



MARSTON NEWS

INCORPORATING
CHURCH & LOCAL NEWS

No. 29

JULY, 1960

Price 4d.

ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH — OLD MARSTON

Vicar : Rev. Paul N. Rimmer, M.A., 11 Elsfield Road, Old Marston.
Tel. : 47034.

Churchwardens : Prof. V. T. Harlow, C.M.G., M.A., D.Litt., Fir Tree House, Old Marston.
Mr. B. G. Oliver, 13 Jack Straw's Lane, Oxford.

Verger :

SERVICES :

Sundays : Holy Communion 8.0 a.m.
Also on First Sunday of the month, 12 noon.
Family Communion : 9.30 a.m. on 3rd Sunday of month.
Children's Church (4—11 yrs.) 10 a.m. (except on 3rd Sunday).
Morning Prayer : 11 a.m.
Pathfinder Girls' Bible Class, 10.15 a.m., Sunday. (Hall).
Sunday School, 3 p.m., in S/M School Hall, and Service in Church, first Sunday in month at 3.15 p.m.
Evensong : 6.30 p.m.

Saints' Days : Holy Communion as announced.

Holy Baptism : Fourth Sunday of the month at 4 p.m. unless otherwise announced. Notice must be given.

Holy Matrimony : Banns to be given in at the Vicarage.

CHURCH ORGANISATIONS AND MEETINGS :

Intercessions : All welcome. Thursdays at 7.30 p.m. in Church.

Discussion Group : Thursdays at 8 p.m. in Vicarage.

Mothers' Union : Fourth Tuesday of each month in Church Hall, at 2.45 p.m.

Young Wives' Group : Alternate Wednesdays in Church Hall, at 7.45 p.m.

Men's Forum : Third Tuesday of each month in Vicarage, at 8 p.m.

Youth Fellowship : First Sunday, Holy Communion and Breakfast, also Third Sunday after Evensong, and as announced.

Pathfinders Girls' Club : Fridays in Hall, 7 p.m.

Adventurers (Boys 11—13 years) : Tuesdays in Hall, 6.15—7.45 p.m.

Brownies : Fridays, 5.30 p.m. in Hall.

Cubs : Mondays, 5.45 p.m. in Hall.

Scouts : Thursdays, 7.15 p.m. in Hall.

MARSTON VICARAGE,
OXFORD.

My Dear Friends.

To all of you who are going on holiday this month or next, we wish you a very happy time whilst you are away.

May I draw your attention to the Official Opening of the Memorial Garden on Sunday, July 17th, at 3 p.m.

The garden, as most of you know, is immediately opposite the White Hart, and is in memory of the late Rev. John Mortimer, whose faithful ministry as Vicar of this parish was from 1905 to 1951. We are grateful to all who have been so generous in making the garden possible, and hope that as many as possible will be able to attend the Dedication Service on the 17th. Miss Mortimer, who is an old friend to so many in the village has promised to be present.

With the departure of Miss Liles, who did many things which perhaps at times were taken for granted, the need will be soon apparent for helpers in many spheres of parish life.

Although the Sunday School will soon be closing down, there is an URGENT need for more Sunday School Teachers, who will be prepared to give time each Sunday, and also during the week when the lessons must be prepared. Will you please ask yourself :

“What am I doing to serve Christ here and now?”

The Communists, we are told, have thousands of agents scattered throughout the world. Every Communist agent is a Communist missionary, prepared to do humble work, to seize every opportunity for the Party. We need thousands of Christian agents, equally, indeed more enthusiastic, who will “buy up the opportunity,” and do their utmost to win the world for Christ.

Your sincere friend,



Farewell to Miss Liles.

The Parish said farewell to Miss Liles at a gathering in the Church Room after Evensong on June 19th. She was presented with a wrist watch and a camera on behalf of the parish, and the Youth Fellowship also made a special presentation of a fountain pen.

During her three and half years in Marston as Parish Worker Miss Liles has been one of the parish's most familiar figures.

Whether it has been in connection with church activities or such things as the Over 60's Club, or any meetings in the Church Room, the familiar saying has been: “See Miss Liles about it!” Always an intrepid visitor on a bicycle which depended more on faith than mechanical efficiency, Miss Liles covered the sick, the absentee children from Sunday School, and the Brownies whenever they had some special gathering somewhere.

It is largely due to her work that the Sunday School is what it is, and there is no need to mention her pioneer work amongst the Brownies and older girls, for whom she ran a Bible Class, a club, and also took them to a Summer camp.

Miss Liles leaves to work in the parish of St. James, Carlisle, a parish at least three times the size of Marston with three daughter churches, and well known in the North as a live and active Christian community.

Her new Vicar, the Rev. Peter Street, is an old friend, and Miss Liles was one of his most active parishioners when he was in charge of the Conventional District of St. Stephen's, Cambridge.

Miss Liles takes with her our sincere wishes and prayers for God's blessing upon her future work. Her departure will leave a gap which will not easily be filled, and we can all show our appreciation of her work here by shouldering some of the responsibilities which she has hitherto undertaken in the past.

Result of Garden Fete, June 18th.

Despite the fact of fairly heavy expenses this year in purchasing such things as tables, and fencing, the Garden Fete raised over £200 clear profit.

