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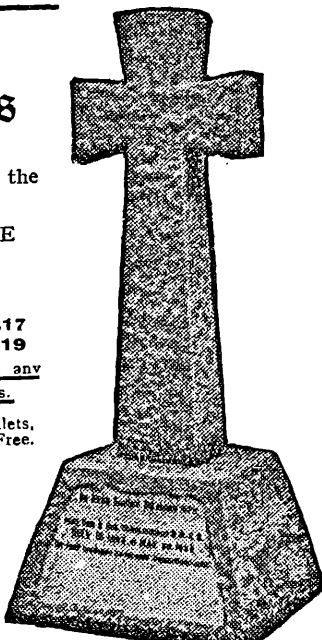
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When Jesus Comes.

JESUS said, "I will come to you."

At a meeting of a little group of cultured men the other day, one of the company spoke of an experience which he sometimes had of the presence of Jesus with him, when he shut himself up in his library and resolutely banished from his mind all thought of people and things. Waiting there with a passive mind for the coming of his Lord, it was his experience that He came to him there in that room, and although there was no visible sign of His presence, he was sure that in a peculiar, special sense, Jesus was there. Sometimes he waited without having that experience. At certain times the realization was more vivid than at other times. Whenever he had that experience he was conscious of a thrill of joy, a sense of power and an appreciation of spiritual values which remained when he was no longer conscious of the presence of Jesus in that special way.

His friends were critical. Was not his experience purely subjective? How did he know it was *Jesus* who came? He had satisfying answers to give to those questions, but more convincing than his logic was his manifest certainty. "Even if I cannot convince you, I am sure, absolutely sure, He comes to me and I *know* it is Jesus!"

An unlettered peasant who was converted when he was forty-five, and at that time could neither read nor write, used to tell of his experience of the presence of Jesus as he walked the long weary miles of his native circuit to his preaching appointments. "I look for 'un along the road. I know I shall meet 'un somewhere. Then us walk together all the way and talk. I tell 'ee, 'tis a beautiful experience!" He, too, was sure that it was Jesus whom he met. Moreover, when he reached his destination, those who heard him preach were *sure* that he had been with Jesus.

When Charles Wesley sang, "My heart it doth dance at the sound of His name," he was experiencing a thrill of radiant joy. What was its source? He knew that Jesus was his lover. He had had hours of inexpressibly happy communion with Him alone. The door had been shut against all the world as he had exclaimed, with the true lover's ardour, "Thou, O Christ, art all I want!" After the rapture of such hours, the mere mention of the name of Jesus was sufficient to produce the dancing heart.

Bernard of Clairvaux, the twelfth century monk, confessed that the very thought of Jesus filled his breast with sweetness, but he knew an experience which was "sweeter far": that was to rest in His presence and see His face. Not that he desired to depart this life. He was not anticipating the time when he would have "crossed the bar." He was thinking of the real presence of Jesus with him in this world. He declared that the quest of Jesus was delightful, but finding Him was an inexpressible joy. It is this real presence of Jesus with His friends which Bernard seeks when he sings,

"Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of Life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.
O Jesus, ever with us stay!"

When Ananias of Damascus comes to Saul of Tarsus and says, "The Lord, even Jesus, hath sent me," one cannot escape the conviction that he had been in communion with the Lord, and that in that communion Jesus had been very real to him, so real that Ananias had no doubt about either his mission or his authority. Paul must surely have been impressed by the note of simple, unmistakable conviction in the speech of the man who could say, "Jesus hath sent me."

When Paul, on the road to Damascus, asked the question, "Who art Thou, Lord?" was he concerned to identify the personality of whose presence he had become aware, or, recognizing that it was

Jesus, was he not rather seeking to identify in Jesus the promised One? "Art Thou He that should come?" He was certain in later years that he had seen the Lord, and when he stood before Nero he was clearly conscious of the presence of the Lord with him there.

Here is a variety of people who have this in common: they have in their day and generation experienced the fulfilment of this simple straightforward promise. Jesus said, "I will come to you." They believed it. They have looked for Him. He has come to them.

The Consequence.

This experience does not stand alone. There are signs following. Foremost among them is *joy*. Bernard had the joy which was too great for language. Wesley had the dancing heart. The local preacher who travelled the wild ways of Exmoor in company with Jesus did not hold converse with Him for nothing. A light shone from his face which revealed his glowing heart. As he himself said, "'Tis a beautiful experience!" The modern scholar adds his testimony, "It is different in kind from every other joy I know, and it is inexpressibly greater."

Another consequence of this experience is a *new sense of values*. When some people find themselves singing "False and full of sin I am," they make a mental note that this is a poetical extravagance, for they certainly do not feel that they are false and full of sin. On the contrary, they pride themselves on their rectitude and, being honest, they resent being compelled to sing something which is simply not true. But let any such stand in that glorious but awe-inspiring, holy presence and immediately he has a new appreciation of sin, and he finds that what he has been regarding as an extravagant expression is but the plain statement of a terrible truth. Often the first impulse when the Presence of Jesus is realized is to cry out, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!"—but the Lord does not leave us: He lifts us out of our sin. Standing there with Him, seeing as He sees, we see as we have never seen before the exceeding sinfulness of sin.

Values are changed in many directions. We see a new standard to be reached, a new service to be rendered, a new life to be lived.

The greatest and most important consequence of this experience is a new sense of *power*. Many people see the great Alpine peaks and admire them, but the number who have the courage and strength to climb them is very limited. We are not lacking much in vision in this age. There are few of us who cannot see what life ought to be both for ourselves and for our fellows. Our real problem is the problem of power. *How* to be and do is what we sorely need to know. When Jesus comes, power comes. We enter into possession of the necessary dynamic when we have this experience of the real presence of Jesus. The Epistle to the Philippians unfolds an experience of carefully cultivated intimate fellowship with Jesus Christ. It culminates in the conscious possession of power and that confident assertion of ability—"I can do all things through Christ!" Not only is power the most important consequence of realizing the presence of the Lord Jesus, it is the acid test of the genuineness of the experience itself. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is power.

It is encouraging to hear of groups of young people here and there in our Churches and outside as well, who are facing this question, "What did Jesus mean when He said, 'I will come to you!' What are the implications of these simple words?" Many of them are finding that they mean something tremendously great and glorious, and they are entering into an experience of Jesus Christ which is filling their lives with a mighty power, a radiant joy and a glorious purpose. Jesus said, "I will come to you."

