Jan 1953

PETT PARISH MAGAZINE

St. Mary and St. Peter

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THE Rev. R. C. WOOD, THE RECTORY.

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Tel.Pett 3234.

The Rectory,
Pett,
January, 1953.

My Dear People,

Some weeks ago Sir Percy Maryon-Wilson, Rector of Christ's Church, St.Leonards, made some remarks in his parish leaflet which received considerable publicity. These remarks seem to me to be so pertinent and so important that I should like to amplify them in this letter.

The Rector pointed out the increasing strain to which human beings are now subjected through the ever-growing importance that is being attached to speed in all departments of life. This, far from constituting true progress, involves both waste and deterioration in terms of human life. The waste takes the form of undue and unnecessary fatigue, and in some cases breakdown caused by the depletion of physical and psychological energy, and the deterioration comes about through the pernicious diversion of energy from the true ends of living. The energy that is spent in inventing, maintaining and keeping up with the mechanical adjuncts of living is no longer available for prayer, meditation, worship, study, thought, contemplation, the enjoyments of the arts, and those enrichments of life made possible by the wise use of creative leisure. There was, perhaps, something to be said for the Luddites after all !

The Germans used to call this devotion to mechanical efficiency 'Fordismus', and Aldous Huxley portrayed its logical consequences in his novel, 'Brave New World'. It is an ironical comment on the course of history that the machine (which H.G.Wells welcomed as the liberator of the drudge) is showing a tendency to enslave men more insidiously, and destroy them more effectively than the rigours of the Dark Ages, or the ravages of bubonic plague. It is in the machine age that the craftsman and apprentice have almost disappeared; that houses are too small for books; that people are too busy to write letters, to read, or to engage in any of the charming and leisurely pursuits which made up a civilised life in the past.

When we are invited to join in some futile, whirligig activity let us say, not "Oh, I am much too busy", but rather, "Oh, I am much too leisurely for that".

Your sincere friend,

R.C.Wood.

THE REVEREND M.W. SHEWELL

I should like to express my sincere thanks for the help that Mr.Shewell so generously gives me at Evensong on Sundays. It is most welcome, and I am only too ready to exploit Mr. Shewell in this way. I should like to assure him that his help is greatly appreciated both my Members of the Congregation and by me.

The Restoration of the Church Font.

For some time past the Church Council have desired to see the fine old stone Font restored to its rightful place. It is incomparably superior to the modern one which was put in to replace it.

An opportunity to carry out this important piece of work has now occurred. Mr.Vincent Lines, head of the Hastings Art School, has very generously offered to pay the expenses connected with the work. This he will do as a memorial to his mother who is buried in Pett Churchyard. We are most grateful to him for this offer. A small memorial plate will be fixed in some convenient place in commemoration of Mrs.Lines. I have applied to the Diocese for a Faculty for the work.

Baptisms.

Jennifer Margaret Pfundstein.
Anne Elizabeth Korder.

The Study Circle.

The 10 weeks Study Circle which met at the Rectory was well attended. We studied the backgrounds of Old Testament thought, and had tea and a social half-hour afterwards.

We have planned, during the 6 weeks of Lent, to have a short informal lecture-sermon after the mid-week Service. Full details of these arrangements will appear in next month's magazine.

The School Entertainment.

The School entertainment this year was much enjoyed. The juniors sang and the seniors gave us a play about King Midas. The children sang and acted well and seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Mrs. Watson and Miss Hardwicke are to be congratulated on the success of the effort.

We are very sad at losing Mrs.Watson from the School. As she did not wish us to make any formal presentation to her we contented ourselves with thanking her and wishing her every happiness in her retirement.

Christmas Sale at the Rectory.

In spite of the wretched weather on November 27th., the sale was very well supported and the record sum of £26. 8. Od. was realised; this will be spent in buying materials for the Rectory Work Party and in helping to defray expenses for the Parish Fête next June.

Churchyard Collection.

Miss Cave £2. 0. 6d.
Mrs.Edhouse £3. 1. 6d.(Qtr.ending Sept.)

The Pett Players under the direction of L and E.Banger would be grateful for the loan or gift of any unwanted piece of gaily coloured material,however small; coloured shawls, scarves, etc., and castanets; in fact anything that could be untilised in making South American costumes for the production of "San Marino" in March. A postcard to The Hundreds,Pett & we will collect.

George VI National Memorial Fund.

The sum of £33 has been sent to the Chairman of the Battle Rural District Council who will forward the total sum collected in the Battle Rural District to the Mansion House. The money was collected in the following ways:-

Whist Drive kindly organized by Mr. and Mrs.Cloke on November 19th. (the tickets for this drive were donated by Mr.Edhouse)		£20. 8. 2
Donations	Cash	2. 5. 9
	By cheque	5. 0. 0
Collecting Boxes:-		
	Miss Broad, Pett Level.	10. 9
	The Beach Club,Pett Level.	1. 8
	Mrs.Morris, The Royal Oak.	10. 7½
	Mr.Thorpe, The Stores.	16. 6½
	Mrs.Jackson, The Two Sawyers.	3. 0. 6
	Mr.Mercer, The Gift Shop	6. 0
		£ 33. 0. 0

We are very grateful to all who helped to make such an excellent total.