Congratulations to all who worked so hard and so willingly towards this splendid result which will be used for the entire re-decoration of our wonderful old church.

We are particularly grateful to Mrs. Willmott for opening the Fete, to Mr. Cattermole who organised so many of the arrangements which made the Fete run so smoothly, and to all the many donors, stallholders, tea servers, and quiet workers behind the scenes.

The weather was superb, and everyone who was at the Fete enjoyed themselves to the full.

The demonstration put on by the Scouts was greatly appreciated.

Marston Morning Market.

It is proposed to hold a morning market for the Church Fabric Fund on the first Saturday of each month during the summer, i.e. on the 2nd July, 6th August, and 3rd September, at 10.15 a.m.

Would everyone please make a note of these dates and come along to bring and buy.

The stall will be in the barn of Cross Farm by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Haynes.

On 2nd July it will be run by the Mothers' Union.

The sum raised on the 28th May when the market was run by the Young Wives was £4 10s. 5d.

Whit Monday Coffee Morning.

Over fifteen pounds was raised at this gathering organised by Mrs. Bing and Mrs. Davies. The amount is to be divided between the Ockenden Fund for Refugees and the Church Restoration Fund.

Scout Notes—A Date for your Diary!

Saturday, July 9th. 10.30 a.m.—11.30 a.m. Bring and Buy Sale.
Coffee. Pig in a Poke.
2.30 p.m. Jumble Sale.

These events are being held in the Church Hall to raise funds for the provision of a new Scout Headquarters. Your support will be most welcome.

Ringers Notes:

On Saturday, 4th June, members of the Oxford Diocesan Guild rang at Marston a peal of 5,040 Doubles using five methods, in 2 hrs. 36 mins. The ringers were: N. O. Deam (Treble), A. Gammon (2), J. M. Ryan (3), (First Peal), R. H. Jones (4) and E. Venn (Tenor).

A quarter peal of Grandsire Doubles was rung by members of the Tower

THE GENERAL SECRETARY OF C.M.S.
WRITES ON

Japan and the Christian Church

CANON M. A. C. WARREN, D.D.

★

AN immensely gifted race, proud of its artistic achievements and scientific skills, with a great history behind it, tasted in 1945 the bitterness of total defeat in war, and then the humiliation of being occupied by the conqueror—that is the background of Japan today. Add to this the devastating effect of seeing the focus of all Japanese loyalty, reverence for the Emperor, officially 'debunked' and it should be easy for anyone with the smallest amount of imagination to appreciate the spiritual crisis through which the country is passing.

That is the setting within which the non-Roman half of the 5% of the population which is Christian celebrated, last November, the arrival in Japan of the first Anglican missionaries in 1859.

On the first morning I was in the country I had breakfast with a man who had spent most of his life in Japan. In the midst of much interesting information which he gave me occurred this sentence—"The Church in Japan is an organization. It is not yet a movement." In my short visit to the country I came upon much evidence to support that judgment. The Church, under all its varied forms, is weak both in the fact that it is organized in such a foreign way and appears so alien to all that is traditionally Japanese, and in the fact of its dependence on foreign aid, particularly on the financial side.

That, of course, is not the whole picture. But it is a part of the picture we need to look at very seriously if we are to understand that Church and its ability to fulfil its missionary vocation in Japan. Only with such understanding will our sympathy be realistic and our prayers sustained. With that weakness in mind we can note the fact that the strength of the Church lies in its many educational institutions and the impact these have made on the professional classes in the population. As a body of ideas Christianity is increasingly influential in Japan. But it has still to capture the allegiance of the artisans and the peasants.

So much for its *weakness*.

The *challenge* to the Church comes from the fact that a great number of 'new' religions are seeking to fill the vacuum of loyalty in the soul of the Japanese people, and these religions are genuine movements. Spreading rapidly they already claim eighteen million adherents. I visited two centres which are the respective headquarters of two of these very powerful *challenges* to the Church in that they, as representative of many other new religions, really are meeting the needs of the people. It is easy to dismiss their doctrines as a 'hotch potch' of ideas, many of them taken over from Christianity itself; to be sceptical about their 'faith-healing'; to raise quizzical eyebrows



Kindergarten Class—St. Andrew's Church,
Kyosato

Photo: C. M. S

at their emphasis on sport; to wonder if their accounts are ever audited and published. All this is very easy to do. But you cannot escape the infectious enthusiasm of the true believers. They believe they have a Gospel and they go out into the highways and byways to compel men to come in.

The Centenary celebrations struck the right note in urging upon the Church of Japan the need to see as its primary task an active evangelism. Scarcely less necessary is the need to offer a welcoming fellowship which will be responsibly Japanese.

Weakness and challenge—both are there and so is *Hope*. The *Hope* of the Church in Japan is the presence of Christ her Lord. And He is indeed present. I shall never forget a meeting with a little company of Christians in the upper room above the Church of the Resurrection

in Hiroshima. It might have been Troas in the year A.D. 51. Or again, for me at least, there was the unforgettable joy of praying with another small group of Christians in Osaka right on the site on which building operations were in progress to enlarge their Church because their numbers had nearly doubled in the past year. And there was that Monday morning when I joined with a company of more than one hundred and thirty men and women in their weekly laymen's prayer meeting in Osaka. There was a buoyancy and vitality about that company such as must have cheered St. Paul when he met it in Berea and Corinth.

