

"NOTHING SHALL SEPARATE US FROM THE
LOVE OF CHRIST"

No. 45

NOVEMBER, 1961

Price 4d.



*THE MAGAZINE OF —
St. Nicholas Church, Marston*

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 :

Organist : Mrs. E. A. Garner, "Barn Gates," 31 Oxford Rd., Old Marston.

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 : 11 a.m. in Hall.

Morning Prayer : 11 a.m.

Pathfinder Bible Class : 10.15 a.m., Sunday. (Hall).

Evensong : 6.30 p.m.

Saints' Days : Holy Communion as announced.

Holy Baptism : Fourth Sunday of the month at 3.0 p.m. unless otherwise announced. Notice must be given.

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

CHURCH ORGANISATIONS AND MEETINGS :

(As the covers are printed in advance you are advised to consult the Notice Board in the Church Porch, in case of alteration of times).

Mothers' Union : Alternate Wednesday afternoons (2.45 p.m.), and Evenings (7.45 p.m.).

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

Men's Forum : Monthly on Wednesdays at 8 p.m., as announced.

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

Pathfinders : (Boys and Girls, 11—13 years), 10.15 a.m., Sundays.

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

Girl Guides : To be arranged.

Cubs : Mondays, 6.15 p.m. in Hall.

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

THE COVER PICTURE depicts the Marston Chalice, reflecting on its bowl the spires of the University, the factory chimneys of Cowley, and homes with T.V. Masts—all symbolic of the life of our village. The design is by Mr. Brian Cairns.

“JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, TODAY,
AND FOR EVER”

“REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS
OF THY YOUTH”

PARISH CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER, 1961

- Nov. 1. (Wednesday). ALL SAINTS DAY.
 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
 7.00 p.m. Young Wives Theatre Outing.
- Nov. 3. (Friday). R.D.C. Conference, 7.30 p.m. SS. Mary and John Church Hall.
- Nov. 5. 23rd Sunday after Trinity.
 8 a.m. and Noon. Holy Communion. (Y.F. Breakfast).
 11.0 a.m. Matins.
 6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- Nov. 8. (Wednesday).
 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
 7.45 p.m. M.U. "The New English Bible."
 Prof. G. Kilpatrick (One of the translators).
- Nov. 12. 24th Sunday after Trinity. REMEMBRANCE DAY.
 8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
 10.55 a.m. Special Remembrancetide Service.
 Preacher : Rev. Canon A. D. Gilbertson.
 (The British Legion and uniformed organisations are especially invited to attend. Please note the change of time, in order to observe the Silence).
 3.00 p.m. Holy Baptism.
 6.30 p.m. Evensong. Rev. C. Byers, B.A. (Bermondsey).
- Nov. 15. (Wednesday). 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
 7.45 p.m. Young Wives : "Homes for Homeless Children." Rev. C. Jarvis (C. of E. Children's Society).
- Nov. 18. 2.30 p.m. Scouts Jumble Sale.
- Nov. 19. 25th Sunday after Trinity.
 8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
 9.30 a.m. FAMILY COMMUNION with hymns and short address.
 11.0 a.m. Matins.
 6.30 p.m. Evensong.
- Nov. 22. (Wednesday). 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
 2.45 p.m. M.U. "The Family and the Church."
 Group Discussion.
 Oxford Council of Churches Annual General Meeting at night.
- Nov. 26. 26th (Last) Sunday after Trinity ("Stir-up" Sunday)..
 11.0 a.m. Matins.
 3.00 p.m. Holy Baptism.
 6.30 p.m. Evensong.

- Nov. 29. (Wednesday). 7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.45 p.m. Young Wives : "Desert Island Discs."
Mr. Peter Ward.
- Nov. 30. (Thursday). St. Andrew's Day.
7.15 a.m. Holy Communion.

Matins and Evensong will be said daily at 7.15 a.m. and 5.15 p.m. respectively, except on Saturdays. On Saints Days, Holy Communion is celebrated at 7.15 a.m.

THE VICAR'S LETTER

My Dear Friends,

During this month many of you will be hearing the exciting news of THE FELLOWSHIP OF ST. NICHOLAS, which will be launched on Advent Sunday, December 3rd—our Patronal Festival.

An older member of the P.C.C. on hearing the venture explained to him exclaimed : "This means that everyone of us is to be a missionary!" It certainly does. And following closely on St. Andrew's Day, when we think of the first Christian missionary, December 3rd is indeed a significant day. But it will also be a special day for two other reasons. First, it is the Sunday closest to St. Nicholas' Day, and St. Nicholas' to whom our church is dedicated, was remembered for his Christlike kindness to children, to those in trouble, and to the needy. Secondly, it is Advent Sunday, which marks the beginning of a New Year for the Church.