F. J. M.

A Famous House.

Where Wesley Preached his last Sermon.

UNLESS the Leatherhead Urban District Council change their plans, the beautiful and historic mansion, Kingston House, Leatherhead, where John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, preached his last sermon in 1791, is to be demolished.

"When this mansion was bought by the Leatherhead Corporation at a bargain figure last autumn, it was announced that it was to be reconstructed for use as a municipal building," said Captain E. Page Gaston, F.R.G.S., the London antiquary.

"But I was astonished when at Leatherhead recently to see by the revised plans that it is scheduled for early demolition to give place to new council offices."

Captain Gaston has suggested that the Leatherhead Council should revert to their original plan of reconstruction, or that Kingston House should be scheduled as an ancient monument.

"Wesley spent the night of February 22nd, 1791, with the family of Mr. Belson, a friendly Leatherhead magistrate, and on the following day he preached to a small company in the magistrate's spacious dining room. When leaving for London he paused beneath the old cedar tree (still standing in the front garden), and briefly addressed the villagers gathered to greet the famous preacher, who died a few days later at the age of 88.

"Representations have been made to the Society of Antiquaries, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, and other influential quarters, in an effort to save Kingston House."

"Funds for an appropriate monument, or other Wesley Memorial on this spot, should easily be obtainable, thus increasing the attractions of beautiful Leatherhead," Captain Gaston says: "A proposal was made several years ago that the entire property of several acres should be acquired by American Methodists as a guest house, but as I believe it was not then for sale, nothing was consummated. Wesley assisted General James Oglethorpe in conducting the American colony of Georgia on temperance and anti-slavery lines, in 1735.

"In his preaching and scholarly writings Wesley showed a prophetic vision of an emancipated world. Among other things, he was the first notable British exponent of the prohibition of the drink traffic as a movement which to-day is sweeping around the world with constantly increasing power; and in many other directions he was ahead of his time."

"The service which he rendered is even to-day imperfectly recognised. He travelled in England, Wales and Ireland more than 250,000 miles (mostly on horseback), preached above 40,000 sermons to congregations, numbering up to 30,000 persons in the open, and founded the Methodist Church, now embracing more than 8,500,000 adherents throughout the world. Historians have tardily acknowledged that the great 18th century spiritual revival, which Wesley largely inaugurated, was an important factor in saving Britain from bloody revolution, then rapidly overtaking France.

"Both his classical and popular literary works were in such demand that they brought their author the then great total of £30,000. Wesley gave away this and his other considerable income, and died a poor man, as he had wished. His experiences, as set forth in his 'Journal,' have been pronounced by the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell to be 'the most amazing record of human exertion ever penned by man.'

"After suffering fierce persecution from both parsons and people for many years, Wesley (who came from a distinguished family which included the Duke of Wellington) had honours heaped upon him in his later years, and his triumphal visits to various parts of the country were oftentimes observed as public holidays.

"The figure of John Wesley, the Preacher-Statesman, looms larger and larger on the skyline of history with the passing of time, and the preservation of the scene of his last masterful pronouncement at Leatherhead, 140 years ago, should prove a deep inspiration for present and future generations," concluded Captain Gaston.

If any further details are required, I may be reached at 7, Haymarket, S.W.

Photos of Kingston House, Leatherhead, may be had from the London News Agency, 46, Fleet Street, E.C.

A Poet and a Puritan.

MESSRS. DENT have added two valuable books to their deep well of literature, "Everyman's Library," in "The Poems of John Donne" and "The Autobiography of Richard Baxter." At two shillings each they should find a place on every minister's shelves. The revival of interest in Donne since the war is responsible for this reprint. Donne was a rebel in his day against the conventions of his time, and this doubtless is the reason for the resurgence of his work. It is fitting that the 300th anniversary of the year of his death (1631) should be marked by an easily accessible edition of his poems. His verse is deliberately rugged in form, and is often gruesome in detail. He delights in the atmosphere of hell!

Saintly Richard Baxter was cast in different mould. Lord Morley considered him the profoundest theologian of all the Dissenters. His heart was with the humble. He could hold his own with the learned, as they discovered to their cost. When Dr. Gunning was Bishop of Chichester, that worthy prelate roundly accused Richard Baxter of ulterior motives in his Nonconformity. "It is not Conscience that keeps you from Conformity." In reply Baxter says: "I told the bishop that he that cries out so vehemently against schism had got the spirit of a sectary, and had the same temper of the sectaries whom he so much reviled." Readers of the "Autobiography" will once more find a subtle comparison lurking in their minds between Baxter and Bunyan, both of whom delighted in the atmosphere of Heaven!

H. B.

In the Cornish Dialect.

Confrence Himpressuns.

BY A KARNISHMAN.

ZINCE radin' the Confrence himpressuns in 'ure paaper, I've wunder'd ef you wud let a Karnishman tell ee hes himpressuns en hes muther tung, so to spaik. Ef not, alrite zur, an no offence. Raydrewth ded ee rare an well. Coose they wud, thet's wat we do down long we. Spaikin' ov doin' ee well, I laive out thickey hugly owl' tent pervided ver the hidolaters. Wat a gaastly lukin' owl' theng ee was ver sure. Ded em thenk awnly wan or two wanted to arden theersels 'ginst the Judgement Day? Wan theng they 'ad un en a good plaace to kip flies away, or, pon my sawl you, twud a ben a job.

Wat a lot ov delegaates pey theer awn expensuns, vur theer consciences wud'nt let em taake they wen they dedn't earn em, onless alles smawkin inside or outside thickey tent was wat they was zent vur.

Thet was a gran' spaich by the President; 'twas as long as 'isself, an ee's braavesh length. Now if ee'd cut out twenty minutes ov un in the middle, ee wudn't a 'urt un, an theer wudn't ben zo meny self-zymphthisin' 'eroes weth empty stumachs. But, thay maade hup ver et laater. Ask thay waitresses!

'Twas a good Confrence, but wud ben a lot moor hinterestin' ef thay officals awnly ad strength nuff to spaik to the back ov the chapel. I be suspicius ov thay voke thet wunt let ee luk ento theer eyes, an thay officals wudn't. I liked the great Richerd en thickey debate about Gardin' Representatives. Luked as thoo' thay Brestol chaps waanted a plaace kip'd open ver zome rich fella' thay'd in mind. But Richerd sticked to ee's guns an bate un. Zectari Henry luked as ef he kud eat un. Ef ee ded, wat a zize eed's be! But Richerd wann'd no good on wemen praichers. That little chap vrum Southport giv'd ee a slaap in the chaacks. Ef ee ded stuff the goal, as wemen's manager Gair ded zay, well ee ded a good theng. We doan't want a passel of wemen traipsin our loanly laanes in Karnwell, tes'nt zaafe vur em, zur.

