



HETTON-LE-HOLE PARISH MAGAZINE.



Hetton-le-Hole Rectory, July, 1933.

My dear Friends,

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Prizes were awarded, by the Rev. E. Barrett, for essays, to the following members of the Sunday School:—Misses Margaret Davison, Sheila McGill, and Eileen Rogers.

Mr. R. Hickman is kindly acting as Hon. Organist to the Sunday School.

Choir and Sunday School Teachers Trip.

This will be to Scarborough on July 22nd.

SALE OF WORK. Date—September 20th. 1933.

I am, yours very faithfully,

F. SMITH. (Rector)

BAPTISMS.

June 14...Emily Guy.
21...Rita Crawford.
27...June Hartill.
July 5...Mary Jane Stabler.
5...Doreen Nicholson.
5...Florence Hunter.
5...Catherine Pearson Park.
5...Maisie Park.
5...John Atkinson Kent.

MARRIAGES.

June 3...Robert Smith & Mary Payne.
3...Robert Hughes & Jane Best.
7...Eustace Sidney Dickson & Elizabeth Jane Stout.

BURIALS.

June 7...John Ord, 78 years.
10...George Morton, 78 years.
July 5...Ada Hartshorne, 52 years.

OFFERTORIES.

	£	s.	d.
June 4...Whit Sunday ...	2	5	4½
11...Trinity Sunday ...	1	18	11
18...1st Sunday after Trinity	1	10	5
25...2nd " " "	1	19	8½
July 2...3rd " " "	2	13	1½
	10	7	6½
Acknowledged ...	44	1	11
	54	9	5½



Photo by]

[G. G. GARLAND, Petworth.

A merry heart goes all the way to a hale old age.

AN interview with a centenarian is a strange experience for a young journalist. One feels like a clumsy bull in a Dresden china shop. A fragile lady, for example, with her long, long thoughts into the past is something almost sacred. Her memories are lavender-scented and delightful, but one hesitates to expose them to the light and noise and dust of common day for more than a brief time.

It may be that centenarians are rather like centenarians. Youth has a great respect for their wonderful records, but quite honestly youth does not regard them as fit company for the rough-and-tumble crowd of to-day.

Indeed, it is one of the shocks that our advanced middle age and old age have to experience that the heroes in sport, politics, science, even religion mean little to the modern mind. Is it surprising?

Youth must have its own captains and kings. Youth must forge its own "yoke for its broad back." Youth must have its equivalent of W. G. Grace and A. E. Stoddart. Of course youth will render lip service to the great men of the past, but not heart service or that spontaneous admiration which leads to the sincerest form of flattery.

Is this not equally true of religious experience? The Church does really need effective living leaders of youth. "Let us by no means fail," an eloquent modern preacher has recently warned us, "in the piety of praising famous men, but only so long as the hallowing of their memory does not distract us from the urgent and immediate task of the Church, which is to interpret

CENTENARIES AND YOUTH.

God and Christ to the men and women of this generation."

The example of Christian practice in the life of to-day may be worth more than the recital of Christian practice in the last century. That is why youth is so insistently demanding that religious experience must be the test of knowledge of God, rather than religious precedent.

That is why certain well-known preachers have made friends with youth. All that they have said may not have been wise or logically sound, or even spiritually "inspired." Perhaps for that reason it has attracted men who know how feebly endowed with wisdom they are themselves.

Recently a crowd of young people came out of a church and one young fellow was heard to say: "I liked that preacher: he is not *afraid* of making a mistake and he does tell you what he feels."

Is youth right? Is it true that as we grow older we grow more fearful? Only the other day the Archbishop of York asserted that fear was the root cause of many of our unhappy divisions, fear or anxiety, which is so often found to be baseless. If only we had more faith we should have less fear, and it is the faith and not the fear which appeals to youth.

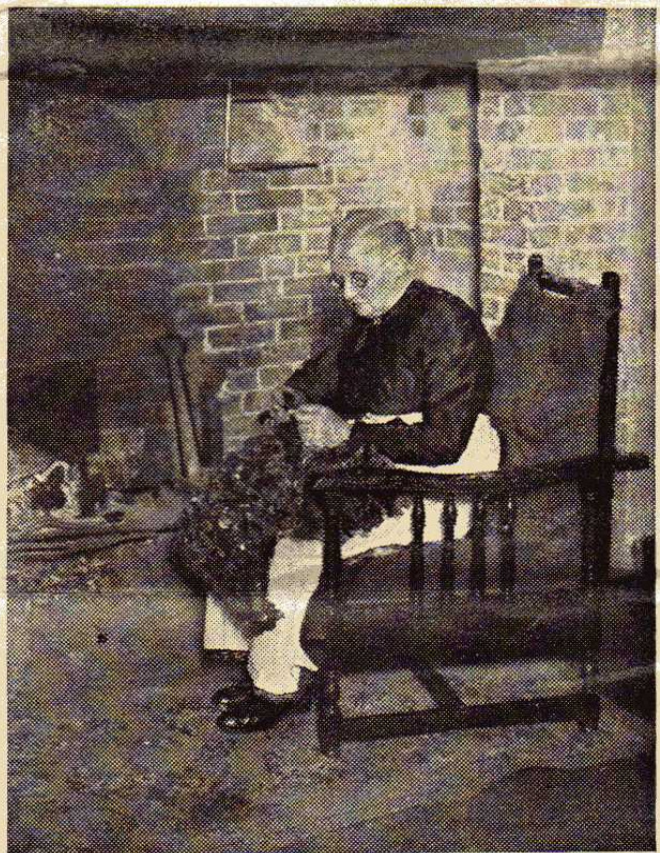


Photo by]

[G. G. GARLAND, Petworth.

Her needle is always threaded with love for someone.

In another direction an appeal might be made which has not only the experience of a hundred years ago to commend it but also the secular practice of the present day. The team spirit is one of infinite importance. A young football enthusiast put the matter fairly (I think) and squarely when he said: "Our Church ought to be like a professional football team run by a competent manager who gets his reward when he sees his men justifying his coaching on the field of play; but in our Parish it is like a football team that insisted that because the manager knew so much he might as well take the field himself and they would do the cheering from the grand-stand."

What youth will do as a team we do not yet know: it depends upon fine leadership under the finest Leader the world has ever known. Our Lord called His followers for the most part one by one, but He banded them into a company. He counselled them to agree touching the things they needed, and the prayers they uttered, to get together in difficulties and not to drift apart.

A young man knows such counsel is sound, in sport, in business, in every walk of life. He feels it is true of the higher life. He does not need the evidence of a hundred years ago to prove it (though it does prove it up to the hilt), he asks for a lead. He wants religion to be discussed and confessed as naturally as sport; and an interest in games and a desire to get on in the world to be linked with a sense of the value of unselfishness and love and honour and justice as essential to getting on in a



Photo by]

[G. G. GARLAND, Petworth.

50 Years ago Mr. Kenard Kempzell made a gate for Coldwatham Church. He has just made another.



Photo by]

[G. G. GARLAND, Petworth.

The Church Wall-Mender: "It is never too late to mend."

world to be. He is ready to be asked to be loyal and to sacrifice comfort and convenience so long as a definite objective is suggested, and he is one of a company determined to follow Christ. And most important of all, he is ready to respond to the call for a new reverence—the reverence for motherhood carried to the *n*th degree. He knows that human love makes him feel humble: he knows that love of God should bring him to the very dust and then lift him to heights undreamed of in and through Jesus Christ.

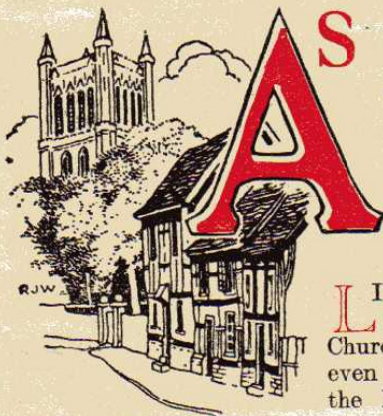
Let us then pray that the Church may find leaders for a new and greater movement than any in the history of the Anglican Church—a movement which will touch the heart and appeal to the mind, and will foster not only high ideals but very practical commonplace service. And let us pray even more fervently that whether inspired by the past or not an effort may be made to combine, to act in concert, to pool resources, to avoid vagueness of principle and practice, to cultivate the team spirit, and to have all things in common that can be used for the Glory of God.



THE EDITOR.

A PRIZE OFFER.

WE offer a prize of one guinea for the best photograph of a Parish worker, addressed during this month to the Art Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4. The style of picture is well illustrated on this and the foregoing page. Stamps must be enclosed for return of photographs if this is desired by competitors.



