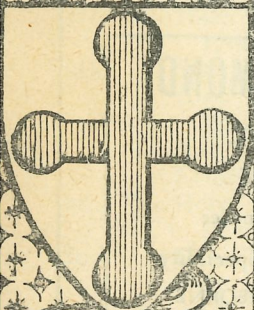
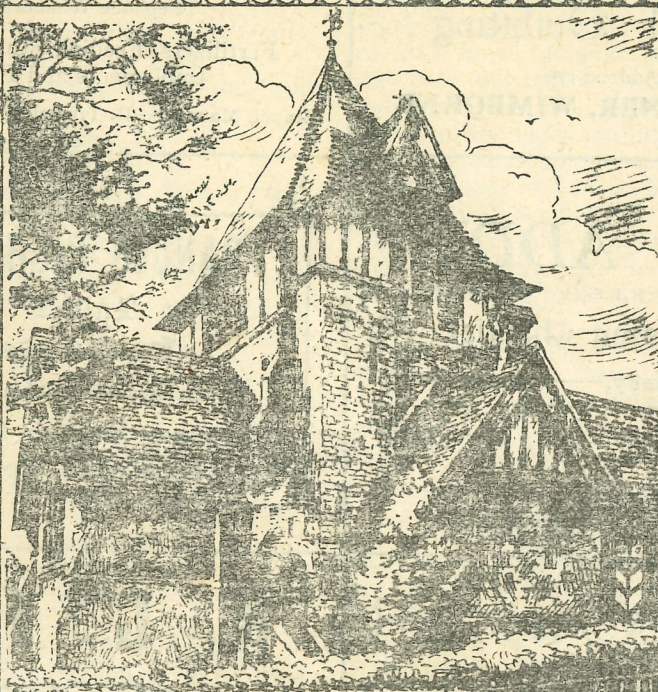


St. Michael Colehill.

Parish Magazine.



St. Michael



St. Michael

Aug. 1948

SUNDAY SERVICES—H.C. 8 a.m. every Sunday, Mattins at 11, followed by Holy Communion at 12 every Sunday Evensong 6.30

SUNDAY SCHOOL—2.30 p.m.

CHILDREN'S SERVICE—2.30 p.m. 1st Sunday.

WEEK-DAY SERVICES—See Kalendar.

CHURCHINGS—Before and after Service.

BAPTISMS—Any time by arrangement with Vicar.

Vicar—Rev. J. E. Price, B.A., H.C.F.

VICAR'S WARDEN—Lady Brooks, M.B.E.

PEOPLE'S WARDEN—Mr. A. T. Bendell.

CHURCH COUNCIL—The Vicar (Chairman) and Wardens. *Vice-Chairman*: Lt.-Col. Howell Evans, D.S.O., *Hon. Sec.*: Miss Hewett, Sunnyside, Highland Rd, *Lay Representatives to R.D. Conference*: Lady Brooks, Misses Bumsted, Hewett, Digby, Knott, Sir R. Glyn, Bart., D.S.O.; Messrs. D. Bryant, W. G. Furnell, C. R. Hay, W. Hopkins, C. Kerley, R. G. Raymond H. Roberts, C. Sawtell A. H. White Mesdames Bell, Bryant, Fletcher, Price, Richmond, Sawtell, Misses Dare and Parkinson,

SIDESMEN—Messrs. Ashby, Bryant, Furnell, Price, Kerley, Raymond, Sawtell, Weston.

Hon. Sec. F.W.O.Fund—Miss M. Digby, Highwood

PARISH MAGAZINE—Mrs. Taylor, Summerfield, Highland Road.

ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER—Mr. F. Clarredge

CAPTAIN OF THE BELL RINGERS—Mr. C. Sawtell.

SACRISTAN—Mr. C. Coombs, 2 Glynville, Middlehill Road

[Wimborne 465

DISTRICT NURSE—Miss D. R. Dare, S.R.N., S.C.M., Roxmere, Hanslop Rd. Colehill (Tel.

TRY THE
BON MARCHE

for
Household Drapery
—and—
General Outfitting

The Address is—
POOLE CORNER, WIMBORNE

Telephone 63

T. J. ADDIS

M.P.S.

Dispensing Chemist
The Pharmacy, —Wimborne

Photographic Apparatus
and Materials

Amateurs'
Work

Toilet Preparations
Proprietary Medicines

H. & E. CARTER

Cycle, Radio, Accessories
and Repairs

7a, West Street, - - Wimborne

Accumulators Charged

**Gush's
Restaurant**

LUNCHEONS
FOR
AND TEAS -

Tel. Wimborne 85

Est. 60 years

For Reliable
Seeds, Seed Potatoes, Insecticides and
General Horticultural Requirements

The Dorset Farmers, Ltd.

WIMBORNE

Telephone Wimborne 59

Fertilizers, Feeding Stuffs, Cakes,
Implements and Fuel

Branch Manager—R. Trussell

FRANCES RICHMOND

:: Ladies' ::
Hairdresser

Experienced in all branches

Permanent Waving a Speciality

51 LEIGH ROAD, WIMBORNE

R. G. JOY



The Grocery Stores



COLEHILL Tel. Wimborne 133

Telephone 54

Stanners

Established over 40 years

Fruiterers :: Florists

WIMBORNE MINSTER

KALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

- 1st. 10th Sunday after Trinity.
Holy Communion 8 a.m.
Mattins and Holy Communion
11 a.m.
Evensong 6.30 p.m.
- 4th. W. Holy Communion 8 a.m. and
12 noon.
- 6th. F. The Transfiguration H.C. 8 a.m.
8th. 11th Sunday after Trinity.
Holy Communion 8 a.m. and
12 noon.
Mattins 11 a.m.
Evensong 6.30 p.m.
- 11th. W. Holy Communion 8 a.m. and
12 noon.
- 15th. 12th Sunday after Trinity.
Holy Communion 8 a.m. and
12 noon.
Mattins 11 a.m.
Evensong 6.30 p.m.
- 18th. W. Holy Communion 8 a.m. and
12 noon.
- 22nd. 13th Sunday after Trinity.
Holy Communion 8 a.m. and
12 noon.
Mattins 11 a.m.
Evensong 6.30 p.m.
- 24th. Tu. St. Bartholemew A.M.
Holy Communion 8 a.m. and
12 noon.
- 29th. 14th Sunday after Trinity.
Holy Communion 8 a.m. and
12 noon.
Mattins 11 a.m.
Evensong 6.30 p.m.

COLEHILL VICARAGE,
WIMBORNE,
DORSET.
July 23rd, 1948.

My dear Friends,

I should like to thank you all for your most generous response to our 'Gift Day' Appeal which amounted to the magnificent sum of £217 3s. 0d. I am deeply grateful to you who gave so generously and worked so hard to make our 'Gift Day' such a success. What gave me the greatest pleasure was the large number who contributed. We sent out 250 envelopes and 211 were returned enclosing a gift. Some were large, others were small but both were welcomed because it showed that we were co-operating—working together as a Church, and as long as we possess this spirit we can face most of our difficulties and win through. I should add that our Jumble Sale effort was included in the grand total, and we are grateful to

Mrs. Richmond and her helpers who were responsible for this excellent effort which raised £23 11s. 11d. Jumble Sales are not very entertaining events but this event was cheered by the delightful tea provided by Mrs. Bryant.

I wish I could say that this was our final effort for the Bishop's Appeal and that our target had been reached! I am afraid that we shall have to make another big effort next year and indeed perhaps the following year but given our present spirit of co-operation we have nothing to fear, but I shall be glad when our commitments are at an end so that we can see to our own Church needs, which are many.

Don't forget our Whist Drive on Thursday, August the 26th. We hope this effort will still further help to swell the Bishops Appeal Fund.