I dedn 'eer the Home Zecretari give es rayport, but thay ded zay ee praiched wan ov es ol' zarmonys. But thickey Hellis chap vrum Leeds maade Zecretari Joe oncumfutable. I know you musn't judge a man by es luks. Good job, says I, vur ee loked hawful taccey. Then Heywood's Herbert cum'd to Joe's rescue. Dedn ee holler! Ee thought everybody was 'ard 'earin. I blieve laate Rev. Redfern use' to zay wen matter was poore ee shouted. No offence Herbert, me deer. 'Ere I waant to ask a question—Wy es et not speretuaal work to try an zave the vew vok 'runnd they poore chapels?

Wat a vine lot ov boys hordained? Wy doant ee splet thet zarvice, an give ure ex-President a chance? Then wat be we a comin' too wen praiching boys kent give theer hexpierience without notes! Next yeer plase give et vrum ure 'earts, me deers.

I 'ope yuv lost thet nasty ol' blu pencil. I want to propose a time-limet to the spaiches ov officals. Thay was es long es a wet week. Then zoon es anybody on the vluur tried to spaik, President pull'd em hup. Tedn rite, Maister Edyter.

The 'Ospitality Committay do want zupperannuatn'. Vancy sendin' Plymouth delegaates to Camborne, and thay vrum thay vurin paarts, vrum Manchester, to St. Just. Wy doant thay taake theer 'ead-pieces wen thay go to committay meetins'?

I noticed the big men (men 'bout oowm you rade in 'U.M.') was planned at big chapels on Sunday, an the praichers was zent to the villages. Now, zur, I'll stop. I be vair tremblin' bout ure pencil. 'Ope es lost! Do ee think I be laadlin et out to ee en big dooses? Et es no moore then you ded with Karnish kream. I do ear thay chemists 'ad a good 'arvest thet week.

Plase dont ee get cross weth me; I doant main no offence.

Farewell and Presentation.

Sheffield, Surrey Street (Eckington).—On August 9th Rev. W. Falkner completed his ministry at this church, the evening service being well attended. At the conclusion of the service a beautiful 55-piece canteen of cutlery was presented to Rev. and Mrs. W. Falkner as a token of esteem and good wishes from all the members. Several spoke of the loyal, faithful work done by Mr. Falkner during the four years he has ministered in the circuit, and every good wish was extended for their future happiness and prosperity in their new sphere of labour at Glossop.

Young People's and Temperance Committee

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Ourselves and Others.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

It will be a great convenience if correspondents will send items of "news" and other Editorial communications not later than Monday of each week, otherwise no guarantee can be given that they will appear in next issue.

* * * * *

CONFERENCE MINUTES, 1931.

ALL being well, this volume will be ready for sale on September 1st. In consequence of the large addition in the number of pages in this year's issue, involving increased cost of production, the price is advanced to 4s. 6d. net cloth, 4s. net paper (see advertisement page 401). We regret it is necessary to increase the selling price, but there is no alternative. Even at this price, a volume containing such an immense amount of matter is not only reasonable, but cheap. The volume contains invaluable information, not only in relation to all our Connexional work, but also 168 pages relating to Methodist Union. This volume will be a necessity to every minister, circuit and church official, as well as to all others interested in our work as a Methodist Church. It must be understood that only a limited number are printed, and all those requiring a copy must place an order without undue delay. Furthermore: Copies will not be enclosed in monthly parcels unless ordered.

HENRY HOOKS.

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REV. J. E. WILLIAMSON.

We are glad to announce that Rev. J. E. Williamson has greatly benefited by his rest in South Devon, and resumed his pulpit duties on August 9th.

* * * * *

A SCHOLASTIC SUCCESS.

We are pleased to record that Mr. J. S. Arnold, son of the much-esteemed late Mr. S. Arnold, of Packington Street, has just obtained the B.Sc. degree in estate management in the recent London University examinations. This degree is one of the most coveted academic distinctions in the surveying profession. He is a keen worker in our Packington Street Church, and many friends will wish to congratulate him upon his success.

* * * * *

REV. F. A. FARLEY, B.D.

THE Rev. F. A. Farley, Pastor of the United Methodist Church, Cowling, has recently gained the high degree of Bachelor of Divinity, London University. Mr. Farley came to Cowling in 1927, and during his four years of very active service in Cowling has been immensely popular. Before taking up his duties in Cowling he served as pastor of churches at Leyton and Chatham, and prior to joining the ministry he held an important position in the Civil Service at the India House, Whitehall, London. During the war he served with distinction in India as Captain-Adjutant in a Punjab regiment. Mr. Farley is to take over the pastorate of the well-known Adelaide Street Church, Blackpool, in 1933, noted for the ministries of the late Rev. J. S. Balmer and the Rev. W. M. Simm. Whilst in this District Mr. Farley's scholastic attainments have gained him much notice, and he has made a name for himself as a preacher and lecturer. His many friends in the District will be delighted to hear of this distinction.

* * * * *

A CORRECTION.

THE word "unless" in the last paragraph of the article on Shebbear Speech Day in last week's "U.M." should read "when."

Reviews.

The Fight for the Faith. By Frank C. Raynor and Ernest C. Tanton. (Hodder and Houghton; 3s. 6d. net).

This timely volume deserves to be widely circulated. The authors have covered a good deal of ground in an effective manner. The three phases of the subject are described as "The Age of Acquiescence," "The Age of Questioning," and "The Age of Revolt." The argument throughout is sustained by history; the writers know their subject; and no one can rise from the perusal of their chapters without an enrichment of mind and heart. It is to the good that the facts are being circulated. The more we have of such books as this the better. It is incredible that at this time of day the Roman Catholic Church can make any considerable headway in this Protestant country, if only our own people will make themselves acquainted with history. This volume will help them.

The Problem of Decadence. By Gamaliel Milner, M.A. (Williams and Norgate; 6s. net).