Those are but three glimpses at the way in which the Lord Christ is at work in Japan today. It is still a day of small things, but it is also a day full of hope—of wonderful opportunity for the Gospel.

Looking at Lecterns

P. J. HUNT

THERE are many interesting, historic and often beautiful lecterns to be found in our parish churches up and down the land, and though there are many of similar types, their details, mouldings and ornaments, and their histories, vary greatly.

Most of them are made of either wood or metal—usually brass—but sometimes stone or marble lecterns are found. Some were originally covered with costly hangings embroidered in the same manner as the hangings of the altar.

The forerunner of the lectern was the ambo, which was the reading desk used by the early Christian Church. Originally it was a movable piece of furniture, but by the 6th century it had become fixed and was often of great decorative value. It usually consisted of a raised platform in three levels and each level was used in a different part of the service. The highest was reserved for use by the deacon who read the Gospel; the middle one was used for the reading of the Epistle; and the lowest was used by the subordinate clergy taking part in the service.

Later two separate reading desks or ambones were used, one for the reading of the Gospel, and the other for the reading of the Epistle.

By the 15th century, the use of special stands for the large books used in the church services had become common. On the Continent can be

seen many beautiful specimens in carved wood, often with a triangular, scrolled base and with supporting balusters.

In England, brass began to take the place of wood in the 15th century, and on these the bases were often circular, with a stem springing from the centre and decorated with various mouldings. On top is found the book-rest supported by the wings of an eagle or a pelican. These birds, whose plumage is usually very realistically carved, sometimes have open beaks into which money can be inserted. Thus the lectern has a dual use, as a kind of collection box.

It is said that the eagle, besides being the symbol of St. John the Evangelist, is the symbol of hopefulness or desire, because of the way it soars high into the sky—hence, no doubt, the outstretched wings of our lectern eagles. On the back of the lectern eagle rests the Bible, containing the Gospel of Jesus Christ—the Hope of the World and the Desire of all nations. The eagle often stands on a globe representing the world, and thus we have a symbolic picture of the spread of the Gospel over the whole world.

Before the Reformation, lecterns were considered very valuable; and during the time of the suppression of the monasteries the monks hid their lecterns, sometimes in ponds or lakes, rather than allow them to fall into

(Continued on page 110)

CHILDREN'S CORNER

PAGES FOR YOUNG READERS

Compiled by P. J. HUNT

THE STORY OF A BRAVE BISHOP

DURING the last war, the Bishop of Singapore was taken prisoner by the Japanese. They said he was a spy, and did not believe him when he said he was not. They were very cruel and tortured him and put him in a horrible prison with lots of other prisoners. It was so crowded that there was hardly room to move. But the bishop kept faith in God and cheered and encouraged the other prisoners.

Once he was able to baptise a Chinese prisoner, and on another occasion he held a Communion service. He used some grains of rice for bread and another prisoner in the corridor joined in and received

the Blessed Sacrament through the bars of the cell.

When the bishop was set free, he was able, by the power of the Holy Spirit, to forgive those who had been so cruel to him. He even baptised and confirmed one of the Japanese guards who had treated him cruelly.

We would do well to remember this, and to thank God that we are not called upon to suffer horrible tortures for our faith in this country.

That brave Bishop, Dr. Wilson, is now Bishop of Birmingham.

ST. JAMES THE GREAT

Apostle and Martyr

"Herod the King stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church. And he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword." Acts xii 1, 2.

St. James's day is July 25th.

READING THE BIBLE TOGETHER—*Something* *for the Family to do*

This month, it is suggested that the family read one of the lovely psalms together. It is all about the different instruments and how we can praise God on them; you will want a deep voice to read the parts marked 'a'; a strong voice to read 'b';

a medium voice for 'c' and a light voice for 'd'. Now, find *Psalm 15c*. Verse 1, read all together.

Verse 2, 1st half of verse, read by 'a'; 2nd half of verse, read by 'b'.

Verse 3, 1st half of verse, read by 'c'; 2nd half of verse, read by 'd'.

Verse 4, 1st half of verse, read by 'c'; 2nd half of verse read by 'd'.

Verse 5, whole verse read by 'a'.

Verse 6, 1st half of verse, read by 'c' and 'd' (quietly); 2nd half of verse, read by everybody loudly.



Photo: Reece Winstone

TO KEEP OUT THE DEVIL!

THIS curious little round house, with a thatched roof surmounted by a cross, is one of five which guard each end of the village of Veryan in Cornwall. Perhaps some of you have seen them while you were on holiday in that part of the country. It is said that the houses were built on a circular plan so that there would be no corners in them for the Devil to hide in. Their purpose was to protect the village from the Evil One and they are known locally as "Parson Trist's Houses," after a vicar of long ago who caused them to be erected.

BIBLE QUIZ

Can you fill in the blanks below? They are all things which Jesus said about himself, and they are all in St. John's Gospel. Look up the references given if you don't know the answers.