Many of you will be away on holiday this month. I do hope the weather will be kind to you and add to your well earned enjoyment.

Your sincere friend,
JOHN E. PRICE,
Vicar.

P.S. On our Gift Day the total sum was £217 3s. 0d., out of which £41 8s. 0d. was sent to S.P.G. The Jumble Sale realised £23 11s. 11d. making a total for the Bishop's Appeal of £199 16s. 11d. from which must be deducted £3 14s. 9d. for various expenses incurred leaving a nett total for the Bishop's Appeal £195 12s. 2d.

MOTHER'S UNION.

1st Sept. Corporate Communion at 9.30 a.m.
9th Sept. Meeting Ghurch Hall 3 p.m.

The Speaker at our last Meeting on the 8th July, was Mrs. Blythe, Vice President of the Mother's Union Council. She gave a most interesting and instructive talk on the Mother's Union prayer—which, I feel sure, will be most helpful to us all.

We were most lucky in our choice of a day for the Annual Outing, on 14th July, it was a really beautiful day.

Two coaches left the War Memorial at 9 o'clock, it was a real family party, 49 adults and 12 children. The drive to Seaton and Sidmouth, via Dorchester and Bridport was really lovely, but coming home through Honiton, Chard and Yeovil was even more beautiful.

The behaviour of the children was really a great credit to their mothers, who had provided them with pencils, papers and books for the long journey—and the babies

of the party were splendid, slept when they should, and while awake, were a great joy to us all.

Those of us who had our lunch on the beach were surrounded and entertained by scores of seagulls, demanding to be fed—some were so tame, that we felt they might sit on one's knees any moment!

After a very good tea at Fortes, we started our drive home, and arrived between 9.30 and 10 o'clock.

There will be no Meeting in August.

COLEHILL AND GAUNTS DISTRICT NURSING ASSOCIATION.

The Bring and Buy Sale held on the Vicarage lawn, in aid of the Dorset Mobile Physio-therapy Unit, was a great success.

The Unit Van was on view, and Miss Ranklin, County Superintendent, who was introduced by Lady Glyn, President of Colehill and Gaunts District Nursing Association, gave a short talk on its work in the County.

Mrs. Field, Secretary of the Unit also spoke, and thanked this Association for organising the Sale in aid of the Unit's funds. A cheque for £70 3s. 3d., proceeds of the Sale, has been sent by the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Raymond, to the Physio-therapy Unit.

J. Price, Hon. Sec.

COLEHILL YOUTH CLUB.

The Colehill Youth Club had their summer outing in the form of a Mystery Tour this year. Leaving at 7.30 p.m. last Friday, joined by our President, in two coaches, about 50 members enjoyed a pleasant drive to Highcliffe. Half an hour was spent on the beach and then the return journey was made via Burley and Ringwood.

Our very efficient Canteen Managers, Mr. and Mrs. Hall accompanied us bringing the usual delightful supply of refreshments which I know were very much enjoyed.

The Club's 3rd birthday party held on Friday, July 2nd was a great success and everyone spent a very pleasant evening. The President, Rev. J.E. Price, on behalf of the Club, presented Mr. and Mrs. Hall with a eight day oak clock suitably decorated with an inscription showing the appreciation of their untiring efforts to help the Club.

Time is swiftly passing to the 20th July when seven members will be leaving for their holiday in Jersey. We sail from Weymouth at 1 p.m. on the "St. Patrick" and hope to arrive at St. Helier at 7.45 where we shall be met by coaches and driven to our respective destinations.

Leaving Jersey on July 27th at 8.30 a.m. to arrive at Weymouth at 3 p.m. we shall then have to settle down to the usual daily routine after spending what I hope will have been a very pleasant holiday.

M. DACOMBE.
Secretary.

WOMENS' INSTITUTE.

The meeting was held on July 1st, Lady Brooks in the Chair—two new members—Mrs. Cole and Miss Cottam were welcomed and received their cards. Parts of the County letter were read by the President and we decided to vote for the present representative on the Consultative Council—Miss Gunnell.

Mrs. Jackman gave a very interesting talk on the "Work of Magistrates and Policewomen." Several questions being asked, were answered by Mrs. Jackman.

The Social half-hour consisted of "Sing, Say or Pay" Nobody sang—several said—but more preferred to Pay! There will be no meeting in August owing to the Hall being re-decorated during that month. The outing on June 23rd to Windsor and Kew was very much enjoyed by those of us who went. We were fortunate in having a fine day and the drive was lovely. We arrived at Windsor at 12.30 and after having our picnic lunches we made for the Castle. We much regretted having to leave again at 2 p.m. for there was so much to see and we had spent most of the short time in St. George's Chapel.—A wonderful interior, so full of History. We could have spent a day there! However, Kew Gardens being our final destination, off we had to go. We arrived eventually—at 4.30.—Having lost our way en route! We left Kew at 6.30 and arrived home about 10.20. It was a most pleasant drive home everyone agreeing that the outing was a great success.

D. BRYANT.

COLEHILL W.I.

Two members of the Institute attended the Summer School held at St. Peter's Hall, Oxford from July 12th—17th on "The Art of Living." The Chairman was Mrs. Eshelby, J.P. of Somerset ably assisted by four Organisers from the National Federation.

Over a hundred members representing England and Wales made up the School. The syllabus, a very full one, was divided into three subjects, Health, Education and the Rural Community.

After the Chairman's reception, Lady

Brunner gave the opening talk on "Existing or Living."

The Speakers were:—

Health.

- Dr. Doris Odium, *Subject*: Mental Health.
Dr. Powell Heath. *Subject*: Health and Education.

Education.

- Mr. R. Hope, M.A., Director of the Seafarers Education Service. *Subject*: Changing standards of living during the past 100 years.
Mr. H. C. Dent, Editor of the Times Educational Supplement. *Subject*: Educational past and present and the New Opportunities.
Mr. C. Heathfield, Arts Adviser, Sussex R.C.C. *Subject*: The enjoyment of the arts.

The Rural Community.

- The Rt. Hon. Margaret Bondfield, C.H., P.C., LL.D. *Subject*: Service to the family and to the Community.
Mr. Longland, Director of Education, Dorset. *Subject*: Living in the Country.
Professor Fletcher, Professor of Ed., Bristol University. *Subject*: The Art of Living.

Discussion groups were held each morning before lectures.

Light relief was provided in this rather formidable programme by delightfully informal meals served in the great dining hall.

An afternoon visit was arranged to Denman College, where, on arrival we found a B.B.C. recording van awaiting us, several members were invited to record their impression of the College which is to be opened in September. This record and the opening ceremony is to be broadcast in "Women's Hour."

Between two and four o'clock a break was arranged to enable members to visit Oxford's beautiful College buildings and grounds, for which a guide was provided.

The Oxfordshire Federation gave an entertainment during one evening and a film was shown.

So ended a crowded and enjoyable week and members were unanimous in their thanks and praise of this splendid undertaking by the National Federation.

Signed: TWO APPRECIATIVE MEMBERS.

1st COLEHILL GUIDE COMPANY.

The Guides are very busy preparing for camp, and they would like to thank all those who have so kindly given them jam, cakes, vegetables, etc. These gifts will consider-

ably ease the Quarter Master's burden!

A splendid looking tent has now arrived from Mr. Wells in South Africa, just in time for camp, having taken two months to reach us from Southampton, owing to many forms having to be filled in, an Import License obtained, etc.!

We are glad to welcome three recruits into the Company—Pat Hiscock, Barbara Walker and Brenda King.

There will be no meetings during August.
M. E. HEWETT, (*Captain*).

There are now fifty children attending the school and eight teachers.

The Missionary boxes have just been opened and contained £2 14s. 6d. which has been given during the last three months. The Infants' class once again heads the list, their box containing 10s. 11d.

