

FEBRUARY, 1945.

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The Church Magazine



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CHURCH SERVICES.

Sundays, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.; Children's Church, 3 p.m.; Young People's Service, First Sunday in the month, 6.30 p.m.

Holy Communion: Every Sunday morning at 8 a.m.; 1st and 3rd Sunday at 12 noon; 4th Sunday after Evensong; Thursdays at 12 noon.

OFFERTORIES AND COMMUNICANTS.

Date.	Object of Offertory.	£	s.	d.	Communi- cants.
Dec. 28.	Assistant Clergy Fund	4	0		4
.. 31.	Assistant Clergy Fund	4	3		6
	Church Expenses	5	2	11	
	S. Bucks Association for the Blind	1	1	4	
Jan. 1.	C.E. School	7	6		8
.. 4.	C.E. School	3	9		3
.. 7.	St. Leonard's Hall	8	3		14
.. 7.	Church Expenses	5	12	9	30
	Children's Church	11	5		
.. 14.	Church Expenses and Church Army Funds	6	18	10	11
.. 18.	S.P.C.K.	4	3		4
.. 21.	Church Pastoral Aid Society	5	17	6	15
		£26	16	9	95

PSALMS.

Feb. 4.	26	25
.. 11.	23	30
.. 18.	51	143
.. 25.	119 (vv. 1-8)	119 (vv. 33-40)

HYMNS FOR THE MONTH.

Feb. 4.	M.	164	322		
	E.	*536	100	481	480
.. 11.	M.	698	211	192	
	E.	280	255	670	634
.. 18.	M.	185	321		
	E.	189	182	269	193
.. 25.	M.	248	696	197	
	E.	224	163	527	22
		* Songs of Praise.*			
		During Lent: Morning Canticles, Benedicite and Benedictus.			

PARISH REGISTER.

BAPTISMS.

Jan. 21.	Edmund Cyril Riley.
.. 23.	Jane Peggy Mary Lee.

MARRIAGE.

Nov. 1.	Harold Cecil James and Maisie Winifred Timms (omitted in error).
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CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

- Feb. 2. *Purification of B.V. Mary.*
 .. 4. *Sexagesima Sunday.*—Young People's Service, 6.30 p.m.
 .. 6. Mothers' Union Corporate Communion, 9.30 a.m.
 .. 11. *Quinquagesima.*
 .. 13. Mothers' Union Meeting.
 .. 14. *Ash Wednesday.*—Holy Communion, 12 noon.
 .. 18. *First Sunday in Lent.*—*Ember Week.*
 .. 20. Lent Service in St. Leonard's Hall, 8.15 p.m.
 .. 24. *St. Matthias.*
 .. 25. *Second Sunday in Lent.*

Holy Communion every Thursday (except February 15th).

Service in St. Leonard's Hall, Tuesdays, 8.15 p.m.

Mission Room.—Lantern Service in Lent, Wednesday, February 14th, and each Wednesday.

The Rectory,
Chesham Bois.
January 12th, 1945.

My dear Friends,

After much searching and many disappointments we seem at last to have succeeded in booking a house that will satisfy us. It is at Eastbourne, and its number

is 3 Prideaux Road. Its name will have to be altered, and we have one of many difficult tasks in agreeing on the selection of a new name. So far our homes have been two Vicarages and a Rectory, and we had no choice in the matter, now we have to choose. We don't want a facetious name such as you come across occasionally, nor yet a combination of parts of our Christian names. I hope the inspiration will come as time goes on. The road has an ecclesiastical sound when pronounced, but I do not know why it is so named. Needless to say there is no Common adjacent to this home, and we shall not have the splendid isolation of the position of Chesham Bois Rectory. The house has no beauty outside, but it is very comfortable inside, and it has quite a nice smallish garden. There is also a small greenhouse, which much appeals to me. We hope we shall be able to arrange to get there early in June. I have written to the Patrons of this living, the Peache Trustees, to acquaint them of this.

A good many people will have cause to remember the day on which I saw this house, because it was the day on which traffic was so dislocated on our line. I got home two hours late, but many of my companions in adversity, fellow-sardines, were five hours late, and must have caused great anxiety at home.