Marjorie Wood
(Chairman of the Pett Parish Council)

Altar Flowers and Brasses for January.

Jan.4th. Mrs.Owers.
" 11th. Miss Peace.
" 18th. Mrs.Shewell.
Jan.25th. Miss Broad.
Feb. 1st. Mrs.Clark.
" 8th. Mrs.Colegate.

THE SIGN

Not ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified

No. 577 JANUARY, 1953 Vol. XLIX

WHAT DID JESUS MEAN?

By the Bishop of London

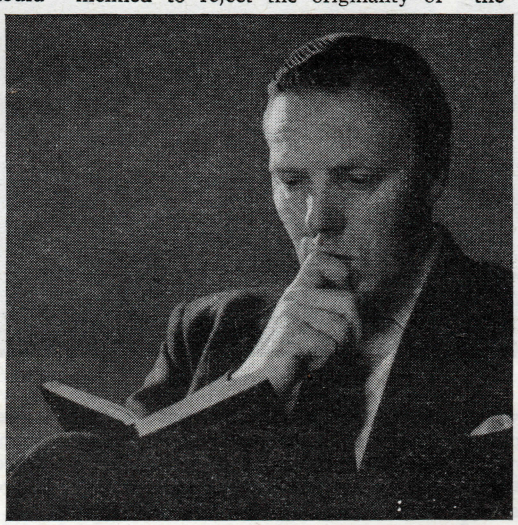
DURING the current year we are to have a series of articles on the Beatitudes. To that series the present article is an introduction.

It is well that the Beatitudes should be much in our mind, for they form one of the most important elements in the New Testament. To many thoughtful Christians they appear to be the very core of the Gospel. All would at least agree that they enshrine some of our Lord's most distinctive teaching in the sphere of ethics. Seeley in his famous book *Ecce Homo* described them as the main section in the new code of law proclaimed by Christ for the kingdom of God.

They are presented to us in two forms, one by St. Matthew (ch. v) in the Sermon on the Mount, and the other by St. Luke (ch. vi) in the Sermon on the Plain. At a first glance the two forms appear to differ widely. St. Matthew's gives us a series of eight, and each deals with a spiritual or at least a psychological condition: 'Blessed are the poor *in spirit*,' and so on. St. Luke's gives only four, but adds four 'woes' to describe the Nemesis that falls on those who revel in this world's goods. St. Luke's version appears also to refer not to states of mind, but to material conditions: 'Blessed are ye *poor*,' etc.

This, of course, poses a nice question for the scholar. Which is the original form of the teaching? Did our Lord make some blunt comments on the comparative blessedness of different social classes, which were then 'explained' in a spiritual sense by St. Matthew? Or did our Lord first give some plain religious teaching on various states of mind, which was then given a social and material meaning by St. Luke?

Personally, I should be very disinclined to reject the originality of St. Luke's version. It would seem at first sight much the harder to accept. Who could be willing to recognize the poor, the hungry, the weepers, the ostracized as the truly blessed? In literary criticism it is not a bad principle where there are two versions of a statement to take the more difficult as likely to be the more original. In any case, there is one important truth in St. Luke's statement which it is important not to lose. Ease and success often constitute a grave spiritual danger.



Sweatman Hedgeland

WHAT DID JESUS MEAN?

The Great Virtues

At the same time it would be a gross error to think that St. Matthew's version is less revolutionary. Public opinion in our Lord's day, whether Jewish or Hellenistic, did not rate poverty in spirit, meekness, persecution among the signs of blessedness. The best of contemporary teachers might reach towards the great virtues of justice, prudence, temperance and fortitude, but for them it was the magnanimous rather than the humble and meek who would inherit the earth.

Christ's Teaching

Albert Schweitzer, a great missionary and theologian, accepts the ideal as taught by Jesus, but thinks that it belongs to the absolute rather than to the temporal world. Jesus enunciated it, so Schweitzer thinks, in the belief that the end of the present age was at hand. Our own scholars, however, have refused to accept this teaching. The end of the age was not merely 'at hand.' It was already there. The new age had actually begun in Jesus. 'The kingdom of heaven *is* within you' (or among you).

We have, then, to accept the full implications of Christ's teaching. But we must do it with intelligence, not accepting conventional ideas of Christian virtue without question, but aiming to observe a principle. Our 'meekness' must be not that of the effeminate figure in a stained-glass window, but that of the Christ Who on occasion could rebuke Herod and drive the money-changers from the Temple. We must be peacemakers both when we turn the other cheek and when we sell our cloak to buy a sword. We must cherish poverty even when we inherit riches. We must hunger and thirst after righteousness even when we share the pleasures of a mixed society and go with Christ to a marriage feast.

It is in such endeavour that we shall find ourselves truly blessed.

'FIVE TO TEN'

How the Light Programme's 'Daily Service' was born

By the Rev. R. Tatlock of the BBC

'FIVE TO TEN' is the BBC's shortest and most recent regular religious programme. It is broadcast every weekday in the Light Programme at five minutes to ten (as its name makes clear).