I shall be preaching two special sermons in preparation for the launching of the Fellowship on Sundays, 19th and 26th, at Matins. Please try to be present at these services, and pray throughout this month for this venture. Pray that God may "give us grace to cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light" that the Church of God may make a fresh advance in this place and beyond, as we dedicate ourselves together afresh in worship, and work for His Glory.



LETTER FROM MISS LODGE, our Parish Worker :

May I take this opportunity of expressing to you all my gratitude for the warm welcome you have given to me. Although I have only been here two weeks, I already feel very much part of the life of the parish.

Whilst I feel that my chief concern at the outset will be amongst the children of the parish, and the training of the Sunday School Teachers, I look forward to getting to know you all and working and serving amongst you, helping in any way that I can.

OLIVE J. LODGE.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS. Some future plans :

(a) **Pathfinders.** All boys and girls between the ages of 11 and 13 years old will be very welcome. Sundays in the Church Hall at 10 a.m. and not at the Vicarage.

(b) **Nursery**—under 5's. Will go straight to their room at the Vicarage instead of assembling in the Church Hall first. Would parents and older children be kind enough to bring them there and fetch them from there after Matins.

BROWNIES :

Congratulations to Helen Brough on being the first Brownie to gain a proficiency badge for needlework.

Our congratulations also go to Ann Hawgood ("Tawny") on going to Cambridge. Her valuable help will be greatly missed.

The Brownie Jumble Sale raised a total of £16 14s. 3d. We offer our grateful thanks to Mrs. Aries, Mrs. Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Brough, Mr. Doman, Angela Holroyd, Mrs. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Longford, Mrs. Loveless and Mrs. Quarterman, for all their help.

BRITISH LEGION :

We are grateful for the gift of £13 from the British Legion, the proceeds from their Harvest Festival, conducted in their Headquarters by the Vicar.

A new form of service has been drawn up for use on Remembrance Day, and we shall be welcoming the Legion to our service on that day. In order to observe the Silence you are asked to be in your seats by 10.55 a.m.

We should like to thank Mr. Tom Haynes for cleaning the War Memorial so well this past month.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE :

The Women's Institute meets in the Church Hall on the second Tuesday of each month. This month's meeting will be on Tuesday, November 14th, at 2.45 p.m. New Members will be most welcome.

On November 11th a Coffee Morning has been organised in the Church Hall from 9.30 a.m.—12 noon. Please support this effort to raise funds for the W.I.

HOLY BAPTISM

- Sept. 24. Karen Ann, daughter of Melvyn John and Celia Ann Day.
 Mark, son of Raymond Gordon and Ellen Harris.
 John Stanley, son of John Charles Vincent and Jasmine Lewis.
 Kathryn Ann, daughter of Ronald Parry and Janet Grace Richards.
 Dena Stewart, daughter of Peter George Stewart and Hazel Stewart Sargeant.
 Regina Rose, daughter of Ernest George and Jean Margaret Rose Silvester.
 Paul, son of Cecil Albert and Marcia Eileen Wheatley.
- Oct. 8. Annette Susan, daughter of Francis William and Shirley Pate.
 Debra, daughter of Wilfrid Richard and Gwendoline Barbara Sprittles.
 Neville, son of Wilfrid Richard and Gwendoline Barbara Sprittles.
 Linda, daughter of Wilfrid Richard and Gwendoline Barbara Sprittles.

HOLY MATRIMONY

- Sept. 30. William Hunter McLellan and Gloria June Allsworth.
 Horace Albert Edwards and Wendy Rosina Carter.
- Oct. 7. Henry Arthur Frank Barrett and Janet Ethel Brody.
 John William Johnson and Wendy Alice Alta Allen.

IN MEMORIAM

- Oct. 12. James Walter Smith. Aged 52 years.

COLLECTIONS AND COMMUNICANTS

	£	s.	d.	Communicants
September 3rd ...	19	3	9	38
September 10th ...	24	18	11	20
September 17th ...	24	13	10	65
September 24th ...	14	18	4	23
September 29th (St. Michael & All Angels)				6

The Christian Citizen



By H. A. L. RICE

EARLY in November each year, Her Majesty the Queen drives through the streets of London in state to open a new session of Parliament. It is one of those colourful pieces of ceremonial beloved of Londoners and overseas visitors. Is it anything more?

We are sometimes told that Parliament—the institution, not the buildings—no longer enjoys the esteem which once it did. Personally, I rather doubt whether it ever did enjoy a great deal of popular admiration. Law-givers are seldom regarded with deep affection, and when they have to combine their legislative activities with the thankless task of fixing and imposing taxation they can scarcely expect to enjoy a wide measure of popularity.

