



The Church Magazine

JUNE, 1926.

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Churchwardens—Mr. E. BROWN and Mr. A. WIGGINS.

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St. Mary, Little Wakering.

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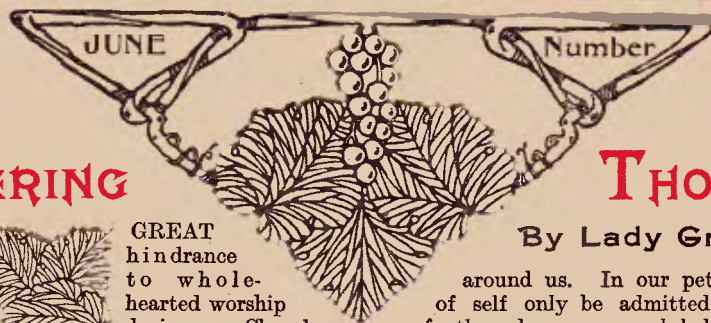
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HOME WORDS



WANDERING



THOUGHTS.

By Lady Grierson. © ©

heard in our hearing, and this is probably one reason for our failure.

Is there any way of keeping our thoughts within bounds? At least some help will be found in the realization that we are not in church as single worshippers, but as members of a congregation. This is a very obvious idea, yet it is perhaps worth a little consideration.

It is natural that when we are in a crowd of our fellow-beings, particularly if the crowd is largely made up of acquaintances and friends, we should not be oblivious of their presence. Because we are in church it does not follow that our interest in each other ceases for the time being. On the contrary, tongues being perforce quiet, our eyes are all the busier, and little details of dress or personal appearance will strike us and claim attention which we have never noticed before. We pull ourselves up with a jerk, feel guilty, seek to isolate ourselves mentally, and try to imagine ourselves in our own shut-up room alone with our God, all extraneous influences shut out. It is a struggle; the attention once more wanders, flies off, perhaps out of church to far different scenes, and is again recalled. Thus, with intervals of devotion, the service comes to an end, concluded by a mournful confession of inattention.

This is all wrong. Our Heavenly Father knows human nature, and surely, we may believe, does not expect the same sort of service from one in a congregation as from the same person on his knees in private. We are in church to offer up prayers and praises rather as a *body* of men and women than as *individuals*. It is *we* who have erred and strayed from His ways like lost sheep; *we* beseech Him to grant *us* true repentance; *we* say "Open *Thou our* lips, make clean *our hearts* within us," and so on through all the beautiful and varied prayers of our service.

Let us then, as it were, stretch out the arms of our mind, and embrace all those standing or kneeling

GREAT hindrance to whole-hearted worship during our Church Services is the wandering of our thoughts. We may often pray against the habit, but it still continues. Psychologists tell us that there is a natural tendency of thought to fly off at a tangent when any well-known form of words is re-

around us. In our petitions let no thought of self only be admitted. Then the presence of others becomes a real help, not a hindrance to attention. We do not ask selfishly, we make intercession for our brethren and their needs, to us unknown, but clear in the eyes of God as He looks into each heart in the throng.

Suppose a whole congregation to realize this, and to pray accordingly, lifting up to God prayers and praises on behalf of all, is it not conceivable that a real outpouring of blessing would be felt?

Cold criticism could have no place, for "He that watereth shall be also watered," and instead of leaving church a solitary unit with a conscience ill at ease from the remembrance of inattention, or of frivolous and perhaps ill-natured thoughts having occurred to the mind, though checked over and over again, we should sally forth with hearts warmed by fellowship and sympathy. Others have prayed for us, and we for them, and God's greatest gift, *Love*, will be kindled in our hearts.

Who can tell what a mighty power is here ready to hand of united brotherly sympathy, among members of congregations; who can measure the potency of such unselfish prayers?

Bowed down by grief a poor woman is trying to pray and sing. Her personal sorrows choke her voice, she is *heavy* with grief. All around are praying for *her*; the hearty desires of hundreds for those in their midst who are in any way afflicted or distressed "that it may please Thee to comfort and relieve them according to their several necessities" cannot fail to be answered, and so blessing descends on her, while on her part she, by praying for others, and thus opening the door of her sorrowful soul, has unconsciously received comfort. The young girl who knows no trouble, even the innocent child who can only half understand the words it utters, are all helping others. Their thoughts are not on self, they are lifted to God, presenting to Him the needs of those around to receive the dew of His blessing.

This idea fully carried out, will cure individual coldness and will cure congregational apathy. The clergy will feel the glow of united assent to heartfelt petitions, and respond with increased earnestness in their preaching; and who knows what benefit parishes, towns, and the country at large would derive, did we but all follow this plan, and, leaving our selfish little interests at home, merge ourselves in our fellows and join together with heart and soul! This would be to imitate the angels while here on earth, this to begin while here that life of Christ and His Church, one Body, made up of innumerable individualities, all animated by the same Spirit.

The Chief Scout

A Personal Sketch by

YOU may search in vain through the books, papers and pamphlets on the Scout Movement, issued at the Headquarters, 25, Buckingham Palace Road, London, for personal details regarding the Chief Scout, but never was the boy more truly the father of the man, than in the case of Sir Robert Baden-Powell. His upbringing, and the traits of character which he developed in youth throw an important light on the origin of the great organization which he founded.

Officially the Scout Movement is stated to have begun in 1907, when Sir Robert started an experimental camp for boys at Brownsea Island off the coast of Dorset.

I would go much further back than that, for I believe that the Chief was born a Scout, and that the Movement really began in his nursery, judging from stories of his childhood which I have heard from his sister, Miss Agnes Baden-Powell, when her distinguished brother was far afield.

Very special interest therefore attaches to the early surroundings and training of the man who was destined to found and lead the greatest organization for boys and youths ever started.

Sir Robert is the seventh son of the late Rev. Prof. Baden-Powell, of Oxford and Langton Manor, and of Henrietta Grace, the daughter of Admiral W. H. Smyth, K.S.F. His father died when he was three years old, and he was brought up by his mother, a practical and highly educated woman, who taught her children how to do most things and trained them to "Be Prepared" for any eventuality.

The Chief Scout might frown at this description, but he certainly was an infant prodigy. When two and a half years old he made a drawing of men leading camels, and not only was it remarkable for spirited execution, but the picture conveyed an idea. Each man was represented as laying down a cross, thus suggesting that he was devoting himself to some noble cause. Here we have the budding idealism of the Chief Scout—the idea of Service.

In boyhood he was fond of adventure, and many were the expeditions which he and the brother, next to him in age, undertook together. Stimulated by the story of Robin Hood and his Merry Men, they went riding in Sherwood Forest and got lost in the dark. Robert knew about the homing instinct of horses, and at



Photo by]

[SWAINE, London.

The Chief Scout.

and the Church.

Mrs. Sarah A. Tooley.

his suggestion he and his brother gave their horses the bridle and were carried safely to their destination. They had delightful adventures when spending their school holidays in Norway, roaming about the country and living upon what they fished and shot and cooked for themselves.

As a boy, the Chief could do most of the things which Scouts now learn to do. He could use both hands equally well; could ride, shoot, fish, swim, was something of a *chef* at cooking and could certainly sew on his own buttons. Indeed, so clever was he at sewing that he made doll's clothes in the latest fashion—he was fond of playing with dolls.

As he grew older he showed various artistic gifts. He painted, drew clever humorous sketches, as he still continues to do for Scout papers, sculptured, was musical and wrote and acted plays.

But with all these light and graceful accomplishments young Baden-Powell had fine ideals and a reverent spirit. I do not suppose that he ever thought about doing, "one good turn a day," but nevertheless he was always doing unconsidered, spontaneous acts of kindness. No boy ever more truly and unaffectedly lived up to the Scout creed, "to do his duty to God and the King," and "to help other people at all times," than did the future Chief.

When he went to Charterhouse, his bright, merry, good-natured disposition made him a general favourite, added to which, what was there that appeals to boys that "Bathing-Towel," to use his nickname, did not know something about? He has always kept up a warm interest in his old School.

The Army was his chosen career, and after passing brilliantly through his military examination he in due course joined the 13th Hussars, serving with that regiment in India, Afghanistan, and S. Africa, and was mentioned in dispatches.

His scouting instinct earned for him the title of the "Sherlock Holmes of the Army." While serving in India he studied the native's methods of observation which almost amount to a sixth sense.

The following story will illustrate the use he himself made of trained observation. When in Matabeleland, he was trying to track a party of the enemy. As he rode across the country he noticed a down-trodden way over the grass plain. A leaf lay off the track, a simple thing to the



Scouts of Uganda, Palestine, Barbados and Jamaica.



Wolf Cubs Boot-cleaning.

ordinary traveller, but a tell-tale thing to the alert mind of Baden-Powell. He argued, "there are no trees on this grassy plain and that leaf must have come from a village miles distant. He picked it up and found that it smelt of beer. Now the Matabele women and boys carry pots of beer on their heads, and the mouths of the pots are stuffed with leaves! "So," thought our Sherlock Holmes, "women from the village have travelled along this road carrying beer for the men who must be in ambush amongst the hills. All right, when you are sleepy with your potatoes I will come and survey the land."