M. E. HEWETT.

1st COLEHILL BROWNIE PACK.

A VISIT TO THE ZOO.

On July 5th Brown Owl and Tawny collected the Brownies at various points on the bus route to visit the (zoo) Zoological Gardens at Ferndown.

We arrived at 10.30 and had an ice cream and some lemonade. Then we paid a visit to the miniature Zoo, where we were told all about the animals, parrots, snakes and monkeys. We were allowed to feed the monkeys with cherries.

SIDESMEN FOR AUGUST.

August	1st.	Mr. Sawtell.
August	8th.	Mr. Weston.
August	15th.	Mr. Furnell.
August	22nd.	Mr. Ashby.
August	29th.	Mr. Raymond.
Sept.	5th.	Mr. Bryant.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The School will be closed during August but it is hoped that the children will continue to attend Mattins as usual.

The Outing to Swanage will be on Tuesday, August 17th and the three coaches will be leaving the Post Office at 11 a.m. The fare for adults will be 5s. 0d. each, there will be no charge for the children and tea will be provided for the members of the Sunday School.

After this we visited pet's corner, this was a small village for animals, such as dogs, rabbits, tortoises and guinea pigs. Having played with the puppies and lambs we saw a wonderful assortment of goldfish.

We all enjoyed ourselves so much, Brown Owl has promised us another visit in August.

Compiled by Peggy Cole, Cora Hall, Margaret Shearing and Pauline Lambourne.

IRENE SMART,

Brown Owl.

SCOUT NOTES.

This has been a quiet month and only normal training has been carried out.

Mrs. Oldfield has very kindly permitted us to play games on the 'Gravel Pits' at Middlehill, and we are extremely grateful. We are at present in the process of marking out a "Basket Ball Pitch" and hope to challenge the Girl Guides in the near future.

Gifts of sports gear will be most gratefully received.

J. C. COOMBES, S.M.

STONEHENGE.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about Stonehenge, so it is hoped that these few observations may help to clear up some misapprehensions.

It was built about 4,000 years ago, and it was an early attempt to make a calendar. This was important to an agricultural people, so that they should know the times and seasons. The Hele Stone and the Slaughter Stone are so placed that the sun on June 21st rises in a straight line over these two. This marked the summer solstice and on that day there was probably a great festival in honour of the sun. The Druids in later days may have used the stones for their rites, but this cannot be proved.

The inner circle of blue stones were brought from Pembroke in South Wales, as this is

the only place in Great Britain where the stone is to be found. It was brought to Stonehenge by one of two routes. One was by way of Land's End to Christchurch and up the Avon as far as Amesbury. From here the stones were dragged to their present position. The other way was across the Bristol Channel, up the Bristol Avon, across country to the Salisbury Avon and so down to Amesbury.

When the stones were assembled they were put into place by being dropped into holes and forced into an upright position. The stones on top of the uprights were dragged up slopes of earth. In this way was Stonehenge made.

It is interesting to note that two similar formations are to be found on the Plain. Avebury Rings near Marlborough, and Woodhenge which was discovered by air survey some years ago. They all reflect credit on our ancestors who did not have our scientific aids for time telling and measuring.

B.I.F.

COLLECTIONS.

July 4th. £5 14s. 9d.

July 11th. £6 0s. 8d.

July 18th. £7 2s. 11d.

HOLY BAPTISM.

Carol Ann, daughter of Herbert Henry Keith and Alice Elizabeth Hayward.

ALTAR FLOWERS.

The flowers this month will be the care of Mrs. J. Price.

Free-Will Offering---£15-5-10

CHURCH PICTURE PAGE

AUGUST, 1948

PRIZE COMPETITION

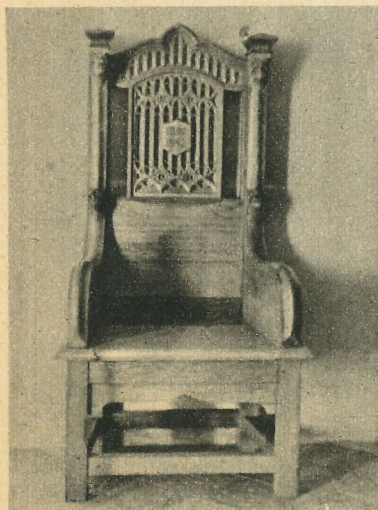
** For our Church News six five shilling prizes are offered each month by the Art Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4. Photographs specially welcome.

Parson Twins.

OUR thanks are due to Canon Eastaugh and several other correspondents who have successfully challenged the suggestion that the Rev. J. and the Rev. M. Isherwood are "possibly the only twins among the clergy." The Rev. R. V. Hodson, Hon. Canon of Gloucester and Rector of Minchinhampton and the Rev. H. V. Hodson, Rector of Bedale, both Chaplains to the Forces in the first world war; the Rev. T. C. P. Brook and the Rev. P. W. P. Brook, Chaplains at Sherbourne School and Clifton College respectively; Canon E. B. Spurgin and the Rev. T. C. Spurgin—possibly the oldest twins at 77; the Rev. J. F. Thornhill and the Rev. R. W. Thornhill; the Rev. Henry Griffith and the Rev. Lionel Griffith, both vicars of churches only seven miles apart; and finally, the Rev. A. J. and the Rev. G. R. Mortimore.

In Memory of Marriage.

THIS finely carved chair was given to Rottingdean Church by the late Lord Baldwin in memory of "Fifty years of married happiness." Rottingdean was, no doubt, chosen because Lady Baldwin, then a Miss Ridsdale, lived there. Mr. Baldwin (as he then was), met her there when he visited his cousin, Rudyard Kipling, at the Limes, Rottingdean. Other cousins who also lived there were the Burne Jones. In fact, it was a little family community in this unspoilt village.—DEANE GWYNNE.



In Memory of Happy Marriage

A Church built of Lava.

AT Clermont-Ferrand, France, there is a church built of lava and it stands to-day looking as new as it did in 1095 when Urban II, surrounded by the high dignitaries of the eleventh century church, listened to the impassioned pleas of Peter The Hermit, for a Crusade to the Holy Land. Notre Dame du Port is the oldest church in Clermont and should stand for many generations to come, for the lava of Auvergne grows harder with age, steps cut in it show no sign of the many feet which have passed up and down them, and neither the summer suns nor the winter storms have left their mark upon it.—B. S. TOWNROE.



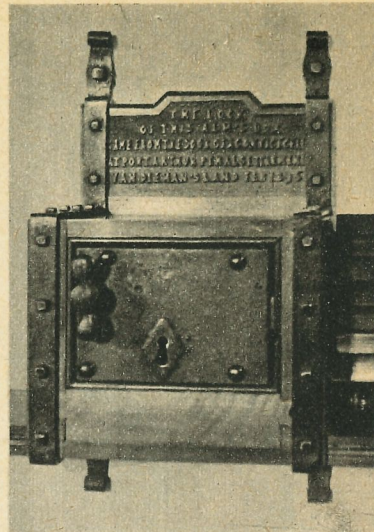
The Clock Ticked On

The Clock Ticked on.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH at St. Leonards received a direct hit from a bomb in 1943, which destroyed all but the tower where the big clock continued to mark time as though nothing had happened or would happen. Several other bombs fell nearby but the clock never stopped. The church is to be rebuilt.—Miss E. M. MUFFETT.

In the News.

BERMUDA has recently been in the news, but few people know that St. George's Church, built in 1618, is the oldest English church in the Western Indies. It possesses a chalice and cover of the reign of Charles I, given by the Bermuda Company, another chalice with the flagons and paten, given by William III in 1697, and a Christening Bowl, given by William Brown, of Salem, U.S.A., who being a Tory, left America at the Revolution and subsequently became Governor of Bermuda, 1782-1788. The clock in the church tower was originally made for H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth, and was purchased at auction in 1814.—F. R. WALLER.