1. I am the G --- S ----- (ch. 10, v. 11).

2. I am the B ----- of L --- (ch. 6, v. 35).
3. I am in my F ----- (ch. 14, v. 20).
4. I am the W --, the T ---- and the L --- (ch. 14, v. 6).
5. I am the S -- of G -- (ch. 10, v. 36).
6. I am the L ----- of the W ----- (ch. 9, v. 5).

A PRAYER TO KEEP —AND USE

(cut it out and paste it in your Prayer Note Book.)

OLORD Jesus Christ, forgive me all the times when I have done wrong; the times when I have been unkind or unloving, when I have not spoken the truth, or when I have done or said unkind things. I have often been selfish and have disobeyed, and I have not always remembered to act like a Christian. Help me to do better from now onwards, for Thy Name's sake. Amen.

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Church Notes and Views

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"A Fruitful Vine"

IN the issue of "Home Words" for October of last year there appeared on page 150 a letter over the signature of Frank Thomas (Rayleigh) regarding the achievement of Mary Honywood. He, and others, may be interested to learn more of this remarkable lady referred to as "a fruitful Vine." According to W. H. Ireland, "History of the County of Kent", Vol. 3, 1829, she was the second daughter of Robert Atwater and co-heir to his estates at Charing, Kent, and elsewhere. These apparently went with her when she married Robert Honywood, of Henewood, Postling, also in Kent. Robert Honywood died in 1576 and was buried in Lenham Church. Mary Honywood survived him by nearly 44 years, and died in 1620 at the ripe old age of 93 years. She also is buried in St. Mary's Church, Lenham, and her tombstone, close to the altar, records the number of her descendants—the more recent ones occasionally visit the church. There is in this village a row of Alms-houses known as "The Honywood Charity". The eldest son, also Robert, appears to have left Pett Place, Charing, and moved to Marks Hall, Essex. He had one son by his first marriage—this son continued at Charing—and a numerous family by his second marriage.—I. W. CARDEN (LENHAM, KENT).

Angel Fonts

HAVING noticed with interest in your March issue the picture of the font in Bullinghope Church of an angel holding a shell to contain the water, it may interest the contributor to know that there is a very similar one in Inverness Cathedral, Scotland.—J. B. CLARK (FERNDOWN).

Not so futile!

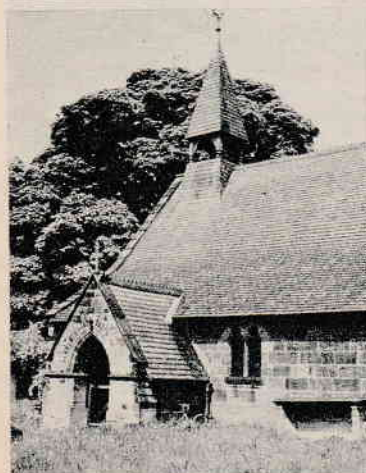
IN "Home Words", February, 1960, your contributor J. W. G. Godeck in "Church with a Look-out", says Bosham, Sussex, was perhaps the spot where King Canute made "his famous, but futile request to the sea."

When I visited this lovely creek-side village I heard a more sensible version of the legend. It seems that King Canute was a pioneer in building dykes to prevent the periodical flooding of good agricultural land. The success of his experiments may well have led people to remark with appreciation that he could keep even the sea from invading their land!
—KAY POULTON (DITCHLING).



St. Milburga's Well

ST. MILBURGA, granddaughter of King Penda of Mercia, gave the name to the parish of Stoke St. Milburgh in Shropshire. Her well, by the roadside above the church, is served by an unfailling spring of clear water still used by nearby folk. Legend says that it first gushed forth on the spot where she fell from her horse, fleeing from pursuers with bloodhounds. She lived to become the first Abbess of Wenlock, the abbey founded in A.D. 680, and she was there consecrated by Archbishop Theodore of Canterbury. There are other legends about her: one of her saving the local crops from the ravages of wild geese led to her being always represented with a goose. The site of her grave was lost when Danes destroyed the abbey in 874. The Abbey was re-founded by Leofric about 1017 and dedicated to her.—M. W. (HEREFORD).



"Remember the Poor"

THE church of St. Stephen, at Hackington just outside Canterbury, is full of interest to the visitor. One of its most treasured possessions is this ancient Poor Box, dated 1634 and bearing the words "Remember the Poor." It is still in a wonderful state of preservation after over three hundred years. Another rare object is the Royal Arms in this church. They are those of William III.—N. M. WOODALL (HASTINGS).

Weeping (or Kneeling) Cross

IN All Saints', Ripley, churchyard on the north side of the building stands an ancient pedestal, nearly five feet in height, composed of two circular blocks of stone of unequal diameter, the smaller one placed concentrically upon the larger. In the middle of the upper block at the top is a deep rectangular hole for the reception of the shaft of a large cross.

Round the body of the lower block are eight equidistant and deeply ensculped niches, the edges of which are turned over and finished off by a moulding. These niches were evidently intended for kneeling in, being nevertheless so narrow as not to admit the two knees without bodily pain.

The cross is extremely rare, if not unique, and its age is assigned at between six and eight hundred years.—R. E. BRUCE (YORK).