He followed the track of the beer carriers, found the native warriors in ambush, as he had anticipated, reconnoitered unobserved and rode back to headquarters with important information.

The climax of Colonel Baden-Powell's military career was his brilliant defence of beleaguered Mafeking. He was home on leave from India, when the Boer War broke out. A telegram from the War Office reached him while he was enjoying sport at Henley Regatta, saying that he had been selected to defend the borders of Rhodesia. In three days he was ready and off.

The Sherlock Holmes of the Army found the Boer a foe worthy of his steel. If General Cronjé knew a "slim" trick or two so did the defender of Mafeking; he could play him ruse for ruse. It was a case of "when Greek meets Greek." All the natural ingenuity and resourcefulness of Baden-Powell came out in that campaign. His courage and buoyant spirit kept the beleaguered inhabitants almost as happy as if they were enjoying a picnic. He devised every kind of diversion for them, even to a Baby Show. The Colonel's many accomplishments were brought into effective use in entertainments. He utilized his Indian experiences in organizing a troop of Scouts to make observations on the enemy. The story of the siege of Mafeking has now passed into history and in United South Africa there is probably no more popular name with the late foe than that of Sir Robert Baden-Powell. He played the game so well.

After his return home, the seeds of scouting began to germinate in the mind of the future Chief. The motto "Be Prepared," considered in relation to the early disasters in the Boer War had a deep significance.

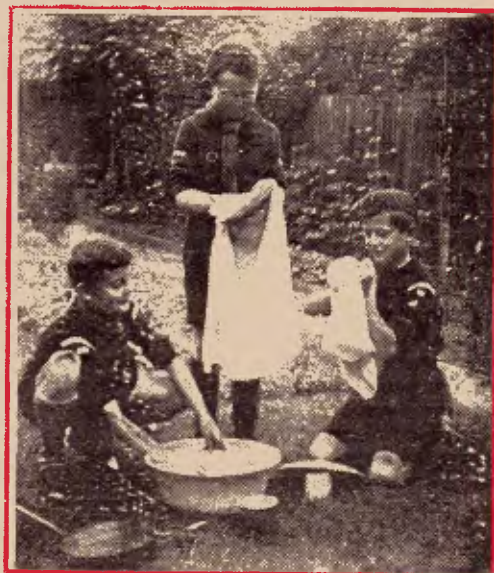
King Edward, with his usual perspicacity, recognized the great value which the Scout Movement might become in the training and discipline of the boys of the country. And at His late Majesty's suggestion General Sir Robert Baden-Powell retired from the Army that he might devote himself to extending and guiding the organization which he had founded.

We now pass to the peaceful phase of Sir Robert's career. It has often been assumed that because it was promoted by a distinguished soldier, scouting was a species of military training. The Chief says emphatically that this has never been his object. His aim is to train boys to become good citizens. That fundamental principle includes everything. A good citizen will be God-fearing, loyal to King and country, ready to render service to others, will be clean in habit and thought, and seek not only for his own good but for the good of the community to train his mind and body to their highest capacity. All the tests, sports and pastimes of scouting are means to that end. It is a Brotherhood, now old enough to have a great tradition, and every member is taught to feel that it is "up to" him to help to maintain that tradition.

These high ideals are not easy to attain, and one does not suppose that every boy one meets in Scout uniform is a paragon of all the virtues, which his Chief would like him to possess. The Millennium has not arrived. But the heaven is working towards that consummation wherever there is a Patrol or a Troop of Scouts.

I recall an experience in a small village where the boys were a nuisance to the community. They tied bricks to the doors of aged people, and once roped and fastened the gates of the village hall, where a Red Cross Working Party had met one dark night. They shied stones at the lamps outside the church, and they paraded an amateur band with whistles, combs, jews harps, and

(Continued on page 91.)



Wolf Cubs Washing Up.

THE HOUSE OF HARDENDALE.

By Theodora Wilson Wilson.



Bellevue Mansions.

SHEPHERD HARDEN, M.P., leaped from the Cambridge express to the Euston platform. He carried his suit-case, having left a mountain of papers with his umbrella in the corner of the carriage. He walked quickly away from the terminus, swung himself into a passing omnibus, and swung himself out again at the entrance to Bellevue Mansions in the Gray's Inn Road. These were not glorified mansions guarded by a liveried commissioner and fed by a lift.

There was not even a permanent boy to challenge intruders or guide the weary.

But this young man, in his intense eagerness, ran up the stairs with ease, never once pausing until he could climb no farther.

"I wonder what she will be doing?" he thought, as, with an amused look on his face, he inserted his latchkey furtively.

He opened and closed the door softly, crossed in two paces the "hall," carpeted with a four-foot-square mat, and opened the sitting-room door.

Crash! and an exclamation.

"Boy! and it's your fault."

"Awfully sorry, mother."

Yes, there she was, a young mother, with grey eyes, wavy hair, which her worst friends termed red, a slim figure, perfectly moulded, standing in position in a sports skirt with a golf iron in her hand, and a book of diagrams lying in front of her on the table.

The start her son had given her was demonstrated by a vase, knocked clean off the top of a cabinet, now making part of a painful mess of glass, water, and flowers on the "pretty."

The suit-case and hat were on a chair in an instant, and Shepherd sprang forward.

"Get away! You are worse than useless. Stand back! Don't you see that you are treading the glass into the carpet? If you want to be useful get me the hearthbrush and a newspaper. But—why did you come back so early? There is absolutely no dinner. You know what I do when I am alone."

"Had a whip. But I can dine on sardines, or shrimps, is it?"

"It was mushrooms. But wait one moment." And she slipped away, and the young man knew that a meal entirely satisfying to his modest desires would speedily be arranged for.

This room was curiously characteristic of the life which this mother and son led together. In one corner was a roll-top desk, now piled with an accumulation of correspondence; in another was a sewing-machine, surrounded at the moment with heaps of mysterious garments in all colours and shapes. Under the window, Hansards and Blue Books were packed in a deep, impenetrable stack, while, lying on the top of them, reposed a cricket bat, much lapped, and a dangerously situated bottle of raw linseed oil.

The first thing Shepherd did when his mother left the room was to go up to his bat, feel it, fondle it,

smooth it down with his thumb, despatch a few mental boundaries over the floor, and then reluctantly return it to its place.

Crossing the hearthrug, he paused for an instant to drag from thence an enormous grey Persian cat. This creature he arranged on his knee as he seated himself sideways at his desk.

Mrs. Harden had already been through the accumulated letters, having left for her son only those which she considered doubtful. Note after note he pitched away, and when his mother returned he had almost reached the bottom of the pile.

Mrs. Harden had had a short-lived romance, for her clever husband, bound for early promotion in the Civil Service, had left her with her baby boy before she had reached her twentieth birthday.

The boy, born of the real love marriage, had been to her the carrying forward of the broken tie. He was her one care, her one delight, her one hope. "The only son of his mother, and she was a widow," as has been so perfectly expressed.

Nancy Harden was a woman naturally wide awake, broad minded, cultivated, and public-spirited, and the boy, almost from babyhood, had been brought up to think of himself as a unit in a big, interesting world, in which he, Shepherd Harden, mattered, and in which he was bound to work, to live, and to lift.

The inestimable blessing which had been bestowed upon Shepherd Harden was, no doubt, his mother's intense delight in his companionship.

She had delighted in him as a baby; she had greeted with enthusiasm the first day when she took him to his kindergarten. She had thrilled him with the thought that he was no longer her baby, but a big boy, doing lessons like other boys.

Then had come the time when she had sent him off to a great country school, away from the strain and racket of London. Spurning her own intolerable loneliness, she had occupied herself in incessant social work, her heart growing childishly lighter as the holidays approached. No schoolboy ever marked off the dragging days as did this mother. Together they had travelled, cycled, entertained boy friends to the fascinations of London sights, entertainments, and tuck-shops, and Shepherd had felt that life could hold no higher honour than for his schoolfellows to announce to him: "My word, Harden, but you've got a ripping mother!"

Then college had arrived, brought within a possibility by a scholarship. And the mother, furthering her son's ambition, wondered if now had come the time when the break, of which all women warned her, would come.

But it never seemed to strike her son to disappoint her. She was still allowed to share his life.

So at last she had him back "for good," and together they moved into this central flat, for, as a free-lance journalist, he had determined boldly to tackle the world. For a heavy year she and he fought the dread battle. Then small successes began to filter his way. As an honest, and often brilliant, platform speaker, he began to attract notice. Then had come the gratifying suggestion that he should fight a safe "pocket"

Tory seat. Wild with excitement he had rushed home and talked over the offer long into the night. Together they determined to take up the challenge. Together they fought, together they won. To his mother, the son gave all the credit of the victory.

It could not be denied that the "mother's apron string" theory depressed Mrs. Harden like a nightmare sometimes, but it had managed to remain a mere theory up to this hour.

Perhaps she had had the genius to gauge accurately what she might and might not expect.

