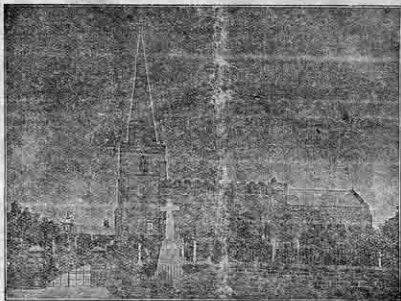


MAY, 1948.

Crich Parish Magazine



Vicar—REV. HUBERT EDMUND JONES, B.Sc.

Churchwardens—Mr. J. B. Humphrey and Mr. Arthur Stocks.

Secretary of Church Council—Mrs. D. Stocks.

Church Council—

The Vicar and Wardens, Mrs. Hubert E. Jones (Diocesan Conference Representative), Mr. J. B. Humphrey (R.D. Conference Representative), Mrs. Maurice Deacon, Mrs. P. P. Taylor, Mr. P. P. Taylor, Mrs. Dixon, Mr. A. H. Deacon, Mr. Cheln, Mrs. G. E. Taylor, Mrs. D. Stocks, Mrs. C. Lynam, Mrs. F. Walker, Miss M. Young.

Sidesmen—

Parish Church—Messrs. F. Harrison, P. P. Taylor, A. E. Cheln, J. H. Smith, A. H. Deacon, G. E. Taylor, Snr., G. E. Taylor, Jr., D. Humphrey, F. Heapey, F. Lee, P. Dawes, C. Cumberland.

Fritchley—Mr. J. N. Price.

Organist and Choirmaster—Mr. Glossop.

Verger, Clerk and Sexton—Mr. F. Walker, Town End.

SERVICES—

Holy Communion—Every Sunday, 8 a.m.; 1st and 3rd, after Matins; 5th after Evensong.

Choir Practices—Thursdays, 8 p.m. Holy Baptism—By arrangement.

SUNDAYS—PARISH CHURCH—Matins, 11-0 a.m.; Evensong, 6-30 p.m.
Children, 2-30 p.m. (1st Sunday).

Churchings—After any Service. (Other times by arrangement).

Banns of Marriage—Notice (in writing) to the Vicar or Verger.

FRITCHLEY—Sundays, 6-30 p.m.

PRICE - THREEPENCE.

Magazine Hon. Treas.—The Vicar.

My dear Friends,

Easter Day will be remembered by many of us for the glorious weather on that day. When it comes early, as in this year, we fear the kind of weather one can have. The opposite was our good fortune. The Summer could not have produced a better day. Our Parish Church was gay with flowers. The members of the **Mothers' Union** contributed generously towards it, and we thank them most heartily for what they have done. I am grateful to all who so kindly contributed towards my **Easter Offering**. The **Fritchley Mission** sent their contribution as usual. I thank you one and all for your generous kindness.

On Tuesday, March 30th we had our **Shrovetide Concert**. I am sure we all had a very delightful evening. Our special thanks are due to **Mr. H. J. Smith** and **Mr. Fern** for the trouble taken and the work they did in erecting a platform for the occasion. Without their help we could not have given such a good show. As usual our friends gave most generously towards providing refreshments for the occasion. We had enough and to spare, and it was of excellent quality. Our various difficulties remain much the same, but they were all overcome by good will, hard work and generous giving. I cannot thank sufficiently all who took part and did so much to make it a great success in every way.

The **Vestry Meeting and Annual Meeting** were held on April 1st. **Mr. Humphrey** again consented to act as Vicar's Warden, and **Mr. Stocks** elected People's Warden for the coming year. I have found them most helpful during the last year. We owe them grateful thanks for all they have done. I look forward to another year of pleasant co-operation with them again. They have served the Parish well, and are deserving of our praise. The **Church Council** remains much the same. I often think of various meetings and I attend a great many in the course of a year. How very necessary they are to the success of any undertaking. One finds them a little trying sometimes, and one may sometimes even wish there were no such

committee meetings and so on. Those who serve on such occasions are doing a very essential work and without this service everything would come to a standstill. I often make myself go to meetings outside the parish, because I argue that if everybody gave way to the temptation of absenting oneself, things would fail dismally. I hope then our Church Councillors will do what they can to attend meetings, and will realise that in so doing they are doing essential service to our Church.

You will find the **Balance Sheet** printed on another page. We thank God that we finish the year with a substantial balance. Without money we can do nothing and all will realise that the heating, lighting and upkeep of the Church is a heavy burden. It is a privilege that God has given us a share in this work. He could have arranged matters so that no cost would fall on Christian People. Had He done so, it would have resulted in a great deterioration of Christian Character. Love of God and the Church would have had no outlet. Love delights in giving, and giving to God should be our greatest delight. There are people who, when they give, expect a return for their money. That is not true giving. True love expects no reward. **The Law of Sacrifice is the Law of Life**. It can be seen working in a home. Without it home becomes impossible. The parents give freely, seeking only the good of those they love. This element of sacrifice is the foundation of every walk of life, and life would be impossible without it. So it is with the Christian Religion. It is built on sacrifice. Without sacrifice the Church cannot exist. We think of sacrifice as a painful thing. We forget that without it, all life becomes miserable. The joy of sacrifice is the joy of living. It was experienced by Jesus on the Cross. It is felt by every Christian who gives to maintain and extend the Church of Christ, and in so doing gives to God. Though we give without thought of reward, God is no man's debtor, and rewards bountifully all that is given or done in His Service.

I need not stress the point that money

CHURCH PICTURE PAGE

MAY, 1948



Christ's Head on a Bench-end.

THERE are many beautiful things to be seen in the 12th century church at Bishop's Canning, Wiltshire. One of the loveliest of the many fine bench-ends, covered with carving, is this exquisite piece of craftsmanship showing Christ's Head.—J. D. ROBINSON.

Boxing Day Custom.

AT Drayton Beauchamp on St. Stephen's Day the Rector was once expected to give "as much bread and cheese and ale as the inhabitants chose!" The custom was known as "Stephening" or "Stephenage." It was abolished by the Charity Commissioners in 1827. But the men of Drayton went on singing for years after:

"My name is Jim, the carter's lad,
A jolly chap am I;
I always am contented
Be weather wet or dry."
—D. J. SCURRY JONES.

A Modern Epitaph.