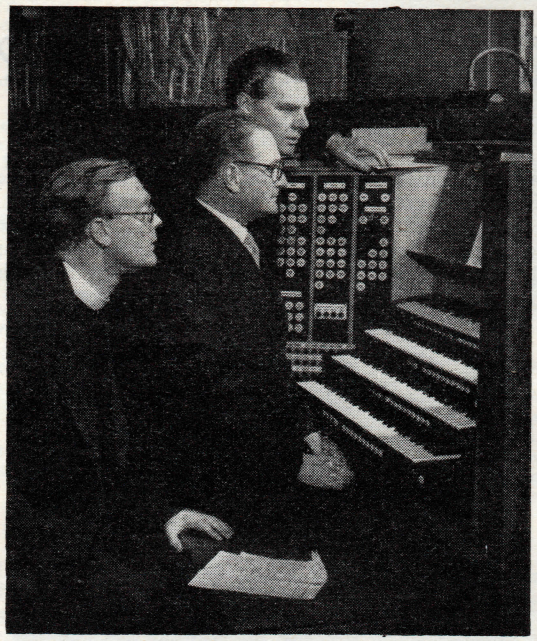
As its daily audience now numbers some three to four million, it is perhaps hardly necessary to say that it consists of 'a story, a hymn, and a prayer.'

But how did it begin? Why does it take that form? How is it planned? And what do those who organize it set out to achieve?

It was Mr. Tom Chalmers—when he was Controller of the Light Programme—who made the decision that this brief interlude should be devised and put 'on the air.' Shortly afterwards he left England to take charge of broadcasting in Nigeria, and it was left to the present Controller, Mr. Kenneth Adam, to see 'Five to Ten' settle down and gradually become, during the first eighteen months of its life, the popular feature it undoubtedly is.

As it was to be placed between two long-established and popular entertainment periods, 'Housewives' Choice' and the Cinema Organ programme, it was clear that great care would have to be taken in deciding the form of this new religious programme. Several experimental versions were recorded. Short Bible readings from the Authorized Version and modern translations, extracts from sermons and spiritual writings were all tried, but it was the form which 'Five to Ten' now takes which was eventually and, it would seem, rightly decided upon: half a minute of 'signature music' from Handel's No. 12 Grosso Concerto, a short story, a hymn, a brief prayer, and then sufficient music from the same concerto to make up the four minutes fifty seconds which is the actual duration of the programme.

But why a story? There are many ways of answering that question. Take first the viewpoint of the Christian teacher, admirably put in the somewhat humorous remark of an elderly priest who was once giving advice to a younger priest about preaching. 'You can preach the same sermon to the same congregation over and over again,' he said, 'but never tell the *same story twice*.' People forget arguments and discourses and exhortations, but they do remember stories.



CHOOSING THE HYMN *Copyright BBC*

Consider next the listener. At 9.55 a.m., according to age and circumstances, she is probably dusting, washing dishes, bathing the baby (if a woman), or cobbling shoes, cutting somebody's hair, or any one of a far longer list of jobs (if a man). In short—busy. And, once again, a story seemed to be the most suitable form of presenting a quiet reminder of the eternal truths of the Christian faith.

The Four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, the lives of the saints, the Old Testament, the history of the Church, the Talmud, biographies of great Christian worthies and hymn-writers, missionary stories, modern parables, things that have happened to listeners about which they write to tell us—these are the sources from which we draw the three hundred and twelve stories a year which this programme requires.

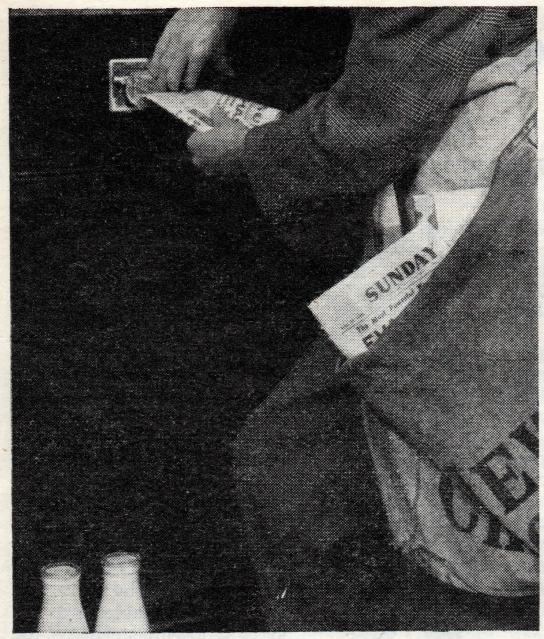
The Hymns

Our illustration shows the writer with Charles Smart and Hervey Allan choosing a hymn for 'Five to Ten.' These hymns are all recorded previously. At first the BBC Singers, conducted and accompanied by Dr. George Thalben-Ball, recorded nearly all the hymns we required, but as time has gone on, other choirs have been used—the London Crusader Choir, the Alexandra Choir, the boys of Ely Cathedral Choir, and the South London Bach Society. The best-loved hymn we use, if we judge by listeners' letters, is Frances Havergal's 'Take my life, and let it be consecrated, Lord, to Thee' to the tune by W. H. Jude. It was recorded by Hervey Allan, now of Sadler's Wells Opera, but for many years a member of Westminster Abbey Choir.