So the partnership at this hour was running strong. They agreed, they disagreed, they sparred, they worried, they struggled, and understood each other as completely as a man and woman of different generations can do.

It was a common joke between them that when they had been separated, each wanted to gain the ear of the other to tell the news first. Therefore, Shepherd scored by getting in his command:

"You first, mother."

"Having no small boy to take to church I went alone. The sermon was quite splendid. I wish you had been there. Text: 'That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him.'"

"I was at King's Chapel."

"You are an old mediaeval worshipper at heart. Oh! and I must tell you an argument I heard between two slum kids as I passed through to Gray's Inn Road. It seemed to be apropos of 'In My Father's house are many mansions.'"

"First slum kid: 'Gaa on! 'ow do you know what 'Eaven will be loike?' Second slum kid: 'I 'eard all abaht it this morning. It's all going to be mansions, bigger than 'Ide Pawk and Victoria, only with no stairs to cloimb!' There's twentieth-century city idealism for you."

"I know. It is the children." He spoke with a quick intensity. "And afterwards?"

"I trammed across to Battersea to look up my County Council girls. Delightful, every one of them, and plucky. Boy, but how they overstrain! With that ghastly 'getting-left-behind' kind of strain that drives down the corners of their mouths. A man overstrained is a danger to himself and the community, remember that, sir. But a woman—she is a walking tragedy. When you get into the Education Department I hope you will remember that school teachers are not entirely moulded in cast steel."

"I'll try, though I should prefer the Agricultural Department, if you don't very much mind. Were you nice to them?"

"Of course I was. I took them rich cake and peppermint creams. I hope I cheered their spirits also; but they were too tired even to want to feed the spiritual part of them. They laze and read novels,

and—well, no one could call me a kill-joy, and I adore a good story—but there is such a thing as the communion of saints. All down the centuries men and women have felt that, and when people don't I always feel as though they were spiritually disabled—as I told them. I had told them often before, so they agreed as usual, and I left them sucking creams."

"And then?"

"Having time on my hands, I avoided saints, forgetting my own theory, and wandered down amongst the sinners on the Thames Embankment."

"The waste-heap of London!" ejaculated Shepherd.

"Of the world! I got hold of my pet deaconess, and she toured me round. I talked English, French, German, and smiled Italian. I expect they liked my Italian best. It was the safest."

"And how late did you stay there, mother?" There was a touch of authority in her son's tone.

"Only until about 1 a.m. I helped with the tea-cans."

"I don't believe I ought to let you do these things alone."

Mrs. Harden broke into a cheerful laugh.

"I happened to be a mother before you happened to be an M.P."

"I met that mythical cousin of ours, George Harden, at the Union."

"You mean George Har-Westmor-

"I think he took him as at Trinity. A man, and dis-

the real den from land?" was real—I real. He is boating tinctly attractive—"



Note after note he pitched away.—

"You talked to him?"

"Oh, rather! We nagged like—well, brothers. But he laid hold of me with the decentest kind of hospitality, and we had a gay time in his rooms. I felt a trifle like a keen old sporting hound amongst a lot of Newfoundland puppies, but I did my best to gambol—"

"I imagine you would be the Newfoundland. However, well, go on!"

"Well, to tell the end of the story first, he wants me to run down into Westmorland any time I can."

"Yes, go on!"—as the man stopped to watch the effect of his news.

"On condition that I don't interlope."

"Interlope!"

"Yes, there is to be no question of my trying to kick him out, you know. He intends to marry any moment, apparently."

"Then you said you would go?"

"Well, not absolutely. You know we had talked of Norway, mother, and—"

"Norway will keep! Of course, you ought to get to know your relations. It has always seemed to me so stupid, the way we have become separated. Why, I remember even your father modestly explaining how suitable it was that he should not embarrass Richard Harden by coming across him. 'You see, Nancy,' he said, 'As a matter of fact, if no heir turns up, I should walk right into the Harden estates, and—well, it is kindest not to remind him of me.'"

"But, you see, the heir did turn up. Master George is very much the heir, so—"

"I know. I remember how my heart went pit-a-pat when I saw this same George's birth announced. My little four-year-old cut out!"

"And all your dreams of county greatness shattered, mother!"

"It is really funny, though, to think that this young man is all that stands between you and a landed proprietorship."

"In the very dim and distant future. I don't suppose his father can be much over fifty."

"Yes, but all the same—Shepherd, now tell me. What shall I do when the one girl comes?"

"Mother! And George Harden hasn't even a sister."

"That is a profound relief! But if ever—you'll give me fair warning? It is just the one thing I could not bear for you, for her—not to be the right one, I mean."

"I will give you fair warning. And—she shall be the right one. Perhaps in ten years' time—"

"Pride goes before a fall! I sometimes think that when you do take it, you will take it badly—very badly indeed."

"Perhaps!" He laughed lightly as he rose, and bundled a few papers into his dispatch-case. "I am afraid I must make a dash for it now." He came over and kissed her, then fled.

Bess climbs the Giant.

It was Easter Monday—the day of days when the people rush in crowds from city to country, from country to city, and from both places to the sea.

But in Hardendale no hint of anything more wonderful than the coming of another spring day disturbed the ordinary course of the busy farm life.

And Will, though far from up to his old strength,

was finding the new life very fresh and sweet to him. He was able to potter about after his stock, to give forth his wise directions, and to enjoy the look of the great fells as they "stirred up for t' summer."

Bess followed her grandfather about proudly when her more urgent duties allowed it, and on this Easter Monday, after the midday dinner, "twelve by the clock and eleven by the sun," she was allowing herself a little rest, as she sat with him on the narrow wooden bench just outside the kitchen—he with a coarse rug folded across his shoulders and a favourite pipe in his mouth, Bess in print and apron, her fingers busy with some coarse grey knitting, her eyes filling with the growing windless beauty of the calm around her.

"Bess, lass," her grandfather remarked meditatively. "This here is what folk calls a Bank Holiday. And thoo niver gaas neawhars!"

Bess laughed out, as for a moment she held her knitting from her to gauge the length of her stocking leg.

"And wha would I trip off wi'?" she demanded lightly.

"Aye, that's it. Thoo's gotten naabody!"

"Is ta keen for me to get a lad? Why, what's to do? Does ta want to get shot of me?"

"Nay, nobbut t' Maister was saying as I moan't keep tha ower close. He thowt as happen thoo might strike out sudden-like."

"Like a colt in a stall!" agreed Bess peacefully. There was no hint of any such desire in her manner. There she sat, the ideal domestic woman of man's dreams—a woman knitting her grandfather's stocking and all-absorbed in the calculation of the exact length of the heel.

But her grandfather shook his head.

"Theer's a deal of these here trips about, and if thoo could find anyone as thoo'd care to set off wi'—to Manchester or Liverpool—"

"Why not London, or Paris, or America?" she mocked. "Why, grandfather, the spring has come into Hardendale, and I must not miss an hour of it!"

"But thoo's not even been ower to Harden—not for a gay lang while."

This time the stocking became extremely important, and it was a full minute before Bess found time to answer.

"Nay, thoo sees—well, I isn't just a lass now, and I'd niver like them ower yonder to think as I took upon me, and—" She broke off, and changed the subject cheerfully. "But I wouldn't care now if I did set off up t' fell this afternoon, for a breath o' summut different from t' dale bottom."

So Bess, under an odd sense of holiday, put on her serge skirt and a white "golf jacket," which she had knitted from a pattern in a ladies' journal, and, hatless as usual, she set forth, as she told her grandfather, "a-cheap-tripping."

For half a mile or so she followed the beck along the bottom of the dale, walking due south, and then began the steep climb up a track little better than a dry torrent bed, and as she clambered over rocks, or sank into the springy moss, she smelled the damp fragrance of the smiling earth, and knew that this was a birthday for the shy dwarf-flowers, for the scented turf, the pink-tipped bracken, the lichens and grasses; and she laughed to think that her grandfather should have wanted her to go tripping in some hot, rough crowd from Fossгарth. When she really went out into the

world, she did not intend to go as a cheap tripper, but as—

Somehow she did not carry through the thought. Her mind fled suddenly to Harden. In spite of her peaceful manner and her gay words, Bess knew that she was feeling just a trifle flat.

She had heard through her Aunt Susan that "Geordie," as she always called him in her mind, had come down for Easter, and—well, he had not yet been over. It was nothing, of course. There was not the least need for him so to trouble himself. But somehow she had thought that he would.

And it was the fact that he had not come which stirred up a feeling which had long been slumbering within her.

"I suppose it had to come to the finish!" she thought. She had stooped to push away the brown bracts of a fern crown to see if perchance the fronds were beginning to stretch themselves for their uncurling.

"Poor Geordie! Happen folk might think that I wanted to wed tha!" She laughed lightly, then her face fell swiftly to soberness.

The loss of Geordie meant the loss of Harden, the loss of her dream-world—the loss of that other self of hers which she put on when she lingered about the Harden rooms, and imagined what it might have been if she had been—well, for instance, born there.

Yes, she must feel flat that all Eastertide had passed and Geordie had not come—had not come even to say a word to her grandfather about the tragic death of her father.