Nevertheless, for good or ill, the Houses of Parliament are one of the great institutions of British life. They have done much to preserve the liberties of our people, they have been widely admired abroad and sometimes even copied. They stand for law and order, and these are essential prerequisites for a Christian standard of society.

Parliament, like all other institutions made up of fallible human members, is not perfection. It has made, still makes, and always will make, serious mistakes. In its relationships with the Church and the spiritual order of things generally, it does not always

appear at its wisest or most sensible. There are plenty of questions about which Church and Parliament could conceivably find themselves in deep disagreement. It was not to any Parliament that the Lord Christ said, "He that heareth you, heareth Me."

Yet, when all this has been said—and it must be said from time to time—Christians in this country are bound to recognize in their Houses of Parliament the lawful power and authority in being. And, as St. Paul reminds us, "the powers that be are ordained of God." The Apostle did not mean by this, of course, that whatever *form* of government happens to be in power must of necessity meet with divine approval. What he did mean was that *any* form of government, *even a bad government*, is better than no government at all and that any such effective government—whether it be monarchy, republic, dictatorship or parliamentary democracy—can rightly and legitimately claim the support and obedience of all its citizens, Christian and otherwise.

There is, of course, one important proviso to be made to this rule. A State can only claim the obedience of its Christian subjects to laws which are not in themselves contrary or hostile to the laws of God. A State, for example, which forbade its citizens to worship God or support



*"Mother of Parliaments,
Who goes home?"*

Photo: E. Wells

His Church would quite clearly have to be disobeyed by Christians in that respect, whatever the consequences might be. We may not render to even the most enlightened or benevolent Caesar the things that belong to God.

This proviso apart, Christians who enjoy the blessings of life in a well-ordered and tolerant state of society must always bear in mind their duties as citizens. If they live in a parliamentary democracy, it is incumbent upon them to do all in their power to make the system work as well as may be, and to do or say nothing to bring it into disrepute. Let them set an example to others by exhibiting, not the violence of their party attachments, but their scrupulous regard for democratic principles of fair play, free speech and freedom of opinion for all; by turning out to vote, whenever they are entitled to do so, in local as well as in national

elections; by loyally accepting the decisions of the majority (which may not always be the right or even the best ones), and by fulfilling the Catechism requirement of honouring and obeying the Queen and all who are set in authority under her.

Every day the proceedings of the British Parliament are opened with prayers. We, who send our representatives to Westminster, are, generally speaking, more usefully occupied in praying for them and their deliberations than in indulging in ill-considered and unconstructive criticism. There is, in the Book of Common Prayer, a prayer for the High Court of Parliament which might well from time to time form part of our private devotions, as we plead that all their consultations may be to the advancement of God's glory, the good of His Church, and the safety, honour and welfare of our Sovereign and her dominions.

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*A CHRISTIAN'S
 CALENDAR—
 NOVEMBER*
 ★

ASK any small boy what November means to him and he will probably reply: Bonfires.

Perhaps it takes an old-fashioned mind to connect bonfires with Hell. We don't get sermons on Hellfire any more. However, the end of November sees the beginning of Advent, by tradition the time to think of the Four Last Things: Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell.

Because we may no longer believe in the fires which burn and the worms which consume through all eternity, that does not mean we must no longer believe in Hell. Probably many of us have had a taste of it at some time in our lives. We have all known what it is—however momentarily—to wrap ourselves up in hate and cut ourselves off from someone who loves us.

In His teaching about Hell, Jesus, as always, appeals not to our curiosity but to our consciences. The word He used for Hell is Gehenna: a valley within sight of Jerusalem where, in idolatrous worship, children were once sacrificed by fire; and where, in Jesus's day; the city's refuse was burned in fires which were never quenched. Hence the traditional imagery. The sinner who condemns himself to Hell cuts himself off forever from God. To be in Heaven is, simply, to be in the presence of God; to be in Hell is to be deprived of that presence.

Every day, every hour, we have to make choices; and every time we make a selfish choice it becomes more difficult for us to face God.

Every child knows how selfishness in play cuts him off from the society of other children, or from the enjoyment of his home. While he is acting selfishly, he cannot enjoy the love of others. Only a self-forgetful action can lift him out of his misery.

We ourselves know that, for as long as we choose our own way in preference to that of our family, our neighbour, our community, our church, for just so long do we cut ourselves off from them and condemn ourselves to real loneliness.

Every selfish choice makes it more difficult to make an unselfish choice next time; until in the end—if anyone should pursue such a course to the end, which God forbid—we are incapable of making an unselfish choice. We have become so eaten up with love of ourselves that we have no room in us for love of anyone else. By this time, Heaven has nothing to offer us. It is full of love and we reject love. Therefore we reject God. We are, by definition, in Hell.