But the most important item of all in 'Five to Ten' is the prayer. Never more than twelve or fifteen words, it has much in common with an Ejaculatory Prayer. Manward as well as Godward-looking, it gives a simple thought which can be remembered through the day and an equally simple petition to Almighty God.

It was decided at the outset that those who read at 'Five to Ten' should be anonymous. We wanted listeners to be interested in the story and the prayer—not the readers, who are Christian laymen and one laywoman, professional actors.

'Five to Ten' is in no sense a rival of the much older 'Daily Service.' It simply addresses itself to a different audience. It is devised and planned for the busy, those for whom weekday religion is in danger of being completely crowded out. And that 'Five to Ten' does reach those who are busy with workaday things is witnessed by the remark of a BBC engineer. He said, 'I was talking to our policeman the other day and he asked me to let you know that they always listen to "Five to Ten" on the Station set.'



Sweatman Hedgeland

Your Sunday Paper

MILLIONS of people take a 'Sunday paper.' It is a habit, an industry, something here to stay. Whether as a practice it is good or bad is not at the moment our concern. The question we do want to raise is this: if you do take a Sunday paper into your home, what kind of a paper is it?

There is a reason for this question. Some Sunday papers are sober, responsible journals ably presenting the news and comment which they exist to present, and containing nothing to which any decent citizen need object.

Unfortunately, of others this cannot be said. Lurid, sensational, cheap in everything except price, they have shown regrettable signs in recent times of lowering still further whatever standards they possess. Some have become little more than sheets covered with silly pictures, not infrequently in questionable taste. In others, the prominence given to themes of sex and violence is very marked indeed.

If, as we have always believed, the first job of a newspaper is to live up to its name and tell people the news, then we can only assume that the nastier kind of present-day Sunday paper has decided to forget about that duty in a serious world, and go all out to titivate with pictures of bathing beauties.

We do not profess to know why this decline has taken place. Perhaps it has some connection with a fight for circulation. Sunday papers already count their readers in millions. And may be, wanting more, they guess this is the way to get them. Or, and more likely, it is all part of a general decline in moral standards.

Whatever the causes, the results are serious. It is no light matter that the chief and often the only Sunday reading in tens of thousands of British homes should be the low and trivial themes which these papers, printed with enormous labour and cost, and distributed with much skill to every corner of our island, miscall news.

* * *

What can be done about it? The answer is plain. All reforms throughout history have been started by minorities who have cared sufficiently to take up a personal stand in the matter.

TOPIC FOR THE MONTH

Do *you* care what sort of a Sunday paper enters your home? Do *you* mind if your sons and daughters, and you yourself for that matter, derive entertainment from reading footling or even low things in the leisure hours of that day sacred to all Christians?

And if you do care enough, will you do something about it, as a New Year resolution, something of great power, provided enough people join in? Will *you* say, 'This is not good enough, and I will not have it in my home'?

* * *

It is easy enough to be discouraged by the thought 'I am only one among so many. What difference can it make what I do?' But all reforms, all movements away from commonly accepted things, are always started by minorities, by the few for the many. The few lead; the many follow.

This kind of lead is needed now, in this matter of the Sunday paper. Without it, the same kind of vulgar insult offered to-day by more than one paper to the decencies of many a British house, on the holiest day of the week, will go on; until what is now 'daring' and eye-catching will have become the accepted thing, so that something even worse, some stronger shock, some greater vulgarity, will be needed to achieve the same effect. In this way standards and decencies slowly decline, until general moral rot sets in. It has happened before in the world. We do not want it to happen here.

SIGNET.

JANUARY 1953

1 Th. **Circumcision of our Lord.**
4 **S.** **Second after Christmas.**
6 Tu. **Epiphany of our Lord.**
8 Th. Lucian, P.M., *c.* 312.
11 **S.** **First after Epiphany.**
13 Tu. Hilary, B.D., 368.
17 S. Antony of Egypt, Ab., 356.
18 **S.** **Second after Epiphany.** Prisca, V.M., 265.
19 M. Wulfstan, B., 1095.
20 Tu. Fabian, B.M., 250.
21 W. Agnes, V.M., *c.* 304.
22 Th. Vincent, Dn.M., *c.* 304.
25 **S.** **Conversion of St. Paul. Third after Epiphany.**
26 M. Polycarp, B.M., *c.* 155.
27 Tu. John Chrysostom, B.D., 407.
30 F. [King Charles, M.]

THE EPIPHANY

The Epiphany is a festival more ancient than Christmas Day itself; in the Eastern Church it is, in fact, the equivalent of Christmas. In the early days three events were remembered at this time: the birth of Christ, the coming of the Wise Men, and the baptism of Christ. The word 'Epiphany' means 'Making known.'

Days of fasting, or abstinence:
Fridays, 2, 9, 16, 23, 30;
Saturday, 31.