S A MAN WOODES.

The Romance of The Old Church Shop.

By V. M. METHLEY.

Chapter I.—“A woman lived here once . . .”

LIKE a grave, wise guardian the Priory Church rose high above even the tallest roofs of the little town of Melton Priors. The square Norman tower, lifted like the head of a great crouching lion, showed dark against the sky as it had for nine centuries and more. Yet for all that, youth was renewed each year in the age-old building when the jackdaws, stock-doves and swallows raised young broods in every crevice and niche, and the air was full of infantile twitterings. With all that new life the Priory could never be really old. Some such thoughts as those passed through the mind of Canon Swanston, its rector, as he passed out through the dog-toothed doorway of the church he loved, after evensong, into the spring sunset.

Straight and vigorous in spite of his sixty-five years and iron-grey hair, Canon Swanston was also of those who never lose their youth. His blue eyes were bright and alert, observing all around him as he left the cobbled Priory precincts under a clipped yew arch and found himself at once in the market-place of Melton Priors, round which clustered all the principal buildings and shops of the town.

Antiquarian as he was by nature, Canon Swanston had a tolerant smile even for the incongruities which were springing up here; the white stucco Picture House near the beautiful fifteenth-century Town Hall, the narrow red façade of a Woolworth shop beside an old timbered building.

One did not like these things, of course, but they struck him as having a kind of child-like absurdity—the crude playthings of the new generation.

“And I believe I like them better than modern jerry-built imitations of ancient buildings,” he meditated. “But now for something and someone really old—although, upon my word, I don’t suppose Ebenezer Saltmarsh is many years my senior! But then, he must have been born old.”

Canon Swanston was crossing the market-place towards a low, timbered house which seemed to have shrunk back in alarm some yards behind the main frontage.

Amongst the bow-fronted Georgian windows or modern plate glass of most of the other places of business, the Church Shop at Melton Priors had a character all its own. Diamond-paned windows glinted like suspicious eyes from under overhanging brows of eaves. The upper storey was heavily timbered, the roof switchbacked with age, the very threshold-stone worn into a deep groove by the feet of centuries.

And as the Canon stepped over that threshold an atmosphere of extreme age seemed to meet and envelop him, an atmosphere which might almost have appeared to emanate from the shop’s owner, as he stood in the shadows turning the yellowed leaves of a calf-bound book. The dust which lay so thickly everywhere clung

in the creases of his shabby coat, and lent its colouring to his thin greyish face and dishevelled hair.

The thought ran through Canon Swanston’s mind that in the life of a man, no less than in the life of a church, there comes a time when there is need of restoration—and that this time had come for Ebenezer Saltmarsh and his shop.

“Well, Ebenezer, how is trade?” he asked; and the old bookseller started and glanced up vaguely as though only just aware of the Canon’s presence.

“Trade . . .?” he repeated, as if hardly realizing what the word meant. “There was someone here just now who wanted to buy my black-letter Chaucer . . .”

“But you have it in your hand at this moment?” Canon Swanston smiled.

“Yes . . . I told him that it wasn’t for sale . . .” With trembling hands the old man replaced the volume on its shelf.

“Oh, Ebenezer, I’m afraid trade won’t prosper at that rate!” The Canon laughed outright now, but there was a pitying look in his kind eyes as he glanced round the shop.

Time was when it had been a profitable and going concern, this second-hand book business of Ebenezer Saltmarsh’s, with, moreover, two quite profitable sidelines. He had specialized formerly in printing queer and unusual little pamphlets on a hand-press, and had also sold old wood-cuts of the Priory Church and other buildings in the neighbourhood. But dust lay as thickly now upon the printing press as upon all else in the shop, and the wood-cuts displayed in the window could scarcely now be distinguished through the bleared and grimy panes.

With the dusty shop and its forlorn, neglected-looking owner before him, Canon Swanston spoke impulsively.

“Old friend, you need someone to look after you—to care for you.”

“Peter Spence suits me well enough.” Saltmarsh shrugged his thin shoulders. “He comes in every day for an hour and does his best.”

“It’s a poor best, then! You need a woman, a housekeeper. Let me try to find you a decent, respectable person, who . . .”

“I need no woman here.” There was a harder edge than before upon Ebenezer Saltmarsh’s voice, and eyes and lips had hardened too.

“Yet it’s difficult to manage without them,” the Canon said.

“It is possible—I’ve done so for a good many years now.” There was the flicker of something almost like a bitter smile on the old man’s lips. “A woman lived here once . . . but never again.”

“Yes. I know . . .” Canon Swanston spoke in a low voice. “I know . . .”

He fell silent, angry with himself for having revived old memories, recalling what he had heard, what he remembered of those days twenty years ago soon after he came to Melton Priors, when a woman had lived in the home of Ebenezer Saltmarsh.

He still pondered those memories after he had taken

leave of the old bookseller and was walking slowly back towards the Rectory through the spring evening.

Chapter II.—Twenty-five Years Past.

No one seeing him now would ever have dreamt that there had been a romance in the life of Ebenezer Saltmarsh—that a woman had been in his life, in his home, in his heart. It was difficult even to imagine him as young; to fancy him in love was like adorning one of the grim stark Norman pillars in the Priory Church with daisy-chains.

Yet it had happened—and not in Ebenezer's extreme youth either. He had been a man of forty-five and considered a confirmed bachelor, running in a fixed groove by all who knew him, when the strange and wonderful thing happened. It had been no midsummer night's dream, no June day of sunshine and roses had been chosen by a mischievous Puck to drop flower magic into Ebenezer's blind eyes and open them to the loveliness of living things.

The setting was grim, grey December, with a steely sky heavy with unfallen snow, and roads hard and ringing as iron in the grip of a cruel frost.

But Saltmarsh was at no time given to considering weather conditions, especially when the business which was also his loved hobby was concerned. Once on the track of books he cared for nothing else, and the rumour had come to him that old Sir John Earham was willing to sell some of his famous collection of early editions. There was a Caxton Malory . . .

The very thought of it warmed Saltmarsh's heart as he set out on that bitter day in Christmas week upon the seven-mile tramp to Earham Towers. If he could secure that Caxton, the roof of the world might fall.

Half-way to Earham, huge flakes began to drift lazily down from the steely sky. By the time that Saltmarsh reached the Towers snow was falling fast, but it was easy to forget the conditions outside once within the heavy doors and drawn purple curtains of Sir John's library.

The old baronet sat crouched over the fire whilst his visitor passed to and fro before the shelves, his eyes bright with excitement, his hands trembling as he lovingly handled volume after volume.

Sir John laughed feebly.

"You almost reconcile me to losing my books when I see how you'll appreciate them, Saltmarsh," he said. "There can't be much room for any other passions in your life."

"None at all, Sir John—and I don't want them," the bookseller said confidently, defying that Puck who was already hovering near. "But I'm glad to hear that you feel you might trust some of your treasures to me!"

An hour later certain bargains had been concluded with satisfaction to book buyer and seller, for Saltmarsh was always fair and just in his dealings, even

whilst he would not go beyond the fixed limits which he set himself.

But it was not only the thought of the Caxton Malory which warmed him now. The prize itself was buttoned away inside his thick overcoat, whilst several other valuable books bulged its pockets.

Elated and triumphant, Saltmarsh was clear of the Lodge gates before he realized how heavy the snowfall had been whilst he was busy with Sir John.

At first the road was more or less sheltered, but it rose gradually towards the crest of a considerable hill and soon great snow-drifts made progress very difficult, and all hedges, ditches and boundaries seemed obliterated beneath them, whilst the air was filled with the driving flakes.