She had almost reached the crown of the Giant, almost reached that great point where the wide south would break right into her eyes, and with a curious impression of wishing to prolong the delight of the anticipation she turned once more northwards to see the beauty of the foreshortened dale and to trace the fell-tops that spread away from her right and left—from Seat Rob to her right and Balderdale on her left.

It was all very beautiful, and the beauty of it was filling her whole thought, when she was suddenly startled by hearing close behind her a deep-throated exclamation, followed by an overwhelming panting.

She turned, to see a man standing out against the skyline. His face was red, his cap stuck out from his jacket pocket, his mop of grey hair curled in tight curls about his head. His face was lined and deeply wrinkled, his eyebrows overhanging the black, beady little eyes. But, marvel of marvels, he was leaning his panting frame on the handle of a bicycle.

Bess gave a look of unbounded amazement, and then the laughter would come.

"Yes, madam. You may well laugh."

"I beg your pardon!" she ejaculated, stiffening to her best manner.

"Only you never expected to find such a fool in all this wide world, as this fool who is standing on this brute of a hill? And how in the earthly world I am ever to get down—"

He stooped and poked at his tyres.

Bess looked at the man and the bicycle, and then back at the track up which she had come. And again the smile broke and her lips twitched.

"Laugh, madam! Bless my soul, how my girls would laugh! I wonder who the fool was? Damages! I'll have damages, if there's law in this plague-stricken land!"

Bess decided that the man must be cracked, so, though feeling perfectly at ease, she decided that it was wisest to take him pleasantly on his own ground.

"But damages from whom?" she said winningly.



"Is ta keen for me to get a lad?"—Page 86.

"From one of your dour Westmorland farmers, somewhere down there, who thought that every one of his words was worth a ten-pound note, and that I didn't look the sort to pay up! I followed the pointing of his dirty thumb, and I've pushed and carried and wheeled across sponge and ooze and peat-bog, and beyond a thousand or two rabbit-runs and sheep-walks—"

"But it's worth it, surely!" she said soothingly. She pointed to the west, and the glory shot upwards in long radiating lines through the delicately tinted sky. It fell on the dale, on Seat Rob, it warmed range on range of westward fell, and sparkled the Hardendale beck, and the old farm and the tiny church smiled in its smile. Then, turning herself, Bess pointed to the south, where the foreground throbbed with the sunlight, while far, far off the lower country lay in a bath of mysterious shimmer.

"'Pon my word, you are right, madam. It is worth it!"

He gathered the whole glory into his artistic soul

as he turned from one point to another. He noted also that the sun had not forgotten the young girl, whose countenance was lighted by her own enthusiasm of admiration. Who on earth could this young beauty be? He gazed downwards, but could see no palace from whence she could have started.

"Many tourists plague this—this dale, you call it?"

"Not many; we are off the track."

"We." Then she lived here.

"Be sure, you are!" he said, sincerely enough. "Know anything about the people living in that farm?" and he pointed at the Dubs.

"Well, yes," said Bess cautiously.

"Decent, and all that?"

Bess drew back slightly, not sure whether to be angry or not. The man was obviously incapable of getting down the Giant alone, and she was puzzled as to her duty.

Bess rapidly considered the circumstances. Here was a man, a complete stranger. In spite of his odd words and expressions his accent was that of a gentleman. So much Bess knew. He was an artist.

The man looked fagged out, and he was so very small! He had been misled by a Westmorland farmer. Bess's good-natured instinct of hospitality overcame a natural caution.

"I could show you the way down into Hardendale, and perhaps help you with the bicycle."

"My dear madam, that is very noble of you, very noble! But perhaps I should be taking you out of your way?"

"I only came up the Giant for a walk. I also must get down again."

"The Giant," then, was the name of this fell. The princess and the Giant! He must secure this princess somehow for the foreground of his picture. But to do this he must be careful not to scare her.

"If my daughters—four of 'em, and the best girls that ever tried to wring a living out of this wicked world—if they knew that I was fooling up here! I daren't face them, unless you'll help me out of this scrape, madam."

There was such a funny look of pleading perplexity on his countenance that Bess felt herself entirely overcome.

"I think if we wheeled the bicycle on the back wheel, and lifted it in front, we might manage. I mean this way."

Bess knew that she was very strong, and, seizing the bicycle, before he was aware of her intention, she began the descent, planting her feet firmly, and leaning back hard.

At last they reached the comparatively level track, and the man, walking by her side, after overwhelming her with expressions of thanks and wonderments concerning "the wife and girls," began to turn his attention to his night's rest.

The glory of the sun had altogether faded; both his tyres were seriously punctured; and the wind, sweeping up the valley, sang the praises of some kind of shelter.

"You think I should be safe in asking for a bed at that farm?"

"Oh, yes, safe in asking. But I am not at all sure that Mr. Stainmore would care to let any rooms."

"Oh! but I have heard that Westmorland folk—these up-and-down dalesmen, who haven't been spoiled

by the dodges of the outer world—open out like oysters in salt water at the touch of the ready."

"Have you really?" she asked, with a deadly innocence of expression.

"Yes. I may be a poor beggar of an artist, but beggars have to pay as they go, or take their hook. So I offer the ready down, make myself agreeable—in fact, suit myself to my company. It pays me in my trade, I tell you that, young lady. As the wife says: 'You'd hob-nob with a Turk if you happened to want to paint his turban.'"

"Or with a pig if you happened to want to paint his sty?"

The man gave Bess a sharp look of appreciation, which she returned with one of studied innocence. When Bess spoke out of the dialect she spoke rather slowly, with childlike precision, almost as though she were artistically feeling after some required tone. The artist confessed himself puzzled at the type.

They had reached the point where a grassy road diverged towards the farm.

"Well, I suppose this looks like my nearest way. I can't do worse than try my luck." He held out his hand with a frank, impulsive jerk. "I am profoundly in your debt, Miss—a——"

He waited, hoping that she might fill in her name. Bess knew that he so hoped, but though she took the hand she ignored the hint.

"I could hardly have done less," she responded.

"Or more. I shall write to the wife and girls at once, to say that they owe it to a mysterious Westmorland princess, that my bones are not lying bleaching up there, amongst a tangle of spokes and india-rubber. But if you are at all interested in art, and I manage to subdue the dragons here, perhaps you would do me the honour of calling. I should like your opinion upon my work."

"My opinion!" Bess allowed gay mockery to laugh from her eyes. "Still, if you do allay the dragons, sir, I shall certainly be all curiosity to see your pictures."

She gave a little bow and passed on.

But there came a moment when she was out of sight of the stranger, who was aiming for the southern front of the house, and at that moment Bess began to run, following the beck up to the stepping-stones, then turning sharp to her right, she slipped into the house at the back, and managed to reach the safety of her own room before a resounding double knock came at the front door.

(To be continued.)

SUNDAY IN AUSTRALIA (concluded).

Often storemen in the city will do up mailed parcels with old newspapers as inside wrappings, and even these are read with eagerness and *lent* round. What better or easier helpful service could we do to our own kith and kin than by sending them a magazine such as HOME WORDS regularly? It would be read and re-read by every one for miles round. Then some of you might collect Christmas or Easter cards, as pictures in the Bush are rare, and religious pictures almost non-existent. What happens to those beautiful albums of Sunday-school stamps? Can't you spare some of them for the Australian kiddies? By so doing you would be helping to make Sunday a day of gladness in the Australian Bush.



Sunday all round the World.

V. SUNDAY IN AUSTRALIA. © By LESLIE SAYERS.

THE Australian cricket team now making cricket history in the old Mother Country does not spend

all its time and energies on the cricket field. There is the occasional wet day when the umpires have given their judgment that no cricket is possible, and there is the welcome Sunday. Both chances are taken with both hands to see old England, and the most powerful magnet of all is the little country church with its clustering cottages—yes, a greater magnet even than a magnificent cathedral, a history in stone of the love and yearnings of many generations. No wonder that the men are attracted. And perhaps I can make their feelings more real to my readers if I comply with the Editor's request to give as vividly as I can a glimpse of Sunday in the Australian Bush. I am choosing a district I know well in the heart of Queensland, which is five times the size of the British Isles. Let me introduce you to a homestead in the Queensland Bush. We have no church within eighty miles, and it is only once a month, or less often, that a Bush Brother passing through stays a night at the homestead, holding a Children's Class, a Confirmation Class, Church Service, with probably a Marriage or Baptism in the evening, and celebrating Holy Communion early before he leaves the next day.

Our homestead is a roomy wooden house with verandahs on four sides, two of which contain beds, for we sleep out in the cool, and only dress in our bedrooms. If we have no welcome padre with us there is nothing to remind us that it is Sunday when we wake, and both before and after breakfast there is the usual bustle, for cows must be milked and animals tended whatever the day.