There is little to record in the early days of this year. Our united efforts in connexion with the Universal Week of Prayer were very much hampered by the unfavourable weather. The service at St. Leonard's Hall especially suffered. This was very disappointing, and spoilt the feeling of unity in our work and prayer.

Easter is very early this year, and so before February has run its course we shall begin another season of Lent. I hope to arrange for preachers at services on Tuesday evenings at 8.15 p.m., in St. Leonard's Hall. Last year these weeknight services went very well indeed, many came to them, and there was a very nice "atmosphere." I should like them to do very well this Lent, an advance on last year, just as in our Day of Gifts an advance was made in our giving.

I can only say, as I am sure I have said each Lent of the war period, that we all badly need some such time as this, when we can have a little more time to get away from the work, worries, sorrows of war days, and come into His Presence, who said "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest" (refreshment). "Learn of Me . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Please "come" and "learn" of Him.

After Easter we have a Sunday following called "Low" Sunday probably from a Latin word. This name is always considered most appropriate, for there is a reaction after Easter and the efforts made to attend Church Services, and especially Holy Communion. Strangely enough there is also a period of "deep depression" in Church life and Church-going after Christmas. This may be due either to natural causes, such as epidemics, influenza, colds, etc. and difficult weather, or to spiritual causes. I am not quite sure as to the causes, but I suspect it is due to a little of each. However, we look to Lent, and generally not in vain, for a brighter period, and as Lent is so early I trust that the recovery may come sooner than usual.

I have asked the Rev. S. A. C. Dickins, Vicar of Hughenden, to preach on one Sunday morning in February, and I hope he will be able to come (February 15th), in order to explain to our congregation the needs of the whole Diocese, and the share which our Parish should take in these post-war plans for the extension and advance of the Church.

With all good wishes.

Your sincere friend and Rector,
G. HENRY LAWRENCE.

We pray for those bereaved: "Almighty God, we thank Thee that Thy fatherly love can turn to good all the accidents and disasters of this mortal life, and that through Thy Son, Jesus Christ, Thou hast taught us that death is not an end, but a new beginning of life. We thank Thee for the example and friendship of those now gone from our sight. Comfort, we beseech Thee, their families and friends; draw them closer to Thee; teach them and teach us in all our sorrows and difficulties to lift our hearts to Thee; and bring us all again to meet in Thy heavenly kingdom, for His sake Who lived, and died, and rose again that He might prepare a place for us, Thy Son Jesus Christ, our Lord."—*Amen.*

CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

My dear Minnows,

Thank you very much for the many toys which you brought to the Toy and Carol Service on the last Sunday of 1944. I have heard from the Rector of Bermondsey about their safe arrival, and he sends his thanks to you. I know it must have been difficult for some of you to part with the delightful animals you brought, but you may be sure that they will give much pleasure in many homes in Bermondsey. So many of the homes there need all the comfort and help which we are able to give. The Children's Church has not made too good a start in the New Year, but I am hopefully looking for better days and better ways. Please help all you can.

Your affectionate fisherman,

G. HENRY LAWRENCE.

CONFIRMATION.

The Bishop of Buckingham (the Right Rev. R. M. Hay) was unable to come to us for a Confirmation Service in our Church this spring, and so I hope to take our candidates to the Confirmation at Amersham Parish Church on Thursday, March 8th, at 6 p.m.

However, as the Bishop put it in his letter to "soften this refusal" he offers to come and preach at our Morning Service on Sunday, April 15th. I have most gratefully accepted his offer. I very much want to meet our new Bishop, and I want you also to meet him. With regard to the Confirmation I ask you to pray for this time of preparation, and please pray that any enthusiasm and devotion aroused, may be maintained afterwards. The "afterwards" is so very often disappointing, and a very great loss to the Church.

The difficulties of getting the candidates together on any one evening of the week are most difficult nowadays, as nearly all the candidates, apart from home work, etc., belong to some training unit and find it most difficult to get leave of absence, even for one night.

MOTHER'S UNION LETTER.

Dear Fellow Members,

It was a pity that our Annual Meeting happened to come on one of the worst days of the winter, which kept many away. Fourteen intrepid people, or fifteen with myself, managed to get there, but it was not very easy to have a really "business" meeting with so few, and we decided that the Committee should carry on for another year. I was able to pass on the thanks of the British Red Cross and St. John War Organisation for the wonderful sum of £81 7s. 6d., which was the result of the Sale of Work for Prisoners of War. I am sure those who worked so hard must feel it

was abundantly worth while. This month we are having our Corporate Communion on Tuesday, February 6th, at 9.30 a.m.