The impression which is made upon the mind of the reader, before he has finished the first chapter, is that the author is a judicious and learned man. That impression is sustained and deepened as we pursue our way. From stage to stage the inquiry is conducted with a somewhat remorseless analysis, and with a wealth of reference to Rome and her history, which proves the author to be a diligent student, and perhaps an "anxious inquirer." The problem of decadence is not solved even in this informed book. Why it should be that one great culture after another has arisen, and arisen slowly to decay and perish, is not easily discovered. Mr. Milner has no difficulty in proving that many theories are superficial and inadequately supported by fact. Despotism, taxation and slavery have all had a part in the process. But a symptom is not always a cause, and race degeneration remains something of a mystery. None the less, we are grateful for a book of more than common value.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, "United Methodist," 12 Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Advertisements should reach the Publishing Office not later than first post on Tuesday morning.

"The United Methodist" will be forwarded, post free, for one year to any address in the United Kingdom, the British Dominions, or Foreign Countries, for 11s. per annum, payable in advance.

The Editor is always glad to consider manuscripts. If stamps are enclosed, every effort will be made to ensure the return of MSS. not used.

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Notes and Comments.

Summing Up.

Lord Grey of Fallodon has a gift which appears to be almost his alone: he can straighten out a political tangle and present the issues in their relative significance with admirable clearness and brevity. He is the nearest approach to a political oracle the nation has. He does not bemoan the weakness of Liberals; nor does he indulge in make-believe. The Liberals have the power to turn out the Government, and unless there is too much internal dissension among the Government's own supporters, Liberals can retain it in office. This is manifestly a great responsibility. What Liberals appear to agree upon is that they prefer a Labour Government to a Conservative; and they are equally convinced that the abdication of Labour means the triumph of Conservatives. The temptation, therefore, is for Liberals to assent to unpalatable proposals so that the greater calamity may be avoided. This becomes a question of principle: and the chief point of difference in Liberal Councils appears to be whether or not it is right to keep silence, or even acquiesce in measures, which are inherently anti-Liberal. Mr. Lloyd George is charged with too much eagerness in keeping Labour in power. He is supposed to agree to things which are anathema to his party so as to avoid an election. Lord Grey disagrees. He thinks with respect to India and foreign affairs Liberals can look with favour upon the Government; but he condemns the Government's policy in home affairs. When a course is adopted, he says, of which Liberals cannot conscientiously approve they ought to say so, and work accordingly without regard to the feelings or the future of the Government. It looks as if prudence and principle cannot easily run together. Principle should prevail; but once more that blessed word "principle" is susceptible of an interpretation which throws a mantle of approval on entirely contradictory proposals.

Where to Draw the Line.

"The Times" has devoted a leading article to a discussion of the dispute between the Bishop of Birmingham and the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is difficult to see how a crisis can be avoided. At any rate, anything approaching reconciliation between the two main disputants seems impossible. The issue is two-fold. As we have pointed out, the Bishop desired to safeguard a Church from abuse by demanding of a clergyman, before his appointment, obedience to prescribed law. The Archbishop, on the other hand, finding this same clergyman to be qualified for the living, refused to exact a promise which presupposed a latent disobedience. That is a simple matter of logic and of method: and appears to have no far-reaching or serious implications. But the other matter is of another kind, and has roots which run right down to fundamental principles. The Bishop is a scientist: and perhaps too severely applies the tests of science, where these are not appropriate. Perhaps, too, he does this with a baldness of language, which is an offence to many. But, when all allowance is made, it remains true that many clergymen teach a sacramentalism which is sufficiently akin to Transubstantiation as to make any distinction impossible. This, says Dr. Barnes, is not only a negation of Scriptural truth,

and the principles of the Protestant faith, it is mere magic. The Archbishop does not like such descriptions: and, with the vagueness which is a necessity in such a Church as his, asks that men should be allowed great latitude in the terms they employ and the beliefs they cherish. Breadth and charity may both be excellent qualities: but what many of us want to know is, whether the Archbishop is able and willing to draw a line anywhere between the teaching of his Church, and the crude superstitions which shelter in the Roman Church. We do not believe either the Archbishops of Canterbury or York can draw such a line. They may evade a confession of impossibility by saying that it would be improper to make the attempt: but meanwhile we find great satisfaction in knowing that there is one bishop who presents the challenge.

Success or Failure.

Lord and Lady Astor and Mr. Bernard Shaw have just spent a fortnight in Russia. They have been feted and photographed, and shown all the things which wise and far-seeing Russians desired them to see. Now they have returned: and Britain is being illuminated. We are told that the Five Years Plan is not a failure. But to say as much, and nothing more, is really to say nothing at all. What is a failure? If some measure of prosperity is secured: and the finances are established, that is so far a success: but if this achievement is purchased by repression, by injustice, and by the stamping out of personal liberty, the price is too high; and in the end, what looked like success, is failure after all. Lady Astor, so her adoring husband says, did not hide the fact that she believed in capitalism, but then Lady Astor can say

almost anything, and no one is offended. She disarms by her daring: she is always so delightfully frank, that her enemies approve and her friends applaud. We are glad that this illustrious trio have been to Russia: and we believe it would be all to the good, if others equally alert, and equally influential, went also. We shall be glad, when the excitement has subsided, to hear what Lord Astor has to say about those more subtle and spiritual forces, which though they are at first invisible, are in the end decisive. The Five Years Plan is a heroic scheme, and without doubt is being heroically worked. But if the inspiration is derived from godless sources, and the controlling agency is opposed to religious liberty, the success in commerce will prove to be apples of Sodom; and the menace may spread to other nations also. We shall welcome a frank, reasoned and exhaustive report from our distinguished fellow-countrymen, who though they could not see all in a fortnight, could see more than most people.

Pope and Dictator.