VERY occasionally, we come across a perfect modern epitaph. Here is one that I think we owe to a noted journalist. It concludes a sketch of the late Archbishop Temple: "Wherever he met or found a stranger, he could not help but leave a friend." Of another, it was recorded that "he lit fires in cold rooms."—R. L. ASTON.

6s. 8d. Bequest.

IN the Visitations and Memorials of Southwell Minster (Camden Society) is printed an abstract of the Latin will (preserved at Southwell) of Thomas Beifin, of Calverton, dated 10th October, 1499, wherein testator "bequeaths to the fabric of the stone cross (*crucis de la ston*) in the West part of the town of Calverton, 6s. 8d." This is the only known local instance of a cross being "remembered" in a will.—B. GRANGER.

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

Flying Bishops.

POSSIBLY, after the Lambeth Conference in July, someone will make a list of Bishops who fly. The figures should be interesting, and will make a significant comparison with last century's records of official episcopal journeys, confused, as a rule, to their diocese and to London if they happened to be in the House of Lords. The Bishop of Lichfield, who has written so often for our magazine, must be high on the list. Last year he attended the Centenary celebrations in the States of Victoria, New South Wales and South Australia, and made "a flying visit" to New Zealand at the invitation of the Archbishop.

Hornet's Nest in a Tower.

THE Exeter Cathedral architect nearly found himself in a hornet's nest recently—and not in a merely metaphorical sense. He and two friends were inspecting the 300-year-old Bramford Speke Church tower, and in one of the embattlements came upon the nest. It evidently had been a bird's nest previously, judging by the number of small sticks seen inside. Large hornets were flying in and out, so the trio did not unduly prolong their visit! The hornets do not seem to have been disturbed by bell practices, which had been held about four hours each week for the previous month.—R. C. COLESTON.

Spelling a Saint.

THE parish church at Market Harborough has the unusual dedication of St. Dionysius. Four miles further south, the church at Kilmarnock, Northants,



Tramcar as Sunday School.

is dedicated St. Denys. Still further south at Faxon, Northants, is an old 18th century church (now closed) whose dedication is St. Denis. It may not be generally known that all these three dedications are to one Saint. St. Denys was a French saint whose festival is kept on October 9th.—P. AMOS.

On 2s. a Week!

A tombstone in the churchyard to the memory of Willie Shaw, "sober, laborious and faithful" who "at 2s. per week for 40 years maintained a wife and numerous issue." What would we not give to know how Willie managed to do it? Or was 2s. equal in value to £2 of today's money?—Miss UNDERWOOD.



Shakespeare's School.

SHAKESPEARE went to school at Stratford Grammar School, already of great antiquity, "creeping like snail to school", for scholars had to work twelve hours a day then, starting very early in the morning. The school was built in 1428 as the home of a religious guild. The chapel adjoining is still as Shakespeare saw it.—REXET WINSTONE.

New Zealand Sunday School.

THE enclosed photograph, writes the Rev. R. de Lambert from Sumner Parish, N.Z., will show you readers that the Old Country is not alone in being faced with building restrictions. For our Sunday School we have an out-of-date tramcar, which cost £10—a gift from an interested Churchman.

A Family Record.

FROM London, Canada, comes this remarkable letter: "Sir, is this a record? Peter David Stewart, aged 1 year, of London, Canada, has seven great great grandparents buried in Blyth churchyard, and three more in the cemetery. For more than 150 years members of the family have been chorists and bellringers."



African Troops in Palestine.

Britain's

New Larder

By W. T. STRATTON

NE DON'T suppose that in the history of our island home we have ever been so food-conscious as we are to-day. Queues have taught us that we are dependent upon one another for our very existence. The British farmer, coal miner, weaver—we appreciate their home services more than we once did; we no longer take them for granted. But, more than that, we are beginning to inquire where our imported food comes from, and how more can be grown to meet our needs. We are even concerned with jungle land which has not been cultivated at all and that land is in Africa.

We recall ruefully enough what Kipling wrote:

"For the bread that you eat and the biscuits you nibble,
The sweets that you suck and the joints that you carve,
They are brought to you daily by all us big steamers,
And if anyone hinders our coming you'll starve."

It is not "anyone" that hinders to-day, it is lack of money with which to pay. Then how can we feed our hungry selves?

The answer is startling. We can go into all the world and preach the Gospel of Good Work. Assuredly, the Gospel of Our Lord, the Carpenter, includes that in the everlasting Gospel of His Love for men. Is it the great purpose of God that we shall be awakened to fresh efforts to carry out Christ's last command by sheer necessity—our lack of food?

Dr. Welch, once so well known as the B.B.C. Religious Director, has summed up the facts:—

"The world shortage of eating fats is now two million tons. Before

the war, one-third of this was exported by India; now the peoples of India need all they formerly exported for themselves—and no one who



Holy Communion on the shores of Galilee.

knows India's need, and of her rising population (an annual increase of five millions largely due to medical and welfare work), will begrudge them that food. The African groundnuts scheme proposes to replace part of what we formerly took from India by cultivating land which cannot be used by the African (because of the absence of domestic water, and the presence of the tsetse fly and of forest which the African cannot uproot). An unused 'desert' will thus become our 'larder,' and the

'larder' of the Africans themselves, who are threatened by famine no less than ourselves."

When we go into this uncultivated world seeking for food is it not our bounden duty to bring with us the Bread of Life?

We have asked the Rev. P. A. Unwin, who has worked during the war among the African tribesmen, and knows what fine characters they are, and how eagerly they respond to the Christian Gospel to give us his impressions. Here they are:—

"That vast continent does not consist mainly of bush to be torn up for Europe's needs by bulldozers. It is inhabited by millions of human beings who in their own right claim brotherhood with us. The growth of the Christian Church among them during the last fifty years, if plotted, would show a constant rise: sixty per cent. of enlisted men during the war were Christians. A colonel commanding one of the battalions of the King's African Rifles reported that he found 80 out of every 100 of his men were Christians, writing and receiving letters from home. Since the 1914-18 war there has been a revolution. The farther the men went from home the more insistent they were in asking for Christian baptism. They were separated from the sacred groves where, in living memory, sacrifices had been offered in mediation between their tribe and the Creator. They were far from the elders who keep and know tribal law; far from the beloved home-land where lie buried ancestors whose spirits are guardians of the soul of the tribe."