Only One in England

THE beautifully situated church at Great Smeaton, north Yorkshire, has a quaint little belfry. The church is dedicated to the patron saint of blacksmiths, St. Elvy, and is unique as being the only one in England with this saint for patron.—J. DENTON ROBINSON (DARLINGTON).

TO OUR READERS

We offer five shillings for every photograph with notes which we print on this page, and half-a-crown for every paragraph without a photograph which we consider of sufficient general interest for publication. Entries should be sent to: The Editor, 11 Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4. **Unsuitable contributions can only be returned when accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope**

How To Make Attractive Floral Arrangements

ONE does not need to buy expensive flowers or necessarily be the possessor of a garden to make attractive flower arrangements for the home or shop window; it is surprising what one can do with very simple materials and a little ingenuity.

A most attractive set-piece can be conjured up from bits and pieces collected from hedges, oddments such as fir cones, acorns, bunches of various forms of grass and berries, etc.

A fairly large oval dish is admirable for a good foundation. Fill with crumpled chicken wire, and place at

intervals pieces of well-washed laurel leaves—the kind which are speckled with yellow spots are very pretty—and fill in the spaces with small twigs with berries on, the brighter the better. Tie grasses into small bunches and place at intervals. Thread some berries on knitting needles and fix in the wires. Paint some fir cones either with white or coloured paint (just at the tips) and fix a knitting needle in each base. Spike these also into the foundation wire. If you have some, odd, brightly coloured flowers may be fixed among the foliage and will complete the picture. Tall coloured candles may be added if liked and the result will be a lovely bowl which will last quite a considerable time.

M.H.

"Have you heard the latest?"

Photo: G. Pennethorne



THIS MONTH'S SHORT STORY

A Guinea Pig Buys Ices

O. M. ROOKWOOD

DICK BEVERLEY stood at the side gate of Hillcrest School wondering if he dare put his plan into action. He wanted one-and-ninence desperately. Looking round cautiously to make sure he was not observed, he stuffed his school cap in his pocket and raced at full speed to the station. The express from London was due in ten minutes. As he reached the gates the train came in, and, to his horror, among the first passengers to alight were his House Master and the School doctor who stood talking at the entrance blocking his way and shattering his plan. He slipped into the booking office waiting for them to go, but their conversation was absorbing, and, by the time they had walked off in their different directions, most of the passengers had drifted away.

As Dick emerged he saw an elderly man step into a luxurious car which immediately whirled him away. Suddenly Dick saw near the kerb, just where the car had stood, a leather wallet. He picked it up, found a name and address on the outside, and, as the owner's house was near the school, he decided to leave it on his way back. The house was a large one, and, when Dick rang the bell, the door was opened by a manservant.

"May I speak to Mr. Harcourt?"

he asked.

"What do you want?" said the servant.

"I want to return his wallet. I picked it up just outside the station."

The man took the wallet, telling the boy to wait. In a few minutes he returned.

"My master is busy and cannot see you. He thanks you and wishes to know your name and address."

Dick gave the particulars and hurried back to school feeling hurt at Mr. Harcourt's miserly lack of appreciation. Reaching his House he crept in, devoutly hoping he had neither been seen nor missed.

Vain hope! Evening "prep" had scarcely begun when the school porter brought a message from the Head summoning him to his study. Now an interview with one's House Master is bad enough, but the Head!! Dick had only spoken with him two or three times.

He knocked nervously and waited for permission to enter, wondering what was about to transpire. The Head was seated at his desk, busily writing. Dick waited, glancing round the room at the well-filled book shelves, the interesting pictures, the big carved screen which shut off the French window.

"Ah! Beverley," said the Head

Master, laying down his pen. "I want to ask you a few questions."

"Yes, Sir."

"Have you ever stolen anything, Beverley?"

Indignation flashed in Dick's eyes and he looked straight at his questioner.

"No, Sir."

"Have you ever been tempted to steal?"

Dick felt a curious lump in his throat. He was very poor; he had always been poor and his life among his wealthy companions at Hillcrest had sometimes driven him near despair.

"Yes, Sir," he whispered.

To his surprise the Head smiled.

"We've made a good start," he said. "You have proved you are truthful. What comment did I make on your last Report?"

"Thoroughly satisfactory," quoted Dick, wondering where the conversation was leading.

"Good. I can't give much higher praise. How long have you been here?"

"This is my sixth term, Sir."

"And you came from Westbourne Grammar School?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And the Westbourne Education Authority pays your fees?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Do they give you a maintenance allowance?"

"No, Sir. Only the fees."

"Do your parents find it difficult to keep you here?"

"My mother does, Sir. I lost my father last term."

"Ah yes, yes. Very sad. May I ask how your mother manages financially?"

"She does dressmaking, Sir. I've two younger sisters and mother works terribly hard."

"I see. Now, will you please explain why you went to the station

this afternoon?"

Dick blushed scarlet. So he had been seen! How could he get out of this hole?

"Please, Sir, must I tell you?"

"Certainly, and at once."

"Sir, I thought . . . I went . . ."

"Well, out with it, boy. Did you go to meet someone without permission?"

"No, Sir. No one special."

"Look here, Beverley. I want the facts. What were you doing at the station when you should have been at net practice?"