That's all: no fire, no angry, merciless, punishing God; just ourselves choosing ourselves hour by hour and day by day until suddenly it is too late to change. God gave us freedom to choose, and He will not overrule our choice.

PATRICIA SPENCER, S.Th.

St. Andrew's Day

Oh! let me follow Thee,
 Thrusting the world's alluring
 dreams aside;
 Follow in Thy unerring ministry,
 There ever to abide.

Oh! let me follow Thee,
 My feet within Thy Footsteps' sacred
 seal;
 Follow the uphill way to Calvary
 With newly-wakened peal.

IRENE H. LEWIS

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Church Notes and Views

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W.C.C. Assembly

THE Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches is meeting at New Delhi from November 18th to December 6th.

Its general theme is to be "Jesus Christ—the Light of the World." This theme will guide the Assembly in its daily worship and Biblical study, while more detailed work will be done in three sections on Witness, Service and Unity. Under these main headings the great range of work which goes on from day to day under the auspices of the W.C.C. will be studied.

The Assembly is essentially a deliberative meeting, bringing together representatives of all the churches who are members of W.C.C., and while it is not possible to prophesy the outcome of this great Christian gathering, a most significant happening will take place at the first session when the International Missionary Council and the World Council of Churches will be merged in one body.

There will be 21 Anglican delegates from the British Isles, led by the Archbishop of Canterbury. They include Sir Kenneth Grubb, Dr. Kathleen Bliss and Mr. Peter Kirk, M.P.

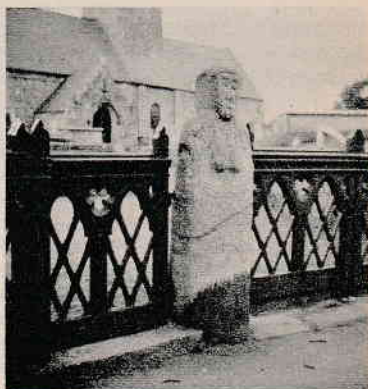
TO OUR READERS

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.

"Grandmother" Gatepost

ALTHOUGH St. Martin's Church, Guernsey, is a Norman building it has for a gatepost a prehistoric idol. Known as La Gran' Mère, this idol is believed to represent the Goddess of Fertility and until quite recent times the local country women made offerings to La Gran' Mère when they wished to have a child.

Several such idols exist on Guernsey and close by each is a Church, supposedly built there to provide a counter-attraction to the pagan worship.—M. J. G. CATTERMOLE (CAMBRIDGE).



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They've got it all taped!

THROUGH hard work given to money-raising efforts, the enterprising choir of the village church of Martlesham, Suffolk, has at last procured a tape recorder. The mothers of choir members helped also, and two of them gained the sum of £18 by making and selling toys and baskets.

Not only is the tape recorder invaluable for choir practices, but some invalids have benefited too and have heard in their own homes the Easter service of their parish church. It is not difficult to imagine the real joy this has given to people: "It's just as though we had been there," is the general reaction.—MRS. E. LINGWOOD (MARTLESHAM).



John Keble's Church

As a young man, John Keble served, first as curate and then incumbent, three adjoining Gloucestershire parishes, Eastleach Martin, Eastleach Turville and Southrop, all of them with charming old churches. He was ordained in 1815. A bridge across the river Leach connecting two of his churches, is still called Keble's Bridge. Eastleach Martin originally belonged to Malvern Priory. The south doorway and chancel arch are Norman. Remains of the sanctus bellcote on the nave roof and of the churchyard cross still survive.—M. W. (HEREFORD).



Harvest Corn Cross

I saw this fine Cross made from the ends of straw of oats, barley, and corn, in Chichester Cathedral, where it is preserved in the lower room of the campanile. The method of plaiting the straw is exactly that used by the fast-disappearing countrymen so skilled in plaiting the traditional corn-dollies on the tops of ricks after the gathering of the harvest is done. The cross is fine and dignified and large, quite three feet or more.—M. LITTLEDALE (HASTINGS).

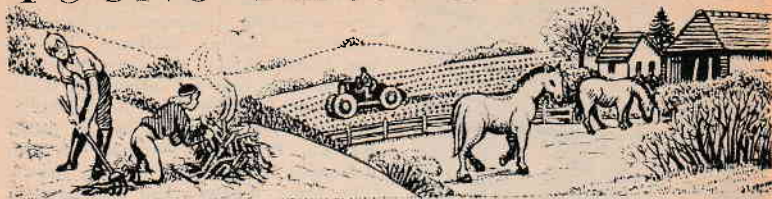


Country Church Restored

THE roof, organ, and a large part of the inside of St. Peter's Church, Drayton, in Berkshire, were destroyed by fire in the early spring of 1959.