A Pilgrim and a Cathedral

By the Youth Editor

IN Frindsbury Church, near Rochester, in Kent, are the remains of some thirteenth-century wall paintings. One of these depicts a pilgrim adorned with emblems, like some mediaeval boy scout, indicating that he is making the great pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He has yellow hair and a short beard, carries a yellow staff shod with iron, a wallet in his left arm, and the broad flat hat, with a scallop-shell badge. He is St. William of Rochester.

William lived in Perth, and he was a baker. It is recorded that he was 'a good man, who gave every tenth loaf to the poor.' In the year 1201 he resolved to accept poverty and hardship for himself and make the great pilgrimage to the Holy Land, travelling across Europe on foot. He would begin by walking from Scotland to London, and so to Canterbury, staying at monasteries on the way. Many pilgrims trod that road to pay their homage at the shrine of St. Thomas in Canterbury Cathedral.

Between London and Canterbury stood Rochester and its Benedictine priory. William arrived there on May 22, 1201, and spent the night in the great guest hall. Like other pilgrims, he visited the ancient cathedral, and he was saddened by seeing the building in need of repair. But how could a mere baker, engaged on a long pilgrimage, do anything to reconstruct the great walls?

Next day he set out along the Pilgrim's Way over the downs of Kent. He had not gone far when a robber attacked him and struck him dead, making off with the small bag of money for his journey to Jerusalem which William had taken so long to save. A few days later a child playing among the bushes found the crumpled body, in the pilgrim dress, and told the monks in the town. The monks recognized the good baker who had spent the night with them; in a sorrowful little procession they brought his body back to the cathedral, singing psalms as they went. To murder a pilgrim was an act of sacrilege, and to make amends for the crime the monks buried William in the cathedral he had longed to help.

A PILGRIM

Pilgrims were constantly passing through Rochester. On learning his story they visited William's tomb to pray for the repose of his soul and for a blessing on their own journey. Others also came to pray who were sick, and many were healed, with the result that in 1256 the baker was canonized as St. William of Rochester. A shrine was built over the simple tomb, and those who visited it left offerings which soon paid for the restoration of the choir, transepts, and presbytery of the cathedral.

Little could this young Scotsman have thought, as he passed out of the priory gate, that his life work would thus find fulfilment; nor that sick men, praying beside his bones, would find health again. Like the greater shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, William's tomb was destroyed by King Henry VIII, but one remaining slab gives a hint of its magnificence. Ten canopied pillars covered the tomb, and it seems probable that the artist whose masterpiece, the 'Wheel of Fortune,' can still be seen on the wall of the choir, may have painted on the shrine the scene of William's martyrdom.

The remaining picture in Frindsbury Church takes us back seven hundred years to the age of St. William of Rochester, the baker from Perth, and, by general consent, a saint of God.

DO YOU KNOW

A. Where these quotations are wrong?

1. 'Wherein I was made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.'
2. 'Give us grace that we may cast away the words of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light.'
3. 'Then saw I the righteous forsaken, and his seed begging their bread.'
4. 'Cleanse the thoughts of our minds by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit.'

B. From where in the Prayer Book these quotations are taken?

1. 'who by thy holy Apostle hast taught us to make prayers, and supplications.'
2. 'when two or three are gathered together in thy name thou wilt grant their requests.'
3. 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost.'
4. 'by his authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins.'

Answers next month.

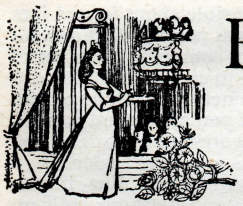
The Story of the English Church

FIFTEEN CENTURIES AGO HEATHEN INVADERS DROVE THE CHRISTIAN BRITISH TO THE WEST. FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS ENGLAND WAS HEATHEN. THEN THE GREAT ETHELBERT BECAME KING OF KENT AND OVERLORD OF ALL ENGLAND SOUTH OF THE HUMBER

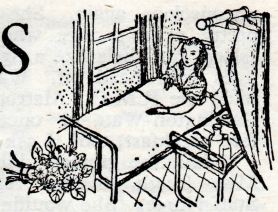
ETHELBERT MARRIES BERTHA, DAUGHTER OF THE CHRISTIAN KING OF PARIS

ETHELBERT AND MANY OF HIS SUBJECTS ARE BAPTIZED

AUGUSTINE GOES TO FRANCE AND IS CONSECRATED ARCHBISHOP OF THE ENGLISH



BY GOD'S GRACE



A Serial Story by Mollie Field

CHAPTER I

RUTH sang as her blue and silver Jaguar skimmed along the Great North Road. The sun shone with a hint of spring warmth from an opalescent sky, melting the thick hoar frost slowly from grass and trees. Ice on the road thawed rapidly in the faint warmth, and a copse on the skyline was blue with haze.

There is something intoxicating about a well-made undulating road when one drives a car which responds to one's lightest touch. Small, fair, compact and self-possessed, Ruth exulted in the smooth power of her car, and in the glory of the morning. Recollections of last night's audience floated buoyantly through her mind: she could still hear the thunder of applause in her ears, feel the warmth of its enthusiasm. Behind it lay a whole long vista of similar audiences, sometimes cold and apathetic at first, but gradually gathering in excitement until the final tumultuous ovation when she knew she had won hearts in Carlisle or Crewe, Birmingham or Bournemouth. And not only had she made friends in the provinces: she had established herself in the hearts of London concert-goers, and she had sung for a season at Covent Garden where she had added considerably to her reputation.