"Sir, I . . . er, . . . I wanted one-and-ninepence dreadfully badly and I hoped I might earn it in tips by carrying people's luggage. I did put my cap in my pocket, Sir. But I couldn't do it, Sir, because Mr. Woods and Dr. Mortimer stood at the entrance and talked. I didn't know they saw me."

"It was while you were hanging about there that you picked up Mr. Harcourt's wallet?"

Dick stared. How on earth did the Head know about that?

"Yes, Sir. I saw an old gentleman get in a car, and as it drove off, I saw the wallet, which he must have dropped."

"Did you open it?"

"Open it? Oh no, Sir. There was no need. His name and address were on the outside."

"You didn't know that it contained bank notes for several hundred pounds?"

Dick looked bewildered. To think he had held in his hands such a fabulous sum of money!

"No, Sir. I'd no idea."

"And when you took the wallet to Mr. Harcourt's house, I suppose you were annoyed that he didn't give you a handsome tip?"

"Not exactly annoyed, Sir, but I was disappointed. I had thought he might have given me the one-and-ninepence I wanted so much."

"This one-and-ninence, Beverley. Why did you want this one-and-ninence?"

Dick looked at the floor and fidgeted. Then he glanced at the Head and saw the flicker of a smile.

"Please, Sir, it's my turn at the Creameries. Our clique goes there each Saturday when we leave the cricket field. We treat each other to ices and it's my turn and I've only got ninence and I can't bear to tell them I can't do it."

"How many in the clique, Beverley?"

"Five of us, Sir."

"And the ices are sixpence each?"

"Yes, Sir—ninence if you have a dab of cream on top."

"I see. That's a lot of money for you to spend, isn't it?"

"Yes, Sir. I know I ought not but it's awfully hard when the others treat me. Sir, I do love Hillcrest and I work my very best, but it's

The Wye at Symond's Yat

just awful at a place like this to be so dreadfully poor."

There was a silence. The Head Master took off his glasses and polished them. Dick sniffed audibly and searched for his handkerchief.

"Please, Sir, I'm sorry I said that. I'm most awfully grateful for being here and the boys are grand and I know I've got a chance of being . . ."

Here the sniffs threatened to develop into something worse and Dick wisely stopped.

"Look here, Beverley," said the Head. "I wish we had talked this matter over when you first came. I didn't realise how you were placed. However, we can square up that one-and-ninence at once. Mr. Harcourt rang me up to make enquiries about a boy whose absolute honesty amazed and delighted him. He says he wishes to give me a sum of money to pay out to you as you need it. So here," and he put his hand in his pocket,

(Continued on page 109)

Photo: Eric L. King



LOOKING AT LECTERNS

(Continued from page 99)

the hands of the King's Commissioners.

Another type of medieval lectern, not made in the form of a bird, was the more simple desk-type, known as a "desk-lectern". These had sloping desks facing two ways or sometimes four. Often the pedestals of these were richly carved. Wells Cathedral has a double-sided desk-lectern in brass and there is a desk-lectern in All Saints, Pavement, York, made of 15th-century woodwork from a nearby church which was demolished. It has chained to it a book entitled "A Replie to Mr Harding's Answer."

In the reigns of the Tudor Kings, Henry VIII and Edward VI, orders were given for a Bible to be placed in every parish church. Because they were so costly to produce, these Bibles were frequently secured by chains. Some of these "chained



Bibles" may still be found in old churches with their chains attached to them.

Thus is there church history enshrined in our lecterns, and a careful study of their past will often prove very rewarding.

A GUINEA PIG BUYS ICES

(Continued from page 108)

"is the one-and-ninepence or shall we make it three shillings, then the clique could have dabs of cream on their ices?"

Dick looked up, his brown eyes twinkling, though the lashes were still wet.

"Oh, Sir!" was all he said.

"And you'd better let me have a list of half a dozen other things you want, unless you can tell me now."

Dick's eyes ceased to twinkle. He looked older, more responsible.

"It's mother's birthday next Friday, Sir, and I'd love to send her a present. And, Sir, I need a new shirt terribly badly. I've only got two and Matron says she can't mend this one any more."

"What size collar band?" and the Head picked up his pen.

"Fourteen inches, Sir, and please,

how can I thank Mr. Harcourt for his kindness?"

"We'll consider that. Let me have the rest of the list in writing. Get back to your prep. now, and remember always that honesty pays."

As Dick closed the door the screen was pushed back and old Mr. Harcourt came to the Head's desk.

"Well, Head Master," he said. "I'm satisfied. If that's what guinea pigs are like, I hope every public school in England will open their doors to them and I hope the Education Authorities will make generous grants to help the parents. Poor lad! What pluck! I've a good mind to call in at the Creameries myself next Saturday. And, by the way, let me have his mother's address. I'd like to send her an anonymous birthday present. And . . . er . . . make it three shirts—and a new school tie!"



“It Isn't Fair!”

BY THE REV. D. R. SANGSTER



“**B**UT it just isn't fair!” Sooner or later every parent has to deal with this complaint. It expresses perfectly the kindergarten attitude to life. “It isn't fair that I have to go to school when Mary can stay at home.” “It isn't fair that I have to do my silly old homework while the other boys are playing out-of-doors.”