Restoration work was quickly started, and in the meantime services were held in the nearby Village Hall. By Christmas of that year the Church was back in use again, though the builders' scaffolding poles are still to be seen outside. £4,000 was needed to restore the church, of which £3,012 has been raised in the last fifteen months.—R. E. DRAYTON (DRAYTON, BERKS.)

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES



COMPILED BY PATRICIA HUNT

Saint Martin of Tours

SAINTE MARTIN was a Roman soldier who lived in the 4th Century A.D. One day when he was out, he met a beggar shivering in the icy, cold wind. Martin had no money to give him and so he cut his own cloak in two with his sword and gave half to the beggar. That night Martin had a vision of Jesus Christ with the half-cloak round his shoulders, and Jesus said that Martin "who is not yet baptised" had given Him the cloak. This impressed Martin very much and after that he became baptised and later was made Bishop of Tours. He was very kindly and merciful, particularly towards prisoners of war, at a time when there was much cruelty about. It is

said that one night he went to the house of a Duke who was staying in Tours to ask that the lives of some prisoners should be spared. In about the year 360 he founded a convent of monks near Poitiers.

If you look at the calendar at the beginning of your Prayer Book, you will see that Martin is remembered on November 11th, and after his name you will see the letters 'Bp' meaning 'Bishop.' There are other letters after the names of other saints in the calendar and their meanings are as follows:—P = Priest; D = Doctor; Dn = Deacon; C = Confessor; M = Martyr; V = Virgin; Ap = Apostle; Abp = Archbishop. Have a look at some of the other saints in the calendar, and find out what they were by the letters after their names.

Bible Puzzle

Do you know the names of these people in the Bible? All the answers begin with the letter 'A':—

1. A fisherman who became a disciple and brought his brother to Jesus.
2. The man who was struck dead for lying.
3. Hebrew prophet who wrote a book of the Bible bearing his name.

4. David's third son.
5. Son of Adam, murdered by his brother.
6. One of three men cast into a raging furnace because he refused to worship a golden image.

Write down your answers, and then show them to your Vicar or Sunday School teacher, who will tell you which are correct.

Looking at Church Doors and Doorways

Most church doorways are wide and high, while the wooden door itself is often decorated and has wrought-iron locks, hinges, handles and knockers. Many early churches had North and South doors, and the North door was sometimes called the "Devil's Door"; it was left open at baptisms so that any evil spirits which might be about could leave the baby when it was christened and go through the doorway.

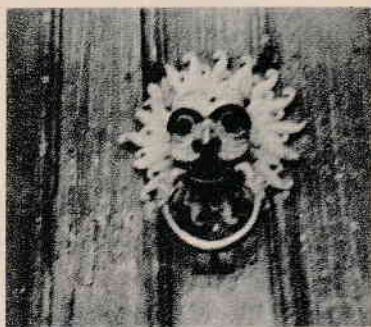
On the door, you may sometimes see a knocker known as a sanctuary knocker. In olden times, if a man was unjustly accused of a crime, he

could flee to the church, and once he had hold of the knocker no-one could touch him. He could then go inside and the church would give him sanctuary and shelter—for a month, if need be. During this time, his friends outside would be able to plan to help him.

Over the church door outside, there is sometimes a niche or small recess in which stands the figure of the church's patron saint, that is, the person to whom the church is dedicated and after whom it takes its name. Do you know to whom your church is dedicated?



Photo: Reece Winstone
Bletchingley Church, Surrey.



The photograph (above) of the Sanctuary Knocker at Durham Cathedral was sent to us by ten-years-old John Falshaw of Hull, who took it last year when he was on holiday.

Reading the Bible Together

As Advent will begin at the beginning of next month, on December 3rd, we shall soon be thinking about John the Baptist who came to prepare the world for the coming of Jesus. This month's reading is the story of his birth. You will need someone to read the part of Zacharias, someone to read the angel, and someone to be the narrator, and the rest to be the people.

St. Luke ch. 1,

Narratorv. 5, 6, 7.
Zachariasv. 8, 9.
Peoplev. 10.
Angelv. 11.
Zachariasv. 12.
Angelv. 13-17.
Zachariasv. 18.
Angelv. 19, 20.
Peoplev. 21.
Narratorv. 22, 23.



Odiham, Hants

Photo: E. Wells

BONFIRE SPECIALS!

November—Bonfire time—with its usual accompaniment of cold weather, and the resultant hearty appetites of growing children, can be a bit of a headache for Mum who is preparing a Bonfire Party, but with a little careful consideration, appetising and satisfying fare may be provided with a minimum of trouble and at comparatively small cost. Something hot, tasty and easy to handle is the best, and if prepared well beforehand, may be kept hot without spoiling, and will prove popular even for the hungriest child.