"Away from it all, for the satisfaction of their intensely religious natures, and for their mediation between themselves and God, they fled to the Christ they had vaguely heard of, and of Whom, now, they were constantly reminded, in their new environment, by its churches, their clergy, Cathedral, Bishops and military chaplains.

(Concluded on page 39.)



African Troops entering Cairo Cathedral.

People We Can't Forget

By THE REV. W. E. PURCELL.

Most of us have met at least one person we "can't forget." The Editor of "Home Words," 11 Lodge Square, London, E.C., will pay one guinea for the best account of such an "unforgettable character" submitted to him in May.

HE was the bravest man I ever saw. He lived in a dim, rather dirty street, closed at one end by the wall of a mill. Number twenty-five was in the middle of the right-hand side, a door grimmer than the others, and with the knob unpolished. The reply to a knock was that voice upstairs saying: "Well?"

Inside, the stairs led directly out of a tiny living-room, and as you climbed those stairs you saw first the shabby rug, then the iron legs of the bed with its mattress sagging in the middle, then through the bars at the foot of the bed, looking through them as into a prison, you saw that memorable face.

It was a face of unconquerable courage, strong, heavy-jawed, pale, in a frame of black hair, a face which smiled and said:

"Hello, Parson. You from the Church?"

That was the first time we met. Afterwards he used sometimes just to smile and point to the battered chair by his bedside. You knew then that he wanted to be talked to and not to have to talk back because the pain was bad. That pain must have been with him every hour and all of every day of his life, yet he never mentioned it. But once, when the clock in our church tower had gone out of order he said: "What's wrong with your clock? All last night it never struck. I missed it lying here and listening. Those chimies are old friends of mine, and the tower's part of my view."

He pointed through the small window and remarked, gladly: "It's a fine view."

The long pale hand was pointing across the sooty plants on his window-sill at a vista of back yards filled with fluttering washing, at a factory chimney, at wet streets climbing a hill, at the Church tower in the valley. These he could see when on his good days he sat up. On bad days he used to lie flat and watch the clouds.

He was doing this one day when he asked suddenly: "Did you ever travel? No? That's a pity; it's a fine thing. Broadens a man. I was just thinking that those were the kind of clouds you see in the mountain country of Western

FACTS OF THE FAITH

By THE REV. G. W. H. LAMPE, M.C., M.A.

V. The Ascension and modern thought.

"WHICH clauses in the Apostles' Creed are based upon historical fact?" This question frequently arises when people discuss the great doctrines of our Faith.

What they have in mind generally turns out to be the clauses which deal with the Birth, Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus Christ, and especially the statement that "He descended into Hell." It is the last two of these which usually seem the most puzzling to the modern mind: "He descended into Hell," "He ascended into Heaven."

In both cases, of course, they seem to presuppose the old notion of the universe, a "three-storey" one comprising a "material" heaven, a solid "firmament" dividing off this heaven from a flat earth below, and, in some region beneath the earth, a hollow place, the abode of the dead, called by the Jews "Sheol," and by the Greeks "Hades." There is the added difficulty of the Creed's apparent acceptance of a material "heaven" and "hell" in a material universe. It is worth while our noticing that, though, no doubt, in ancient times, as even among some folk today, many Christians did in fact so envisage the "places" into which our Lord ascended and descended, the doctrines expressed in this spatial language certainly do not stand or fall with any theory of the nature of the material universe, old or new. As always, religious thought, like that of poetry, has to make use of picture language to express spiritual reality. Common speech does as much; we can talk of a person "going up" in the world, or "falling" into misfortune, without incurring any reproach from the too literally-minded. To the early Christians, the conception of Christ "going down" into the state of life of the departed, or of His Ascension to the sphere of the Divine, was entirely natural and expressed the reality of what in fact had happened.

We believe that Christ's humanity was real, and that His death, His life, was essentially like our own. To the fascinating problem of what happens to us immediately after our own death, we have at present no answer; our faith is that Christ not only experienced the reality of human death, but also went through whatever state of existence it is that awaits us thereafter.

The Ascension, similarly, does not depend for its true meaning upon a physical translation of Christ's human body to a material "heaven." It is in

the writings of St. Luke alone (Acts 1:8-11) that an account is given us of the Ascension as a definite event, witnessed by the disciples. St. Paul did not apparently think of it in the same way. To him the appearance of the Lord on the Damascus road was not different in kind from the earlier appearances of the Risen Christ to His followers. There is no such break in the historical process as is envisaged by St. Luke. But this is no more than a difference of interpretation; St. Paul is fully aware that the Jesus Who was crucified and humiliated has "ascended far above all the heavens that He might fill all things" (Eph. 4:9). The vision of the disciples in St. Luke's account does no more than make fully explicit what is implied in the whole faith and life of all Christians. The Christ Who, in the Incarnation, "came down from heaven for us men and for our salvation" is exalted to the divine sphere of which the heavens are the symbol, to reign with God the Father.

The Ascension is the sequel of the Resurrection. His followers found that, in due course, the manifestations of the Risen Lord ceased; He was "received out of their sight." This end of His earthly ministry, and this parting from the disciples, are not described by the Biblical writers in terms of loss; the emphasis is directly contrary. It signified triumph, both for Christ and for themselves. It meant that the spirit and power of Christ were available to Christian people in a degree impossible during the limiting conditions of His manhood; the disciples went back from the Mount of the Ascension to the upper room in Jerusalem to receive the gift of the Spirit at the first Whitsuntide. It signified too, the reality of the universal Christian experience of Christ, not merely as a great character in history, but as the eternal Lord.

For the present-day Christian, the truth of the Ascension is vouchsafed by experience. It is to the same court that St. Cyril of Jerusalem appeals: "If anyone disbelieves what we teach, let him believe in the power of the things which he can see. All kings lose their authority with their life when they come to die; but Christ crucified is worshipped by the whole world."

This fundamental Christian experience of the present active power of Christ witnessing to the truth of the Ascension is repeated by the present-day Christian as he affirms his belief that "He ascended into Heaven."

America, where the Rockies climb out of the prairie. The air's so wonderful.

"San Francisco harbour you ought to see—the Golden Gate, they call it, and it's where the Pan American Clippers fly from to Hawaii.