Please come, if you are a communicant member. I am having it in the morning as the services in the morning are so much better attended than the afternoon, but I know that not all the members can come in the morning, and I am sorry not to be able to include all. The meeting on February 13th, at 2.45 p.m. will be one of our usual ones, with a further talk on the Creed.

Your sincere friend,

CICELY S. LAWRENCE.

THROUGH THE MISSIONARY WINDOW.

A new chapter has been added to the history of missionary epics by the "martyrdom" of the Rev. Alfred Sadd of the Gilbert Islands, at the hands of the Japanese. "Martyrdom" is the correct word because Alfred Sadd's death was the direct consequence of his refusal to leave his native flock in the hour of danger. The story has been told in the press, but it is well worth repeating. When arrested Mr. Sadd refused to walk on the Union Jack which the Japanese had laid in front of him but gathered it in his arms and kissed it. With twenty-one other men, he was put to forced labour on Tarawa Island and later, taken out to be shot. A native pastor says "They were very heavy-hearted but Mr. Sadd cheered them up: they stood in a line, Mr. Sadd in the middle and presently Mr. Sadd went out and stood in front of them and spoke words of comfort. When he had finished, he went back and stood a little in front of them so that he would be the first to die." Through this story runs the rocklike seriousness of resolve and of dedication.

Missionary Boxes should be sent in early in March to the Secretary, Mrs. Johnson, 49 High Street, Amersham.

G.B.H.

OUR SERIAL STORY:

APRON - STRINGS

By RUTH ADAM

CHAPTER I. (continued).

JILL stood in the kitchen of the tiny school-house and looked about her delightedly. She was excited at the prospect of having a cottage of her own. She had had five years of dismal "furnished rooms" with touchy land-ladies, and suddenly realised that now there would be no one at all to nag at her about coming in late and leaving the hall-light burning after midnight. She would be able to potter about, making herself cups of cocoa and home-made toffee, while she corrected books in the evening; she would be able to arrange and re-arrange the furniture to suit herself, and ask friends to stay whenever she liked.

"I shall ask some of the others down for week-ends, and show off," she told herself gleefully, thinking of Miss Briggs, whose landlady objected to her having supper at all, and of Miss Bowen, who lived with a family, who were rowdy on Saturday nights, and of Miss Marshall, who considered herself superior because she had two little rooms and a kitchenette, and talked about "My flat."

The little school-house had been polished till it shone. There was a fire in the grate, the kettle was steaming and a pot of geraniums was standing on the window-sill. A tall girl in a check overall came in, carrying a basket of logs.

"Did you do all this?" asked Jill warmly.

The girl answered civilly. "Mrs. St. Ives said I was to get the place straight for you, Miss." But she did not smile, and Jill felt dashed. She thanked the girl and dismissed her, and then had her tea while she wandered about planning where to put her things. Afterwards, she decided to put up her family photographs, but was held-up for lack of a hammer and nails. It struck her that she might as well use the excuse to make the acquaintance of her neighbours. Jill was an intensely sociable creature, and was already feeling the lack of someone to talk to and anxious to make friends. Without stopping to consider, she went to the front door, and after looking round to see which house was nearest, crossed the road to "Yew Tree Lodge."

Miss Pinney answered the door. Jill saw a middle-aged lady, tall, spare, with wispy hair, withered face, and a baggy grey coat and skirt. Miss Pinney saw a young, slender girl, with a short green skirt and a silk shirt, thick red curls standing up around her head like a halo, and grey eyes in a pale, red-lipped face. They looked at each other silently, each appalled at the appearance of the other.

"I wonder if I might—would you be so good as to lend me a hammer?" stammered Jill. "There isn't—doesn't seem to be such a thing in the school-house."

Miss Pinney looked at her venomously.

"You'd better complain to Mrs. St. Ives," she said sarcastically, and shut the door.

CHAPTER II.

Next morning, Jill had her first experience of the village school. She hadn't realised how different it would be from anything she was used to. The apparatus, according to her ideas, was scanty and old-fashioned, the children phlegmatic and stolid, and her assistant, Miss Tracey, might have belonged to the old dame-school days.