The Pope has his troubles as well as the rest of mankind: and, like ordinary human beings, he invites the world to share his distress. That is part of the trouble: as soon as things do not go well with him he lays bare his heart to visitors: and his critics say this kind of thing "is not done." Nor do his troubles grow less by the unsympathetic way in which his way of doing things is criticised. He is bluntly told that he has been too high and mighty: that if he had gone to work with a little more of that worldly wisdom, for which many of his infallible predecessors have been famous, he might have achieved more, and suffered less. The fact is, that convenient as it may be to have one infallible person in a country, it is very difficult to tolerate two. Mussolini is as sure of himself as is the "Holy Father." The Duce does not bend lightly when the Pope waves his ecclesiastical wand. And yet, it was not so very long ago that both Pope and Dictator were friends: and the friendship was regarded as enduring and overwhelming. Now all is altered. The Pope meddles where he has no right to intrude: and Mussolini simply will not have it. So there is a first-class quarrel. The newspapers find the subject an attractive one: and editors, in the security of their sanctums, inform the world who is to blame. The Pope's Encyclicals are severely criticized: and he is told that Coriolanus, who also was something of a Pope, did not love to show his wounds. The "black aristocracy," and the peasantry of the South are said to be friendly to the Pope: but Signor Mussolini has the sympathy of "the great majority of the educated classes." Of the latter the Pope says scornfully they are "Catholics only in baptism and in name." We are content for these two illustrious personages to quarrel as they please: and meanwhile, without any great fondness for the methods and

claims of either, we have a deep satisfaction in knowing that the Pope can never again acquire the worldly power, for which he and his cardinals seem to hunger so intensely.

The Licensing Commission.

We have waited long and patiently for the report of this Commission. The evidence as it was presented from day to day was full of interest. The proceedings occupied a great deal of time: and men like the Rev. Henry Carter spared neither time nor strength in probing the great liquor complex. What we desire to know now is, what conclusions have been drawn, and what recommendations are submitted. We were told, that if we would behave, we might have the Report in September. Again, our hopes are dashed to the ground. Lord Amulree, who was the chairman, has accepted the position of Secretary of State for Air. That has made him busier than ever, so busy indeed, that he has not been able to give the necessary time to the Report. Hence we are now informed that the Report will not be ready until after Parliament has re-assembled on October 20th. Two questions will occur to simple people. One is, Why did Lord Amulree take a post which prevents him from efficiently and promptly discharging an important duty to the public? The other is, Can it be that the Government does not wish to hurry up the publication of a Report which will certainly compel its authors to face up to tasks for which they have not shown either taste or inclination? We might even venture a third question: Will it not be more convenient politically, to publish a report when other issues are certain to occupy the public mind and the press? Perhaps such interrogations are ill-founded and uncharitable. Perhaps!

R. P.

League of Nations Notes.

What the Assembly will do.

The agenda of the Twelfth Assembly of the League of Nations, which opens at Geneva on September 7th, has already been circulated to the member States of the League. One of the most important items concerns the revision of the Covenant in order to bring it into harmony with the Kellogg Pact. The subject of disarmament does not figure as a separate item on the agenda, but it will naturally assume an important place in the discussions, as a good deal of attention is given to it in the Secretary-General's report. Unemployment and other aspects of the economic crisis will be discussed during the debate on the report of the Commission of Enquiry into European Union. The Assembly has to elect three members to the Council each year, the retiring members this year being Spain, Persia and Venezuela. Spain, being eligible for re-election, will retain her seat, China is certain to replace Persia, while another South American State will doubtless be chosen to replace Venezuela.

The Armaments Year Book.

The Secretariat of the League of Nations has just published the "Armaments Year Book" (Allen and Unwin, 20s.). This year's edition of the Year Book is of exceptional interest and importance in view of next year's Disarmament Conference. To enable readers to obtain a rapid survey of certain aspects of the military situation in the different countries, or in all countries together, graphs and recapitulatory tables, both statistical and otherwise, have been introduced into the present edition.

The New Opium Convention.

The new Opium Convention adopted at the League of Nations Conference for the Limitation of the Manufacture of Narcotic Drugs, has now been signed by twenty-six States. Although not as far-reaching as had been hoped, the new Convention goes much further than any previous Conventions. Once it has been ratified by the chief countries concerned, it should go a long way towards stamping out the illicit traffic.

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The Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Centenary Celebrations, June, 1931.

It may be interesting to some of the readers of the "U.M." to have an account of the historic occasion when the Ancient Order of St. John celebrated the centenary of its revival in England.

The origin of the Order dates back to the Knights of Malta, 1048, called Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, and the humanitarian services of this venerable Order of Christian chivalry have been rendered with varied fortunes for more than 900 years.

A WORD ABOUT THE ORDER.

By Royal Charter we are reminded "that H.M. King George is, and shall be, the Sovereign Head of the Grand Priory in the British Realm of the venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, for the encouragement and promotion of all works of humanity and charity for the relief of persons in sickness, distress, suffering and danger, without distinction of race, class or creed."

Those of us who are of the commoners of England seldom, if ever, have an opportunity of seeing beyond the outside of Royal Palaces, and those ancient and Imperial buildings that speak in terms of history, governmental administration and the enriching friendships of English people the world over.

Yet, who, British-born with traditions and heritages unequalled, would not avail himself of the first, and, perhaps, the only opportunity of seeing what a Royal palace is like within, and how His Majesty honours those who were to receive decorations at his hands? With the indulgence of the Editor, I will play the part of companion to each reader who desires to visualise more clearly through another's eyes, pen and recollections what took place at Buckingham Palace, June 23rd, 1931.

THE ROYAL INVESTITURE.

Passing through the outer courtyard, it was evident that the more privileged had their motor cars, while the "man in the street" walked with becoming bearing to the main entrance. Gentlemen of the household gave directions to the visitors. In the Grand Corridor leading to the Royal Ballroom, one observed oil paintings of royalties of other generations, and beautiful statuary. Entering the room where the Investiture was held, one noticed the decorations in gold and silver, with mirrors and tapestries on the walls, the floor space seated with the usual Court chairs in white, scarlet and gold. During the interval, awaiting His Majesty's arrival, a band rendered appropriate music, while the officials arranged in perfect order the members to be received by the Sovereign Head.

The atmosphere was one of Peace, surcharged with the feeling that we have entered upon an era of human kindness, when the members of this Order, along with their countrymen and women will strive to heal the wounds of the nations, and nurse back to health happiness and friendship the peoples of all lands.

The approach of His Majesty was heralded, amid the strains of the National Anthem, who took his place in the gold chair on the Royal dais, with Her Majesty Queen Mary on his right, and Princess Mary, Duchess of York, on the left, while the Knights of the Order, wearing their mantles, insignia, badges and decorations, stood in semi-circle at the rear.