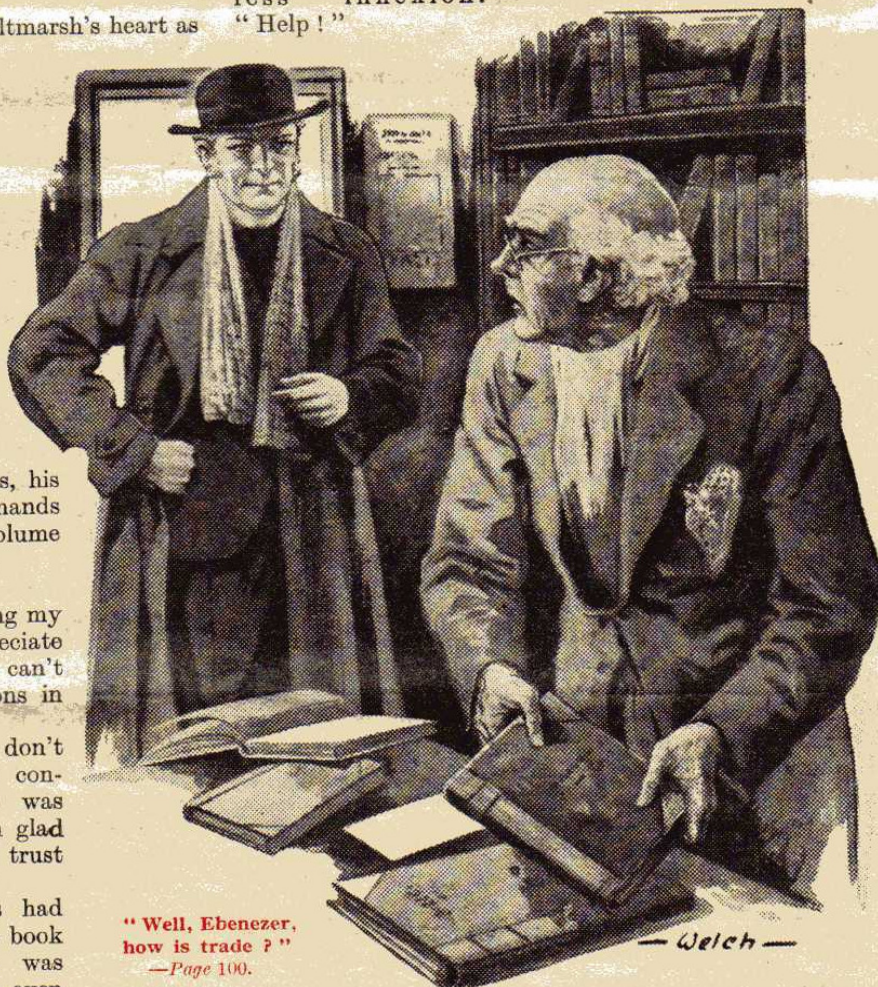
Saltmarsh, sparsely and strongly built in spite of his sedentary life, pressed on steadily, head bent against the wind, hands deep thrust into his pockets. He knew the road well and his feet seemed to find it almost by an instinct of their own, obliterated as it was by the snow.

He had almost reached the half-way point of his journey, when in a short lull he fancied that he heard a sound other than that of the wind in the telegraph wires or through the infrequent trees. He paused and listened intently, trying to distinguish whether it were a bird's cry.

It came again—and this time much more plainly. Unmistakably human, too.

"He-e-elp . . . help . . ." with a sobbing, hopeless inflexion.

"Help!"



"Well, Ebenezer,
how is trade?"
—Page 100.

Saltmarsh looked round perplexedly, trying to decide from which direction the cries came.

That it was a woman and a woman in some dire need was undoubted, but where was she?

Standing where he was, the bookseller shouted back:

"Hullo! I'm here—I'm coming—Where are you?"

There came a faint answer; Saltmarsh fancied that he could distinguish the word "caravan," and plunged on knee-deep in snow, looking to right and left. A drift larger than the rest caught his eye and as he drew near he saw that it was a gipsy van deeply embedded in a ditch, with the snow drifted against it.

At the end farthest from the door a tiny square of dim light shaped itself as a window and in its frame a woman's head and shoulders were silhouetted darkly.

It was no easy matter to reach the door or to open it, wedged sideways as the van was. But Saltmarsh set his shoulders against it, and with a few vigorous shoves managed to force it in and to wedge it behind him again against the driving wind which swept in like an invading enemy.

He stood leaning back against it, breathless for a moment, dazzled by even the faint light of the oil-lamp which lit the narrow interior.

Probably at another time, with its turkey-red curtains and bright pots and pans, it might have seemed a cosy little place enough. But now, even to Saltmarsh who was not a particularly imaginative man, a dark shadow as of some impending tragedy seemed to hang tangibly over it.

That shadow hung blackest on the figure of a woman who lay in the lower of the wooden sleeping-bunks, her face white as bleached bone against the darkness of her hair, her breath coming in short painful gasps.

Rugs and garments were piled over her, a small oil-stove stood close beside the bed, but the air was icy, and Saltmarsh shivered in spite of his thick overcoat.

It was the sick woman who had first caught his eye; now he became suddenly and vividly aware of the other who had drawn back from the window, closing and shuttering it, and now knelt down at the head of the bed slipping one arm under the pillows to raise and support the patient.

"You . . . called?" Saltmarsh said the first thing that came into his mind, foolish as it sounded in his own ears.

"Yes . . . It is my mother. She is ill . . . s-so ill." The voice was low and sweet, although heavy with unshed tears. "Father went to try and get help, but he has been gone so long . . . and she seems worse and worse, and . . . and, oh, I am so glad that you are here!"

The speech ended in a little sob, and Saltmarsh found himself thinking irrelevantly that he had never seen such wonderful eyes as these, tawny brown and black-lashed, which were turned towards him in gratitude and pleading. The thick, heavy plaits of hair which hung on either side of her childish face were tawny brown too; she could hardly be more than seventeen, Saltmarsh decided, as he answered awkwardly:

"I'm glad too—but I'm afraid I shan't be much use. I'm nothing of a doctor, and that's what your mother needs."

"Yes—Father went to fetch one but he did not know which way to go. We're strangers here—and he has been gone so long."

"I could bring one from Melton Priors fairly soon," Saltmarsh began, but the girl broke in piteously:

"Ah, no—don't go—don't leave me. . . ! I—I'm frightened."

"Then, of course, I won't leave you," Saltmarsh hastened to reassure her.

Neither man nor girl was to forget the strange hours which followed—strange and unreal as though the impending presence of the greatest of mysteries had set them apart from the common everyday world.

Saltmarsh felt helpless. He could see well enough that the woman was desperately ill, yet there was so little that he could do after he had stripped off his heavy coat, shaken the snow from it, and added it to her coverings.

Some vague memories of youth and an attack of bronchitis came to him as an inspiration, and he filled the kettle and set it to boil on the oil-stove beside the bed. Presently steam began to pour from the spout, clouding the air, and it really seemed as though the sick woman breathed more easily in the moist warmth.

After that there seemed little else to do except watch and wait, and give her now and then a few drops of warm milk or a little orange-juice.

But Saltmarsh's most vivid memories of that night were of a young face, lovely in its tenderness and anxiety as it bent over the dying woman, of a voice soft, low, soothing, answering her semi-conscious questions, trying to reassure and comfort.

"No, Mother darling. Dad hasn't come back yet—he's sure to be here soon . . ."

But the girl's dark eyes were turned to Saltmarsh even as she spoke, pleading for reassurance.

"What can have happened to him, do you think?" she whispered. "It is so long since he went . . ."

With a vivid enough conception of what might have happened to any stranger out in that wild night, Ebenezer tried to speak comfortingly, and then, realizing that he was making but a poor job of it, made an effort to distract the girl's mind by talking of other things, questioning her gently.

In this way he learnt something of her story, learnt that her name was Melody Barnes, her age eighteen, that her people were of the "travelling folk," the caravan gipsies, and prided themselves on belonging to the aristocracy of the race.

"My father is clever, too; he had good schooling and he reads many books," she told Saltmarsh gravely. "He knows about flowers and insects too; he finds rare ones and sells them to collectors and learned people. And Mother makes beautiful lace for sale."

"And you travel about in the caravan?" Saltmarsh, not as a rule concerned much with his fellow men and women, found himself oddly interested.

"Yes—oh, and to such beautiful places—the Surrey Hills, the New Forest—the Sussex Downs."

"You have been happy?"

"Yes, very happy always until now. I love the trees and the fields and the moors and the sea—everything."

The girl's pale face flushed faintly and her eyes brightened, then the light faded from them again as they turned towards her mother's wan face.

"Oh, I'm frightened . . . I'm frightened . . ." she whispered again under her breath, and Saltmarsh felt an unwonted ache in his heart, finding so little that he could say to comfort her.

For indeed he saw very plainly that the end could not be far away; it needed no science or experience to realize that.

And it came barely an hour later, just as the first greyness of dawn was visible through the little window, not in any very terrible or grim shape, but quietly, imperceptibly, as though the Angel of Death stooped almost lovingly to fold soft wings about the dying woman.

Melody, who sat supporting her mother in her arms, looked up suddenly into Saltmarsh's face as he stood beside her.

"She . . . she . . ." The word came piteously from her childishly parted lips, and the man gently answered what was unsaid.

"Yes . . . I'm afraid so. Let me lay her down, dear."