"I haven't been on a Clipper," he said, looking at the clouds through his window, "but I can tell you what San Francisco looks like. Australia's a good country. In the interior of Queensland you can ride hundreds of miles and never see a man or even a fence. Off the north-east coast there's the Great Barrier Reef, all made of coral, and that's where the pearl fishers go. I can tell you—"

Then he smiled his gallant smile. "You didn't know I'd travelled, Parson, did you? Well I have in a way. I've seen this old world a bit, this wonderful world—"

After that he used often to speak of his wanderings. And I can still remember some of his descriptions. He used to talk until the dingy bedroom faded from around us and we heard the rest of the family moving in the room below.

He was always excited by the sight of aircraft, and one afternoon when three planes hummed across the square of his window he sat right up, although it was one of his bad days, and stared after them:

"It would be good to have wings," he said, "not the wings of a dove, the wings of an eagle, like them. They're flying west, soon they'll be over—"

And then he gave me a detailed description of where they would soon be over, and of how they would cross the Midland Plain full of smoky towns, and then see the coast and the grey North Sea.

One winter day he went on the last of his journeys, and from number twenty-five in the dirty street there started one of those processions of which parsons see a lot.

The death certificate said that he had been thirty-one years old. It seemed a short time into which to have crowded so much.

I mentioned this to a brother.

"Our Jim?" he said. "Until today he's never left his bed since he was fifteen. He used to talk about his travels, did he? Well, I can tell you where he got that stuff from: he got it from the public library. Travel books? He was crazy on 'em. Many's the one I've fetched—"

But it was not only the public library that showed the world to Jim; it was his own unconquerable spirit. And I feel that when he came to cross that river which Mr. Stand-Fast went over at the end of his journey in Pilgrim's Progress, "the trumpets sounded for him upon the other side."



The man who wants to know.
Photo by S. Helgeland.

Mainly for Men

By THE PADRE.

V. Women and Children First
A HARD question for you this time, Padre. We were arguing about it at work today, and none of us seemed to get anywhere; so I thought I'd put it to you after tonight's choir practice, if you can spare a minute.

"I always can for you, Jim."
"Thanks, Padre. Here goes with the question: Why are women more religious than men?"

"Are they?"
"Yes, I think so. Discussing this today, we took it for granted that they were. Look at our average congregation. Look at those who do most of our church's 'behind the scenes' jobs—women in the majority every time. I admit it could be argued that none of that is complete proof of religious feeling; but it does mean a good deal. If a wife is keen on church work, and her husband is not, I say it can fairly be claimed for her that she is more religious—more Christian, I should say, than he is."

"All right, Jim; let's accept your assumption for the time being. But I don't have to be very bright to guess there's more on your mind than that. What follows?"

"Well, several of the chaps at work felt that this was a criticism of the Church—that it should let people get away with the idea that Christianity was sort of effeminate—all right for women; but having nothing much to do with men. Others thought the Church was being discerning, so often seeming to put 'women and children first' as if there was a shipwreck and they had to be first into the boats. So there—"

"Half a minute, Jim. Here's a question for you. Do you feel that about the Church? You, so well into everything: chairman, church councillor, and so on?"

"Me? Good heavens, Padre, of course I don't!"

"Yet you're a man,"

"Undeniable."

"So that, although you're a man—and a fairly hefty specimen at that—you have not yourself, in your own personal experience, found any of these accusations true. You've always found much to do in your Church, and a welcome there?"

"I certainly have."

"But you did take the trouble to come and find out for yourself?"

"I suppose I did."

"And what about those others at work who were accusing the Church of having little place for men. Have they done the same?"

"They certainly haven't. But that doesn't get us far, Padre. The point is that they have the impression that the Church is a woman's affair. What can we do about that?"

"In the first place lose no opportunity of telling them how wrong they are. Which reminds me of an experience I had in my first parish. Every time I called at a certain house—and I always went in the evening when the man was at home—he would answer the door and, on seeing me, would call over his shoulder,

"Missus, the parson!" and then vanish. I got so sick of this that one evening I grabbed him and said,

"What are you calling 'Missus,' for, I've come to see you!" He looked annoyed; but he was genuinely pleased. After all, he had a soul, as well as his wife. Two years later, he was confirmed. I shall not forget how, shortly afterwards, he came to me and said: 'Padre, you're the first one ever to guess how much I needed the Church, and how hurt I used to feel that no one had ever tackled me about it.'

"And he added something which I feel has a good deal to do with the question we started off with: 'Are women more religious than men?' He said: 'We men are so scared of doing anything likely to make us seem emotional that we hide our feelings at all costs. You have to tackle a man about his religion because he feels it somehow necessary to his manly independence not to 'come quietly,' but to put up a show of resistance. Anyway, I'm glad you tackled me.'"

"So then, Padre, you don't think women are fundamentally more religious than men?"

"Fundamentally, no, I don't; though it's dangerous to generalize, and there will always be exceptions."

"Then how would you account for the fact that we see more women than men in Church?"

(Continued on page 40.)

WEEKDAY PAGES

Monday's Washing.

Shoulder Pads should be fixed to your frocks and blouses by means of three press studs—one in the centre of the shoulder seam and the other two about 1½ in. either side. They can be easily removed on washing day.—**Mrs. RAE.**

Wool Jumper.—When washing, to prevent spreading at the neck, stitch up the neck and stitch strips on each shoulder line of calico or silk. These can easily be removed when the jumper is dry. The jumper will always keep its shape if washed in this way.—**Miss A. JONES.**

Now that starch is almost unobtainable try "Lap"—what paperhangers use for paste. It is cheaper than flour and answers splendidly for stiffening curtains, table linen, etc. Pour boiling water over it as you would in making starch and strain afterwards: it will be like a jelly. It not only stiffens well, but irons better and cleaner than when using starch.—**Miss BLISS.**

Unbleached sheets that are being washed for the first time, will become white if you follow my hint. Pour a tablespoonful and a half of turpentine into the boiler and boil the sheets in it. Rinse and hang out the sheets to dry. When dry, both the dressing and the cream colour will have gone.—**Miss G. MULLARD.**

Tuesday's Sewing.