According to the number invited, well scrub medium-sized potatoes, but do not peel. Scoop out a hole right through the potatoes and stuff with well-seasoned sausage meat. Simply place them all on a baking sheet and bake in the oven until the potatoes are soft and thoroughly cooked. They may be kept hot until required and will be greatly enjoyed. Apples treated in the same manner, using soft brown sugar to fill the holes, taste delicious, especially when eaten out of doors, and are an easily-made sweet. These, too, do not spoil by keeping hot in the oven and, though they entail the

use of spoons and plates, will certainly be so popular they will soon disappear!

An economical and easily-made fruit cake may be made the day before, and will cut into many pieces. This is very satisfying, and the following recipe will be found useful:

One pound of plain flour, half a pound of margarine, half a pound of mixed dried fruit, three small eggs, half a pound of sugar, one pound of sliced and cored apples, one teaspoonful of ground ginger or mixed spice.

Rub the fat well into the flour, and then add the dry ingredients and the apples. Mix well together and make into a stiff dough with the eggs. Bake for about one hour at 400 deg. Cut into slices, and if you wish to make it *extra special*, butter—but this is optional.

A bottle of fruit cordial with added water will make lots of the kind of drinks which most young children prefer, but hot meat juice drinks may be added as an alternative. Hot milky coffee, too, is very acceptable, especially for the older ones; but this is of course an item which can be very much varied.—M. H.

NOVEMBER SHORT STORY

The Remarkable Miss Routledge

By T. IRVING JAMES

EVERYONE in the village owes something to Miss Routledge, but my debt is the greatest of all. Nobody ever thought of her so formally as "Miss Routledge," but only most affectionately as Aunt Sally.

Children came to show her their new toys at Christmas and their eggs at Easter. Young mothers came with their babies, and middle-aged mothers reported on the progress of their sons and daughters at school or in the Colonies. And the young people themselves came, joyfully announcing their engagement or sorrowfully to say that the association had been ended.

From her bed Aunt Sally patched up many a lover's tiff and sent the couple happily to the altar. Old people called for a chat, because a few minutes with Aunt Sally softened the burdens and disappointments of the years.

Aunt Sally was a chronic invalid, and quite unique in all the ways that mattered. Aunt Sally was a benediction. Her visitors, mistakenly thinking she might need cheering up, found that they were receiving the inspiration and encouragement.

There was no doubt that Aunt Sally liked hearing the news and enjoyed kindly gossip. Never, however, did she repeat anything of a confidential or harmful nature. She was the soul of discretion and very, very wise.

"God is good," was her invariable reply to anyone who might feel called

upon to commiserate with her. "I still enjoy His gifts of sight and sound, and the love of my friends. Besides," she would add in her gently practical manner, "I have my needlework."

Her needlework was indeed remarkable. Every completed garment would stand the most critical examination. Every piece of lace and embroidery was a work of art, and many local charities had cause to be grateful for her industrious fingers.

There were those in the village who remembered her as Sally Routledge.

"Aye," they would sigh, "she was a lovely girl. Always gay and full of life and spirits."

No one had been more sought after at hunt balls than Sally Routledge, and there was many a young man who felt happier for a glance or a smile. But it wasn't dancing that gave her the greatest pleasure. Her supreme delight was in solitary, early morning walks over the fells.

Then, one afternoon, when the rains were drenching the fells as the rains are wont to do up there, Sally climbed the bleak hillside with her sister, Margaret, to see her mother laid to rest beside her father in the family grave. And that, although Sally could not know it then, was the last time she ever climbed the fells.

For, on waking the following morning, she found that she was paralysed from the waist down.

As she came from County farming stock, no money was spared in an effort to restore movement to her limbs, but it was all in vain. As the months passed it was gradually conceded by her doctors that there was nothing to be done. Only as the result of a miracle would she ever walk again.

Sally accepted the verdict with typical fortitude, supported by her faith, and she set about re-organising her life. She told Tom Walker, an agricultural engineer with an expanding business in the neighbouring market town, that they must end their engagement although Tom said he would still marry her. She insisted, however, that it would be unfair to hold him to his promise in the greatly changed circumstances. Reluctantly he acknowledged the wisdom of her decision, and emigrated shortly afterwards.

She had her bed brought down into the parlour, for there it made it much easier for Margaret to look after her. That was typical of Sally's thoughtfulness, and it was typical of Margaret that she gave up a well-paid teaching post to take care of her sister.

From her window Sally had a magnificent view of her beloved fells. All her visitors remarked on it—and they were many—for her “consulting room” as Sally jokingly called what many might have regarded as a prison cell, was one of the pleasantest to be found anywhere. Whatever the season, it was always full of fruit and flowers, gifts from those who came to bless and who found it was they who received a benediction.