Both were unconscious then of the term he had used; both were to recall it afterwards with varying feelings.

Melody did not burst into any violent passion of grief. She watched Saltmarsh's quiet movements with eyes that were almost blank, as though the blow had stunned her. She scarcely seemed able to rouse herself some little time later when sounds from outside drew Ebenezer to the door of the caravan to find a couple of farm hands, trudging their way through the snow.

He despatched them at once to fetch help, and, since the snow had ceased and the wind dropped, it was not long before a light cart appeared to carry the dead mother and the living daughter to the Cottage Hospital at Melton Priors.

Saltmarsh went with them. There was no food left in the caravan, not even a drop of milk which might be warmed, and he could not rest until he saw Melody taken under the wing of a kindly nurse, who promised hot coffee and every care.

Then, and not till then, Ebenezer returned to his own home, unspeakably weary, cold and aching, but with one word still ringing in his head, making music there by the tunefulness of its syllables:

"Melody . . . Melody . . ."

Wrapped in a thick dressing-gown and warmed at last by hot tea and a blazing fire, the bookseller suddenly remembered his Caxton—and realized, too, how completely and amazingly he had forgotten it and his other prizes until now.

They must still be in the pockets of the coat which he had wrapped round the dying woman, and Ebenezer laughed at himself with amazed ruefulness.

"They might have been shilling reprints," he thought. "And what on earth could make them slip my memory like that . . ."

Faintly, sweetly, a word echoed through his brain as if in answer: "Melody . . .!"

Chapter III.—A Wild Bird.

It was still early in the day when Ebenezer Saltmarsh left his shop in charge of the small boy, who was his only assistant, and tramped over the frozen snow, well beaten now by feet and wheels, to the Cottage Hospital.

In answer to his inquiries for Melody, he was taken to a small room where the girl herself sat beside the fire, her hands lying limply in her lap, the same look of stunned, almost uncomprehending grief on the small face between the heavy plaits of hair.

She did not look up as Saltmarsh entered, and he sat down beside her in a heavy silence which he forced himself to break—after a few minutes.

"Your father—I hope you have had news of him?"

"Yes . . ." The girl's voice seemed to come from a remote distance. "He is with my mother."

"Ah—I'm glad . . ."

"I mean he is with her . . . really." Melody still spoke dully, tonelessly. "They found him

in a snowdrift by the road . . . dead. They brought him here a little while ago, so they are together, and they have left me . . . all alone . . ."

As though the speaking of the words had brought the actual facts suddenly home to her, the rigid mask seemed to drop from Melody's face.

Her eyes filled with tears, she stretched out her hands in a piteous, appealing gesture, and burst into passionate weeping.

"Oh! . . . I am all alone . . . I have no one who wants me . . . no one in all the world!" she sobbed. "Why couldn't I die too—Daddy, Mother? We've always done everything—gone everywhere together, we three!"

Saltmarsh sat beside her, desperately miserable in



"Poor little lass, don't cry so. I'm so terribly sorry."—
Page 104.

watching her grief, although he felt vaguely that even this wild misery was better for her than the former rigidity.

But he could not sit there and do nothing, make no effort to comfort her. Suddenly, almost without his own volition as it seemed to him, he found his arm round the girl's thin shoulders, heard his voice speaking to her like the child that she really was.

"Poor little lass . . . dear little girl, don't cry so, . . . try not to. I'm so sorry—so terribly sorry; I'd do anything if I could bring them back to you, or help you in any way. Hush! Hush, you'll hurt yourself . . ."

Her sobs continued, but gradually they lost their first racking violence, gradually she leaned back against Ebenezer's shoulder, with little exhausted gasps, her soft mouth still quivering piteously. For some time they sat thus, until Melody's eyes opened and she spoke in a low, shaky voice.

"They're kind here. They say I can stay until after the funeral."

"And then. . . ?" Much as he hated cross-questioning her, Saltmarsh felt that he must know her circumstances. "Where will you go then?"

"To the Workhouse, I suppose . . . there's nowhere else, is there, if you haven't any money?" Melody said simply.

"The Workhouse! No, you couldn't . . ."

"Why not? They'd teach me to be a servant, wouldn't they? There won't be anything, you see—the caravan and what is in it is not worth much. And I've no people to go to—unless I could die."

"You shan't go to the Workhouse—you're not fit for it." Unwonted emotion made Saltmarsh's voice almost rough.

"But it's the only place . . ."

"It is not. You can come to me."

"Oh!—that is kind!" Her pale face flushed softly. "I would do my best if I might work for you—be your servant, but . . ."

"I don't mean as my servant. I . . . listen . . . try to understand me. You said just now that nobody wanted you, Melody. You were wrong. I want you."

"You?" Her eyes widened incredulously. "But—how can you?"

"I don't know myself. I've never felt before as I do—as I did from the first moment that I saw you." Ebenezer's face was deeply flushed with the effort to express such new emotions. "It . . . it must be what they call love at first sight."

"You mean that you want to marry me?" Her eyes met his gravely.

"Yes—to marry you and care for you. I know that I'm too old—twenty-five years older than you, but—I'd try to make you happy, and I'm not a poor man. Melody—do you think you could trust me?"

"Oh, I do—a great deal!" The girl spoke earnestly. "You have been so very good—so wonderfully kind."

"And . . ." Ebenezer's voice was uncertain and husky. "Perhaps some day . . . love me a little?"

Again Melody looked up at him frankly, childishly. He was by no means ill-looking in those days, this middle-aged bookseller, with his well-cut features, slightly greying hair and tall slight figure. And he had come to the girl in her hour of terrible need like a knight of chivalric romance, haloed by his own gentleness and kindness. Now, like a knight again, he stood between

her and the stark grimness of life in an Institution. Moreover, he was obviously and earnestly in love with her, and how could that not have its appeal for an eighteen-year-old girl?

Suddenly, impulsively, she held out both her hands to him.

"Yes, I think I could. I—I think I do——" she said.

So in as short a time as was possible, since the bride was so lacking in all that brides should possess, that strange pair were married.

And the wild bird found herself caged in the old book-shop, not so dusty then as in later years, but already dimmed and stifling with antiquity, its very air spent and stale. At least that is how it seemed to the girl of the open air and the open road, the daughter of generations of travelling folk.

Sometimes she would go out into the tiny cobbled yard at the back of the house and stand there, her face raised, drawing deep breaths, lifting her arms and letting them fall at her sides as though they had been truly the clipped wings of a bird.

And sometimes she would fling herself on her bed and lie face downwards, sobbing in a dry desperate way and repeating over and over again in a muffled whisper: "Oh, I can't breathe—I can't breathe here!"

But she never told her husband of these moments, never complained to him of her growing loneliness and unhappiness. Perhaps it would have been better if she had, for Ebenezer went his way realizing nothing, unconscious of the fact that Melody fully believed his love for her was dead or had never lived—that he had only married her for pity.

Because he had done so, because he had given her a home and shelter in her dire need, she felt that she owed him loyalty and willing service, that she must not fret and complain outwardly, that she must do all that she could for his bodily comfort, even though she was no very expert housewife.

As for Ebenezer himself, the ways and wiles of a lover were too strange to him to come naturally. It was only a very intense emotion which had permitted him to display so much of his feelings as he had in their strange courtship. But his love was shy as well as deep; only too soon it crept back into the most deep and sacred places of his heart and showed itself no more in little tendernesses and caresses—in those small thoughtfulnesses which a woman prizes and a man is apt to despise.

But the love was still there and as strong as ever; it never occurred to Saltmarsh that Melody could doubt that. What he feared, when he saw her grow more and more grave and quiet, was that she realized that she had made a terrible, an irrevocable mistake, tying her youth to his age. And if so, what could he do? Nothing . . . except to leave her alone, to give her her own way as much as possible.

So these two lived and loved at cross-purposes.

There seemed a chance of better understanding in the following autumn when the child was born, after Melody had struggled in the river of death for many hours, and only just managed to creep out upon the same bank from which her feet had slipped.

Ebenezer suffered unspeakably during those hours, but he schooled himself sternly to show no emotion which might injure Melody when at last, weak and

(Continued on page 109.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING REVERENT.

The Third Paper of Our "Important" Series.

By H. F. TOMKINSON, M.A.



The Reverence
of the Magi.

HY is Reverence important? Surely because no mind can be beautiful that is not reverent. I think we shall find that every man and woman of noble character,

whether among our actual acquaintances or among those of whom we read in history or biography, is possessed by a deep inward reverence—reverence in the biggest and widest sense—reverence towards those they love, reverence for children, reverence towards the wonder of goodness and all human endeavour, reverence in the presence of beauty or grandeur, reverence before the mysteries of life and death—all of which is reverence to God.