"How can she expect to make any headway when she shouts at them all the time?" Jill asked herself, as she struggled to interest the top classes in a game of multiplication tables, and listened to Miss Tracey's monotonously raised voice in the classroom next door. But Jill herself didn't seem to make any great headway with the children, who stared at her dumbly and didn't seem to understand that they were meant to try and catch each other out over the tables. The Boningham children would have been flushed and eager with competition long since, and chuckling quietly over their triumphs.

"I won't criticise anything until I've been here a month." Jill vowed to herself. She had seen too many new brooms arrive at the Central School, straight from college and full of the latest ideas. Within a month they had usually settled down to realise they themselves had quite a lot to learn. So Jill forbore to comment upon anything to Miss Tracey, as they drank their mid-day cup of tea together in the Infants' class-room. The Saxon-march School didn't run to a staff-room.

"What a bright little boy," said Jill, conversationally, as Peter Stanningford solemnly walked in with a text-book and handed it to Miss Tracey, remarking, "There's your book to give the next lesson with, Miss. I've put a marker in the page where we've got to."

"He is a sharp boy," agreed Miss Tracey. "I've taken a great deal of trouble with him, and Mrs. St. Ives thinks a lot of his chances for a secondary school."

"Perhaps he'll carry off a county award when he takes the scholarship, and cover us all with glory," suggested Jill, pleasantly.

"Oh, he won't need to take a scholarship," said Miss Tracey loftily.

Jill stared. Even in the country, village-school children were obliged to sit for the scholarship examination as a matter of course, when they reached the proper age. She thought Miss Tracey must be mad, if she didn't know that.

"Mrs. St. Ives is going to pay for his education," added Miss Tracey. "I hope she hasn't given him the impression that he needn't work to try to win his own chance for a secondary school." Jill couldn't resist saying. Immediately, she knew she had said the wrong thing.

"He knows that, owing to Mrs. St. Ives' generosity he has no need whatever to worry about his future," answered Miss Tracey, icily resentful of any implied criticism of Mrs. St. Ives.

Jill opened her mouth to protest, then remembered her vow and closed it again. But all through the rest of the day, she was turning the matter over in her mind. Surely there could be no possible excuse for robbing a little boy of the chance to make his own way in the world, by telling him his secondary school fees would be paid for by an outsider, and that therefore he needn't bother to work hard himself? How could Mrs. St. Ives, even if she was a blunderingly kind and generous old lady, fail to see what damage she might do to Peter's self-respect, by such an attitude? "I must talk to her about it—when I've been here a month," said Jill to herself at last.

By Friday night, Jill was feeling thoroughly depressed. She couldn't get the children to respond to any of her advances. Miss Tracey was difficult and resentful of any suggestion about the work they might do. The villagers seemed sullen or downright hostile. She had only spoken to two of the parents, the whole week, and that had been to receive complaints because the children had been asked to bring nuts in for Nature lesson and had arrived home late because they had gone to the woods to look for them. In the village shop, where she had gone to

buy her groceries, conversation had ceased as soon as she went in, and the postmistress, who had been gossiping cheerfully with the others, had served Jill in stony silence and been disagreeably unhelpful about the tinned milk Jill wanted for making toffee.

Jill locked up the school, said good-bye to Miss Tracey, and went in to the school-house with her pile of exercise-books feeling ready to weep from loneliness and discouragement. The fire was out, in a heap of dusty ashes. There wasn't anything for supper, because she had been reluctant to go down to the shop again, and beyond the windows, with their undrawn curtains, a sea-mist was creeping slowly up over the marshes. Jill sat down heavily on the one armchair and realised that you couldn't even make yourself a cup of tea in the country, when the kitchen fire had gone out—there wasn't a convenient gas-ring or electric kettle for emergency duty.

She stared out of the window. At this time, in Boningham, the shop-lights were warming the wintry dusk, and the picture-palaces flashing out the titles of the evening's entertainment. She would have been on the homeward bus, with Marshall and Bowen, planning to go down to the Market Square for their Friday evening jaunt—high tea all together, with sausage and chips and fruit salad, in a restaurant with a band, and then either the cinema or the theatre, and home to someone's digs for cocoa and a talk over the week's doings. She wished with all her heart that she was back there.