Turning a hem.—When you are turning a hem of a frock, have a piece of cardboard the width of the hem and push it through the hem as you are turning it up and you will find you have a nice even hem.—**Mrs. CRICK.**

Net curtains.—If your net window curtains shrink you can stretch them. When they are pegged out on the line run a brass rod through the lower hem. The weight will do the necessary pulling. When making curtains, always allow for shrinking by giving them a little extra length.—**Mrs. HEPPWORTH.**

Use canvas.—While curtain material is difficult to obtain, you can have dainty curtains made from ordinary canvas. Make up the curtains, then boil (allowing for shrinkage) to remove the stiffness. When ironed they will fall softly, and be quite expensive looking.—**Miss D. M. YAPP.**

When knitting gloves on four needles and the instructions say leave stitches on a thread, I have found that a piece of smooth string suits this purpose more admirably as it holds the stitches much tauter and makes them very simple to pick up again.—**Mrs. E. SEED.**

Wednesday's Nursing.

Ulcerated Throat.—Get an ounce of powdered sulphur from the chemist, place it in a jug, and pour on a quart of boiling water. Allow it to settle and when cold gargle two or three times a day.
Miss C. YAKWOOD.



Puss in Boot.

Photo by E. E. Steele.

For Quinsy.—Soak a large slice of toast in warm vinegar, lay on an old thick sock or a piece of flannel, tie round the jaw over the ear or ears, go to bed and relief will soon follow.—**Mrs. K. G. SAVAGE.**

Elderberry Syrup.—Simmer and strain ripe berries, adding one pound of sugar to a quart of juice. Boil together till syrup thickens. Bottle and store. A tablespoonful in a little boiling water, with grated nutmeg is excellent for a cold.
Miss M. MEES.

Thursday's Cooking.

Gelatine.—When using, dissolve the quantity required in a little cold water before adding to the preparation to be "stiffened." Gelatine is liable to cause milk to curdle if added before being dissolved.—**Miss E. HARDING.**

When you make marrow jam, do not throw away the ginger, lemon peel and chillies, tied in muslin, which you use to flavour it, but keep them as they are, and use them to flavour stewed apples. You can use them about a dozen times, and they give a delicious flavour—a pleasant change from the usual cloves.—**Mrs. WILKINSON.**

Insects.—When washing green vegetables and greens for salads, I always put them into warm water, when all the insects immediately drop to the bottom of the bowl. If the water is hot it kills the insects, and they stick to the leaves, as they do when washed in salt and water.—**Mrs. W. H. DICKINSON.**



Little Pig on Guard.

Photo by E. E. Steele.

for Women with Homes

Friday's Household.

Cement is sometimes difficult to get. As a substitute take four parts of ordinary whitening with one part liquid waterglass and mix. This is quick drying and is useful for many purposes.—**Miss E. HARDING.**

Don't wash the bag of your vacuum cleaner. Washing removes the special finish that makes the bag dust-proof. Brush the bag instead.

Mrs. GREENHALGH.

By sandpapering my clothes-pings from time to time I avoid the "snags" to stockings and woollen undies that often happened before I hit on this idea.—**Mrs. J. FOSTER.**

Saturday's Children.

One of a woman's best friends is a roll of adhesive tape. It has many uses—for a cut finger, child's grazed knee, for sealing jars, tins, etc., labels on parcels or on children's coats with name and address, for repairing dolls if stuffings coming out, mending broken ornaments and so on.—**Mrs. M. TALBOT.**

Crawlers from Sleeves.—I cut out shirt sleeves down seams, leaving required length for my inserted four inch square gusset, joined back and front seams and threaded elastic through top. Mine was an army flannel shirt with button and button hole to form cuff, and as I allowed extra length of leg for growth of wearer, when buttoned and the fullness falls over, the result is a lovely battle-dress effect.—**Mrs. HAINE.**

**** If you know of a good hint for our household pages, send it to E. E. Steele, Ladetown Square, E.C.4, during May. We offer six sh. prizes every month.**

A WHITSUNTIDE QUIZ

(1) "Speaking with tongues" was: (i) form of religious ecstasy, (ii) gift of speaking foreign languages, (iii) powerful preaching?

(2) All strangers in Jerusalem could speak one language: It was (i) Latin, (ii) Aramaic or colloquial Greek, (iii) Hebrew?

(3) The Holy Spirit is called the Comforter, meaning One Who (i) makes life easy for us, (ii) makes us strong, (iii) teaches us?

(4) Certain Jews: (i) Pharisees, (ii) Sadducees, (iii) Herodians, did not believe in life after death?

(5) In place of Judas Iscariot the apostles elected: (i) Joseph, (ii) Mark, (iii) Matthias?

(6) "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge" was the dying prayer of (i) Stephen, (ii) Jesus, (iii) Paul?

(7) A band of early Christians who shared all their goods lived in (i) Ephesus, (ii) Corinth, (iii) Jerusalem?

(8) The Gospel was first preached to non-Jews by (i) Luke, (ii) Paul, (iii) Peter? (Answers on page 40.)

"THAT GOOD MAY COME"

By P. HOOLE-JACKSON.

CHAPTER SIX.

AFTER a little while Braydon walked up and down the room; he had wrapped the shoe carefully in a clean table-napkin. The entry and exit of Vallis did not seem to break his chain of thought, but, during one of his tramps up and down the room he turned the door-knob softly and looked out.

"Come over to the settee by the window, old man," he said to Harrot, and when they were seated, he put his hand very lightly on the other man's shoulder. "Pretty hard hit, aren't you? No, don't be offended. This may be life and death in the balance for her—would you risk your life for hers?"

Harrot looked at Braydon. His eyes were of that blue the old novelists called "steely"; steady eyes, and eyes that men who had known the finest officers in the fighting line would have trusted. "You know I would," he answered simply.

"You've your work—your spiritual work, you know," said Braydon. "That is a great trust. Yet what I offer you is greater—far greater. Your work is as nothing to that."

"As nothing—God's work?"

"What I have to offer you is also God's work—listen a moment. Forget Zeleta for a moment. That will be hard, but she is a pawn in a greater game—a game which is a fight between good and evil. Your love may help. It must not hinder. Everything must be sacrificed for this greater thing. Even love—even life—I have given almost all except my art for it—and I would give that, though it is my only love now my wife is dead."

"Your wife?"

"She was shot—in vengeance for what I had done to defeat our common enemy. Now do you understand what I may demand of you."

"You can trust me," replied Harrot.

"We know that. I dare not make mistakes. We had your credentials checked—and treble checked. The test of yourself as a man comes now."

"What do you want me to do?"