Walter Pater, in one of his books, suggests that one test of a man's character is in proportion to what he can admire. How deplorable is the being who can find nothing to admire: how little right has that being even to be! How depressing are his little sneers about nobody doing anything except for what he can get out of it. Nothing human or inanimate seems to stir him. In the grandest scenery he will be discontented because there is not a "Picture-drome," and in the finest library he will grumble because there is not the *Daily Sketch*. A woman being shown over the lovely historic old church at Rye was only impressed by one thing—the vacuum hinge on the door which caused it always to shut without banging. A person unmoved by Beauty, Truth or Goodness, unstirred by the monuments of past history, the emblems of human endeavour, untouched by the pathos of human love and the pity of human failure and disappointment writes his own condemnation; and this is the condemnation of all such—that in the presence of light "they loved darkness rather than light." They are little of soul; they cannot admire; they have no reverence.

But a reverent attitude of mind in general is best acquired by learning reverence to certain things in particular. The first lesson in reverence that I can remember was practical and concrete, as all good lessons to little children should be: I was not allowed to put the Bible underneath other books; the Book of books was always to be placed by itself or on top of others: and even to this day if I go into a room and find a Bible underneath or in the middle of a

heap of other books, I want to take it out and give it a more honourable place. This may seem silly to some people, but the underlying principle is sound, namely, that reverence of spirit is increased by reverence in action.

A special injunction to reverence is given in our Prayer-book by such words as "meekly kneeling upon your knees," or "all humbly kneeling": this is a different posture from "leaning forward" and it not only indicates a different spirit—it helps to create it.

Years ago there was a very old clergyman, almost completely paralysed; he had been a life-long friend of Archbishop Benson and one of his Assistant Masters at Wellington. He used to be wheeled into the parish church, and got out of his chair at the chancel arch; then he was helped up two steps into the long choir and slowly, slowly shuffled into his seat; but somehow he always managed to kneel down on his knees; the effort must have been great and the time it took was long; but it was an example to everyone, and a very eloquent rebuke to those who were either too lazy or too anxious about their Sunday trousers to get down on their knees.

There is another little custom which if thoughtfully used can not only increase our reverence, but bring unknown blessings on clergy and people; and that is the almost universal custom of kneeling down as soon as we get into our seat in Church. Like every other custom it can become a mere formality; but if we make ourselves think what we are doing and why we are doing it, we shall not only predispose ourselves to real reverence in the service, but we shall call down a blessing on those around us in ways past our understanding.

But whatever the ways in which we show our reverence, there is no doubt that a really reverent demeanour does help others to be reverent: probably we all remember as children how the sight of someone praying recalled our wandering thoughts, and some of us in older years find that that sight has not lost its power. There is a line in a poem of the present Poet Laureate about a gentle good woman who was bitterly insulted:

"She looked as though her spirit cried."

Sometimes we see in Church a quiet, devout woman, or some little child of whom one might say:

"She looked as though her spirit prayed."

Nor is this look confined to women.

But particular reverence passes on into general reverence: those who have learnt reverence for the things of God in Church are reverent towards the things of God outside the Church. What an extension of reverence is shown in St. Paul's words:

"Now the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

Such a thought hallows every dear, human relationship. Love based on respect lasts; only on such a basis can it last; but reverence is better even than respect; the truest love never loses reverence for the beloved, for the beloved is one of the things of God. So as

we look around us at all the mysteries of life, if we have any imagination, any perception, any humility at all, we must experience a feeling of reverence; as a man stands bare-headed in a church, so also as he contemplates all the mysteries of life, death, and all the human race in its long search for God and good, he must stand bare-headed, or in Eastern phrase, put off shoes from off his feet, for the place whereon he stands is holy ground.

If, as we quoted before, a man's character is in proportion to what he can admire, so still further we may say that character can be estimated by a man's reverence or his irreverence. As a touchstone discerning between gold and dross, or as a criterion separating the sheep and the goats, so is reverence. Last year the magnificent old abbey of Fountains near Ripon was flood-lighted: a few days previously a great centenary service had been held in the ruined church. The splendid walls still stand, the tower still stands, and the wonderful centre transepts with their windows still stand; though the aisles are still vaulted, the central roof has gone and the lofty tower is hollow, and smooth grass carefully kept grows where the floor had been.

The night was quite clear and fine: hidden lights

picked out the whole form of the Church, and threw its windows and its lines into romantic relief. In this House of Prayer, this great Church venerable in decay and now pitiable withal, most people walked about in silence or with lowered voices: but just now and again the empty laugh of some silly woman jarred, and the cigarette of some coarse-looking man was an offence. The scene divided the people into two classes and the dividing line was the line of reverence.

I was reminded of a short essay written a good many years ago by a well-known journalist: it narrated something to this effect, that on a country train-journey he suddenly discovered at a way-side station that in the next coach was the coffin of someone being carried to his burial: when he returned to his carriage, without exactly thinking what he did or why he did it, he threw away his cigar; somehow it did not seem quite suitable to sit smoking there with this body, so recently quitted by the spirit, a few yards away. It was an act of instinctive reverence.

The more I think of reverence and irreverence, the more sure I am that I want for my friends men and women of reverent mind, and I can frame a prayer that I for my part may always behave to those I love with reverence.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

By E. D. POWER-COBBE.

The following article, written thirty years ago, vividly pictures what an Irish parish (and some English parishes as well) was like in 1833.—Editor.

MY reminiscences of the Irish Church in the thirties of last century may well seem incredible in these days. A young cousin who has just read this article has (with the impudence of youth) put his tongue in his cheek, touched his forehead and smiled. But my character stands high, and there must be many living who will bear me out as to the condition of Church and services, not only in our own little country church but throughout Ireland and in many parts of England.

We were an old family, long resident in the county of —. We were a united family. Various relations from far and near, young and old, and of different shades of opinion and thought gathered at the old castle year after year. The picturesque little church, with its old ivy-grown tower, was reached through pretty winding grass walks. Here, Sunday after Sunday, everyone staying at the Castle was expected to go. It was the rule of the house, not to be disobeyed, the servants having to conform to it as well as ourselves. My grandfather at the time of which I write was the owner of the Castle. He was a Conservative to his backbone, and he carried his principles into his religion; as his forefathers had worshipped so would he! Since he was averse from the slightest change no one ventured to suggest any improvement in the service, and later on when one was attempted the fiasco was so terrible that things remained in *statu quo* until after my grandfather's death.

Our family pew (emblazoned with arms) consisted of the gallery at the end of the Church, reached by a winding staircase. It was a comfortably carpeted room with a fire-place, and in winter no one thought it strange if one of the party drew a chair towards it and put his feet on the fender. Perhaps the pew would be best

described by saying it was like two or three opera boxes thrown into one. There were curtains in front which drew on brass rods, thus enabling us to *shut out church and congregation* if we felt inclined. In the corner (where my old grandfather with his beautiful wife, old as himself, sat) they were always drawn, as they both disliked being stared at by the farmers' daughters. And yet with all these surroundings (and as I now think hindrances) how devout they both were; and how they entered into the service, *miserable* as it was; my grandfather even singing lustily, though he had not a note in his voice! Alas! we younger people were not so devout. Books (not *prayer books*) were brought to church and read on the sly; whilst others amused themselves learning off the family inscriptions on the tablets adorning the walls of the church. Would it be possible, we thought, to live such *perfect* lives as they did? There was not a virtue they did not possess. The wording was pretty much the same in all: they "lived well" (no doubt they did, or why are we all gouty?) and they "died regretted" (of course they did, for they kept open house, and thus squandered away a large portion of the property).

Of course there was a three-decker. On each side of the pulpit, against the wall, were two cherubims. The bodies of these remarkable beings were invisible, so I can give no particulars.

The clergyman "robed" in an empty pew at the bottom of the church, where black and white garments were spread out. Here the clerk (a big burly fellow with a voice like a trumpet, and a brogue unintelligible to English ears) assisted at the toilette, and followed the clergyman *on board*, when the three-decker looked under full sail. The reading of the prayers was rapid and very unintelligible. The sermons were dreadfully

long-winded, and my grandfather put a large clock on his pew facing the pulpit as a gentle reminder. Mr. — preached one Sunday on the "one little ewe lamb"; he called it a *ewee* lamb, and for many years afterwards I always thought that particular lamb smaller than anything I had ever seen.