But when that is over we get into our best clothes and settle down to a good read, or with a Prayer Book go quietly through the Church Service. Soon after dinner is finished, and just when the heat makes one feel sleepy, the children begin to arrive for Sunday school. Do you know, I think that there are more Sunday schools than churches in Australia, because a church costs money and needs a parson, and a Sunday school can be, and is, held in anybody's house. All sorts of people have Sunday schools, and in the Bush there are only a few scholars to each. Some teachers only know a little, but the Bishop and Bush Brothers help in many ways by giving or lending us books, when they cannot give personal instruction. There are many boys and girls who owe all the knowledge of God they have, to the school on Sunday afternoons.

Let us return to my homestead.



A typical Australian Bush Church.

School is not till three o'clock, but soon after dinner several children will be seen running up and down the front steps and round and round the verandahs playing energetic games which seem to show that they do not feel the heat. At three o'clock they are collected together and a curious mixture they seem. Most of them come from the few houses up by the railway siding and we have the two little children of our black laundress, a family of Greeks who come from the eating-house up at the siding, two girls from the next homestead who arrive on horseback, and various boys and girls of every age, amounting to about twenty in all. We start with a hymn, then take some questions from a Catechism in use in the diocese, which has to be learnt by heart, then comes a Bible story, and finally another hymn, or perhaps the learning of a new one, final prayers, and dismissal. Often in the evening, or perhaps between school and sundown, we have hymn-singing, but this is more for the grown-ups, who all love it. Our house is often the centre because we have a piano (even though out of tune) and some one who can play it, and some spare hymn-books too.

It is a great day for us when the Bishop passes through, accompanied usually by the Bush Brother of the district. Every one within twenty or thirty miles turns up. More than one Confirmation has been held in the kitchen, which is our largest room, and the Holy Communion on the front verandah where Sunday school is held. It all helps us to feel and know that God is just as much with us on Sundays and all the days in these vast, hot, empty places, as He is with those who live within sound of church bells.

And here I want to say a word to you who love your church in the Mother Country. You can do a vast deal to keep religion alive in the vast thinly-populated parts of Australia, through the medium of books and papers. Literature is devotedly loved in the Bush.

(Concluded on page 88.)



Arriving for Church on a Camel.



THERE is an old proverb which reminds us that it takes all sorts to make a world. That was what Jesus Christ was saying in the parable of the talents—there are the five-talent men, the two-talent men, and those who have only one, and it takes all of them to make a world—of these three I only want to speak of the two-talent man, for he is the most representative of all of us.

But before we look at him more particularly, we must bear in mind that he is not the only person in the world. We cannot do without the five-talent people, the outstanding intellects, the geniuses in practical ability, any who in one way or another stand head and shoulders above the rest. In these days, we sometimes get jealous of them, and are for sweeping them all away. But that is just the danger. Our strength lies in our high and just regard for the average man, but when we refuse to recognize higher gifts than our own and want to measure everything by the average standard or find ourselves thinking in a moment of depression "I have only two talents. Why should other people have more?" then we forget that it takes all sorts to make a world.

Nor can we do without the one-talent man, though in our own kindly tolerant way we are more disposed to pity than to blame him. Poor beggar, he hadn't much to be proud of, and what he had he despised and made a mess of. Well, we can leave him out of account, for it is the other man whom we shall, I think, find the most interesting, just because we see in him the most life-like picture of the vast majority of us. We do not claim to be five-talent men with brilliant qualities which make us the envy of the world, nor do we count ourselves among the one-talent men who are distinctly below the average level. We do not claim to have five talents, but we do not confess to only having one; we have our own two-talent gifts which if rightly used will win at last the Master's approval equally with those of the five-talent men. Only because they are not specially noticeable or outstanding we are apt to despise them or lose heart and to say that because our gifts do not command universal admiration and no one takes any particular notice of us there is nothing we can do in the world which will really count. My whole object is to put heart into the average man and to

point out that it is upon him rather than upon the man of light and leading that the moral health of the world really depends. The most insidious temptation of the average man comes from the humiliating fact that he is only one of the crowd—there are so many just like him—and so he loses that sense of his own individual distinctiveness and self-respect which is the real spur of noble living.

You remember the story of Abraham Lincoln who, as we all know, was a very ordinary-looking man. He had a dream in which he thought he was passing through a great crowd of people who had come out to see him and heard a woman, as she caught sight of him, remark: "What a common-looking man!" "Yes, madam!" he replied in his dream, "The Lord likes common-looking people best, that is why He made so many of them!"

The average man must begin as the President did, by believing in himself. "Trust yourself," says Emerson; "every chord in your being responds to that iron string." The man and woman of ordinary gifts who is neither rich nor poor, neither a sage nor a fool, neither a saint nor a sinner, may do for the world what the most brilliant leader can never do.

There is a most delightful picture of him in Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*, a book which most of my readers will have read; if not I advise them to beg or borrow it as soon as possible. The authoress describes the quaint ways of a society of elderly spinsters of moderate means and moderate intelligence—all of them I may say people of two talents, and she tells of the little subterfuges which they adopted in order to hide both from themselves and others the unpleasant truth that they were only people of moderate means and attainments. Into their exclusive society a half-pay Captain with a little job on the neighbouring railway found his way, and fairly took the village by storm because instead of adopting these little devices he spoke of such things as no disgrace at all, and behaved himself with so much ease and dignity, so much gallantry and unselfishness, so much resource and readiness that he made himself loved and respected by all, and gave the whole of that exclusive society a new respect for itself.

But what he did was a very simple thing. He showed that the real values of life are to be found in the simple human qualities of kindness, understanding, unselfishness, naturalness, just being one's self and making no apology for not being someone else.

That is the real task of the two-talent man, and when it is faithfully performed it puts new heart and fresh courage into us all. When we read the lives of great men, we are often discouraged rather than helped, and we put them down with the reflection that given such qualities, we too might do something out of the way, but without them nothing can be expected of us. But when some plain man comes along with simply his daily work to do, helping his friends, fighting his temptations, loving his wife and children, paying his way honestly and walking in purity and integrity, what a difference it makes. In him we see the greatness and beauty of the simplest qualities of human life, and the truth that it is goodness more than brilliance that makes for the welfare of mankind.

We often hear the complaint that there are no great leaders among us to-day—so few that stand head and shoulders above every one else—people who will be talked about one, two and three hundred years hence. If the complaint is justified, may it not present to us exactly the challenge that the times need—the call to the two-talent people?

It is we who are wanted. "The healing of the world is in its nameless saints." It takes all of us to make a world and it will be a very badly made one unless we all do the bit that lies within our reach

without envying those above us, or despising those beneath us.

And for our encouragement let us remember that when Jesus Christ was looking for those who could help Him in setting up His Kingdom in the world, He turned not to the proud Emperor on his throne, or the great rulers in Church and State, but to the crowd of common people and said to them: "Ye are the salt of the earth." All that He required of them was that the salt should not lose its savour; that they should retain the freshness of those values which give life its worth, and those are to be reckoned not by material standards but by spiritual perception. To be pure in heart, faithful in little things, forgiving under provocation, persevering under discouragement, is a greater thing than to possess qualities which dazzle and delight the world.

That is what Christ believed and that is why all who would be their best, have found in Him their strength and inspiration. A little more resolution, a little more time, a little more attention to the value of these simple human qualities, a little more looking to Him as our Example, Leader, Saviour and Guide will enable us to render to the world the service it most needs and at last to win the Master's approval when he that has received the two talents shall receive other two talents also.

THE CHIEF SCOUT AND THE CHURCH. *(Continued from page 83.)*

other contrivances for making the night hideous. Some of us sufferers entreated a neighbouring Scout Master to come over and help us.

He came, talked pleasantly to the mothers, aroused the interest of the older boys, and soon two Patrols with romantic names were formed, and our good Lady of the Manor gave them the use of a building for drill. In two months our former tormentors gave a display of physical drill and first aid, and conducted a spirited defence of our old Tithe Barn against a troop of neighbouring Scouts. In that engagement many prisoners were taken and tied to trees in the orchard, but no more bricks were tied to old people's doors and no more stones were thrown at the church lamps! Whit-Sunday saw our village Scouts at Church Parade in their smart uniforms.

There is no need to quote the rules and regulations of the Scouts, for they are known through local Troops in many parishes. There are no less than sixty Proficiency Badges for which a Scout may qualify. For example, to gain a Leather Worker's Badge a Scout must be able to sole and heel a pair of boots. For the Bird Warden Badge a Scout must be able to produce a notebook and be familiar with the habits, calls and appearance of at least twelve distinct varieties of birds and have kept a record of birds and nests in his district for over a year, giving various particulars regarding them. It will be seen that the small round badges one sees on a Scout's sleeve signify real efficiency.

The Chief Scout regards the Movement as a religious one. Church Parades are everywhere organized and Scouts are encouraged to become choir boys and choir boys to become Scouts. More and more the clergy are working in the Movement. Mr. Claude Fisher at Headquarters has written a tiny book on *How Scouting can help the Church*.

The Bishop of London recently said that when he is asked, "whether the Church is young enough to grapple with the problems of the day" he has only to point to the Boy Scout members of the Church for answer."