A safe Alms Box

From Prison to Church

THE lock of this alms box, to be found in Pewsey Church, Wilts, came, in 1895, from the door of a convict cell in Van Dieman's Land. As will be seen from the photograph this fact cannot fail to warn off possible sacrilegious thieves of to-day.—J. D. ROBINSON.

A Sunday School Dog.

FOR five or six years Peter, a long-haired mongrel, has attended Sunday School at Whitmore Estate regularly and is always well-behaved and as reverent as a dog can be. When the classes disperse he helps to collect the hymn books, carrying them in his mouth one by one. Of course, he is a general favourite, and invariably shares the children's outings.—Miss D. E. CAVE.

As a Tale that is told (see page 63).

IN a little chapel opening out of the south aisle of Eastwell Church in Kent there is a most beautiful monument. It takes the form of a lifesize figure of Emily Georgiana, wife of the ninth Earl of Winchelsea and Notingham. She died in 1848, only 39 years of age. Although she was the wife of an earl, the niece of the Duke of Wellington and a maid of honour to Queen Adelaide, her life had been a sad one—hence these rather pathetic verses on the monument which are supposed to have been written by herself and to have been found under her pillow after her death:

When the knell, rung for the dying,
Soundeth for me,
And my corse coldly is lying
'Neath the green tree.
When the turf the strangers are heaping
Covers my breast,
Come not to gaze on me weeping—
I am at rest.

All my life, coldly and sadly,
The days have gone by,
I, who dreamed wildly and madly,
Am happy to die.
Long since my heart has been breaking,
Its pain is past.
A term has been set to its aching,
Peace comes at last.

—H. J. SMITH.

DOGS WITH CHRISTIAN VIRTUES

By UNA P. DOD.



Jet of Iada

DON'T turn away in disgust or condemn (without a reason) the dog-lover who maintains that dogs possess Christian virtues. Don't ridicule that dog-lover as a sentimental fool with a "bee in his bonnet" until you have given the assertion a little thought.

So much depends upon what is meant by the word Christian. If used in the sense of the New Testament as referring to the followers of Christ, there is room for disapproval.

"Christian virtues" would then imply consciousness of Christ and the privilege of access to God for comfort and support in temptation or trouble.

Science, commonsense and the Scriptures teach us that this is not so; but I say that dogs possess virtues which we, as Christians, are exhorted to practice and which were seen perfected in Christ.

There are some people who will sweep aside every noble deed, every act of love, long-suffering, patience, faithfulness, endurance, courage, sacrifice, forgiveness, repentance, and even joy in dogs (and other animals) with the one disdainful ejaculation, "Instinct"!

Monty, the Wigan collie dog that plunged into the canal to save a boy, unknown to him, who had fallen into the water during an unexpected thaw; and when the ice broke away under their combined weight contrived to keep the boy's head up, steadfastly sustaining his grip at the risk of his own life, did so from—Instinct!

Bruce, the Border collie from Chirk, that walked 300 miles to find the mistress that he loved, suffered

starvation, exhaustion and repeated attacks from other dogs, thanked the kind friends, who sheltered him when he collapsed, in his own dog fashion, but when revived continued on his quest, did so from—Instinct!

Ben, of Royston, fox terrier, who secretly taught himself to speak his master's language and startled the family by suddenly coming out pat with a ready-made sentence, did so from—Instinct!

These are three of many examples which prove the ignorance of those people who attribute the virtues of dogs to instinct when a little consideration of the facts and a knowledge of the dog would reveal their error.

The same kind of mistake is often made in connection with the achievements of the war dogs.

"The war dogs were wonderful, weren't they?" I overheard a woman

not thought seriously of the Mine-detecting dogs and the Guard (or Patrol) dog, of the cheerful ness, fortitude and patience with which

they make the sacrifice, as much aware of danger and of the necessity to meet it calmly as their soldier masters.

Talk a little with the handlers of dogs such as Jet of Iada, the black Alsatian rescue dog from Liverpool. "He never lost his dread of the presence of death while he was with me," one of them said, speaking of Jet. "But though he whimpered and trembled, he was the first to the spot and never turned aside."

If a sense of humour can be rated as a virtue, I must quote my own Irish terrier cross. His bump of wit and humour was developed above that of any dog I have ever met. No instinct could account for the jokes he played on me. Taking him for a walk, I have known him to hide behind me, turning when I turned, and letting me call and whistle for him until someone pointed him out or until he decided to give himself up, bounding forward and fairly laughing at me, to my face! Another trick he played on me was to hide something that I had laid aside for an instant, watching me search for it with every appearance of innocence. Once, when I was lighting the fire and left the room for coal, he carefully removed the

(Continued on page 61.)



Ben



Monty from Wigan

say to her friend. He replied, "Well, of course, they were trained for it"—as if that clinched the matter, and a dog, trained, became nothing more than an automatic machine, a sort of Press Button A, Button B, mechanism.

Such persons can never have come into contact with the real thing. They have never seen the scorched and bleeding pads, or the inflamed and running eyes of rescue dogs, which, undaunted by fire and fumes, by pain and weariness, have determinedly held to their duty. They can never have realised the merits of the Messenger dog, outwitting his enemies, hiding, climbing, tunnelling, overcoming serious obstacles, braving dangers, avoiding mistakes, foregoing every canine inclination in his anxiety to fulfil his purpose with unswerving faithfulness. They have



Bruce



Photo by]

Relaxation

[H. Chitty

Mainly for Men

VIII.—TAKING TIME OFF.

By The Padre.

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○

I spent nothing on entertainment. All I did was look dreamily at sea and sky, and go long walks with the wife. And bit by bit I found myself enjoying thinking of big things—life

itself, and what it's all about; my own past and future; my religion and my God. I'd never had time to think of these matters in the same way before. But, when I did, I found it helpful to a strange degree. Now tell me, padre, what is this ancient truth you say I've stumbled on just through having a very simple holiday."

"The secret of contemplation, Jim. It has a great deal to do with religion—in fact, it's an essential part of it. Much more is understood of this art in the East than here in the West, where we're all so busy running after our own tails. Contemplation is the art of forgetting about our daily concerns for awhile and thinking about eternal things. To take a supreme example: Do you remember a passage in the Gospels where we are told how our Lord Himself 'a great while before day, arose, and went apart into a desert place'?"

"He was going aside to contem-

plate and to pray, you see. It was part of His spiritual discipline. All the saints and great spiritual leaders have always done it. And because it is far better done with the body rested and relaxed, so they have always studied the art of doing that, also. Even ordinary people like ourselves can achieve much in our everyday spiritual lives by keeping certain rules which the 'experts' have always followed."

"What are they?"

"First, give some part of every day to contemplation—thinking about things unconnected with this world and its affairs. I know a deeply religious business man who for many years made it a rule to contemplate on his morning walk to the station. He would never open his paper till he was in the train. He told me he had found his morning contemplations invaluable to spiritual understanding.

"Second: cultivate the art of relaxing whenever you get the chance. There is no better way of conquering worry. You will find that men who achieve much invariably have this gift.

"Third, and very important: learn to do without radio and newspapers for set periods each week. Give the world a rest—it will get on alright without you. Sunday is the best time. If we keep Sunday as we should this weekly pause and relaxation from the world will be achieved.

"Keep these rules from now on, Jim, and you'll find this simple holiday of yours has taught you a lesson of lasting importance—and a lesson we could all do to learn afresh."

WELL, Jim, had a good time?"

"I've had the best holiday I ever remember, padre. The funny thing about it, though, is that I didn't do anything."

"How's that?"

