You are near the end." But Dr. Beard did not die. She tells why in a remarkable book just published in this country.

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the most important ever written on the subject.

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A LETTER TO THE CHILDREN

Dear Boys and Girls,

I hope that on Sunday, November 11th, you will go to Church with your fathers and mothers, because that Sunday will be a very special day. It will be Armistice Day. It is not often that Armistice Day falls on a Sunday. And you know what happens on that day. Exactly at 11.0 a.m., wherever we are, we stand still and silent for two minutes. It is the solemn Two Minutes Silence, when we remember once again the hundreds of thousands of brave men and women who gave their lives in two world wars so that we, all of us, should live in a world of freedom and happiness. It is a day for us to remind ourselves of what we owe to our brave and beloved dead.

In 1914, Germany, under the Kaiser, William II tried to conquer Europe. Over six million lost their lives to prevent that happening. Twenty-five years later, in 1939, once again Germany, this time under Adolf Hitler, tried to do the same thing. It took all the might of the three most powerful nations in the world—America, Britain and Russia—to prevent Germany conquering Europe and the world. We do not know exactly, even to this day, how many men and women were killed to preserve your freedom. Certainly not less than twenty millions. Think of it: 20,000,000.

"The many men so beautiful
And they all dead did lie..."

The very least, surely you can do on Sunday, November 11th, is to go to Church, and offer to God your prayers of thanksgiving for the great sacrifice which all these brave men and women made for you.

Armistice Day can help us to learn how much we owe to others. Think how much you boys and girls owe to your fathers and mothers for their love

and protection and care of you. Do you ever ask where all the food you eat comes from, the clothes you wear, the books you read, the toys you play with, the holidays you enjoy at the seaside? All these good things by which you live do not drop from the sky. They have all got to be earned by hard work and sacrifice. Long after you have gone to bed to sleep and dream, your mother is sitting up, tired out, to darn your socks and stockings, to make your clothes, and to prepare all the things you need if you are to be kept strong and healthy. It is your mummy's care and sacrifice that keep you alive even. Whatever would you do without it?

But there is another Love and another Sacrifice, much, much greater than your mother's can ever be, to which you owe everything. To this great Love and Sacrifice you owe even the love which your fathers and mothers bear for you. And this is the Love and Sacrifice which Jesus Christ bears for the world. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believe in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." The brave men we shall remember on November 11th were killed whilst defending our country against enemies seeking to destroy it. Our Lord Jesus Christ was killed whilst defending your soul from the Devil who was seeking to destroy it. On Calvary's hill, Jesus died that you might live with God forever and ever.

"There is a green hill far away
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all."
Will you try to remember on Armistice Day that Great Sacrifice, and pray to God that He will help you to love Him more and more, and try His works to do?"

Your friend,

ANNA PARKER.

KING DAVID AND HIS SOLDIERS THREE

NOW three of the thirsty captains went down to the rock to David into the cave of Adullam; and the host of the Philistines encamped in the valley of Rephaim. And David was then in the hold, and the Philistine's garrison was then at Bethlehem. And David longed, and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, that is at the gate! And the three brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David: but David would not drink of it, but poured it out to the Lord. And said, God forbid it me that I should do this thing: shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? For with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it. Therefore he would not drink it.

ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS

"The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep.
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant through the skies:
O happy saints! rejoice and sing.
He quickly comes, your Lord and King."

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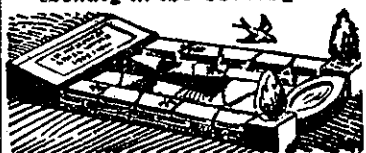
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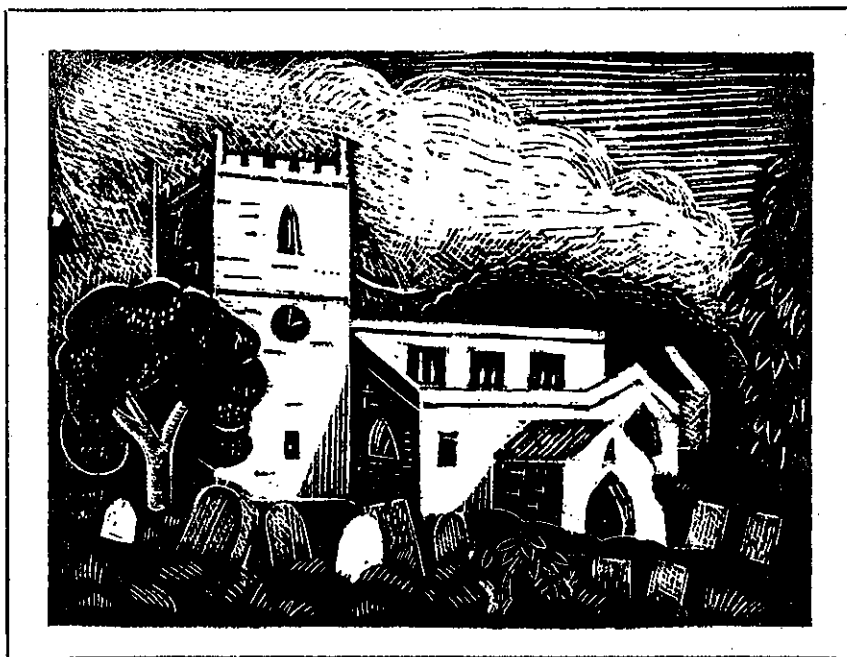
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Holy Communion: 8 a.m.
Holy Eucharist: 11 a.m. 1st and 3rd Sundays.
Matins: 11 a.m. 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays.
Evensong: 6-30 p.m.
Children: 3-30 p.m.

R.A.F. Station, Newton:—

Morning Service—Sundays: 9-45 a.m.
Children: 2-30 p.m.

Rector:

Rev. G. R. D. McLEAN, M.A., The Hall (Tel. 218).

Rector's Warden:

Mr. R. WING, The Old Manor House (Tel. 245).

People's Warden:

Mr. E. MILLINGTON, Millgate.

Sidesmen:

Dr. G. O. BROOKS, Messrs. G. BATEMAN,
A. V. DENT, L. HAND, E. INGRAM, C. L.
WESTLEY, L. W. A. WHITE and F. YOUNG

Organist:

Mr. J. H. SHARDLOW, College Street.

Choirmaster:

Mr. N. RHODES, The School House (Tel. 226).

Sexton: Mr. L. JOHNSON, Closen Side Lane.

Hon. Verger: Miss HAND, Toll Bar Lane.

Hon. Treas. to P.C.C.: Mr. N. ASHTON HILL,
"Highclere," Kneeton Road (Tel. 298).

Hon. Sec. to P.C.C.: Mr. C. L. WESTLEY,
"Strathmore," Kneeton Road (Tel. 271).

Hon. Sec. to Freewill Offering: Miss HAND.

Leader of the Bellringers: Mr. A. V. DENT.
Cuttle Hill.

Mothers' Union—Enrolling Member.

Mrs. HUNT, Kneeton Road (Tel. 219).

Boys' Brigade—Captain:

Mr. E. BULLERS, Toll Bar Lane (Tel. 301)

Girls' Friendly Society:

Mrs. WESTLEY and Mrs. McLEAN.

16th Cent. Ms. (Christ Church, Oxford).

G. E. WALES, *Hon. Treasurer.*