The clerk conducted the music. It was very painful in sound and ludicrous in the extreme. He and my poor old grandfather, who hardly knew one tune from another, were the only two voices heard in the church, one shaky and pipey, the other loud and coarse. Poor Tate and Brady must have turned in their graves at the mutilation of their psalms, the words of which might have been Greek, and as to the tunes, they, as a rule, were lugubrious and ill-suited to accompany a religion of joy.

We all longed to improve the *music*, and the cousin from England was a great ally. Would it be possible, he wondered, to carry the old barrel organ which stood in the castle hall into the church for the Sunday service? It contained one sacred piece of music, the Old Hundredth Psalm, my grandfather's favourite tune. After a great deal of persuasion he gave his consent. Four secular tunes had to be played off before we reached the one we wanted, but this was done before the service began, and though they sounded rather strange in a church, no one but those interested in the scheme for improvement heard them. As each tune played twice, it was arranged with the clerk to give out only two verses, and after they were sung one of the boys was to put on the break and stop the organ altogether.

It was an anxious moment when the time arrived and the two verses given out, and my brother turned on the tune. It sounded lovely. But somehow time was lost in commencing, so one verse went as a symphony. We did not anticipate what was coming. It was too great a success to think of failure in any way. My old grandfather looked thoroughly pleased and sang at the top of his voice, when, oh! horror! the next verse was set up to a very secular tune. There was general consternation and a great deal of giggling, as two of my cousins carried the organ out of church, where it played the rest of the tune amongst the tombstones. It was a terrible finale to our attempts at improving the music. Never shall I forget the displeasure of my grandfather. I think he suspected, what indeed I now begin to think myself, that the boys did not stop the organ at the right time, and knew perfectly well what was going to happen. The subject was never mentioned again before my grandfather, and need I say that the offending organ was carried back to the castle hall, where it remains to this day.

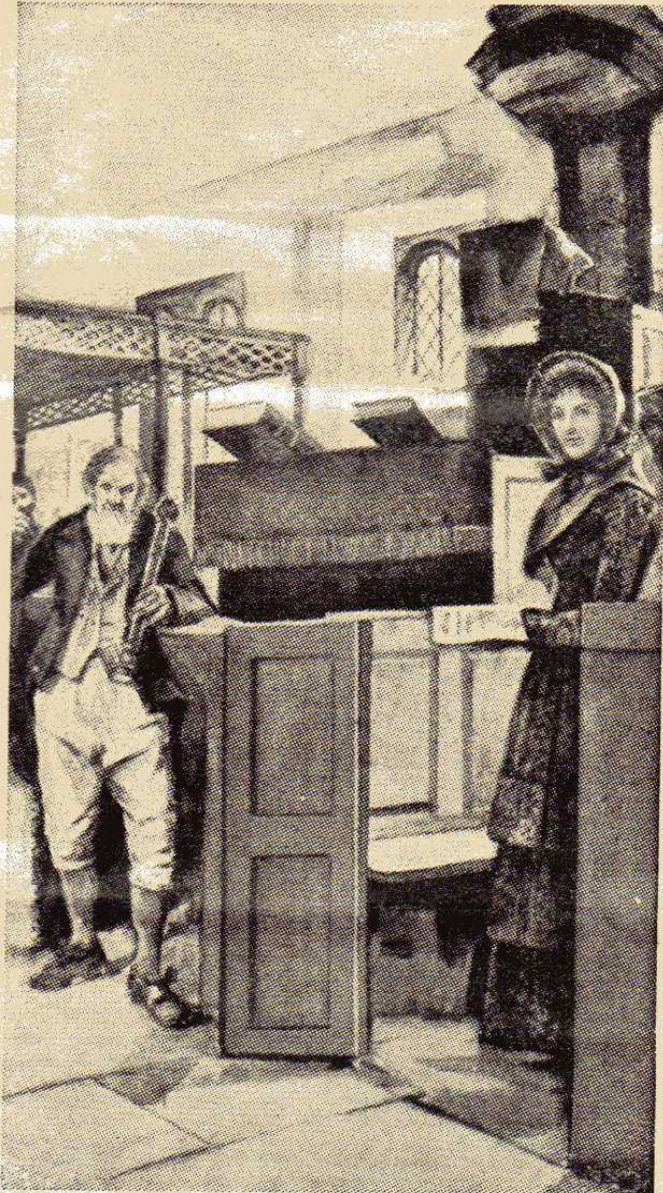
A cousin of mine, a starched prim old maid, looking always as if she had walked out of a bandbox, thought it respectful, whilst on a visit at the castle, to pay a visit to the clergyman of the church. I went with her. We were kept a long time waiting in the little *parlour*, when Mr. — in a hurried manner entered the room with a clean shirt-front tied round his neck, the tapes hanging down his back outside. These articles of attire were called *dickies* (I don't know why), and were economical substitutes for more elaborate garments, but Mr. — in his hurry and agitation forgot the strings.

A clergyman my mother knew keenly followed the

hounds, and she remembered him performing a marriage with his surplice over his top boots and pink coat, having tied his hunter to the church door. The couple were tied with the quickest of knots, and Mr. — was off after the hounds.

But all of which I write has long passed away. The three-decker (like the wooden walls of England) has disappeared almost everywhere. There is a pretty chancel now in the dear little church of my youth. The clerk has gone to his long home. The pew still remains, but shorn of its curtains, and looking less like an opera box.

As I sat last year in the same seat I had so often occupied in days gone by, visions of old times passed before me. I thought of my old grandfather, whose simple character all admired, with his strange surroundings, and his true devotion, and I wondered (and sighed as I thought) had *my* intercourse with the world and more helpful services to which I am now accustomed left me with such a childlike faith as his?



The clerk conducted the music.

CHURCH FROM HOME

If you know of any Church News which send it to the Art Editor, 11 Ludgate of five shillings each are awarded

Compton's Crusader.

THE recent discovery of a crude carving of a Crusader on the south pier of the chancel arch, probably dating back to 1166, must be unique. The Rector surmises that it was cut with a dagger by some knightly descendant of Walter FitzOther. The figure is quite correctly traced, being similar to such figures on ancient tapestries. One can recognize the triangular Norman helmet, the nose plate, and the white tabard which the knight wore over his coat of mail. On his left there is a simple cross, unusual in shape, with a St. Andrew's cross superimposed upon it.

Steaming Gravestones.

THOUSANDS of miles away Down Under, in the Native village, Ohinemutu, stands a quaintly carved Maori Church, against the background of the pretty Lake Rotorua, with its beds of rushes, and marginal swamps brooded over by clouds of steam, and away in the distance the hills and gullies covered with manuka, ferns and ti-tree.

The interior of the Church is as beautiful as outside, with its stained-glass windows, and wonderfully carved pulpit, and choir stalls. The service is conducted in the Maori language, but the Vicar—a very fine type of Maori gentleman—preaches a short sermon in Maori to his own people and another in English for the benefit of the English

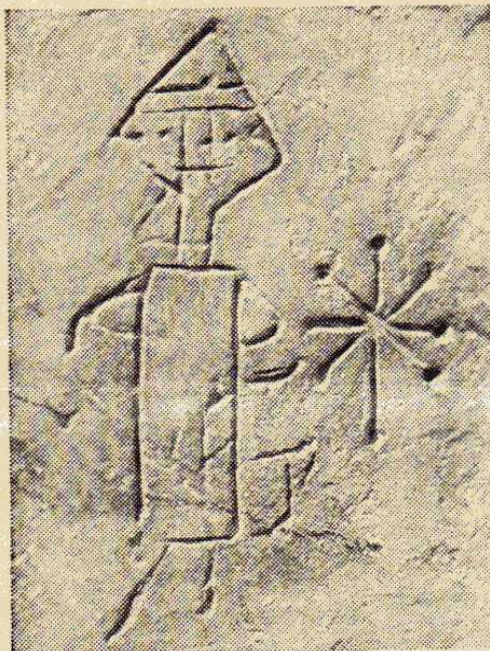


Photo by

The Compton Crusader.

(H. M. BOND.)



NEWS AND ABROAD

you think would interest our readers Sq., London, during July. Six prizes monthly. Photographs are welcome.

give a Bible to such young persons of the parish as they should choose. There were in Mr. Marriott's day three principal translations of the Holy Scriptures, and printed copies were fairly common, though mostly in the hands of scholars. Other people had never been allowed or never had the opportunity of studying the Bible. In 1538, an open Bible was set up in Churches, that all might come there and read for themselves. Unhappily, however, this became the cause of so much wrangling and bad conduct in Church that the privilege had to be withdrawn, and by an Act of Parliament passed in 1543, no one was to be allowed to read Scripture

and American and Australian tourists, who usually help to fill the Church, particularly at Christmas time and in the New Year, which is the middle of the New Zealand summer. Outside cluster the graves of the old Maoris, and it is rather gruesome to notice steam issuing from the cracks in the very headstones of some of the graves.