After prayers by the Archbishop of Canterbury and a brief statement by the Grand Prior, H.R.H. Duke of Connaught, the Investiture began. So well marshalled were the recipients of honours that the moment their names were called each person stepped forward, making a bow to their Majesties. The King placed the various Orders upon the members, with whom he shook hands, and with a parting bow the person passed from the Royal presence. Upwards of 200, ranging from princes to firemen, were thus decorated, the first being the Prince of Wales, followed by the Duke of Gloucester, who passed to stand for the remainder of the ceremony behind their Royal mother, along with their Royal brothers the Duke of York and Prince George. The situation was significant and suggestive. Here was to be seen all the members of the British Royal House standing in the front rank of serving Brothers and Sisters in this venerable Order of Christian chivalry.

An hour in the presence of the King-Emperor, with imagination, both retrospective and prospective, gives the British-born a thrill of pride, and a sense of gratitude that the Lord of all the Nations has given to the hundreds of millions of the Empire so wise and loveable a sovereign.

The other gatherings connected with the Centenary at Westminster Abbey and St. James' Palace cannot be reported upon here. I need only say that in years of peace and war the unique ministry of the Order of St. John has been continued in many directions and countless forms, constituting one of the finest records of humanitarian service in modern times.

Under the auspices of this venerable Order hundreds of thousands of men and women through the nine centuries, 1048—1931, have shared in its healing and befriending ministry—because One in Galilee nearly 2,000 years ago gave us the story of the Good Samaritan with his kindly thought and deed for his unfortunate and wounded brother on the Jericho Road—says to us to-day as then, "Go thou and do likewise."

G. A. WILSON,

Hon. Serving Brother of the Order, 1919.

Can Romanism Help Us?

I do see a falling away from intellectual fidelity in men who heed unduly the tortuous ways whereby traditions that reek of superstition, and priestcraft, are justified in the eyes of the world. Better to press forward in the faith that calls for no lowering of lights. If we come to distrust our critical powers in deference to some involved symbolism masquerading as religion, that surely is a weakening of our faith in spiritual things. I do not charge Mr. Coleman with thus falling away. His own exposition of Free Church sacramental ideas in contrast to those of Catholicism is a sign that he is still walking in the light. But let a man imagine that there is a superior rationality where the Romanist is deliberately obscure, and he will soon fumble in the dark.

The noblest example that springs to mind of the harmony of intellectual honesty and faith is that of Schweitzer. The dichotomy that gives us the thoroughgoing eschatologist and the simple follower of Jesus is perhaps not so strange as it may seem. Schweitzer embodies two elements that may grow up side by side to the glory of Christ within Protestantism, but not within Catholicism: I mean the rationalist temper and the mystic heart. Now, I have noticed for some time that certain pleaders for the sacramental side of religion have shown a readiness to fling away their intellectual weapons when they get within sight of their mystic haven. It is the kind of capitulation that every honest Christian should fear.

Now, about calling up prejudiced witnesses. Admitted that the philosopher named by Mr. Coleman is not an advocate of Christian marriage: but Dean Inge is not an opponent of the Christian life, but a distinguished champion of it; and in this particular controversy his testimony has greater weight, to my thinking, than Dr. Gore's would have. Let us get the historical point clear. Did sacramentalism centuries ago invade the Church, increase the power of the priesthood, and corrupt the severity of moral teaching? I think Dean Inge's great thrust is justified up to the hilt.

As to the description "rubbish" for a certain definition of the Mass, does it help Christian unity to adopt vague phraseology about statements that our minds instantly reject? The dogma of papal infallibility is, to our minds, rubbish; and, if we think so, it doesn't help our brotherly co-operation with the Romanist to tell him something that means partial acquiescence. If we merely want to be polite, of course, we can cast around for a neater synonym: but I was writing to convince United Methodists like Mr. Coleman.

I did not make any antithesis of sacramentalism and the world with its burdens, cares and sins. I did contend that you can be so absorbed by these questions as to become dead to the real work Christians are called to do—a deadening of the religious spirit against which the prophets protested. But there is an antithesis which a careful observer cannot help making. Sabatier's phrase will serve, but I prefer to quote Dr. Selbie again: "It is now no longer possible to conceal the fact that the terms Catholic and Protestant stand for two different types of religion rather than for complementary interpretations of the same religion. . . . The one is a religion of order and authority, the other of freedom and of faith." It is true that not all Catholics are in the one camp, nor all Protestants in the other. I should say that the religion of St. Francis was overwhelmingly one of freedom and faith, just as there are Methodists, whose religion is overwhelmingly one of order and authority. But it only confuses the issue to say that such fundamental differences do not exist. Let us be tolerant of any aid to faith, but not surrender our own freedom in a delusive hope of unity. We have unity, with Salvationists, Anglo-Catholics, yes, and Roman Catholics—as I tried to show—when we are alike motivated by love, but it is the kind of unity that, in the wisdom of God, must evidently go on achieving itself outside ecclesiastical uniformity. If the Roman Catholic calls this "schism," that is his affair. We may be competitors for the suffrages of the non-Christian world, but we need not be quarrelsome and bitter, nor need we squander our resources.

The last point of Mr. Coleman's article is not, I think, a criticism of me. It refers to Methodists who are discontented with our present modes of worship, and for whom liturgical services would be a help. I agree. And I hope others besides Mr. Coleman will have the courage to speak more openly on this point. For we have hardly begun to face this problem of our aims in public worship.

And that brings me to what might be termed (and what some readers have adjudged) the real purpose of Mr. Coleman's book. It is time we considered adequately what the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper means. And if, by evolving an Order for the Sacrament that is no more afraid of borrowing usages from Catholic sources than we are of singing Catholic hymns, we all come to a truer devotion to Christ, we shall have taken a great step forward. To this purpose, if Mr. Coleman would make it his primary concern, he could give great strength.

But he will admit that his sub-title—"A Plea for Re-union"—subordinates our own sacramental needs to the hope of a new ecclesiastical alignment that some of us regard as delusive. Let us be faithful to our Lord in the way we must, heedless of what others feel they must do, and the upshot be with God.

FRANK FAIRFAX.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society has decided to commence colportage work in Fiji amongst the Indians. This is an interesting development in view of the fact that within living memory Fiji itself was inaccessible to missionaries. The supervision of this new work of Bible distribution will be undertaken by the Australian Auxiliary.

The late Mr. Robert Blackmore.