The tragic thing about kindergarten fairness is that many folk insist on applying it long after they ought to have grown up. “It isn't fair that I have less money than Mrs. So-and-so.” “It isn't fair that I should have such poor health when other folk are fit and well.” “It isn't fair that I've never done any harm to a living soul and now this should happen to me . . .”

Life is terribly complex, and it would be a good deal easier to understand if it could be lived by rule of thumb. What could be better than to fit everybody up with a neat, nasty little set of rules, and turn life into a grown-up version of the kindergarten game? “It isn't fair”, said the elder brother in the parable, “that this wastrel, who has broken all the rules, should come back now and be feasted and fussed over. It isn't playing the game.”

The parable of the Prodigal Son illustrates three different attitudes to the rules of the kindergarten game. The Prodigal's attitude is one of sheer defiance. He breaks all the

rules. Nothing in the account of his early history induces us to suppose that he was a worthy character, and we should beware of attempting to whitewash him. His only redeeming feature is that when at last he repents he admits his faults and hopes for no more than what is fair. Having failed to qualify as a good son, he expects no favours. “I have sinned . . . and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.”

The elder son's attitude is that of a man who keeps all the rules and who expects civilised life to reflect them. At his best he could be the very essence of fair-mindedness: not for a moment does he suggest that his brother should be turned away from his father's door; a position as a hired man with a shakedown bed in the servants' quarters seemed the obvious solution. But to have to look on while someone who had rebelled against the rules was actually reinstated *as a son!* Well, it was downright unjust!

The father's attitude is altogether different. He shows neither the Prodigal's lack of respect for the rules, nor the elder son's preoccupation with them. He is, after all, master in his own house, and since it was he who laid down the rules of the household he refuses to be restricted by them. Not broken rules, but broken hearts are involved in a family crisis such as this, and the heart of the father has its own reasons.

The wonderful thing about this story is that we can so easily imagine it happening. My father, I believe, would have acted in this way. And if human love can meet such a challenge as this, God's love must be no less adequate. “If ye, then”, said Jesus, “being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more does your heavenly father know how . . . ?”

These words of Jesus have been illustrated for us by Lacordaire, who said, "If you wish to know how the Almighty feels towards us, listen to the beating of your own heart *and add to it infinity.*"

Part of our trouble when we read the story is that we tend too easily to feel sympathy for the elder son, when actually we have little in common with him except his kindergarten approach to life. It is the prodigal son in whose company we stand, for how many of us could honestly say with his brother, "These many years have I served thee and never at any time transgressed I thy commandments"?

The great preacher, C. H. Spurgeon once said, concerning his pre-conversion days, that he went about looking for someone to tell him how he might earn salvation. "If someone had said, 'Take off your shoes

and stockings and run to John o' Groats,' I would not even have gone home first, but would have started off that very night if I might win salvation." Spurgeon was sixteen before he discovered that God does not offer salvation on those terms, but Spurgeon was fortunate; many of us cling to our childish notions of justice long after we have reached that age.

God does not limit salvation to those who qualify for the honour. He will not have us on *our* terms. He wants sons, not hired servants. To that end He flings wide open the door to the most unworthy of His children, and with open arms welcomes them to the chief places in His Kingdom. To us, with our childish notions of what is fair, it seems hardly to be playing the game according to the rules. But then, God is more than fair; *God is love.*

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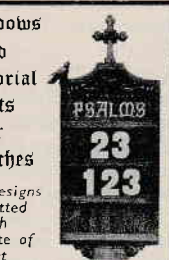
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on Sunday, 5th June, to mark the recovery from recent illness and return home from convalescence of the Vicar.

A group of Marston ringers joined members from St. Aldate's and Stanton St. John on a Whit Monday cycling tour of Towers in the Witney and Woodstock areas at which they were welcomed by the home bands. The sunny weather added much to the pleasures of good ringing and a picnic tea!

Congratulations are due to N. O. Deam on conducting his first quarter peal; to John Walker on ringing his first quarter peal and to Michael Ryan, a frequent and welcome visitor to our Tower, on ringing his first peal on Marston's bells.

Apart from these "Ringers highlights" is gratifying to report not only the keenness shown and real progress made by the newer members of the band but also their regular attendance for the all-important service ringing. In this connection we have to mention with appreciation the attendance of those members who made a splendid effort to ring for the Oxford Diocesan Board of Women Church Workers Service held at Marston on the afternoon of 31st May.

There is no truth in the rumour that Marston Church now has twelve bells!

F. SMITH.

A Letter from Miss Liles:

57 Dalston Road,
Carlisle.

Dear Friends at Marston,

Thank you, most sincerely for the overwhelming gifts received when I left you on the 20th June.

It is marvellous to have a watch which really tells the correct time! The camera is a masterpiece, about which I know very little, so I am attempting to learn more of the art of photography during the coming days.

The gift of the tray from the Sunday School, and various other surprises made me feel rather sad at leaving you.

I shall be taking a dozen girls to Camp from Marston in August, but apart from that I shall not see many of you for a long time.

May you then be "strengthened with might by God's Spirit" and prove His strength in weakness, just as St. Paul did of old when he wrote: "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."

If any of you ever come North, or go to Scotland for a holiday, please call in for a meal — I would love to see you.

Yours most sincerely,

MADELINE LILES.