Now Ruth streaked along from York to London, to fulfil the most exciting engagement which had yet come her way. Last night she had enchanted a provincial audience in the *Messiah* at York: to-morrow evening she would be in New York, ready to fulfil her first contract to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was good to be yet in the twenties, with a rapidly accumulating reputation which would soon amount to fame! It was no wonder that Ruth sang as she swerved past lumbering lorries. The road was not too good, rather narrow in places, and still inclined to be icy, but she had supreme confidence in herself, her good fortune, and her car, and was sure she could get back to London in time to change. Her mother would have her luggage packed, then off to the airport, and over to the States!

A small cluster of houses came into view, one of those thin straggling village streets which cling occasionally to the Great North Road. A Stamford bus drew up in front of her, and caused her to slow down a little. Further ahead a lorry pulled up before a shop on the opposite side. There was room to get through, so Ruth swung out and came level with the lorry, half her mind on her driving, and the other half bowing to the vociferous applause of New Yorkers.

Then out from behind the lorry, almost beneath her wheels, dashed a child. The next minute was confused. A swerve of the steering wheel avoided the child by a hair's breadth; powerful brakes sent the car skidding down the still icy incline towards a bottle-neck and an oncoming car which loomed towards her with alarming speed. Instinctively she swerved again. Then all went black.

. . .

Ruth opened her eyes. She was somewhere white and light, and a faint odour of disinfectant assailed her senses. Someone said, 'She's waking up,' and took hold of her hand.

Ruth struggled with her misty mind, but it was hard to string words together, or to utter them audibly.

'Is this the 'plane?' she muttered at last.

'Don't try to talk,' said a voice soothingly. Then she slept again, and lost all count of time.

When she regained consciousness, Ruth found her mind was clearer: the high, bare walls, austere furniture, and antiseptic smell convinced her that this was no aeroplane but a hospital. It must be night, for the curtains were drawn and light came to the room through a glass panel in a door.

'Feeling better, dear?' A nurse came towards her.

Mind and body suddenly co-ordinated. Ruth realized that her back ached and she could not move. Panic overcame her.

'Why am I here? Where am I? Tell me at once what has happened!' she demanded.

'Well, I couldn't really say much about it, dear, but I fancy you've had a bit of a spill. You lie here quietly for a while, there's nothing to worry about.'

'But there is. What day is it? Friday?' Ruth shut her eyes, aghast. It ought to have been Tuesday. What had happened to the intervening days? She should be singing *Boheme* to-morrow evening at the Metropolitan in New York. She tried to spring out of bed, but though her mind sent frantic messages through the nerves of her body, nothing happened. She lay still in bed, completely transfixed except for her arms.

'Someone has tied me down,' she stormed. 'Let me go at once. Send the Night Sister to me immediately; you cannot keep me here against my will!'

Ethelbert and the Conversion of Kent, A.D. 580 to 605

BERTHA AND BISHOP LUITHARD RESTORE THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF ST MARTIN, CANTERBURY

AUGUSTINE AND A BAND OF MONKS FROM ROME TEACH ETHELBERT AND HIS PEOPLE

HE BUILDS A CATHEDRAL AT CANTERBURY

AND CONSECRATES BISHOPS FOR ROCHESTER AND LONDON

The nurse ran off in considerable agitation, and shortly returned with a cool, firm-faced Sister.

'I must explain,' said Ruth with haughty dignity, 'I have a very important contract to fulfil in New York. I should be there by now, and I must leave this hospital at once.'

'I am sorry, Miss Leigh, but you have had a nasty accident, and you simply cannot leave.'

'An artist cannot afford to be ill. Will you be good enough to release me instantly from whatever is tying me to this bed, and send for the Medical Superintendent. No, I don't care if it is the middle of the night, I haven't a moment to spare. I must catch the next 'plane to New York.'

Sister shook her head pityingly. 'You are still suffering from shock, Miss Leigh, otherwise you might realize by now that you have hurt your back and it is impossible for you to move. Nurse will now give you a nice sleeping draught, and you shall see Mr. Carrington-Watt in the morning.'

CHAPTER II

'SHE'S a dreadful woman, that Miss Leigh in the side ward,' said the probationer to the Staff Nurse. 'I wish she'd go unconscious again. She looked as pretty as a picture when she was asleep, but she's like a tigress now—bites your head off. Wants me to fetch the R.M.O., Matron, and Mr. Carrington-Watt at once—me—before breakfast, too! I ask you!'

'I had the greatest difficulty with Miss Leigh, Sister,' reported the Staff Nurse. 'She wouldn't have her temperature taken, and she has hardly touched her breakfast.'

'That accident patient, Miss Leigh, is upsetting all my nurses,' complained Sister to Matron on her round. 'She is in a dreadful temper. It seems she is a singer or something.'

Matron sailed into the side ward, and took up her stand at the foot of the bed.

'You must understand, Miss Leigh,' she said smoothly, 'that when your car turned over you were trapped by the steering wheel and you sustained a serious injury to your back, a displaced vertebra, in fact, at the base of the spine. As Mr. Carrington-Watt will explain to you, you will have to lie in a plaster bed for some considerable time.'