(To be continued.)

THIS MONTH'S PATTERN



Children's Romper overalls are always useful, and most mothers could make them. A neat pattern is available in two sizes—1845 for ages 1-3, and 1847 for 3-5 years. 1½ yds. of material is needed for the larger size. Obtainable from THE SENTINEL, 2-10 Tavistock Street, London, W.C.2., by sending 5½d. in stamps.

ORGAN BLOWING EQUIPMENT.—Watkins & Watson, Ltd., 17, White Lion Street, N.1, makers of DISCUS equipment, are accepting orders for new apparatus, for delivery when the war is over, under terms which amply safeguard clients in regard to price changes. Meantime, any help they can give by way of advice will be gladly rendered.—(Adv.)

BRYANT & MAY'S MATCHES

BRITISH and BEST

Snapshots: Far and Near

The Generalissimo's Bible

Before the war the Bible House in Shanghai was one of the busiest Bible distributing centres in the world. One morning in 1929, a Mrs. Sung went there to buy a special Chinese Bible. She explained that General Chiang Kai-Shek, then becoming prominent as a nationalist military and political leader, was wanting to marry her daughter, Mei-ling.

"He is not yet a Christian," Mrs. Sung continued, "but he has promised that he will study Christian teaching, and, if he finds light in it, will follow the light. I have consented to the engagement, and want to give him a Bible."

Rising with the parcel in her hand and turning to bid the secretary, the Rev. G. W. Sheppard, farewell, she said to him in an appealing tone: "Pastor, pray for this Book that it may lead him to the light."

About two years afterwards General Chiang Kai-Shek was baptised.

A Memorable Ordination

One of the last ceremonies performed by Dr. Temple was the ordination to the priesthood, in Croydon Parish Church, of the Rev. E. L. Bell, a member of the staff of that church. As Mr. Bell was ill when the ceremony was originally to have taken place, the late Archbishop, although far from well, travelled to Croydon specially to ordain the one solitary candidate.

Such an act was typical of the Archbishop—do little things as though they were great things, and you will live to do great things as though they were little things.

"Cathedral of the Wolds"

Just off the famous Fosse Road, some sixteen miles north of Leicester and rather less from Nottingham, is the historic parish of Willoughby, in the Diocese of Leicester.

The parish church, known as the "Cathedral of the Wolds," is noteworthy for its fine ample proportions and for the warm, rich colour of the stone walls and pillars. Begun early in the 13th century, the church was not finished, however, until the 14th. An interesting feature is the chantry chapel of St. Nicholas, which contains some fine effigies of the Willoughbys, the most notable being that of Sir Richard, who was Chief Justice in the reign of Edward III. The present vicar is the Rev. V. H. Beaton, who succeeded Canon A. H. Millard in 1942.



Toothbrush Parade at a Nursery School

PUZZLE PICTURE in our November, 1944, issue

Only three out of a large number of entries received were correct. The picture showed a Kentish hop field. Prizes of 2/6 are awarded to—

R. Beaumont, 71 Danson Way, Rainham, Kent.
J. Reed, 178 Bredhurst Road, Wigmore, Gillingham, Kent.
Wendy Rogers, 70 Turner Road, Leicester.

Read the "Church of England Newspaper"
2d. Weekly

ONLY A GRAIN OF WHEAT

By the BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

OUR Lord said, "Unless a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone." He frequently spoke of wheat, as for example, the gathering of it into the garner and the sowing of tares among the wheat. But nowhere do we see the lesson of God's purpose for our lives so clearly illustrated as in the words, "Unless a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die." The wheat that only fell on to the ground was "abiding alone." Its life's purpose was being frustrated, because it was not buried in the earth and dying to itself. It was isolated and useless. It was not in its right place and could never be fruitful.

As we review our lives we may feel at first that no real purpose seems clear. We ask ourselves whether life is like some will o' the wisp, elusive and unreal, or whether there is a will of God for each life, a purpose in our creation, and a task we alone of all the people in the world can carry out. Our Lord supplies the answer. The selfish life lived only for itself abides alone. It has refused the cost of fruitfulness. There is something lonely and pathetic about the person who thinks of no one's interest and concerns, but his own. It is the loneliness of a surface life that at the end leaves a man without friends and disillusioned.