"Well, the plain truth is we couldn't afford very much this year. Everything seems to cost more. So when the wife and I sat down to plan our holiday budget we found it a very close fit."

"You're not the only one, either, Jim."

"I daresay not. However, one thing was plain: we couldn't manage this year the kind of holiday we'd always had before—plenty of running about, and shows, and that sort of thing. We had to choose between a very simple, plain holiday, or none at all. We chose the first."

"Very sensible."

"That's what we think now. But we were doubtful at first. We couldn't imagine how we should manage to enjoy ourselves without the excitement we've always been used to expect on holiday."

"So what did you do?"

"Personally I just sat in a deck-chair and relaxed. I'd never realised how tired I was until I did that. I could almost feel my body purring with gratitude at being given a real rest at long last. It was long last, too. I think it must have been as long ago as before the war that I last had a really good rest. But that isn't all, padre."

"I guessed not, Jim. There's something else you want to tell me."

"Yes, there is. It's rather interesting. You see, when I'd rested my body, completely and absolutely, I found that something enormously refreshing seemed to have happened to my mind, too. I could almost say, to my soul, as well."

"Say it then: it would be true. You've been discovering for yourself some very ancient truths, Jim."

"Such as?"

"Leave that, for the moment. Tell me what else happened to you."

"Well, I did without newspapers.

PEOPLE WE CAN'T FORGET

"NANNY." By the Rev. F. Keeling Scott

*SHE did not stick out anywhere at all,
For she was thin, and grey, and very small.*

Nor was her love a soft and easy thing;

'Twas hot as fire, but slow a-kindling.

Her patience was like God's, a mighty tower,

Of sympathy, and understanding power.

To her no toil was great, no duty small,

She lived to do her best for one and all.

We never thought of her with aches or pain,

We knew that she might die, but not complain.

Ah, but her pity for the children's woe

Was like the kiss of Heaven to earth below.

Her name was Ann, and she was nurse to three—

To Grand-mamma, to Mother and to me.

"When I'm a man, Nurse, you shall be a Queen."

That was my promise, and it might have been.

She might have reigned where she had served, but He

Whom she, in us, had loved so faithfully

Had need of her, where His great Saints belong.

Her soul went forth, with music, like a song

Whose last note soundeth, infinitely long.



Photo by]

A Church Service

[Butlin's

THE MORE THEY ARE TOGETHER

A Report on a Butlin's Holiday Camp and its Church

BY RONALD HORTON



ECHURCHPEOPLE have reason to be grateful to those holiday camps which have taken care to make provision for Christian ministry and worship. Having mixed with the four thousand people of a camp in which I was a guest, I can witness to the value of what I have seen.

The work of the camp Padre is that of a parson in a most unusual kind of parish. The staff of the camp may exceed one thousand. The number of visitors staying either for a week or a fortnight may be as high as four thousand. Obviously the opportunities for influencing such a crowd depend on the contacts the padre is able to make, and whether he can make the most of them.

In every camp there is a chapel, the design and fittings of which might be the envy of many clergy. Here Holy Communion is celebrated every morning, and the daily offices are said, and here an amazing number of people "drop in" for a few moments during the day to think and pray. Close by the chapel is the padre's chalet, in which he is available almost any time to see visitors and the regular staff.

On Sunday morning the camp chapel is filled at eight o'clock, and later on there is a big "Parade Service," taken either in the open air or in a large theatre holding 2,000 people.

Making friends with the children is of the utmost importance, and one of the great advantages of communal holiday camps is that this is easy and natural. To amuse and interest them a highly competent staff are ready and anxious to co-operate with the padre.

Many padres are surprised by the number of those who say that the



The Bishop of Bangor unbends

camp Church Services are the first they have attended for years, and at least intend to "try" Church when the holiday is over.

I was particularly struck by the absence of shyness and "stiffness" between padre and holiday-maker at the camp. The padre was "one of them," and the respect they showed for him as a man was in every way matched by the respect they showed for his high calling. Among the staff he was regarded as a

trusted friend and a man to whom one would not turn in vain for help and advice.

In every camp there is a hospital known as the Sick Bay. Visiting the sick is a most important part of any parson's duty, and it is no less the duty of every camp padre. In the camp's sick bay (it possesses some of the best equipment of the modern hospital) he is a friend alike to patients and staff.

Look carefully at the photograph showing a Sunday Morning Service in the open air at a big holiday camp in the north of Scotland. This picture shows but a fraction of the people who were there on that occasion. The padre taking the Service is the Superintendent Chaplain of five huge holiday camps spread over the British Isles. In other words, he has the oversight of the chaplains' work in those camps—a striking tribute to the efficiency of the organisation which makes co-operative holidays so great a success for those who believe that "the more they are together the happier they'll be."

A HOLIDAY QUIZ

1. Which Biblical law made holidays compulsory?
2. What is a red-letter day?
3. On which two Sundays is the story of the feeding of the multitude used as Gospel?
4. Which great festival of the Church was once associated with ale in England?
5. Who, in Acts, had a house by the sea-side?
6. Which prophet wrote: "There is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet"?
7. Who said, "Wisdom cometh by opportunity of leisure"?
8. Where do these "holiday" texts occur? (a) The Camper, "a plain man dwelling in tents"; (b) The Fisherman, "their fish shall be as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many"; (c) The Mountaineer, "unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills."

(Answers on page 64).

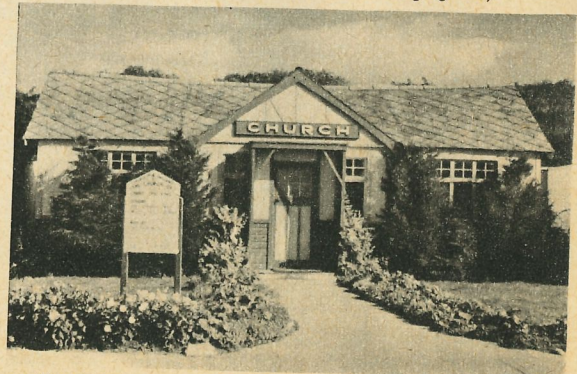


Photo by]

The Camp Church

[Butlin's

WEEKDAY HINTS

Monday's Washing.

Washleather.—Before first using a new washleather soak it overnight in cold water to which salt has been added in quantities of one dessert-spoonful of salt to one pint of water. Rinse next morning in clear cold water. This will definitely stop the usual smear which is left upon glass when a new washleather has been used upon it, and make the washleather last much longer.—MR. COLE.

Freshen up white collars, that do not need washing, by pressing between two damp starched cloths until dry.

Remove egg stains from washable material with cold water before washing, as hot water will set them. An egg stain on silk, can be removed with table salt.—MRS. ELTON.

Tuesday's Sewing.

Window Curtains.—Make the top and bottom hems of tightly drawn window curtains exactly the same width. This allows them to be reversed each time they are taken down for washing. The wear and fading will be equally distributed and the curtains will last much longer.—MRS. BISLEY (Australia).

Shrunk Woollen Vests.—When woollen vests shrink and become hard around chest, cut off just below armholes; turn upside down, crochet a row of treble and chain and an edging with odd wool. Add shoulder straps, slide ribbon or chain of wool through holes, and you have nice little camisoles for extra cold days.—MRS. FODEN.

Wednesday's Nursing.

Painful Feet.—Buy a small bottle of castor oil and put a spot on the affected part. Then, before putting on your stocking, dust it lightly with your face powder. The effect is just marvellous.—MRS. DAVIES.

Bruises.—When the skin is bruised the blood vessels beneath the surface bleed and cause a dark patch. Applications of ice or cold water fomentations may be made to contract the bleeding vessels.—MISS C. YARWOOD.

When applying a hot fomentation and oiled-silk has to be used, try cellophane, i.e., jampot cover, etc., if no oiled-silk is available. This will prove quite effective.—MRS. WEST.