Other gifts included Jackie, a Cairn terrier, who lay upon a cushion at the foot of her bed, and a small wooden cross that stood upon the mantelshelf.

“My sacrifice is nothing compared with His,” Aunt Sally would say,

pointing to the Cross and passing over the fruit bowl from which I was privileged to help myself. It was impossible to hold resentment and a handful of luscious, black grapes at the same time.

The years passed, the five becoming ten and the ten twenty, the twenty rather more rapidly expanding to thirty. But time dealt gently with Aunt Sally.

The bloom of youth deserted her face, only to leave in its place a quiet serenity. The brown hair became streaked with silver, but her eyes retained their glow as if informed from a radiance from within.

Jackie grew old and, finally, had to be put to sleep, but another Jackie appeared as if by magic on the cushion at the foot of the bed. In all the long years it was never empty.

The luminous paint of the Cross was renewed with the unflinching regularity of the seasons, so that it always glowed on the darkest night.

The end came unexpectedly. The last caller had gone when, hearing an unusual sound, Margaret left the kitchen to investigate. Upon reaching the parlour door she uttered a startled incredulous exclamation. Aunt Sally was kneeling before the Crucifix, a rapt expression upon her face.

Slowly realisation came to Margaret, and with it the power to act. Gently she led Aunt Sally back to bed and tucked her in once more. With a sigh of satisfaction, Aunt Sally sank back upon her pillows.

“He called me and I had to go,” was all she said by way of explanation. She passed peacefully away that same evening.

When her will was read, among small bequests of keepsakes to her friends she left the Cross to me.

I have it still, and though its like may be bought almost anywhere for a

(Continued on page 173)

The Queen Mother's Gift

HUBERT FENWICK, A.R.I.B.A.

A NOTICE in the press saying that the Provost of Stonehaven had received a cheque from Her Majesty the Queen Mother towards the restoration of the old village Tolbooth, or Jail, has more significance than at first meets the eye.

Stonehaven is a picturesque fishing port and small summer resort on the east coast of Kincardineshire, just south of Aberdeen and not far from Glamis, the ancestral home of the Earls of Strathmore and the birth-place of Princess Margaret who, like her mother and all the Strathmore family, is a faithful member of the Scottish Episcopal Church. The memory of the future Queen's confirmation at Forfar is still green, and Princess Margaret, untrammelled by the constitutional rules and regulations that hedge her crowned sister about, invariably makes her Communion in an Episcopal Church whenever she stays at Balmoral or elsewhere in Scotland.

Aftermath to the "Forty-Five"

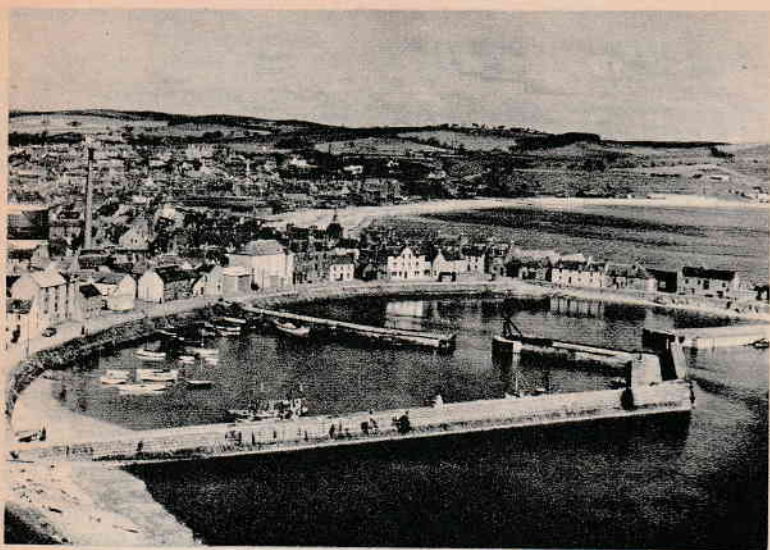
So far so good, but where does Stonehaven's Tolbooth come in? To find the answer we must go back to the eighteenth century, when the historic Scottish Episcopal Church, loyal to the Royal House of Stewart, was dis-established, its property confiscated and its ministers hounded about like criminals, prohibited, at one period, from conducting a service

for more than five persons at a time. And, in case anyone thinks this barbaric and typical of Scotland, let him reflect that it was an English Government that passed the relevant laws and the Church of England that supported the Scots Presbyterians in their persecution of the Apostolic successors of St. Ninian and St. Columba. It had become more than mere politics to pray for a German King; it was practically an article of religious faith!