The first step therefore is to see that we are in the right place, that we are prepared to bury ourselves that Christ might be seen; that there might spring up the rich harvest in the enriching multiple life we are called upon to live. The grain that falls into the ground dies, yet it never dies. It lives on in the hundred-fold harvest.

The parable of the sower is an enlargement of our Lord's words about the corn of wheat. Some fell among thorns, but the conditions of growth were wrong. As applied to us it means that our lives are diverted from their real purpose by anxieties and worries, it may be, or by the choking influence of riches. Some fell on stony ground. There was a little earth and underneath it the hard slab of rock, so familiar a feature of Palestine.

Here the conditions of the ground were wrong. It illustrates the life directed to something unworthy of man's best. Some fell by the wayside, and here the conditions of the place were wrong. Grain would not grow where the hard feet of many people were treading every day. The ground was not broken up by the plough. It was hardened by the traffic of the multitude. Some fell where the fallow ground had been broken up, on ground well weeded and cleaned, on ground with good depth of earth. The harvest depended on soil, sun and water, on the placing of the grain in the right place and on the death of the grain.

St. Paul gives us the best interpretation of the grain of wheat. He says, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me and the life I now live, I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me." "I live yet not I." That is to say that in the Christian faith no one lives unto himself but unto Christ. The real objec-

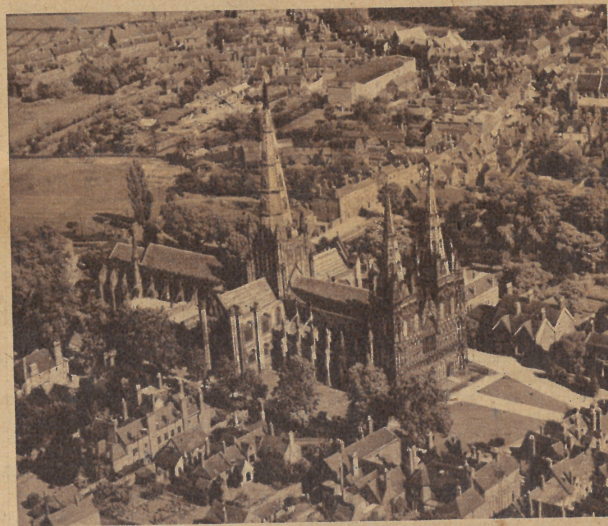
tive of life shifts from self to Christ. That is why St. Paul says, "Not I but Christ." When we accept Christ as our Saviour and Master, the I is crossed out and Christ reigns in the place of self. But though St. Paul says he was crucified he was never more alive. He goes on to explain, "The life I now live I live by the faith of the Son of God."

St. Paul had been like the grain of wheat that had not fallen into good ground. His life was self-centred, hard and unforgiving, but when Christ met him on the Damascus road life began again, for he said, "Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Another illustration of this is given in St. John's Gospel, chapter twelve. Mary brought the alabaster box of ointment and broke it. The fragrance filled the house. The sacrifice brought its own reward in a new sense of fellowship with Christ. Mary seemed a lonely figure as she stood among the men and made her offering to the Saviour she loved. She must have felt more lonely still when she found how misunderstood she was. "Why this waste?" they exclaimed. But Jesus made her feel in a special way His wonderful friendship. He understood and He approached the costly gift.

Our lives will only fulfil God's purpose as we are willing to be like the grain, dying to self and living to Christ. "It bringeth forth much fruit." Such a challenge is to a new depth of personal surrender of our lives to Christ.

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."



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Young Folks' Corner

Dear Girls and Boys:

I went to a camp a few years ago, and I discovered that one of the boys had been nicknamed "The Scrounger," for he would lay his hand on all sorts of things that belonged to the other boys—a cake of soap; sweets, biscuits. One day I tackled him about it. He admitted his guilt, but seemed to think there was nothing wrong about it. "Look here," I said to him, "if you took a shilling out of my pocket, I suppose you would call that scrounging." He looked at me indignantly. "No," he replied, "that would be stealing, and I'm not a thief." I had to point out, of course, that there is no difference between taking goods or money. It is stealing in both cases.

That incident makes me think of a man called Achan. He scrounged all sorts of things, including a suit of clothes and some money. He didn't call it stealing, for no one was any the worse off because he took them—at least, that is how he argued.