Braydon spoke in lower tones. "Just this. You will go to where you found this shoe right away when you leave here. You will take a revolver in your pocket, and you will follow the trail you will find leading from the spot where this shoe lay."

"Trail—?"

"I know it is laid as surely as if I had seen it. What it will be I have no means of knowing—and I dare not go. There may be those who know me all too well. We may be lucky. There may, as yet, be none who knows of me or even of my past work; but we dare not take risks. Well, you will follow this trail—perhaps there will be a torn scrap of frock on a bush. A handkerchief dropped and trodden in the mud—a footprint—without a shoe. Follow those. Sooner or later you will be followed, perhaps attacked."

"Attacked! In modern England?"

"Gangsters in Bond Street," snapped Braydon, "man, do you live in dreams—there are knives in the dark in London—and poisoners at your elbow in the train—and here in wilder Cornwall do you think they would stop—even at murder?"

Harrot smiled, "You indeed offer me blood, tears and sweat—or worse. Go on."

"You are about Silas's height. It is not you they wish to trap—but him. Perhaps you can guess why. For the moment we will leave that. I want you to come with me to his laboratory and slip on an old suit of his tweeds—and you must wear his hat. Luckily you are both big, hefty chaps—it should pass."

"Now I suggest that you leave here in the late afternoon with Josh and a couple more men; that, together you reach the place where the shoe was found—that you then, as openly as possible, send the others off in various directions with strict orders to wander about, as if searching, and then to make slowly for the village. What I want to suggest is that you are all searching, that the rendezvous is the village, and that you stumble on the false clues by accident."

"What if there are no false clues?"

"Come back—and I'll donate a hundred pounds to any of the Church funds you select."

"You're very sure—"

"So sure, I'll guarantee you are in enemy hands within six hours."

"You mean—they'll collar me?"

"I do—fight like blazes. Keep your hat well rammed over your eyes and don't speak—yell if you like, but don't use a normal speaking voice. Go berserk—and shout and rave—men in battle sound much alike. They'll find out you are not Silas in time—unless they are just hired thugs who haven't seen him. But—you'll be in their hidden lair, wherever that may be—and with Zeleta."

"You mean—she's being held."

"Ransom—more than a king's ransom. The future of the world may hang on it. They want Silas—they want his secret. What else I don't know—but something else—and they want that something very much."

"Is it some new and horrible weapon? Yes, I know about Silas's work in a way; but I thought this was the mystery of 'Search the Scriptures'?"

Braydon filled his pipe and lighted it—pulling away, "There's a link somewhere. You can leave that part to me—it's my job. The point is, are you going to take this risk? I've spoken plainly. You may not come back alive."

"You said it was for mankind."

"I swear it—and if anything should happen, you will have been in the forefront of the army that means to save civilization—and that's Heaven's army. I'm no saint. I haven't bothered much about church-going. But it is the devil—or God now. Whichever the people follow in the next year or so will decide whether this civilization lives or dies."

He took Harrot by both shoulders and spoke in a voice that the Rector never forgot, "Children—homes—the lovely things of life—they will be wiped out in horror if we fail. Mankind is so blind. So bent over the muckrake, so much like lots of rabbits playing prettily by their little dens—and there stalks the earth an Evil which only a crusade can defeat. A few of us know it—millions sense it; we have the millious behind us, but blindly. We dare not fail them."

"You know what will happen," he went on, "if the distru' sown bears its crop of tares—I need not pile on the horrors of atomic war—or of bacterial battles. The end would be a few miserable survivors who would have to begin where primitive man left off."

"I'll do it—you knew that already. What about my duties if I'm held prisoner?"

"Of course, you must be thought to be away—I can fix that. Neither police nor village must hunt for you. If you can escape—with Zeleta, not without—then do it, and make a bee-line for here. Find out all you can. Pity you can't sketch, but make a mental picture of every man you see. If you can't get away we'll get to you in time. I promise that. If we're too late—then they'll pay for it."

Together they passed into the laboratory. Here Silas had continued to work, even with anxiety gnawing at his whole being. On this day he had slipped over to Porten-ton for a case of chemicals which he would not trust even in Josh's hands.

"Now I'll get the suit—stay here." He was back in a moment, and Harrot tried on the clothes. They fitted

THAT GOOD MAY COME—(continued)
almost perfectly—an old brown tweed
suit, and big tweed soft hat.

"The hat's a bit on the big side—
all the better," he commented.
"Now we've got to watch this part—
I know, round the back. Here we
are; out of this door quick before
Mrs. Trevanna sees you. That's it.
Now along the house wall—close
against it—and we're out in the old
pack-horse lane. It winds round
almost to the back of the church.
Go into the church and I'll send Josh
and the men to you; then set off,
keeping the church between you and
the village, take the paths through
the heather and keep moving."

An hour later Harrot, Josh, and
two men reached the lane where the
shoe had been found.

"This is the spot," said Harrot,
"Now don't forget the instructions—
and not a word about this, as you
love your lives—not even to your
wives or sweethearts."

Tom Kerris grinned. "Not likely—
the missus wouldn't believe me,
anyway," and Jack Bareppa said,
"We do know there's queer things
afoot, Rector; I'm no fool. If this is
helping that maid, I'm dumb." Josh
smiled ruefully. "Marty won't
be fooled, I'll have tortures un-
believable until you do come back.
Marty do like to know what's afoot
dearly—but if 'tis the first big
quarrel we have had—well, quarrel
it'll have to be. Good luck to 'ee,
parson—now we'm off."

Harrot felt strangely lonely as he
saw them slowly quartering the
ground beyond the hedge, and then
move away like hounds in search of a
scent, as they had been directed.
Then he climbed the hedge on the
opposite side and stood in full view of
anyone who might be watching.

Suddenly a thrill went through
Harrot. Braydon had been right—
beyond, in full view was the other
shoe, lying against the green bank of
the farther hedge. He hurried
towards it—picked it up, and began
to walk about as if searching for
further clues. Footprints led over
the damp soil of the next field—
almost too plainly. Harrot began to
feel a thrill in this queer game.

Again came a clime—a scrap of
Zeleta's blue frock. But the sun was
still high above the horizon. What
should he do? He sat down, examin-
ing the shoe. They were not likely
to be too near; they would wait
nearer the end of the trap. On the
fringe of the wood, just where
the trail had led him, were signs of a
struggle—there was torn clothing.