'It can't be true, I simply cannot believe it!' Ruth declared in angry fright.

'Now I am sure, Miss Leigh, that you will be sensible about it, and face the facts without panic,' Matron went on in the calm, compelling manner of a woman born to command. 'You can do as much to help yourself as we can do for you. If you are a good patient, refrain from worry, obey orders, you will be out and about again in a reasonably short time. But if you disobey orders and work yourself up into rages, you will set your mind against our help, and it will take much longer to get you right.'

Ruth lay silent for a moment, influenced, in spite of herself, by Matron's commanding manner. Then panic overcame her again and she burst out: 'I can't possibly stay here, anyway. They tell me I am in Stamford. I know my mother when she comes will insist on taking me back to London. If I have to stay in bed I must go to a London nursing home and have the best possible treatment.'

'This hospital has an excellent reputation,' said Matron stiffly, 'and you must know that Mr. Carrington-Watt, who is an honorary surgeon here, is one of the finest orthopaedic surgeons in the country. You are most fortunate to be under him.'

Ruth shut her eyes in mutinous

(Continued on page 8)

Query corner

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

3616. Why do we have godparents and what do they mean to us?

The duties of godparents are defined in the 1928 Prayer Book at the end of the Baptism Service, when the priest addresses them: 'You who have brought this child to be baptized into the family of Christ's Church, must see that he be taught the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, as set forth in the Church Catechism, and all other things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health. See also that he be virtuously brought up to lead a godly and Christian life. See also that he be brought to the Bishop to be confirmed by him; so that, strengthened with the gift of the Holy Spirit, he may come with due preparation to receive the Holy Communion of the Body and Blood of Christ, and go forth into the world to serve God faithfully in the fellowship of His Church.'

3617. Has the Church any power over the religion of the reigning Sovereign?

The Church has no power over the religion of the reigning Sovereign, but by the Act of Settlement the Sovereign must be in communion with the Church of England. A Sovereign who was not in communion with the Church of England could not take the Coronation oath and presumably would not be crowned.

3618. When, and where, were the first bells rung in church?

Bells, both to summon the people to worship and as an accompaniment of worship, have been used in many religions from prehistoric times. The earliest reference in the Bible is in Exodus xxviii. 33. No doubt the earliest Christians used bells to call themselves together from the first days in Jerusalem.

3619. What are the official steps by which a daughter church can be made into a separate parish?

This is a matter for the archdeacon, whose duty it is to advise the bishop on the formation of new parishes in areas where it is desirable. A new parish is formed by an Order in Council made by the Sovereign. Before an order is made, the Church Commissioners have to be satisfied that sufficient funds have been raised to guarantee the future income of the incumbent.

3620. Why are some coffins ordered to be covered by a pall while in church?

From ancient times it has been the custom for the body or coffin at funerals to be covered by a cloth known as the funeral pall. A magnificent pall was used at the funeral of the late King, and there is no reason why the funeral of every member of the Church of England should not be conducted in an equally seemly manner.

ALL questions to QUERY CORNER, 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1, must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and will be answered by post. It is possible to publish only a small proportion of the questions received.

Names will not be printed, but must be given in all cases. A payment of 10*s.* 6*d.* will be made each month for the question of most general interest to Church people, and of 5*s.* for each other question published.

3621. Why does the Church of England celebrate Holy Communion as a 'Break Fast' when so obviously our Lord's celebration was a 'Supper'?

Holy Communion may be celebrated at any time of the day, and the real question at issue is whether it should be received fasting or not. To abstain from food or drink before receiving the Sacrament has been the custom of the whole Church from the earliest times. St. Augustine answered the question thus: 'It clearly appears (from the account in St. Matthew's Gospel) that, when the disciples first received the Body and Blood of the Lord, they did not receive fasting. Must we therefore censure the Universal Church because the Sacrament is always received by persons who are fasting? Nay, verily; for from that time it has seemed good to the Holy Ghost that in honour of so great a Sacrament the Body of the Lord should enter the mouth of a Christian before other food: and it is for this reason that the custom referred to is observed throughout the whole world.'

THE CHRISTIAN HOME

A monthly feature for women by Anne Proctor

A HAPPY New Year to you! During the last year quite a number of readers have written to the editor about this page, and their letters have been very welcome and make me feel that my New Year greeting goes out to real people whose names I know. Some have said that they would like more space given to Household Hints and Recipes, a suggestion which is being followed up in the future. But I hope you will continue to send me your own favourites to share with others.

Do you know how to plan meals for children? During the war the Ministry of Food issued a set of leaflets under this heading which I found extremely useful. There was a leaflet of suggested recipes for each age group of growing children. As my family spreads over eighteen years I always seem to have someone in each group, and many of their suggestions I still follow. Perhaps the most difficult time is the period when first the boys and slightly later the girls seem as if they could eat for ever. Somehow or other one has to find them food which will provide them with vitamins and proteins and all the rest of it, and which will also fill them up.