It is a good idea to rub a little salt over the hands, after doing the weekly wash. This will prevent the hands becoming chapped, through going out into the wind to hang the clothes on the line.—MRS. G. HALE.

Thursday's Cooking.

Mock Almonds can be made by soaking butter beans overnight in water, to which a little bi-carbonate of soda has been added, then skinning them and leaving them for several days in a bottle or jar, to which a bottle of almond essence has been added.—MRS. DUFFY.

Potato Slices.—Raw potatoes thinly sliced take up far less fat when fried than if cooked whole. A minute only is required to peel and slice enough for break-



Photo by] Mother is always Right [J. Hemstock

fast and the modicum of fat which you will require will suprise you.—MRS. MONEY.

When apples are about (windfalls particularly) try grating one or two into any cake or steamed pudding you are making. Not only will the cake be lighter but an ounce less fat is needed and, though there will be no sign of apple when the cake is cooked, the vitamin content will be increased and the cookery be lighter.—MRS. H. MONEY.

Friday's Household.

Should a castor come off your chair or table because the hole is too large try winding a bit of "steel" wool round the screw then screwing it in tight. You will find it will hold well.—MISS E. R. POPE.

Corks on Hanger.—Sleeveless dresses, gym slips, etc., often fall off coat hangers. This can be prevented by nailing a cork at each end and covering it to match the rest of the hanger.—MRS. CLARKE.

For Sootless Chimneys.—Avoid soot by putting on the fire, once a week, a handful of common salt, and once a month two tablespoonfuls of salt petre. The chemical action of the two causes the soot to pass out of the chimney with the smoke.—MRS. ELDON.

Saturday's Children.

Like New.—Place, for example, baby's



On Holiday

Photo by E. E. Steele

FOR WOMEN WITH HOMES

christening shawl in a clean pillow case, containing one or two ounces of powdered magnesia. Tie up neck of case firmly and shake well. Hang in dry cupboard for three days and shake again. Repeat this for two weeks or longer. Remove from bag and shake well out of doors. With infants' woollies great care must be taken not to leave any traces of powder.—MRS K. SAVAGE.

Baby's Head.—If you place an old tea cosy, which has been recovered with cretonne over the back of baby's high chair, you will find this an excellent protection for his head. However much he wriggles about, the cushion will not get out of place, and it will save his head from many a hard knock.—MRS. PEATE.

Baby's Booties.—Work a row of smocking just round the ankle of baby's booties. This "gives" when they are drawn over the foot and keeps them nicely in place.—MRS. STROCKBRIDGE.

Six five-shilling prizes are offered for the best hints sent to the Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4, during August.

DOGS: By Una P. Dod.

(Continued from page 58).

sticks, setting them out in the same order as I had laid them—but on the hearth! He had an old bicycle tyre for a toy, and it was his delight when I was engaged on some quiet work to get up behind me and slip it over my head. It was amazing how stealthily and natively he could do this, without attracting any notice; but, of course, if I did see it coming as I sometimes did, I always had to pretend not to notice, so as not to spoil his fun.

The difference between the Christian virtues of men and the Christian virtues of dogs, seems to be that the virtues of men are Godward, and those of dogs manward. This is consistent with the story of the Creation in Genesis, in which we are told that

the animals were brought to Adam, the lord of Creation, to name them. A dog has a conscience, but it is directed towards the will of man and not towards the Will of God. Dogs are our subjects from whom we can learn much, and the fact that they do possess Christian virtues should warn those who exploit them for the benefit or amusement of mankind, regardless of their suffering, that they were given for our use, not for our abuse.

There is no friend that sticks more closely to his master than a dog that loves him.

(Letters to the author will be forwarded)

"THAT GOOD MAY COME"

by P. Hoole-Jackson

CHAPTER IX.

BRAYDON, Trevanna, Harrot and Josh were together in the cosy dining-room at Grey-stones—for a council of war. Braydon took up the sheets of paper before him, and looked at the others. "We'll go over this story from the time they took Zeleta. It may help us to see any point, however small, that we may have missed. I'll read it. We'll take Josh's story first. Here it is:"

"When I left Marty, I took grandfather's old knuckle-duster with me, I couldn't think of any other handy weapon. I guessed there might be a mix-up sometime. You see I disobeyed Mr. Harrot. When he set off alone I wormed my way up to the old tor and lay there watching. I saw him reach Wolf Wood; it was there the last wolves in Cornwall lived. A queer old place, perhaps a bit of wood that survived the felling of so many trees in this area—perhaps one that 'grewed up' lone amid the waste. There's an old house in the midst of it which used to belong to Squire Poliggen back-along in the old days. It's been mostly ruin for nigh on a hundred years. I could just hear Mr. Harrot yelling and shouting; it came only faintly, but I knew he was in a fight.

"I was minded to go and join in—but it was a goodish way over open rough ground, and I'd have had to run and expose myself to reach him, so I obeyed orders and wormed my way out of sight. Then I pelted home to Marty, and, as you know she sent me after Mr. Harrot pretty quick.

"I got into the wood, and then I used all the old poaching tricks I knew (here Josh grinned, maybe he had done a little poaching in his young days). Then I saw a light in that old building. Most local folk would say it was ghosts. There isn't a farm within four miles of the place, let alone a village, and the little road that goes on to Land's End winds a couple of miles clear of the place. Anyway, I crept up and got to the window.

"Seems three or four of the rooms are habitable, and these people had got some sticks of furniture together somehow and made themselves pretty comfortable. I was lucky. There was a car at the door, and a big chap was just going into the house. Those in the room seemed to be waiting for him, for they stood pretty stiff when he entered. He seated himself behind the table and put a revolver in front of him.

"Then he began to question

Harrot. I couldn't hear much of what was said, but the upshot was the men started crowding round Harrot, and one of them struck him. I guessed they were questioning him. I knew the time wasn't ripe to try to get to him. To try to help him to escape then would have meant I should have been captured, too. So I lay low. I saw them take Mr. Harrot away after a time, and the chap behind the table didn't seem too pleased. Mr. Braydon had asked me what he was like and I've thought it over. He was about five feet six, very broad, with a bushy moustache brushed up military-like at the ends. Heavy chap. His eyes struck me most of all. They were clever eyes. No mistake about that. He looked a smart kind of chap, with his big forehead and heavy face: he wasn't heavy with fat—just what the Americans call husky.

"Well, the other four were a mixed bag. They might have been any four fellows you might expect in the bar, well dressed, rather ordinary. But the one who came in to take Mr. Harrot afterwards, was tall and slim, but tough looking, and I could see that Mr. Harrot's hands were fastened behind his back.

"I crept away and made a bee-line for an old cottage just over four miles away. An old crony of mine, Dicky Harvey lived there. Used to work over to Geevor mine at St. Just. He was tickled a good deal when I told him. We'd tackled a few gamekeepers together in our day—long enough ago, by all conscience, but he joined forces with me, and we kept watch on that place. He'd heard that some prospectors had rented the place to study Cornish geological structure and wanted to be on the spot where they were supposed to be making tests.

"Well, that meant that local folk wouldn't bother to ask many questions. The big blue car came every day, and the big chap was supposed to be the promoter of the scheme. So that explained him! No one would have dreamt of connecting him with Zeleta's disappearance.

"Dicky and me watched together at night. The second night nothing happened, but on the third night they brought Zeleta in front of the big chap, and Dicky, like the clever chap he is, had bored a little hole in the window-frame when all was quiet—it took him a few hours to do it. Then we could hear a bit of what went on. They questioned Zeleta, and the big chap rasped out, 'We've got your father, so you might as well tell us all you know. If you don't, he'll be beaten up in front of you.'