You can read the whole story for yourselves in the 7th Chapter of Joshua. And in 1 Chronicles ii. 7, you will see that through his misdeeds, he earned the unenviable title of "The Troubler of Israel." And so that he should never be forgotten, it was decided that the valley where he died should be called by his name.



An Early Lamb

I know a house which has a tablet outside, saying, "Here lived Charles Dickens, the famous author." Just think what kind of a tablet they would have had to put up in the Valley of Achan—"Here died the Troubler of Israel."

Supposing a tablet about you were going to be put up outside your house, what words would you like to have on it: "Here lives . . ." Will you add the words you would choose and tell me the reason for your choice?

We will make that our competition for the month. Two prizes of five shillings will be awarded in each section—Junior (7-11) and Senior (12-16). Send your entries not later than February 15th, together with name, address and age, to Cousin Elizabeth, THE SENTINEL, 2-10 Tavistock Street, London, W.C.2.

Yours affectionately,

COUSIN ELIZABETH.

COMPETITION WORK.

There were so many excellent entries to the competition for the Drawing and Lines of Poetry, that we have decided to increase the number of prizes, and the winners are:

Junior Section: Audrey Hester, 130 Warren Hill Road, Erdington, Birmingham, 23. (5s.)

B. Peacock, 23 Durham Road, Wigmore, Rainham, Kent. (2s. 6d.)

John Belcher, 31 Brocas Street, Windsor. (2s. 6d.)

Senior Section: Pauline Leffler, 187 Wood Lane, Handsworth Wood, Birmingham, 20. (5s.)

Isa Cameron, St. Thomas' Rectory, Ardwick Green North, Manchester, 12. (2s. 6d.)

Mavis Ray, 264 Whitworth Road, Rochdale, Lancs. (2s. 6d.)

Sentinel Circle

In two minutes' time she was sitting by Mrs. Briggs' kitchen fire, while Mrs. Briggs' twelve-year-old son fetched out the unpacked bedding and hung it out on the clothes-line.

"Our Jimmy will beat it with a stick," said Mrs. Briggs, making tea rapidly. "To-morrow, if it's sunny, we'll have everything out in the open and get all the moths out. I'll show you how to make a dried-egg omelette for supper, with chopped onion in it, and don't you ever think you've got to manage things alone while you've got neighbours each side of you. Any time you want anything, just tap on the wall, and I'll come popping round. Just you see! you'll learn so fast that you'll soon think this is the best year of your life. You see if it isn't!"

"I think it will be," said young Mrs. Webster, drying her eyes, and brightening up suddenly over her cup of tea.

"Mrs. Briggs!" called young Mrs. Webster over the fence. "I've spilt the dinner on the floor!"

Mrs. Briggs appeared instantly and surveyed the mass of stew beside the kitchen table.

"The sooner we get that leg properly mended, the better," she remarked calmly. "Now put all that stuff in a bucket and nip round to old Mrs. Pratt's with it. She'll give it to her hens and it'll save her boiling up." When Joanna Webster came back with the empty bucket she found that Mrs. Briggs had taken the rest of the vegetables out of her shopping-basket. "Your Ted can have a salad to-day, as there isn't time to cook any fresh dinner," said Mrs. Briggs. "You mix a salad dressing, with a tablespoon of salad oil and two tablespoons of vinegar and a bit of mustard. I'll chop up this raw cabbage, and grate some carrots and turnips, and chop up some celery. It'll do your Ted as much good as the stew, and it'll do you more good, my dear."

"They told me at the clinic I ought to eat a salad a day," said Joanna, watching Mrs. Briggs' flying knife with great interest.

"So you ought. You want to be in first-class condition when that baby of yours arrives," remarked Mrs. Briggs. "And now," she added, as she arranged the salad in a dish, and sprinkled grated cheese on top. "Let's have a look at that table-leg. Split upwards, hasn't it? I thought so."

She turned the table over, dragged it across to the fire, and put the broken edges of the leg to warm. She sent her son Jimmy for glue, and, when he brought it, smeared the edges thickly, pressed them together, and wiped the surplus glue away. Then, with Jimmy's eager help, she wound a string tightly round the mend until it was tightly muffled. "Leave it till to-morrow morning, dearie," she said, rising, red-faced from her exertions. "You'll find it will stand."

(To be continued.)

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