Scouting exemplifies the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount. By its International work it makes for the Brotherhood of Man and the Peace of Nations. It is a growing influence in the Mission Field and particularly in caste-ridden India, as a recent incident will illustrate. A poor Indian lay wounded on the roadside. Man after man passed him by as beneath notice. But at length a Scout came along, and though he was a high-caste Hindoo he stopped, like the good Samaritan, to bind up the wounds of his injured brother.

In a few years Scouting has spread to every country in the world and now numbers some two million active members. A wonderful display of its position within our own far flung Empire was given at Wembley when 13,000 Scouts from Home and Overseas held a Jam-boree.

Never shall I forget the Sunday Service when the great Stadium was packed with Scouts of every description—Wolf Cubs, Scouts, Rover Scouts, Sea Scouts, Scots Scouts, Irish Scouts, Welsh Scouts, and Scouts from every clime in our Dominions in their distinctive uniforms and proudly marching in under their own banners. Then the singing of the Processional Hymn, "Praise my soul, the King of Heaven," by those boyish voices; the inspiring sermon by the Archbishop of York, the speech of comradeship by the Prince of Wales, and the simple heart-felt words of the Chief Scout, as, while flags were lowered in deep reverence, he repeated the Scout Promise, and 13,000 lads consecrated themselves to that Promise. What a glorious moment for Sir Robert Baden-Powell!

** "Problems and Perplexities" will be continued next month.

The Secrets Old Churches Keep.

III. STONE CEILINGS, AND ROOFS, AND WOODWORK.

By H. SPENCER STOWELL, M.S.A.

(Figs. 2 and 5 by permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co.)

MANY of us miss a great deal by not looking up. Naturally lazy, as some of us are, we do the easiest thing and look at the ground or at objects not far above it. But if by chance we catch a glimpse of the sky near the distant horizon and from thence let our gaze travel upwards to well above our heads, then indeed is our little effort fully rewarded. Ever-changing wonders are there, whether by day, when the fleeting wisps of tiny white cloud race their way across the dome of blue, or by night, when a myriad pinpricks of light pierce that dome and flash to us as many messages from our Maker.

Look up to the roofs and vaults of the very next church you enter and, as likely as not, you will find that it is worth your while. There may be only an old rough beam, whose only interest is that it was put there by the builders of earlier days to tie in together the high walls of the church, but as often as not, you will find some such interest as the inhabiting of those old timbers by angels with expanded wings, seeming to hover there, calling you to a higher plane.

Some churches have their timber roofs protected from fire, in which case you will see stone arches above you, which span the space between the walls. To this vaulting, as it is called, much of the beauty of churches and cathedrals, in districts where stone was plentiful, is due. Some of this branching stonework appears complicated, but there is always a simple explanation of it. Though this is not the place to explain its apparent intricacies—a fascinating subject which I have fully but simply explained in *How to Look at Old Churches*—I must just say this, that it was because of certain problems which arose in the vaulting of their buildings that the early builders made that far-reaching change from the round form of the arch to the pointed form of the arch. In consequence, then, you will find—as I have already said of the windows and doorways of the

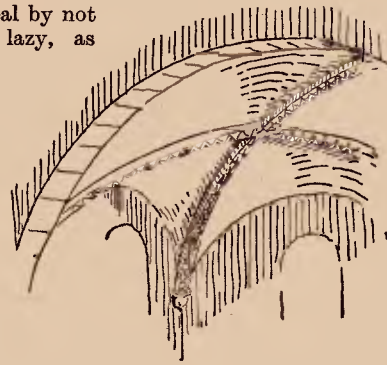


Fig. 1.—Stewkley: Norman Vaulting with moulded ribs.

various periods—that Norman vaulting was round in form; that the vaulting of the first of the Gothic styles, the Early English, was sharply pointed, and from then it became more and more flatly pointed until the end of the Gothic in the Perpendicular period.

In the example I give you from Stewkley (Fig. 1) of that Norman period, you will notice that the moulded portions which are known as ribs, are round and not sharply pointed. You may think it somewhat crude and heavy, but I delight in this old Norman work, and wonder what the masons were like who wrought those stones

eight hundred years ago. In the sketch (Fig. 2) of the Early English example, from Hexham, we meet with the pointed form of the true Gothic. In the Decorated period the ribs are often arranged in a complicated manner, weaving a network of interlacing ribs, with notably fine effects.

We now come to a form of ceiling which is essentially English, met with nowhere abroad, and is known as the Fan Vaulting of the Perpendicular period. This is shown in Fig. 3.

Although stone vaulting is more often found in the Collegiate or monastic churches and the cathedrals, it may often be found in certain parts of small parish churches, for example in the tower, porches or in the side chapels. In the roofs of the other parts of the church you must look for the handiwork of the mediaeval carpenter which is particularly abundant in districts where forests abounded. You will see a wonderful variety of roofs, not only because of the fact that the earlier roofs were steeper and the later roofs flatter, but because of many other reasons. The plain beam to which I have already made reference may have carved brackets under it, it may have a post standing upon it, or even its middle may be cut away and placed upon brackets higher up in the roof. Then the rafters near the upper surfaces of the roof, which lean towards each other at the top, and of which there are always so many, are themselves often tied and braced together in a dozen variety of ways showing the great amount of thought the woodworkers of the



Fig. 2.—Pointed Vaulting with moulded ribs.



Fig. 3.—Fan Vaulting.



Fig. 4.—Timber Porch.

past gave to their roofs. Even when the Gothic period had expired, and the stone masons had displaced the beautiful Gothic forms by others of more Roman type, their brother carpenters could not so easily ignore the old traditions, but carried on, for many years afterwards, the roof construction which had been born in a love of honest workmanship nurtured by skilful brain and hand, and had reached, after triumphs over countless difficulties, its full flood in a beautiful old age.

And because of this I want you to notice other woodwork in the church.

The old saying that the "weakest go to the wall" is said to have arisen from the custom in the early mediæval times of only providing seats or benches against the walls of the nave of a church. But as time went on, seats and benches were provided for all, and much skill was shown in the construction of these. When you come across mediæval pews, you will be able to date them and put them in their right period because of the interesting fact that the carpenters not only copied the moulding and ornament used by the masons but copied the "tracery" patterns, which had been evolved in working in stone, in their own material, wood.

This copying, or as I like to think of it, the harmonious working together of the different classes of men



Fig. 5.—Rood loft with rood screen below; rood beam and rood above; rood stairs at side; rood window high up on right side.

who built and furnished our old churches, is also shown in the beautiful wooden porches outside the church (Fig. 4) and the beautiful screens within which abound in almost every district.

Look for a mediæval screen between the nave and the chancel, for this is probably one of the most interesting secret-keepers in the whole of the church; and I must arouse your interest in it. What you see to-day is but a part of the mediæval arrangement, in which the rood screen supported a projecting rood-loft, really a gallery or elevated room. Several indications may remain. For instance, this loft was reached by stone stairs, remains of which you may now often see built in the thickness of the masonry at one side or the other of the church. The loft, too, was lighted by a special window nearby, different from the rest of the windows which, high

up in the nave wall, may be seen there to-day. The arches nearby were often altered to accommodate it. The roof high up above the loft was often specially designed and decorated to show to the people the special significance of this end of the nave. Now, although these features to which I have referred may be with us to-day, the actual loft has probably gone, for they were all ordered to be taken down in 1547 (Fig. 5).

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

THE WAY.

By H. G. DAVIES.

THY Way from Nazareth's quiet street,
And from Thy humble workman's bench,
Doth lie in loneliness complete,
But naught Thy homeward love can quench.
A parting Glance of blessing falls
On well-used tools and homely walls.

Thy Way doth lie through deserts drear
To meet the Tempter's cunning skill.
O'er stormy seas Thine accents clear
Are heard, and all is hushed and still.
But when each day Thy Work is done,
No home for Thee at set of sun.

Thy Way through many a street doth lie
Where sinners' pains to Thee appeal:
Outcasts await Thy passing-by—
Weary and spent, Thou still dost heal.
And where Thou passest, all are blest,
But for Thy tired Frame—no rest.

Thy Way lies up a hill of scorn,
And to a felon's Cross on high,
A Crown of agonizing thorn,—
A broken Heart,—a Victor's Cry!
Thy Way of Human Life is run—
Thy brief hard-working Day is done.

And hast Thou followers here below—
Who willingly Thy Way will tread—
Joyful if they Thy pains may know,
Thronging the paths where Thou hast led?
Leader of Men—we own with shame,
We are Thy followers but in name!

A MOTHER'S THOUGHT.

By PHYLLIS MÉGROZ.

BABY in thy cradle small,
I do dream beside thy bed,
How the sweetest Babe of all
Had no place to lay His Head.
Crown of thorn He gladly wore,
Pain He met with joy divine,
Cruel cross His pierced Hands bore,
That for tender feet like thine
Smooth and safe might be the road
To our Father's blest abode.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

By PHYLLIS MÉGROZ.

JESUS, little Jesus,
In my crib I lie,
You slept in a manger
Underneath the sky.
Jesus, little Jesus,
Snuggled in the straw,
Lighting up the darkness
One white Star you saw.
Night is full of strangeness,
I'm so small, you see,
Jesus, little Jesus,
Light your Star for me.