Near by are the wooden wharves where the Maoris live peaceful, care-free lives, and all over the little township the boiling mud pools chuckle and gurgle like seething, black porridge, and the boiling pools are turned into cookers where the Maoris cook their food, and rows of kettles sing merrily together in the hot streams which flow from the pools. Sometimes in the path leading to the Church door a fresh miniature fountain of boiling water will force its way through the ground, making an ever-widening hole, so that until it is fenced off, worshippers on their way to Church need to watch their steps rather carefully.

Miss A. E. NOON.

Ludham's Font.

THERE are many beautiful and interesting fonts in the churches of East Anglia. The one at Ludham in Norfolk is carved all over with symbolic sculpture. Around the bowl are the symbols of the four evangelists. Just below are a series of grotesque figures, probably representing evil spirits being expelled at Baptism. Just underneath the bowl a group of angels with musical instruments encircle the pedestal. No doubt these represent the Heavenly Choir welcoming the newborn child of God. The figures on the pedestal itself are curious and their meaning obscure.

H. J. SMITH.

"Marriott's Gift."

HOW the conditions of an ancient bequest have been faithfully observed year by year over three centuries is shown by the records of the Parish Church of the little agricultural village of Dummer, near Basingstoke, Hants. As far back as 1607, the then rector of Dummer, the Rev. Richard Marriott, on his death, left provision for the sum of £20 to be set aside, so that yearly the rector, the chief landowner, and the churchwardens might



The Font at Ludham.

under the degree of gentleman or gentlewoman! This restriction was a matter of much regret to many. Yet, at that time, party feeling ran so high and so many things were said and done by turbulent and lawless people in the name of religion, that no one could say it was harsh or unnecessary. The same difficulties stood in the way in 1571 and 1587. We can quite understand, therefore, the reason for Mr. Marriott's bequest. Mrs. G. SMITH.

A Sermon in Cornish.

THE little church of Landewednack at The Lizard, Cornwall, is the last church in which the sermon was



The Black Prince's Well.

delivered in the Cornish tongue. The date of the service is 1678. The churchyard is the resting-place of many wrecked off the wild Cornish coast.

MISS HAYDON.

The Black Prince's Well.

VISITORS to Canterbury Cathedral make a special point of seeing the fine tomb of Edward the Black Prince, whose famous badge and motto are used by each Prince of Wales.

But many do not know of the existence of the Black Prince's Well which is in a meadow near the Church and Almshouse of St. Nicholas on Harbledown Hill. Its waters were considered to possess curative properties and were sent to the Prince when he lay dying, in the hope of effecting a cure. At least so says the legend. The well is in an excellent state of preservation, and is fenced round to protect it from injury. Above it is the Prince's badge and motto.

MISS M. A. BOULTER-COOKE.

A Crock of Gold.

THE little church of Farway, Devon, with its Norman pillars and capitals, contains several interesting tombs, notably those erected to the memory of the Prideaux family, who were once owners of a fine old Tudor residence in the parish. In a recess of the north aisle wall is the stone bust of a man wearing a ruff, with an inscription cut below it: "This parte of the church was new builte in the yere of O'r Lorde 1628, - By the benevolence of Humphrie Hutchins, of this parish." A tradition, attached to this monument, recounts how the said Humphrie Hutchins was one day ploughing in a field on the hillside near by, when the plough turned up a "crock of gold." The vessel was opened and amongst the coins was found a written request, that whosoever should find the money was to use part of it in repairing the parish church. In what way the finder carried out this injunction is recorded below his bust in the church.



The man who found a "crock of gold."

The field now bears the suggestive name of Money-Acre. A. HARTLEY.

March Prize Award.—Again we found it necessary to enlarge our list of prizewinners. In addition to the usual five-shilling prizes sent in April to D. Dudley, H. T. Cornerford, the Rev. J. Stafford-Wright, the Rev. J. R. McDonald, G. Smith and Miss M. Wight, half-crown prizes were awarded to Miss K. E. Kidwell, M. T. Logan, Capt. E. A. H. Fenn, F. A. V. Jones, and H. J. Smith.

AS A MAN WOOS. (Continued from page 104.)

white, she recovered consciousness. So she never knew what her husband had been feeling, thought that he seemed hard and cold, almost callous as regarded the baby—as indeed he was, torn with hidden fears for the mother.

But Melody recovered, and now there was the tiny boy, Josiah, to fill the emptiness of her days and her heart, to train and teach and play with—but always quietly so that his father might not be disturbed. For it wouldn't be fair, Melody felt, that Ebenezer, her grave husband, should be bothered by a noisy child.

So it was only when those two, the sturdy boy and his girl mother, escaped into the woods and fields that they romped and laughed aloud and raced and were normally and naturally noisy.

For in the house little Jos was mouse-like in his quietness, and looked up to his grey-haired, stern-faced father with more awe than love.

So things went on until the boy was nearly five years old—until a spring day, when the birds were singing madly and a little reckless wind was rioting through the young leaves and driving white clouds across the sky.

Melody had taken Jos out into the woods to gather primroses, and on their way back they came across a gipsy encampment in a clearing.

The two vans were trim and brightly painted, the dark elderly woman who sat weaving a basket on the

steps of one of them was clean and neatly dressed, whilst the clothes spread out to dry on bushes near were by no means the sordid rags often seen near a gipsy camp.

The woman of the caravan looked up, her dark eyes met those of Melody, and a sudden exclamation escaped from the younger.

"Aunt Jennifer. . .!"

Little Josiah watched gravely. His mother seemed to know these people—for now a man and a young girl had joined the group. They were all talking, laughing—he had never seen his mother laugh like that before.

But when presently she left them and led him away, she looked very sad and grave, almost ready to cry—and she *did* cry when she put Jos to bed that night.

Next morning Ebenezer found a note by his plate on the breakfast table, and sat staring at it for long after it had been read.

"... I have gone back to my own people—the travelling people. I met cousins of my father's by chance yesterday. Jos is with me—you could not be troubled with him. Besides—he must not be brought up in a cage—he is wild like me; it would kill him as it was killing me. I'm sorry—it's all my fault. But you don't really need me.

MELODY."

(To be continued.)

Our Weekday Pages For Women with Homes

Monday's Washing.

AN EASY WAY TO WASH BLANKETS.—Fill the bathroom bath with hot water and make soapy with soap-flakes, then put blankets in and tread them with the feet. The blankets will soon become clean. Then rinse in plenty of clean, warm water, put through mangle and hang out to dry. (Miss DOROTHY HASELL.)

(Above is a sailor's method, we are told, and a very satisfactory one!)

TO DRY JUMPERS, CARDIGANS, ETC.—Take a pair of stockings (*not wool*), tie the feet together, leaving toe-ends free. Pass one end of the long band thus formed up one sleeve of jumper, across the shoulder and down opposite sleeve. Peg on to the line by each stocking end which protrudes from sleeve and in centre by toe-ends. By this method the garment is correctly hung and will retain its proper shape. (Mrs. D. BRIGGS.) (Fig. 1.)

CASHMERE SOCKS AND TENNIS SOCKS.—These often shrink and should be pegged on line as diagram. Stretch and peg toes and give leg a sharp pull. Wash in rainwater if possible and put through wringer. (Mrs. L. COUCHMAN.) (Fig. 5.)

TABLE LINEN.—If tablecloths and napkins are rinsed in water to which a little methylated spirits has been added, no starch will be required and they will iron with a beautiful gloss. (E. JONES.)

TO SMOOTH A ROUGH IRON.—Put a handful of common salt on some brown paper and well rub iron on this; it will soon run smoothly over the clothes. (Mrs. FISHER.)

To-day's Thought: When times are trying those are the times to try.

Tuesday's Sewing.

MAKE YOUR OWN TRANSFERS FOR EMBROIDERY.—For the transfer ink, dissolve a good teaspoonful of caster sugar with the same of Reckitt's blue (powdered) in a small teaspoonful of boiling water. Ready for use when cold. Copy, or trace, the required design on to tracing-paper (bought cheaply from any stationer's), or on to smooth tissue paper. A clean, used nib is better than a new one. Press off with a very hot iron. (Mrs. R. G. WOODS.)