"Dicky gripped my arm, tight. So that was the game! Well, Zeleta refused to believe what they said, and then they brought Mr. Harrot in—with his jacket off, and the tall chap had a whip, like a big, thonged dog-whip. You could see what was going to happen—but it didn't. Zeleta cried out 'Mr. Harrot—why, it's you they've got!'

"Mr. Harrot hadn't known what the game was, and he tried to stop her, but it was too late.

"The hefty chap got up. He was raging mad, and he let himself go at those four, all in foreign lingo, until their ears must have gone pink. We couldn't make sense of it, but it was plain that his men had brought him the wrong bird.

"Then he turned to Mr. Harrot."

Braydon took up some more of the sheets. "I'll carry on with Mr. Harrot's story here," he said, "I've had them all typed out as I took them down, so nothing would be missed, and I've read them to you as each of you gave the story to me, word for word, although some words of Josh's I've left out. Rather too lurid—and not necessary for our purpose."

Josh grinned, and Braydon went on with Harrot's story.

"I saw in a moment that Zeleta had given the game away, even if unconscious of this. I thought we should get it pretty hot—and the tall chap slashed me across the face when I told him I wasn't going to tell him anything. They did their best to get something out of me by menaces, but, luckily, they didn't know that Zeleta meant anything to me, and I spotted that and didn't give them any clue—which was as well. She did cry out when they struck me, but they took that to be—or so I think—because she was startled.

"'You're not Trevanna,' said the big chap, 'and what on earth you're doing here I don't know. My men are a set of fools, such fools. In Germany they would have been shot for this. But they are not—and they are not Germans—only cattle. We must work with whom we can. Now who are you? You had better answer.'

"The Rector of St. Evan."

"'Rector—ah—a parson, I see.'

"The tall chap broke in; he was my gaoler—a cold, cruel type. He said, 'This fellow, Professor, was dressed in the suit in which we were shown Trevanna—and with Trevanna's hat. He is of the same height; he followed the trail we laid. It was a trick...'

"The Professor answered, with a rasp in his tones, too, 'Of course it was a trick, you idiot. Do you think the British are blind and deaf. Too often we have written them down as fools to our undoing. This is a chance we must not miss.'

"Then he rose—I'll never forget it.

THAT GOOD MAY COME—(continued)

He seemed to dominate the room, and to ignore me. 'We had a fool for our Fuhrer: we gave him power, and power in the hands of a fool will destroy those who confer it. Now, we work in another country, far in its mountains, exiles, while our country groans under the heel of those we should have crushed. We cannot fail the Fatherland. We shall use the country that befriends us to pave the way for the hour when we shall strike, and not like fools this time. We shall be able—' and then he stopped suddenly.

'He looked at me, 'I fear you must have an accident—you and that lady. A fall from the cliff, yes, that will be best. You were trying to escape with her, and you fell. We shall make sure the fall is long—that will be quicker and kinder. Tell me, what hand had you in upsetting our plans.'

'I pleaded ignorance, and begged him to spare Zeleta. She, at least, was innocent. 'She is Professor Trevanna's daughter,' he shouted—'she knows much of what he does, I am sure. She will not tell. Even if she did—how could we spare her? Even as it is we have only a fortnight—the hounds are closing on our heels. I must have Schrenck's notes by then.'

'He stopped, watching me closely. Was it with the name he meant to impress me. Where had I heard it before? Then I remembered the old grave at St. Evan. But what had Schrenck to do with these men?'

Braydon paused, took his pipe from the table and filled it slowly. When the tobacco was burning to his satisfaction he said, 'Now you know the key to the mystery—it is Hermann Schrenck! Schrenck,' he went on, 'was a genius; he was a hundred years ahead of his day in the investigation of, among other things, heavy water. So much I know from the research I have carried out. But he was much more; he could not wrest the secret of splitting the atom, though he tried, and came mighty near the right method—in theory at all events.'

'Then he turned to another possibility. I do not know what it was. It is this these men are after. Plainly; he carried out his final work here. As we know, he dared not go back to Germany unless success was assured. Yet he did succeed, I am certain. Why did he not go back?'

'Where do I come in, John?'

asked Trevanna.

'They think you have Schrenck's formulæ. And they know that in your hands it would make Britain more powerful than if she held the secret of the atom-bomb. Ours is not the country to use power like that—for evil. They only dread that we might use it to defeat evil—to save the world. They dread that most of

all. Peace would leave Germans and the nations who believe in her creed, what they are—second rate, without the power they crave. Oh, if Germany had only turned her great gifts to the use of peace, what a glorious European group of nations there might have been—and all this slaughter and suffering would have been saved.'

Trevanna said quietly, 'I have not Schrenck's formulæ—I wish I had. I have been groping blindly down that road for years. Now, thinking I had found what Braydon has spoken of—that formulæ which, properly linked, would give me the clue to what I seek—if no more.'

'I am certain Schrenck had solved it all,' commented Braydon, 'That he meant that set of papers to go with him to Germany—and that he died before he could do so.'

'He could have sent it!' This from Zeleta, who had been sitting quietly on the settee—the only woman present.

'He could, but evidently he did not, or these men would not be here. Nor would any of us,' he ended grimly, 'for if they had held, this secret, Germany would now be master of the world. It was not to be. Perhaps our Rector would say that Heaven intervened.'

'I would,' endorsed Harrot earnestly, 'and has again intervened, so that we are here, Zeleta, Josh and I.'

'I am forgetting,' said Braydon, a little wearily, 'there is Zeleta's story. Let her tell it herself.'

Zeleta spoke softly. 'You might like to know that Mr. Harrot and I are engaged. I think we loved each other almost at first sight. I knew when I saw him in their hands that I loved him—even if he were not doing what he was for father.'

'There is not much to tell. On the night they decided we must die, they brought us out together, and we were put in the car, bound hand and foot. Whether they intended to free us from our bonds before pushing us over the cliff as they intended, or afterwards when it was all over, I don't know. Then the car started. We were driven to a spot not far from the Devil's Boiling Pot.'

(To be continued.)

The Dragon-fly

When I survey a dragon-fly,
A pregnant thought is mine;
How there can be a shred of doubt
Exists a Mind divine.

Why search for living miracle
When dragon-flies still fly:
Or poise on stalk, ethereal,
Scarce visible to eye.

With glassy wings that scintillate,
Blue body like a line,
And flight as swift as any star's
Across the sky's confine.

OWEN HAMILTON.



As a Tale that is Told (See p. 57)

Holiday Readers

By the Rev. Canon Salter

MOST of us are very conscious of the fact that in this busy world we have far too little time for thinking and reading. It is a strange paradox that in a world that is strictly rationed with food for our bodies, because food is scarce, there is an abundance of food for thought and a plentiful supply of good reading material in nearly every public library. Who is able to boast that he or she has read every classical novel, every good biography, and every illuminating volume of essays on those shelves? I confess that I have a lot to learn and a lot to read in this connection, for I seldom delve into the past when I want something to read because I have a liking for contemporary literature. Yet I am fully aware that many treasures lie hidden in the pages of books written by the master minds of the past, and consequently I have been trying recently to remedy this neglect of their works.

It was many years ago—I think it must have been at school—that I first tasted the delights of Bacon's essays. Even now I can recall some of his wise words on such diverse subjects as adversity, friendship, ambition, beauty, and gardens, and there was one sentence in his "Advancement of Learning" which has haunted me for years: "If we begin with certainties we shall end in doubts; but, if we begin with doubts and are patient in them, we shall end in certainties." Will you think out with me the meaning of those words?