Monday's Washing.

AN easy way to keep woven wool underwear nice, with all its new woolliness, is to use a fairly deep vessel—a zinc pail is the best—that will keep the heat. Three parts fill with water that is just too hot to hold the hand in, add some soap flakes and about two tablespoonfuls of ammonia; well mix with a stick and put the articles in, taking care that they are all well covered. Place a tray over the top to keep in the heat and leave for about half an hour. Then rinse in hot water, just slightly soapy, when you will find them perfectly clean. This is a great saving in doing men's vests, pants, etc. Socks can go into the same water afterwards. (Mrs. T. HOLT.)



stitch, and the centre in moss stitch. For a rug 27 inches wide, I used 3-ply wool, No. 8 needles, and cast on 127 stitches. After knitting $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in stocking stitch, knit 22 stitches in the same way, then continue in moss stitch until 22 stitches from the end of row, knit these in stocking stitch; continue thus until within $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches of length required, then knit 127 stitches in stocking stitch till length is complete. Fasten off and seam to the old rug all around edges, and press with a warm iron. The result is a serviceable article very much like the "Angora" rugs in appearance, at a very small cost. Wool at $2\frac{3}{4}d.$ or $3\frac{3}{4}d.$ per ounce is suitable. $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. is sufficient for a good-sized rug. (PENELOPE.)

When ironing collars, place a small round cake tin in the oven, and put the collars in as they are ironed. This keeps them in a round shape, and they also stiffen through being put in a warm place. Keep the oven door open, so that it does not get too hot and only leave the collars in for a few minutes. (Miss MAJOR.)

When mending lace, take a piece of American cloth of contrasting colour, place underneath and tack to the torn lace. Repairs are much more easily carried out. The missing stitches are quickly noticed, and as the lace is held taut no puckering is possible. (Mrs. HARDING, Cardiff.)

It suddenly occurred to me when drying my curtains that it would greatly simplify straight hanging if, when hanging them over the line, the ends were clipped together at two or three places to the adjoining curtain with the little spring pegs now used. I tried it, with excellent results. (Mrs. ETHEL L. HEMMINGS.) (Fig. 1.)



Fig. 1.

When ironing soft collars it is often very difficult to get the creases out at the ends. If they are ironed from each end to the centre back then they will be found beautifully smooth without a crease. (Mrs. CURRAN.)

Wednesday's Nursing.

THE ideal visitor to the sick-room knows that anything in the nature of a surprise is welcome, so she never goes empty handed. Growing plants, bright picture papers, magazines, a very firm tear-off writing block with pencil attached, a pack of the smallest patience cards, all are most popular gifts. The ideal visitor never talks ailments, does not stay too long, but has always done or said something during her visit to brighten the lot of those who find it mighty hard to believe they also serve who only lie and suffer. (Mrs. H. HILL.)

Tuesday's Sewing.

I FIND a boot-bag with pockets a very useful article to hang on a cupboard door, especially when space is limited. Instead of sewing rings on, I use clips off old suspenders. I fasten the button end on to the top of the bag and put the other end over small nails in the door. My bag has nine pockets, and I use four clips, and they never break away, no matter what weight they have to hold. (Miss BLUNDELL.) (Fig. 2.)

If, when hemstitching, a piece of coloured paper is sewn around the first finger of the left hand, the fine threads are much more easily seen and eye-strain is saved. (Mrs. COPAGE.)

Excellent rugs can be made by covering old hearth-rugs, or pieces of old carpet with a length of knitting. The border to a depth of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches should be in stocking

It does not appear to be generally known that Eucalyptus Oil so commonly taken for colds, is even more useful as a cure for bruises, knocks and sprains. "Dabbed" on at once, or applied on a piece of lint lightly bandaged over the place when the bruise is more severe, it acts almost miraculously. I have seen a bruise rapidly turning black cured in a few hours. We always keep it at hand for these minor accidents; it also often stops toothache (put a little on the gum, or a drop on wool in a cavity if there is one). (Mrs. E. V. HARDWICK.)

For lumbago in the back, sprinkle a piece of flannel with turpentine, put it on the part affected, and lie on it for about twenty minutes. On no account leave it on too long, as it may cause the skin to break. If the skin is very tender, rub lightly with methylated spirit. Tried and proved. (M. C., Southport.)



Fig. 2.

To-day's Thought.

"Wisest the man who does his best
And leaves the rest
To Him who counts not deeds alone
But sees the root,
The flower, the fruit,
And calls them one."

To-day's Thought.

"When you meet a countryman after dark he greets you and wishes you 'Good night'; and you return his greeting. A feeling of brotherhood rises in every heart at the approach of the hour when we share the blessing of sleep."

Thursday's Cookery.

BOTTLING FRUIT.—When a saucepan is not deep enough to take the usual fruit bottles, I make a lid for it from another saucepan by turning it upside down, thus keeping in the steam. This saves buying the proper pans sold for the purpose and answers splendidly. (Miss FRANCIS.) (Fig. 3.)



Fig. 3.

If soup is too salt it can easily be remedied by boiling a raw potato in it. This will take up the salt, and when removed the soup will be quite palatable. (Miss G. A. DENTON.)

A good way of baking a small joint of meat (for those who have no oven) is to put some dripping in an iron saucepan and when it is hot place the meat in and let it simmer. I find this very successful, the meat being far more tender than when baked. Potatoes cook well at the same time, but do not require so long. (Mrs. DREWE.)

Try the following method when cooking bacon in rashers, and you will be surprised at the improvement. Take each slice of bacon, hold lightly under the cold water tap for a second, shake off water drops, then lay in an earthenware or enamel dish instead of in a frying-pan and cook in hot oven for a few minutes. This improves flavour, and also preserves the fat. (Miss M. M. WORTON.)

When I am making cakes which need eggs and salt, I beat the eggs and salt together; the salt makes the eggs a darker yellow and also improves the colour of the cakes when mixed amongst the other ingredients. (Miss E. FALDER.)

Don't go without nice milk pudding for the children because new milk may be hard to get. Separated milk with suet shredded over the top, and well stirred while cooking, is quite as nutritious and appetizing. (Mrs. IREMONGER.)

Friday's Household Hints.

A BACHELOR-GIRL in London lodgings, I could not easily procure a hot iron. So I invented this way of getting rid of grease spots. Put a piece of blotting-paper over the spot; heat a penny, held by your scissors over the flame of a candle or gas-jet, and press it firmly on the blotting-paper until the grease is dissolved. (Miss BRAIN.) (Fig. 4.)

When you find there is a place in the room that wants plastering and you are not able to get any, the best way out is to use a piece of calico a larger size than the hole and paste it well with your paste for the papering. Then stick the calico well over the hole, and when dry it stretches and allows you to paper over it. (Mrs. G. RENNIE.)

When a candlestick is too large for the size of the candle, and something is needed to fix it in place, do not wind a piece of paper round, as this always flares up in a dangerous way when the candle burns down to the level of the paper, but in its place put a piece of silver paper (tin foil) which can be saved for this purpose off chocolate, etc., and the candle will be

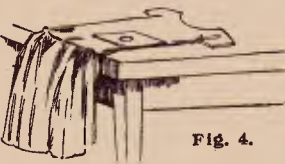


Fig. 4.

found to burn itself out without igniting the silver paper. (Miss M. E. SMITH.)

Good use can be made of old cycle tyres. Outer covers cut up are better than sticks for lighting fires. The inner tubes cut round will make hundreds of rubber rings, for doing down jam covers, etc., and are much better, and less trouble than string. (Mrs. CHEATER.)

If you discover a leak in any kitchen utensil a "snap fastener" (as used for dresses) will save the article. Put the stud part through the hole, and firmly press on the other part from the other side of the hole. (Miss ASTON.)

TO CLEAN ELECTRO-PLATE, SILVER OR GOLD.—Purchase threepennyworth of jewellers' rouge from a chemist, rub a very small quantity on to the article to be cleaned, and finish with a piece of chamois leather or an old chamois glove. This method is very economical, quick and easy, does not scratch, and the polish will last much longer than with any other method. (SIDNEY J. W. HALL, Cardiff.)

Saturday's Children.

A WHEEL-BARROW load of sand (when it is dry) emptied in a summer-house or on a verandah gives children pleasure, and is good exercise on wet days or in the winter. They fancy they are staying at the seaside, building castles, etc.; it amuses them a long time and keeps them good. (Mrs. C. MOORE.)

After trying many devices to break a child aged two of sucking his thumb, I finally hit upon a cure. Round the thumb between the two joints, I put a strip of adhesive plaster about half an inch wide. Then I tied a white thread over it to keep him from peeling it off. I kept this on—or rather successive clean ones—for about a week, and now a month has passed since taking it off, and he is completely broken of the habit. (G. G.)

Baby's bonnet strings are always getting soiled, due to the child dribbling, etc. This could easily be prevented if from under the rosette on the left side the string was fixed and then brought under the chin and fastened with a clip under the rosette on the right. This does away with the bow altogether. (Fig. 5.)