HOLY BAPTISM

- May 22. Carole Francis, and Helen Kay, daughters of Michael Frank and Jean Bradley.
Philip Robert Conrad, son of Colin Raymond and Olive Ellen Line.
Clive Martin, son of John Gilbert and Patricia Barbara Mansell.

IN MEMORIAM

- June 8. Stanley Harding. Aged 8 years.

COLLECTIONS FOR MAY, 1960

				£	s.	d.	
May 1st	21	4	0	41
May 8th	18	14	11	31
May 15th	18	8	3	56
May 22nd	18	5	8	25
May 26th	1	12	7	10
May 29th	18	19	6	23

PARISH CALENDAR

- July 2. Saturday. Marston Market (See Note in Magazine).
3. **THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.**
 8 a.m. and Noon. Holy Communion (Y.F. Breakfast after 8 a.m. service).
 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. Children's Service.
 11 a.m. Matins. Preacher: Mr. A. J. Wright (Dr. Barnardos).
 6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
5. Christening Party. Vicarage Garden.
6. Wednesday. 7.45 p.m. Young Wives Annual General Meeting.
 (Please come with suggestions for next year's programme!)
7. Thursday. 7.30 p.m. Parish Intercessions in Church.
8. Friday. 7.45 p.m. P.C.C. Meeting in Church Hall.
9. Saturday. 10.30 a.m. Scout Bring and Buy Sale. Coffee.
 2.30 p.m. Jumble Sale for Scouts Funds.
10. **FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY**
 8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
 10.0 a.m. Children's Church.
 11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
 6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
14. Thursday. 7.45 p.m. Parish Intercessions in Church.
17. **FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY**
 8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
 9.30 a.m. **FAMILY COMMUNION.**
 (Hymns and Short Address. Come as a family!)
 11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
 3.00 p.m. Opening of Memorial Garden to the late Rev. J. H. Mortimer, M.A.
 6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer.
 (Youth Fellowship Discussion after Evensong in Church Hall).
19. Tuesday. Mothers' Union and Young Wives Joint Garden Party in the Vicarage Garden.
21. Thursday. 7.30 p.m. Parish Intercessions in Church.
24. **SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY**
 8.00 a.m. Holy Communion (Corporate for M.U.).
 11.0 a.m. Morning Prayer.
 6.30 p.m. Evensong.
25. S. James, Apostle and Martyr. 11 a.m. Holy Communion.
28. Thursday. 7.30 p.m. Parish Intercessions in Church.
31. **SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY**
 8.0 a.m. Holy Communion.
 11.0 a.m. Matins with Litany and Address.
 6.30 p.m. Evensong.

CHURCH & LOCAL CLUBS, SOCIETIES, ETC

CHURCH.

- Bell Ringers.** Sec. : Mr. A. Gammon, 50 Oxford Road.
Bible Reading Fellowship. Sec. : Mrs. A. Anderson, 6 Haynes Road.
Choir. Choirmaster : Mrs. E. M. Garner, 31 Oxford Road.
Cubs. Leader : Mr. Morse, 44 Townsend Square, Oxford.
Marston News Magazine. Sec. : Mrs. E. Holmes, 10 Cavendish Drive.
Men's Forum. Sec. : Mr. H. Starmer-Smith, 15 Rippington Drive.
Mothers' Union. Sec. : Mrs. N. E. Green, 60 Oxford Road.
Parochial Church Council. Sec. : Mrs. M. Harlow, Fir Tree House, Oxford Road.
Pathfinders. Leader :
Scouts. G.S.M. : Mr. A. Brown, 8 Mortimer Drive.
Scouts. S.M. : Mr. G. Selby, 47 Cherwell Drive.
Scripture Union. Sec. : Mrs. E. Holmes, 10 Cavendish Drive.
Young Wives' Group. Sec. : Mrs. P. Clay, Above Mead, Barton Lane, Headington.
Youth Fellowship. Sec. : Miss K. Mason, 18 Raymund Road.

LOCAL.

- Allotment Association.** Sec. : Mr. R. Bowen, 129 Oxford Road.
British Legion. Marston & District Sec. : Mr. Gratton, 13 Cherwell Drive.
Cricket Club. Sec. : Mr. J. Clements, 8 Lewell Avenue.
Parish Council. Chairman : Mr. Rumbold, 8 Beechey Avenue.
Refugee Committee. Miss E. Warburton, Cross Cottage, Elsfeld Road.
Teacher-Parent Association. St. Nicholas County Primary School.
Mrs. A. Smith, 4 Windsor Crescent.
Teacher-Parent Association. Old Marston S/M School.
Mr. F. Maund, 4 Ashlong Road.
Women's Institute. Sec. : Mrs. J. L. Harley, 20 Oxford Road.
Youth Club. Leader : Mr. Thornton, 13 Fairacres Road, Oxford.
Over 60's Club. Sec. : Mrs. J. Wood, Alan Court, Mill Lane.

USEFUL INFORMATION

- District Nurses, 6 Broughton's Close, Old Marston. Tel. Oxford 44417
Infant Welfare Clinic : Church Hall, Thursdays, 2—4 p.m.
Registrar of Births, Marriages and Deaths : 22 Oxford Road, Thursdays
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