For the majority of thinking people doubt often is the vestibule of faith and the shadow of truth. To possess a religion worthy of the

HOLIDAY READERS (continued)

name means that we must honestly face the facts, that we must form a verdict that we must bring our doubts into the open and then change them into certainties or else expel them. Years ago I found my way along this very road. People I respected and loved had found in Jesus Christ a satisfying way of life and advised me to study that way. I had many big doubts in my mind, but I decided to experiment with His teaching and I found by experience that Christianity works. Moreover, I discovered that religion is not merely an affair of the intellect, but the attitude of a man's whole being to God and to his fellows. My many doubts were transformed into certainties as I put His teaching to the test of my own experience.

Two of our greatest modern needs

are, first of all, a new attitude of mind on religious questions; and, secondly, a rediscovery of high moral and spiritual values. Religion for most people is treated not with opposition, but with bored, uninterested apathy. This languid weariness (says a modern writer) is at the root of all our modern problems. It is not only apathy about religion, it is apathy about everything. There is hope for the man whose active and alert mind causes him to doubt, but there is little or no hope for those who vegetate and whose minds are stagnant and at a standstill. By all means let a man doubt, by all means let him question the validity of our creeds, by all means let him study the claims of Jesus Christ and form his own verdict, for such a seeker will find his way to a living faith that will never fail him.

EASTERN WISDOM

THE attributes most noble of the hand Is readiness in giving; of the head, Bending before a teacher; of the mouth, Veracious speaking; of a victor's arms, Undaunted valour; of the inner heart, Pureness the most unsullied; of the ears, Delight in hearing and receiving truth— These are adornments of high-minded men, Better than all the majesty of Empire.

BARTRIHARI.

Quiz Answers :—(1) 4th Commandment; (2) a greater saint's day; (3) Lent IV and Trinity Last; (4) "Whitsun Ale"; (5) Simon the tanner, Acts ix 43 and x 6; (6) Jer. xlix 23; (7) Ecclesiasticus xxxviii 24; (8) (a) Gen. xxv 27; (b) Ezek. xlvii 10; (c) Gen. xlix 26



In Service for the Sailor for 130 Years

In ports throughout the World the Christian message is brought day by day to the Seamen, to whom we in England owe so much. Must increased costs hinder this vital work?

Please help in a practical way by a donation to :

The Rt. Hon. SIR FREDERICK SYKES, P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.B.E., K.C.B., C.M.G., HON. TREASURER.

Head Office : 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14

NO COUPONS OR DOCKETS FURNISHING FABRIC-DYED HESSIAN

Very close weave, ideal for curtains, loose covers and bed spreads. Attractive shades, Rust, Golden Brown, Gold, Green, Sky, Cherry, Rose, Tomato. Any length supplied.

Price : 40 ins. wide, 5/11 per yard. Postage 1/-
Price : 54 ins. wide, 6/11 per yard. Postage 1/-

AMERICAN CLOTH

Table Baize, Printed tile pattern, colours, sky or light green, width 37 ins., for tablecloths, shelves, etc. Any length supplied.

Price : 10/3 per yard. Postage 1/-

AMERICAN CLOTH

White, in lengths, 46 ins. x 16 ins. Price : 5 Lengths 20/- Postage 1/-
Samples available. Please send 6d. stamps, and addressed envelope.

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST. PRICE 1/- FOR NEXT 6 ISSUES

DEPT. 845, CELIC & CO., MAIL ORDER STORES, BEDFORD

MORE HAIR and Better Hair for Men & Women

Fredk. Godfrey, the famous Consulting Hair Specialist who has helped thousands of men and women, of all ages, to grow or improve their hair, has now produced from his 25 years' experience five distinct Treatments for hair deficiencies



5 SCIENTIFIC TREATMENTS

- 1. Bare Patches or Crown, etc.
- 2. Thin, Weak, Falling Hair.
- 3. General Hair Health and Beauty.
- 4. Dry Scurf, Irritation, Dandruff, Greasy Scalp.
- 5. Natural Colour Restoration when Grey or Faded.

Readers interested should send for Mr. Godfrey's free explanatory booklet "The Care of Hair"—of great value to all who need Hair Treatment.

To: Mr. Fredk. Godfrey, Consulting Hair Specialist (Dept. H.W.1), Matlock Bath, Derbyshire

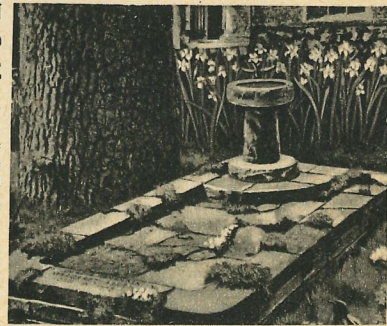
Please send your Hair Culture Booklet; I enclose 2½d. stamp.

Name.....
Address.....

Beauty in the Churchyard
"The time of the Singing of Birds is come"

A GARDEN OF LOVE AND REMEMBRANCE

This charming Memorial has a Bird Bath carved in the Rugged Yorkshire Stone with Natural Random Walling Enclosure. Erected any Churchyard — £42 —



Send Stamps for ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS

- A Garden of Memories (6d.)
- Memorial Tablets (6d.)
- Church Windows (6d.)
- Church Furniture (6d.)
- Book of Inscriptions (9d.)

On view at Showrooms. Inspection Invited.

G. Maile & Son Ltd. Founded in the year 1785
367, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON. N.W.1
The Autumn is a suitable time for Erecting the Memorial

R. TILSED,

Gentlemen's Hatter, Hosier and
Outfitter.

TAILORING

14, EAST STREET, WIMBORNE

Agents: Swallow Raincoats, Battersby Hats.

DAY & NIGHT SERVICE

P
R
I
V
A
T
E



H
I
R
E

G. CROWTHER - 72, West Boro.

Tilsed & Son

Printers and

Stationers ::

WIMBORNE

Telephone — — 197

Telephone 259

Established 1905

SHEPPARDS

(F. Sheppard & Son)

THE SQUARE
WIMBORNE

Everything for The Home.

T. DIBBEN & SONS, LTD.

— FOR —

MORRIS — WOLSELEY
HILLMAN — SUNBEAM-TALBOT

Complete Overhauls, Welding & Body Repairs
Cellulose Spraying.

RING WIMBORNE 20 FOR YOUR TAXI

Telephone 50

E. T. EVANS

(WIMBORNE, LIMITED)

Coal and Coke Factors and Merchants

Steam and House Coals.

8, WEST BORO', WIMBORNE

TEL. 164

TEL. 164

May this year herald the
discovery of a new world
of prosperity for all.

E. H. PRICE & SONS

BUTCHERS

WIMBORNE

A. H. WHITE

:: *Builder* ::

Decorator and Undertaker,

Greenhill Works, Colehill

Repairs Prompt Personal Attention **Decorations**

Phone Wimborne 431

Quinney's Tea Cottage

(Proprietor—Mr. T. B. Tilley)

DELICIOUS

Morning Coffee

Luncheons

Teas, Suppers

Home-Made Cakes

Open daily until 9 p.m.

London Diploma : 1st Class with Honours

Burt & Randall

TAILORS

2a, GREEN HILL ROAD
COLEHILL

Tel. Wimborne 380

A. T. WAY

- General -

Builder and Decorator

BELLS COTTAGE, COLEHILL

Wimborne

H. & C. ROBERTS

COLEHILL FARM

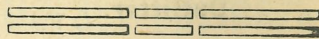
DAIRY

WIMBORNE

Deliveries to all parts

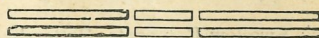
Phone Wimborne 644

J. PIGEON



Handy Stores

Pilford



Our pleasure to please - Everything you need

M. BARRETT

General
Stores

COLEHILL

Telephone 441

E. T. Baldwin

Thorobre(a)d
Bakery

LEIGH RD., WIMBORNE

Victor P. Small

The Outfitter
The Tailor

26, EAST STREET, WIMBORNE