If baby is restless at night owing to heat spots, if they are not broken, rub them well with bicarbonate of soda mixed to thick paste with cold milk. (Miss H. NEAVEYSON.)

February Prize-Winners:—Miss J. S. Campbell, Miss M. C. King, Miss V. Orchard, Mrs. Seton, Mrs. Stanmers and Miss D. S. Sherwen. We again thank numerous correspondents for many kind wishes and appreciation of these pages.

Monthly Prize Competition.

If you know of a good hint for our household pages, send it to the Editor, 11 Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4, during June. Each month we offer a prize of 5s. for the best hint for each section. The six prizes will be sent in July to the respective winners.



Fig. 5.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

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Eczema, Eruptions, Rashes, are soothed and healed by Germolene.

Mrs. Cotterell, of 44 John Taylor Street, Bolton, writing with reference to her daughter Bessie, says: "I want to tell you how grateful I am for the benefit my little girl has received from the use of Germolene. A few months ago a persistent rash appeared on her face and fingers, and I had to keep her away from school. Nothing I tried did any good until I obtained Germolene. Then the itching ceased at once, and after using a few tins she was completely cured. I think Germolene is wonderful."

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Mrs. E. A. Pearson, of 25 Croton Street, Monsall Street, Newton Heath, writes: "When I was thirteen years of age I underwent an operation. This left me in a very nervous condition. I was quite unfit to walk out alone. My nervous symptoms would always appear if I had to cross the road, and I was quite unable to carry on any occupation. This went on until I was nearly seventeen, but then I determined to give Dr. Cassell's Tablets a trial. Soon after commencing the treatment improvement began, and in six months' time I was perfectly well."



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GREAT WAKERING.

Dear Friends,

You will be wishing to know what preparations are going forward in connection with the Summer Garden Fête. I remind you that the Church Council decided to try the experiment this year of holding it early in September, on either September 1st or on a day as near to this as possible. Last week at a Meeting of Ladies who have promised to help with the various stalls, it was found that Wednesday, September 8th, was the most suitable date and unless there is any urgent reason for change we shall keep to this. We are all anxious to make a big thing of the Fête this year so that our Organ Fund may be very materially increased and we look to each member of our Congregation to help furnish the stalls; baskets, bags, ornaments, useful garments such as — overalls, pinafores, children's woollies, sweets, refreshments, cakes, fruit, vegetables, are the sort of gifts we would like you to send in to the stall-holders, doing this you will help to make the Fête a great success.

As Hon. Secretary of the Southend Board of Missions I have been asked to organise a Garden Meeting and Festival at the Vicarage Grounds, South Benfleet, on Wednesday, June 30th, when Canon Olivier will speak on the "World Call." It is the biggest subject before the Anglican Church to-day—God is calling His Church to action with imperative emphasis to respond to the remarkable desire of the heathen world for the Christian Faith and the extraordinary opportunities that are presenting themselves for carrying the Gospel to them. We shall hear much of the "World Call" during the next months; it has been solemnly stated that on our reply to this call from the out-side world the very life of our Church depends. On June 30th at this festival a message will be given which I would like all of us to hear and I hope many of you will be able to go—details will be published on hand-bills in a few days.

I am,

Your sincere friend and Vicar,

W. C. FENN.

MOTHERS' UNION.

On May 26th our members were entertained at Little Wakering Hall by Mrs. Stallibrass and the Little Wakering Branch. It was a glorious day, the garden looking at its best, the last Wednesday in May is always fine when Little Wakering chooses it for important functions; we are not always so fortunate. Miss Reid gave a most interesting talk; Tea on the lawn was much enjoyed, our members wish to thank Mrs. Stallibrass for a very enjoyable afternoon.

NEW VICAR AT N. SHOEBURY.

We extend a very hearty welcome to Rev. W. T. Austen. Some of us were present at his induction and afterwards heard from him his thrilling experiences during the dreadful earthquake in Yokohama. Mr. Austen has worked in Japan for 50 years; we wish him a very happy ministry at N. Shoebury and look forward to reading his notes in our magazine.

The Jumble sale in May realized—
£4 9s. 0d.

BAPTISMS.

- May 2. Betty Mabel Pool.
,, 2. Myrtle Joyce Hockley.
,, 23. Ernest Alfred George William Wall.
,, 23. Frederick Francis Wall.
,, 23. Guy Reginald Wall.
,, 23. Bernard Richard Sutton.
,, 30. Irene Phyllis Blewitt.

BURIALS.

- May 3. Douglas William Church, aged 9 months.
,, 3. Alfred Clark, aged 72 years.
,, 4. Peter Robert Charles Chaplin, aged 1 year.

Collections in May:—£8 10s. 10d.

LITTLE WAKERING.

" Sneak !" To the Britisher there exist few more contemptuous terms than this. The school boy who sneaks is rightly punched or mobbed, and the college man who sneaks runs the risk of being ducked in the river. The sneak combines all the objectionable characteristics of the skulking spy and the fawning sycophant — he meddles with other men's matters on the one hand, and on the other hand seeks to curry favour with his superiors. There be fat sneaks and skinny sneaks, beafy sneaks and mealy sneaks, but they all have the same taint of loathsomeness to every healthy minded individual. The sneak is as near to being a human devil as humanity can include. Accurate theology forbids us to postulate that hell was prepared for other than the Devil and all his angels, but as the Devil is described as the accuser of our brethren, so this definition of Satan tallies with that of the sneak. Martha of Bethany complained to Jesus that Mary had left her to do all the work, and Martha got not a whit of sympathy from Jesus. Tale-telling is the pastime of the disgruntled; and indicates an unlovely spirit which makes its own hell on earth and may inherit hell in

the hereafter. The sneak lacks all *esprit de corps* and *esprit de sexe*: the sneak begins by telling tales to his mother (who is a fool if she encourages the talebearer) and ends by telling tales to God. The sneak begins by being an accuser of his brother and ends by being the false accuser of his brethren. The sneak is more contemptible than the most befuddled drunkard who ever degraded his human nature; for the drunkard's chief offence is against his own body, but the sneak's offence is against his own soul. The sneak is a social poisoner, and against a poisoner even the bravest man cannot defend himself. British chivalry tends to jib at hanging a woman, but a woman poisoner is hanged without compunction. The sneak is generated by a doting parent and is developed by selfcentredness. There is a legal tradition " the greater the truth the greater the libel," and the fact that the talebearer may be telling the truth is not the faintest justification for his devilry; the alternative to telling the truth is not to tell lies but to shut up.

BURIAL.

May 26. Edward King, age 83 years.

NORTH SHOEBURY.

The Institution, and Induction, of the Rev. W. T. Austen as Vicar of North Shoebury, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of the Rev. W. C. Morgan at the end of February, 1926, took place on Friday, May 21st, at 7-30 p.m., at the Parish Church. The Service of Institution was conducted by the Right Reverend Dr. Inskip, Bishop of Barking, as Commisary for the Lord Bishop of Chelmsford. The Venerable Percy Matheson Bayne, Archdeacon of Southend, officiated at the Induction Ceremony. The Church was well filled by those interested. The collection amounting to £3 1s. 8d. was given to the Diocesan Ordination Candidates Fund. A number of the Local Clergy and Lay Readers, were Robed and seated in the Choir. Immediately after the Service, a Reception was held in the Parish Hall, when dainty refreshments were served. A Committee of Ladies kindly undertook the decoration of the Hall and the providing of the refreshments, and by common consent did it very efficiently. Great credit is due to the Churchwardens, Mr. R. How and Mr. G. Day, for all the arrangements of the Service, and the Reception.

At a meeting of the Church Council

held on Wednesday, May 26th, at 7-30 p.m. it was decided that the Services at the Parish Church are to be:—

1st Sunday in the Month.

- 11 a.m. Mattins and Sermon.
- 12 o'clock. Holy Communion.
- 3 p.m. Children's Service, in Church.
- 6-30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon.

2nd Sunday.

- 11 a.m. Mattins and Sermon.
- 3 p.m. Men's Service.
- 3 p.m. Children's Service, Parish Room
- 6-30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon.

3rd Sunday.

- 11 a.m. Mattins, Holy Communion.
- 3 p.m. Children's Service, in Church.
- 6-30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon.

4th Sunday.

- 11 a.m. Mattins and Sermon.
- 3 p.m. Children's Service.
- 6-30 p.m. Evensong & Holy Communion

MARRIAGE.

Sydney James Leys & May Minnie Skeeles.

BURIAL.

Lousia Ann Clarke, aged 80.

Collections in May ... £4 2s. 8d.

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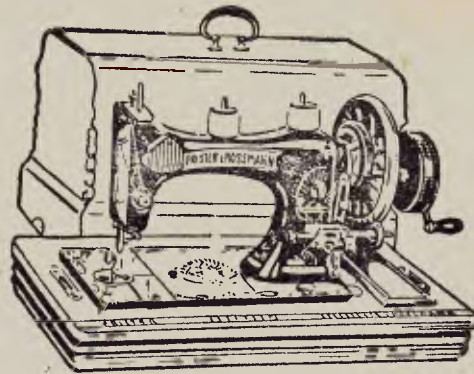
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