A HANDY knitting-bag can be made with either canvas or cretonne, 10 inches by 9, with a small ring in the centre to pass the wool through. (Miss HOPCRAFT.) (Fig. 2.)

MACHINING CORNERS.—It is often difficult to machine-stitch a corner nicely, on the extreme



A DAILY PRAYER.

O God of all goodness and truth, Who waketh the world with the tender light of dawn, grant that we may so lift our hearts to Thee in faith and adoration that we may reflect Thy glory and grow in graciousness of life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

RJW

edge. This can be done easily, by placing a piece of firm thin paper underneath the material before reaching the corner, and continue stitching round the corner; the paper can quickly be torn away when finished (Miss MALING.)

WORN GYM-SLIPS.—These often get worn at elbows while the rest is good. Cut lower part of sleeve off and neaten the part that is left with a narrow edging of lace. Cut two straight pieces of suitable material of length required and join up at the sides; pull out elastic from blouse and gather material to fit bottom of this. Neatly join together and you have a cheap "nightie." (Mrs. M. BILLAM.)

TIDY WORK-BASKETS.—Put tiny rubber bands around your cotton reels; this will keep the cotton from unwinding and getting tangled. (H. P.)

To-day's Thought: "Gaiety, courage and the quiet mind" have we ever prayed for these?

Wednesday's Nursing.

HOT ONION POULTICE.—This is useful in case of bad chest colds. Peel and chop finely 6 or 10 onions, according to size, put in a large saucepan with the same quantity of rye meal and enough vinegar to make a thick paste. Simmer for 5 or 10 minutes, stirring thoroughly. Put the mixture into cotton bags large enough to cover the patient's lungs, and apply one to chest as hot as patient can bear. In about 10 minutes apply another, and thus continue re-heating and applying poultices till patient is out of danger. (E. M. M.)

FOR BED-RIDDEN PATIENTS.—A bed filled with oat chaff (to be renewed two or three times a year) will keep a patient cool and prevent bed-sores. (Mrs. W. ENGLAND.)

MOSQUITO BITES.—Should the limb become swollen and septic, take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bran, pour boiling water on it to form a paste, then sprinkle with vinegar and apply as hot as bearable. This draws the poison more quickly than boric lint and in a few days the limb becomes quite normal. (Miss F. ELLEY.)

A STOMACH TONIC.—Get, from a good chemist's, 1 oz. of English camomile flowers; put 5 in a cup and pour over $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of boiling water. Stand for 10 minutes, add a lump of sugar and drink the last thing at night. A pinch of bicarbonate of soda may be added. Camomile tea clears the complexion, also relieves indigestion and gout. (M. H. S.)

To-day's Thought: No one is no one in the sight of God.

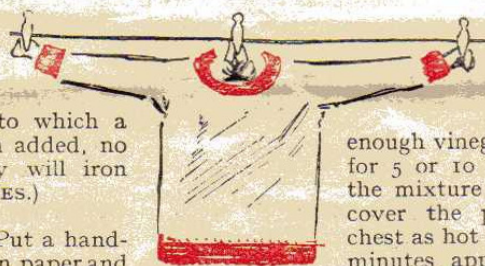


Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

Thursday's Cooking.

PRESSED HAM.—Obtain a boiling-piece of bacon with hock attached, about 6d. per lb. This cut is about 6 lb. in weight. Boil gently until bones can easily be removed—about 4 hours. Pack meat into a round cake-tin, placing a plate a little smaller on top with weight on. Leave overnight. This is delicious to eat and $\frac{1}{2}$ cost of boiled ham. (Miss D. WINTER.) (Fig. 3.)

A SUBSTITUTE FOR EGGS.—When eggs are dear, use sago for binding rissoles or stuffings. Two large teaspoonfuls should be simmered in half a cupful of milk and water. (Mrs. E. MATTHEWS.)

MINCEMEAT.—To make mincemeat which will keep without the addition of brandy, use a little more sugar and moisten with vinegar. (Mrs. M. ATMORE.)

CHIPPED POTATOES.—The chips will be greatly improved and cook quicker if, before frying, they are tossed into boiling water, then dried and floured. This also prevents the chips from sticking together. (Miss KENT.)

BAKED MILK PUDDINGS.—These will be much more tempting if the top is sprinkled thickly with desiccated cocoanut. It browns beautifully and the "toasted" flavour is delicious. (Mrs. S. BUSHELL.)

A CUSTARD HINT.—When making a baked custard, boil the milk and allow to cool a little before mixing with the eggs; this prevents the custard becoming watery and leathery. (Miss M. BATCHELOR.)

To-day's Thought: Kindliness and Kingliness are very near akin, for we may learn both from Christ.

Friday's Household.

TO KEEP APPLES.—Procure 2 or 3 small barrels and a quantity of dry sand. Put a good layer of sand at bottom of barrel, then a layer of apples, pressing well into sand so that bottom of apple is covered. Be sure apples do not touch each other, nor the sides of barrel. Cover with sand and continue to pack apples and sand to within 3 or 4 inches of top, then fill up with sand. Barrels can be kept anywhere under cover, stood on bricks to keep from ground and with a board on top. The apples will keep well till spring, provided all are kept covered with sand, and can be used as required. (Mrs. T. H. SCOTT.)

CLEAN WALLS.—In a nursery or sitting-room, which small people often use, cover wall from floor to chair-rail with a nicely patterned oil-cloth. This lasts for years and is always tidy, and can be easily wiped over after sticky little fingers. (D. H. REEVES.)

LINOLEUM ON STONE FLOORS.—Before laying the linoleum, cover the floor with

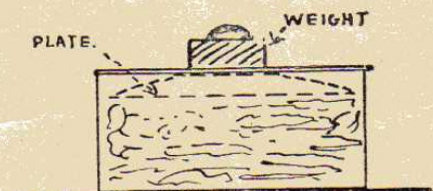


Fig. 3.

dry, afterward use it for dusting deep carvings and mouldings. Clean the brush thoroughly with rags, and when really dirty give it a wash and dose it with paraffin again. (Miss M. CASTLE.)

TO REMOVE OLD WAX POLISH FROM LINO OR PARQUET FLOORS.—Rub with fine steel wool and paraffin; this is far the best way to get floor clean and ready to polish. (Mrs. J. HORWOOD.)

To-day's Thought: The kindly heart is ever making silver linings for other people's clouds.

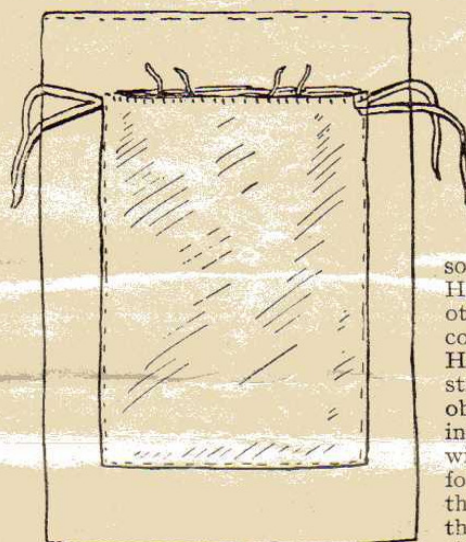


Fig. 4.

way. (Mrs. I. M. BISHOP.) (Fig. 4.)

BABY'S NIGHT-FEED.—Instead of putting feed in a flask, use a small china teapot (scrupulously clean and kept for the purpose) and cover with cosy. It will be found much easier and quicker to fill baby's bottle than from a flask. (Mrs. TAYLOR.)

DOLLY'S DRESSMAKER.—A good way to encourage a love of needlework in small girls is to teach them to make dolls' clothes. With a large doll, a toy sewing-machine and some doll patterns, a child will soon learn to cut out and make the clothes quite nicely. (M. W.)

To-day's Thought: Give greatly and you will never have to complain of small returns.

March Prize Award.—The following were sent prizes in April: Mrs. Philpott, Miss M. Cooper, Mrs. A. Lee, Mrs. M. Kirk and E. A. Lambert. Mrs. Metcalfe and Mrs. Arrowsmith divided the sixth prize. Again we thank many correspondents for their letters of appreciation.

Monthly Prize Competition.

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

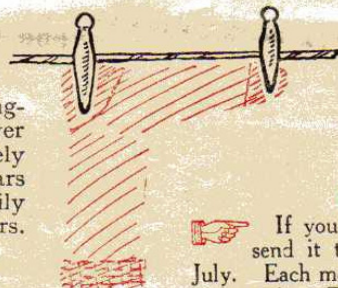


Fig. 5.

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