REV. H. W. HORWILL writes:

Robert Blackmore had lived so long at Bideford that there is a risk of his invaluable services to our Plymouth Circuit being overlooked. When, nearly forty-five years ago, a group of members hived off from Zion Street to establish a cause in a new and growing district, the enterprise might easily have come to grief if there had not been among its leaders men of business capacity and breadth of outlook as well as evangelistic zeal. Pre-eminent among these was Robert Blackmore. He realised that any attempt to work Greenbank on the lines of Zion Street would hopelessly handicap its appeal to the untapped constituency at its doors, and he used his influence, while conserving all that was of permanent worth in Zion's traditions, to secure the adoption of the equipment and methods most suited to meet the needs of the unfamiliar situation. As trust secretary, Sunday School superintendent and choir leader he gave ungrudgingly of his best, at no small cost of time and energy, and thus contributed largely towards building up the new church on sound foundations. After spending the day in his office or on tiring railway journeys he would often toil far into the night, devising schemes for making Greenbank a more effective centre of Christian activity, or elaborating those financial and administrative details on whose exact adjustment the smooth working of a live church so greatly depends. Moreover, his admirable taste in church music—though he was not himself a skilful player or notable singer—enabled him, in the conduct of the worship of the congregation, to set from the first a standard that made the Greenbank services a means of grace, whatever might be the quality of the preaching.

May I add a personal note? Every minister who reads these lines will know what it means to a young man in his first circuit to find a friend to whom he may always turn for encouragement and help—including intelligent and sympathetic criticism. When I went to Plymouth in 1887, Robert Blackmore and I were almost strangers, but my appointment was of special interest to him as I, too, was a preacher's son and an old Shebbear boy. He met me at the station on my arrival, and from that moment his kindness never failed. He gave me a standing invitation to go home with him to dinner whenever I had been conducting the morning service at Greenbank, as well as to supper when I had been preaching there in the evening. Accordingly, on two Sundays out of three I had the opportunity of a long and intimate talk with him, not confined to our local church affairs, but often covering a wide range of topics. Seldom did I come away without having gained some stimulus or profit. For many years now our paths have lain apart, but from what I know of him in that distant period I am not surprised that his funeral service should have brought together such a unique assembly of people of diverse types and classes, all united in the desire to do honour to the memory of a man who had won so high a degree of their confidence and esteem.

Women's Missionary Auxiliary

PRAYER TOPIC for the week beginning August 16th.—British and Foreign Bible Society in China; Rev. G. W. Sheppard, secretary.

Gift Parcels.—We acknowledge with thanks gifts from Macclesfield, Newport, I. of W., Harrogate, Birkenhead and Guernsey.

Leeds.—Our District has sustained a great loss in the death of our much-loved President, Mrs. Wakefield, at Bramley. The widow of the late Rev. C. T. Wakefield, she had a serious breakdown in health just after she was elected, and was not able to serve. Her frail little body possessed a big soul. She was one of God's saints on earth—a great worker and leader in her own church at Rodley, and a most valuable member of our W.M.A. Her cheery word and smiling face were for all who needed sympathy and encouragement, and her experience and knowledge of the work extended over a period, indeed ever since its formation in our U.M. Church. Her generous nature gave freely of her ability and her means. When her quick insight perceived an unjustified holding back of support, she had the courage of a Daniel to speak out, intermingled with a sweet persuasiveness. Our Heavenly Father has taken her home to Himself: earth is poorer and heaven is richer. Very tenderly we commend to Him her sorrowing and devoted daughter, with whom she lived, Mrs. Lockwood, our District corresponding secretary.

G. E. PETRIE.

London District.—The year has been one of steady progress and interest. Three exceedingly well-attended District Councils have been held, to one of which the local presidents and secretaries of Wesleyan and Primitive Methodist societies were invited. We had much pleasure in hearing short reports of their work and methods of working their branches. The officials of the London District have been invited to attend the Wesleyan District Councils, and have been much cheered and helped by these interchanges, and have formed friendships which we hope will be extended after Union. We are pleased to report a small increase all round. We have two new adult branches, one at Brunswick, Deptford, and the other at Manor Park, in the Forest Gate Circuit. These bring the number of W.M.A. branches to forty-four. Unfortunately we have lost one G.M.A. branch. The membership is now 1,276, an increase of forty-one. The contributions amount to £645 19s. 4d., an increase of £21 18s. 10d. We are grateful for help received from speakers and others, and for the devoted service of the District workers during a rather hard year.

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Death of Rev. A. W. Utting.

ON Friday morning last we received from the Rev. G. T. Coulthard the sad news of the death of his colleague, the Rev. A. W. Utting. Mr. Coulthard says: "A few weeks ago he became unwell, but continued to do his work and preached on Sunday, July 26th. He was removed to a nursing home, where he only stayed two or three days, leaving it on Saturday, August 1st, as nothing could be done for him. Since then he failed rapidly, and the end came yesterday (Wednesday)." This news has come as a great shock to all those associated with him in all his circuit work, and to us also.

Brother Utting entered the ministry of the United Methodist Free Churches, after the usual term in the Manchester College, in the year 1899. His first appointment was Leeds (Lady Lane); and from thence he passed on to Leeds West, London, Heywood, Clitheroe, London (Lee), Gateshead (Durham Road), and Leeds East. Brother Utting was a faithful minister and a most loyal colleague with his brethren. As a preacher he was thoughtful, evangelical and persuasive. Every circuit he served was the better for his presence. His very nature was instinct with humility to which all self-seeking and self-advertisement and vain glory were abhorrent. All the duties of his vocation were discharged in the spirit of faithfulness and devotion. He had a winsome personality, and made many friends. To him the Christian verities were realities, and Jesus Christ was Lord, Saviour and friend. He was a lover of books, and a close student of the Word. There was a mystical vein in his nature, and he knew for himself the reality of personal union of the soul with Christ, which sustained him amid all the toil and worries of his work. He was one of those brethren who is content to fill the place to which he was appointed, whatever be the discouragements, without pining and complaint. Brother Utting was a choice soul and a good minister.

He leaves a widow and a son (now in Ceylon) and two daughters, with whom we would express our own and that of our readers' deep sympathy. The funeral took place on Saturday last at Woodhouse Hill Cemetery, Leeds.

The Funeral.

On a day of heavy skies and drenching rain, a large number of friends gathered for the funeral service on Saturday, August 8th, at our Hunslet Carr Church. The service was conducted by the Rev. G. T. Coulthard. The Old Testament Lesson was read by the Rev. G. W. Seager, secretary of the Leeds Free Church Council. The New Testament passages were read by the Rev. H. Chatterton, Chairman of the district. Prayer was offered by the Rev. F. H. J. Thornton, the Rev. H. Bolitho also taking part.