Plain amid the prints of boots was
one of a bare foot—he stepped for-
ward into the wood, and the next
moment was fighting savagely
against four men who had closed in
from the trees. (To be continued.)

RELIGION AND SCIENCE

II. The Art of Living.

By H. T. INGRAM

FROM time to time science
startles us with a pro-
phesy that we shall soon
be enabled to live for a
hundred years. In the
16th century the average length of
life was 20 years (infant mortality
being terribly high); in 1850 it was
40 years, in 1870, 45 years and to-day
it is 58 years. Suppose science is
right and fifty years hence people
will all be expecting to be centenar-
ians. Will they really live more
abundantly than we do? Life does
not depend on length of days, but on
what happens to us in those days
that we truly live.

If you go to the pictures you seem
to live through a whole lifetime in a
couple of hours. You fall in love
with the hero, know all the frustra-
tions that bar the smooth course of
courtship, face the stresses and
strains of married life, experience
tragedy and at last, it may be, come
to the happy ending. Compare this
experience with the leisurely reading
of a book, or with the hours spent
earning your living at bench or desk
or in the open fields. Which is the
real life?

Suppose when you wake to the
fuller life of the world to come you are
asked how long you had lived in
the world that was once your home,
it may be you will forget the tale
of years, that you will recall all
your treasured memories, your loves,
and your faith in a great future.

Even in our earthly existence some
years flash by at express speed, others
are so slow-footed that they seem like
an eternity. Some years are so full
of love and happiness that they
become dear friends, others so full of
misery that they are reckoned
thieves and robbers and the bitter
enemies of our soul in the years that
the locust has eaten.

In my last short paper I showed
that science insists that we live on
love; unless we love and are loved
we are only half alive. Our very
health and happiness depend on how
much we love and are loved. Now
I go a step further and claim that
another factor, according to the
doctors, in our healthy life is faith.
If you don't believe in your doctor
he is heavily handicapped in his effort
to cure you from any malady.
More than that, if you don't believe
that God intends you to live
"abundantly" you will quickly
yield to the onset of the first trouble
or trial that threatens your happiness.
Faith is a very practical thing;
it is not, as some people think, a

magical thing. Faith grows from a
tiny seed, like the mustard seed of
the Gospel story. It grows slowly,
but it becomes a mighty tree in which
blue birds of happiness build. It is
like the "goodwill" of a great
business; slow of growth but of
lasting repute and value.

Now I go so far as to claim that
the greatest factory of Faith is the
chain of little churches, great and
small, that link earth with heaven.
The smallest church has an atmo-
sphere of faith, and the quiet of
strength, the assurance of unseen
help, of eternal life already begun.
Life is not measured in years, life is
to know God, to realise that under
all the temporal pains and problems
there are everlasting arms. To believe
in God is to have life, to believe
that God believes in us is to have life
eternal knowing neither beginning
nor ending, knowing neither years nor
days. If, as Christ said in the love-
liest imagery, we are branches of a Vine
which is full of life, how can we
count our days in measures of time?

Finally, there is another religious
experience which is vouched for by
science. Envy, hatred, malice and all
uncharitableness are deadly poisons.
If you were greeted by a gossip one
morning with the news that Dr. Brown
had taken poison and was desperately
ill in consequence you would be far
more shocked than if you had been
told that he had lost his temper. If
you were informed, in strict con-
fidence, that clever Mrs. Jones, was
harbouring a grudge that amounted
to hatred of a certain neighbour and
was consequently suffering from a
slow poison, "going into a decline"
in fact, would you regard it as a case
of suicide? Yet it might be.

BRITAIN'S NEW LARDER.

(continued from page 34).

"The young Church at home in
Africa could not supply nearly
enough African chaplains and mis-
sionaries to accompany them. It was
difficult enough in 1914-18, when
thousands of African youths were
enlisted in His Majesty's forces, but in
1939-45 an avalanche of men had
to be dealt with. They were used,
not only this time in Africa, but in
Europe, India, Burma, Egypt, Syria,
Palestine, where they saw and came
under the influence of ideas greatly
differing from their own. The farther
the men went from home the more
insistent they were in asking for
Christian Baptism.

"In the Middle East the demand to

see the Holy Land and its sacred sites was so great that a special African Leave Camp was built just outside Jerusalem. Through it, conducted by their own guides, thousands of Africans, from south-east and west, made their pilgrimages. Bethlehem they adored.

"The vast schemes of development, prompted by Europe's need, must mean a further hastening of the break-up of the old and consequent quickening need for the new. Thousands of African labourers and technicians will be recruited and used far from their homes. It is at once the Church's opportunity and duty, both to shepherd and to satisfy the religious needs of those who seek our help.

"Only if this is fulfilled can the Christian Church contemplate with equanimity this further exploitation of Africa."

MAINLY FOR MEN Continued from page 36.

"I'll answer that in a minute. But first let me get in two other important points. The fact that women preponderate is not necessarily an adverse criticism. The feminine soul is every bit as precious in the sight of God as the male, and vice versa. Secondly, we have to remember, and be proud of the truth, that our Christian faith has always given especial honour to woman, in marked distinction to other faiths, notably Oriental ones. They were mostly women, remember, at the foot of the cross when Our Lord was crucified. Now, as to your question: I think there is a whole variety of reasons why we tend to see more women than men in church. Here are a few. There are more women than men in the population. Also, women

being on the whole of a gentle and more devotional nature, are more naturally open to the appeal of worship. Further, as so many of them have intimate family cares as their daily occupation, they can take naturally to the idea of the Church as the family of God, and feel at home in worshipping there.

"Above all, Jim, women have never made the silly mistake—as so many of our sex have—of thinking themselves somehow superior to the things of Almighty God. I honestly think it's our fellow men, and not the Church at all, who are mostly to blame here. As you've found, once a man plays the game by his Church he soon finds there's not much truth in the accusation of 'women and children first.'"

Quiz Answers: (1) i, (2) ii, (3) ii, (4) ii, (5) iii, (6) i, (7) iii, (8) ii. (Page 37).

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does not buy the same as it used to do. This imposes new burdens on all of us. It does the same for the Church. If the work of the Church is to be maintained we need to give more generously than ever. As you know we are installing a new **Heating Installation**. It is going to cost us £400. That is a large sum to raise. I hope you are all beginning to think how each one can take a fair share of this burden, and so make it possible. Crich in the past has always responded magnificently to the needs of the Parish Church, and I have always felt that if the need is clearly put, the people of Crich will always meet it.