A good thick soup served with fried bread or toast is one of my stand-bys. One of my nicest Christmas presents was a pressure cooker. My first experiment was soup, lovely lentil soup which normally takes hours to make, after the lentils have soaked all night. Instead I heated the cooker, without the rack, melted some dripping, and into it tossed a large onion, a carrot, a piece of turnip equal to the carrot, a potato, and what was left of a head of celery, all chopped up small. While these were taking up the fat I washed the lentils till their water ran clear, added them to the vegetables with seasoning, and stirred them all together for a minute or so before adding three pints of hot water. Now for those who have no pressure cooker, you put on the lid of your saucepan and let the pot simmer away for hours on a low gas or the fire back until all are reduced to a mush that can be strained through a sieve. With a pressure cooker, you put on the lid and place on high heat until the jet of steam begins to escape, place weight on vent pipe, and when the weight hisses, reduce the heat to as low as possible. In fifteen to twenty minutes turn out the gas, and when the hissing stops, open. There is your soup ready, as smooth as if it had been strained, and quite delicious. I find this a wonderful supper dish for my teenagers when they come in ravenous on a cold frosty night; and lentils have a high protein content.

WHAT'S COOKING?

Treacle tart is another general family favourite. You can use either short crust or ruff-puff pastry for the case. Line a flat pie plate with a fairly deep base, and into the hollow put a mixture made with about three large tablespoonfuls of golden syrup melted a little so that about half the quantity of crumbled bread can be stirred in. I always grate in the rind of an orange or a lemon; some people add a sprinkling of powdered ginger. Across this I lay strips of pastry to form a trellis-work, and decorate the edge with a fork. It is delicious hot, and nearly as nice cold, so it can be made on baking-day and kept as a stand-by to be eaten cold or warmed up.

Mrs. Proctor will send a postal order for 5s. for each hint published on this page during the year. Entries should be sent to: Christian Home Page, THE SIGN, *28 Margaret Street, London, W.1.*

BY GOD'S GRACE (*from page* 6)

disbelief. Matron eyed her distastefully and left the room. She had already had Mrs. Leigh agitating down the telephone, and also a Mr. Angus Evans who said he was Miss Leigh's agent. Miss Leigh, it seemed, was someone of importance in the musical world, and the honour of caring for her in sickness could not be given to a mere provincial hospital. Music was not one of Matron's interests, and the name of Ruth Leigh meant nothing to her, but her own professional pride meant a great deal. A princess or a pedlar would receive equal care and attention in her hospital, and she would expect from both a proper co-operation. She vented her feelings a little to Mr. Carrington-Watt, a large ugly man with a shock of grey hair, who glared at her fiercely from under beetling eyebrows.

'You have never heard Ruth Leigh sing?' he exclaimed with the Scots intonation of which he was extremely proud. 'Why, Matron, you have missed a treat. She's a lovely singer, that girl. I would go many miles to hear her, and she's young, too, with a great future before her!'

'Wait until you have talked to her.' Matron marched him down the corridor towards the ward. 'I warn you, she is a madam.'

'Of course she is a handful—a girl with a gift like that will not take adversity lying down. She's a mettlesome horse, no doubt, and she may need a strong hand, but we will be equal to it.'

Ruth opened her large grey eyes as the burly figure advanced towards her, Matron trailing dutifully in the rear.

'Now let me explain,' he said after brief preliminaries. 'You must realize you have taken a hard blow physically, and you must trust us to get you better again as soon as possible. The last thing I would wish to do is to keep you from your career, being one of your admirers myself. But you cannot be repaired in a minute. Nature must be given time to do her work. So you must be a good girl now, and help us to get you right.'

Ruth was somewhat mollified at finding that there was someone in this god-forsaken spot to whom her name meant something.

'Thank you,' she said politely, 'I cannot make any one here understand that it is imperative for me to get going again at the earliest possible moment. Surely you will realize that as an artist who is beginning to make a reputation, I simply cannot afford to be ill for long. It is bad enough missing this New York engagement, but I realize now that it cannot be helped. I must, however, get on to my feet very soon. People go about nowadays with broken legs in plaster; can't you give me a plaster jacket and let me go?'

'It's not so simple as that,' said Carrington-Watt. 'I'll tell you what it involves: if you do all that you are asked to do, you will only have to lie flat for six weeks. Then you will be able to sit out of bed, allowed to walk about, but under most careful treatment for several months. I propose moving you to the Hartfield Orthopaedic Hospital where you will receive special attention.'

Ruth turned suddenly like a tigress at bay. 'I will not go to Hartfield. I insist on being taken to London, and I demand to be examined by someone from Harley Street.'

(To be continued)

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Church Services

THE PARISH CHURCH

Matins at 10.45 a.m.

Evensong at 6.45 p.m.

Holy Communion: on the first, and third Sundays at 11.45 a.m.; on the second and fourth Sundays at 8.am.

ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH
Pett Level

Holy Communion on Sundays at 9 a.m.

ST. RICHARD'S CHURCH
Winchelsea Beach

Oct.—May (inclusive) Holy Communion at 9.45 on the first Sunday in the month.

June—Sept. (inclusive) Holy Communion at 9.45 on the first and third Sundays.

Evensong every Sunday at 4 o'clock.