In any event, what happened then cannot quite be forgotten in the North East, least of all at Stonehaven, within whose Jail, or Tolbooth, many Episcopalian pastors were imprisoned. But this is not all, for these men of God, undaunted by the dangers involved, continued to administer to the spiritual wants of their flocks from the prison windows, local fisherfolk coming openly to receive the Blessed Sacrament or to have their bairns baptized. A famous picture shows some of them ranged under the prison cell, on the sea shore, and holding up a baby in a creel to be christened according to the traditional rite of the country.

Restoration Fund Appeal

The Tolbooth has since been allowed to fall into decay, and for a while its future seemed in doubt. Fortunately, the National Trust for Scotland, together with the Provost and representatives of the Scottish Episcopal



Stonehaven Harbour. The semi-ruined Tallbooth is the last building on the right.

Church, have issued an appeal for funds to have the old building restored, and perhaps turned into a museum devoted to the history of the fishing industry at Stonehaven, with a tea-room from which visitors may enjoy an attractive view of ships in the harbour. The Historic Buildings Council has also made a generous contribution, and so have other bodies and people, including, as we have seen, Her Majesty the Queen Mother, whose family has such close ties, not only with this part of Scotland but with our ancient Episcopal Kirk. The Chapel at Glamis was actually the last to be consecrated by a Bishop of that Church, when established by law, and in it the Strathmores are baptized and married and worship.

Any use better than none

Whether or not a museum and a tea-room are the best use that could

be made of Stonehaven's former prison may be open to question, but surely any use is better than none, for a roofed and whole building is always better than a ruined empty one. At any rate its function will be associated with the life of the community and serve as a constant reminder of folk of Stonehaven who, undeterred by cruel legislation but firm in their faith, came to their imprisoned ministers to give and to receive spiritual comfort in the days of their adversity.

The Remarkable Miss Routledge

(Continued from page 171)

few shillings, it is my most treasured possession.

Nothing—nothing in the world would ever induce me to part with it. It is a symbol, a symbol I can especially appreciate. For it points to a hope, not only of the world to come, but of this world also.

You see—I, too, am paralysed.

A TRIP to "POP"

F. B. PODMORE

WE threatened to cut Murray off with a shilling if he didn't behave himself. As a result, he would be seen ruefully shaking his head at various stages of the trip and muttering, "Down to 10½d. now, I suppose." However, he was a lad worth more than many shillings.

Merry Murray from Southern Rhodesia, Ron from Tasmania, and Peter from South Africa had joined a party of us mere Englishmen and women in an expedition to the birthplace of Toc H at Talbot House in the Flanders town of Poperinghe. Gladsome history was all about us in our well-crammed, long Easter week-end staying in Talbot House, Everyman's Club.

The Belgians tried to fox us by spelling it Ieper but we soon got to know nearby "Wipers" with its fine Cathedral, welcoming English Church and truly homely "English Tea-Rooms." A tantalisingly brief day's outing took us to Bruges where, after lunching at an hotel, we went around the canals which have earned Bruges the title of 'Venice of the North.'

On Easter Sunday we toured the Ypres Salient, visiting such well-known landmarks as the Pool of Peace and several beautifully-kept cemeteries. For me, the Toc H Ceremony of Light has never been so moving as when we grouped for it around Neville Talbot's grave (after whom Talbot House was named). The words

'They shall grow not old, as we
that are left grow old;

Age shall not weary them nor the
years condemn;

At the going down of the sun and
in the morning

We will remember them!

came home with renewed vigour, as we stood silent and peaceful among the graves of those who had followed Christ in giving their all that we might lead better lives.

'For your tomorrow
We gave our today.'

On that same Easter Sunday evening we stood once more, in silent homage to the fallen, at the Menin Gate of Ypres while our Belgian friends sounded the 'Last Post,' as I was told they have done in tribute each night since the First World War.

Despite these solemn and fitting remembrances, ours was a joyous trip as those known and unknown warriors would surely have wished. Tides of joy and thankfulness swell deep within Toc H, primarily in the glad freedom of joining together in worthwhile pursuits, often for the benefit of others but always to demonstrate what a goodly fellowship there should be between man and man, as between man and God. So we laughed and joked and leg-pulled together, old with young, English with overseas, retired with retiring, finding each fresh combination delightful, as part of our truly-shared holiday. But the touchstone of our sharing was the kneeling together in the Upper Room chapel of Talbot House each night, and supremely on Easter Day, joining in thanksgiving for the Great Gift.

"Resurrexit. Alleluia!"

[Many people outside Toc H have come to know the value of a visit to Talbot House, which welcomes visitors all the year round. Church parties and others interested can learn full details from Toc H's new Headquarters at 15 Trinity Square, E.C.3.]

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