This brings me to a matter connected with our **Sunday Schools**. We give our scholars prizes for attendance at the end of the year. This costs us about £20. At one time it would have cost us less than £10. On Whitmonday we have given them a tea. The collections on Whitsunday are swallowed up by the expenses of the Whitsunday Special Service, and the Monday Treat. You will readily see what a burden this has become. I am quite sure no one in Crich grudges anything we can do for our boys and girls. We would like to do more not less for them. We used to have subscriptions towards the Whitmonday Treat. I would be very grateful if those who used to subscribe would remember our need and send me what they can afford for this purpose. Many of our old subscribers are dead. When they were alive, they did not need to be asked. I am sure those who have taken their place have the same good spirit and kindly hearts. Please loosen your pursestrings and send your subscriptions for Whitsuntide to me.

I had no idea when I started this letter I would have said so much about money. It is not often we touch upon this matter. All the matters touched upon are very essential and we must be practical and give them their due place in our thoughts. Also we have no one else but you, to go to, when there is something we need.

You will notice that we shall have our **Whitsunday Special Service at 2-30**. We shall meet in the Market Place at 2-0

and proceed to the Church. We would welcome all who can join us to do so. After the service we shall proceed again to the Market Place and disperse after a hymn and a prayer.

On the **Whitmonday** we shall have our Tea at the School at 4-30. For this we are asking our friends to spare what they can in the way of food, to make it possible. Thanks to the generosity of Crich People, we have had a glorious spread in spite of the lean years that are still with us. I know how difficult it is for every household to manage on their rations. How you manage to give so much to us passes my understanding. There is magic in the matter, the magic of love for our boys and girls and the determination that they shall have as good a time as it is possible to give them. I cannot say more. There is much else we have not touched upon. Let me thank you beforehand for all you are going to do, and "May God bless you in all your ways and reward you bountifully for all your service."

Yours very sincerely,

H. E. Jones.

Baptisms.

- Mar. 28 Gwendoline Teresa, d. of Joseph and Edith Irene Curzon.
28 Peter Anthony, s. of Roy Frederick and Dorothy Irene Kent.
28 Peggy Ann, d. of George Alwyn and Betty Doreen Haslam.
28 David, s. of John George Charles and Peggy Harrison.
28 Diana Mary, d. of John Francis and Marjorie Elsie Hall.
28 Elizabeth Jane, d. of Ivan and Kathleen Mary Baldwin.
April 4 Christine Evelyn, d. of Albert William and Emma Elizabeth Briggs.

Marriages.

- Mar. 27 David John Woods and Norma Louisa Stocks.
27 George Henry Andrew Cook and Winifred Alice Barber.
April 5 John Neville Charlton and Ruth Radford Ashby.

Burials.

Mar. 30	Stephen Thomas Gibbons, 4, Derby Road, Homesford, Wirksworth, aged 71 years.
April 7	Elizabeth Ludlam, South Wingfield, aged 83 years.
10	Emma Curzon, Merlyn, The Common, Crich, aged 85 years.
12	George Edward Wilson, 1, Hat Factory, Fritchley, aged 82 years.

Calendar for May.

May 2	S. Easter V. H.C., 8-0, 12-0. Children's Service, 2-30.
4	M. Confirmation at S. Peter's Church, Belper, 7-30.
6	Th. Ascension Day, H.C., 10-0.
9	S. Sunday after Ascension, H.C., 8-0.
13	Th. M.U., 2-30. Speaker—Mrs. Craig.
16	S. Whitsunday, H.C., 8-0, 12-0. Special Sunday School Service, 2-30. Procession to proceed from the Market Place at 2-0.
17	M. Sunday School Treat at the C. of E. School and Sports in the Vicarage Field. Tea at 4-30.
22	Sat. Dedication of British Legion (Women's Section) Banner, 3-0.
25	Trinity Sunday, H.C., 8-0.
30	S. Trinity I. H.C., 8-0 and after Evensong.

F.W.O.S.—March, 1948.

2, 2/-; 4, 10/-; 10, 1/6; 11, 1/6; 24, 4/-;
29, 1/6; 32, 6/-; 33, 3/-; 34, 1/-; 35, 5/-;
36, 5/-; 37, 2/6; 39, 2/6; 40, 2/6; 101, 4/-;
Total, £77/-.

CASH ACCOUNT

Receipts,	£	s.	d.
Special Collections and Donations—			
Christmas Fair	61	19	3
Cheque, per Duke of Devonshire	5	0	0
Easter Offering	10	11	0
Confirmation Service	3	15	9
Whitsuntide Collection	8	16	1
Anonymous Cheque	10	2	6
Choir Festival	6	4	3
Donations—Choir and Bell-ringers' Outing	13	17	0

Crich British Legion	3	10	0
Harvest Festival and Sale of Fruit	14	12	5
Sale of Slates	1	4	0

	139	12	3
Collections—Church Funds	106	9	8
Free-Will Offering	56	14	3
Balance in Bank, 1946	230	17	2
	£533	13	4

Payments

	£	s.	d.
Salaries	69	1	4
Insurances	13	11	0
Special Collections and Grants	41	1	8
Gas, Coke and Electricity	43	4	11
Tools, Oils	2	2	10
Transport	1	8	0
Choir and Bellringers Outing	17	10	3
Choir Music	2	18	0
Printing	0	18	6
J. R. Haynes, Esq.	8	16	0
Clower & Sons	6	9	6
Cleaning Accessories	3	10	8
Bower & Dunn	5	5	0
Visitation Fees	0	16	0
Hulme & Sons	2	8	1
Mowing—Churchyard and widening footpaths	15	1	0
Thomas Crump & Co.	1	13	8
C. E. Humphrey, Esq.	10	17	0
Rates and Schedule "A"	39	13	5
Curate Fund	5	0	0
Tithe Redemption	0	2	8
Ecclesiastical Commissioners—K.2, Scheme	20	0	0
Delapidations and Pensions	19	3	3
Diocesan Quota	24	0	0
C.M.S.	12	0	0
Magazine Fund	10	0	0
Poor Fund	2	0	0
Cheque Book	0	10	0
Bank Commission	2	2	0

Total Payments	381	4	9
Balance at Bank, December, 1947	152	8	7
	£533	13	4