The hymns sung were: "Who fathoms the eternal thought?" and "O Love that wilt not let me go."

Previous to this a brief service was held in the home, conducted by the Revs. G. T. Coulthard and F. E. Wilson. The address was delivered by the Rev. G. T. Coulthard.

The chief mourners were Mrs. Utting (widow), Misses Olive and Muriel Utting (daughters)—the only son is at present teaching in Wesley College, Colombo, Ceylon—Mr. C. Utting (brother), Rev. A. Castleton (China Missionary), Mr. W. Rice, Mr. F. Easton (brothers-in-law), Miss L. Gaze (sister-in-law), Mr. Robt. Patterson (Birmingham).

The following ministers were present—Revs. W. R. Stobie, W. R. Clark, W. P. Austin, W. R. A. Budd, Alan Webb, A. H. Hicks, R. W. Green, A. Rathmell, A. J. Ellis, W. B. Houlst, M.A., B.D., W. H. Wheelton, also E. C. Palmer, W. Eastwood, W. H. Noble (Wesleyans), G. Hunt, J. W. Cotton (P.M.), Hinton (Bap.), E. Mould (Vicar of Hunslet).

The Churches of the Leeds South Circuit were well represented, among them the Stewards, Mr. Geo. Hill and Mr. H. Colbeck. The Gateshead-on-Tyne Circuit was represented by Messrs. J. Oliver, J.P., Tait, Lawson, Jackson, Patterson and Thomson.

The other Leeds Churches sent many representatives. The Rev. H. Chatterton and Mr. S. Lineham represented the Connexional Committee.

After the service, Rev. G. T. Coulthard, officiated at the interment at Woodhouse Hill Cemetery, prayer being offered by the Rev. R. W. Green. As we left the graveside we realised afresh that we had laid to rest a beloved colleague, a faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

Rev. G. T. Coulthard's Address.

We are all mourners to-day as we gather for these last solemn and tender offices of faith and love. Our beloved friend has passed from our earthly fellowship into the Eternal Home. He had a sure place in all our hearts, yet this is a service of thanksgiving rather than an occasion for mourning. We need to keep our tears for those who have missed or misused life. Our brother had laid strong hands upon it and nobly used it. We think of him as active in every good cause and what better use could be made of this mortal life than that? Is there anything finer than the simple majesty of doing good? Our lives are worth all the good they do—no more and no less. No privilege is more to be desired than to share the fellowship of good men and women, for in such fellowship we find inspiration for life, counsel for perplexity, solace for sorrow, hope for failure. To that number our friend belonged. To know him was to be in touch with a life that was unselfish, nobly purposed, careful of the needs of others, ever ready to serve, for such a soul we to-day give thanks unto Almighty God.

Arthur William Utting was an East Anglian and from the city of Norwich, entered our Ministry in 1899, after training in our Theological College. He served in the following circuits: London (Harlesden), Manchester (Middleton), Clitheroe, London (Catford), Gateshead and

Leeds East and South. In all of these he did good conscientious work, taking also his share of District labour. In Newcastle-on-Tyne District he was honoured by his election as Chairman. In Leeds he has been Young People's Secretary and at his death held the office of Trust Secretary. He showed deep interest in the wider life of the Churches giving freely his time and energy and was recently the President of the Leeds Free Church Council, a position he filled with great credit to himself and to his Church. He was also acting President of the Leeds Christian Endeavour Union, an evidence of real interest in Young People.

As to his ministry in our Churches, it may be said that as a preacher, he ever sought to prepare himself for the high task, was a constant reader of the best of books, for he had an alert mind. A shrewd listener has told me recently that there was always good matter in his sermons. That speaks of careful preparation and of a desire to be helpful. One can understand that he truly built up churches. As a pastor one can imagine him as having been a most welcome visitor in the homes of his people. His sympathetic nature greatly helped him in this difficult task. He was tactful and had regard for the needs and sorrows of his folk. He was a fine personality and he possessed many gifts, was of a quiet and even disposition, a friendly soul. There was something of real charm about him, making him a most desirable colleague. He was always good company. He had sane judgment, as was often evidenced in the business meetings of the Circuit. We were all shocked and grieved at the news of his passing. We thought he had many years of service in front of him, more fruitful still because of his growing powers and ripening experience. We may pray as the Psalmist, "O My God, take me not away in the midst of my days." Men crave the fullness that is in length of days. They desire not the premature cutting off from their tasks, they would carry them further, for in them they find their joy. Perhaps we imagine that the complete life must be a long one. Completeness lies rather in consecration. He who served has lived, nay, still lives and serves. Martineau—"Nor is it possible for anyone who has the slightest acquaintance with the laws of the human mind, to doubt that those who enter that state, open into a career of glorious energy, else would all identity, still more all glory, be lost. Intellect that does not learn and think, genius that does not create, love that does not devise and work, devotion that does not aspire to ever purer heights, present nothing but inconceivable contradictions." Can we truly speak of premature? The long life may be a little life. The tragedy is not fewness of days but poorness of spirit. We must crave the ennobling rather than the lengthening of life. A man should have more than his years to count. We must not think of our friend as dead, he has entered upon the life which is life indeed—gone not to higher service, for surely he can not do anything higher than he attempted here—but to fuller service. We ask of him as we asked of another:

"What is death to such an one as Greatheart?
One sigh, perchance, for work unfinished here.
Then a swift passing to a mightier sphere:
New joys, perfected powers, the Vision clear,
And all the amplitude of heaven to work.

The work he held so dear."

We gather to do honor to the simplicity, sincerity and loyalty of his personal character, believing that religion was a reality to him, that he exercised himself in the deep things of God, and that the fellowship with the unseen was the directing, controlling principle of his life. He tried to do all his work as in the sight of a tender and patient Saviour, and through faith was brave to the end.

What he was in the sanctity of the home it is not for me to say much. Those who lived upon the hearth must have many fine memories of him. For the widow, the son so far away, the two daughters in their great loss, we pray that the God of all Comfort may comfort their hearts and grant them peace. We commend them to the care of the Heavenly Father. Death is the one event which befalls us all, may we meet it as those who have fought a good fight, patiently run the course, having maintained the faith.

We lay to rest the mortal remains of our dear friend believing with Victor Hugo, "The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare."

Tribute.

REV. A. RATHMELL writes:

Arthur William Utting and I were chums. We entered college the same year and for twelve months shared the same room. In work our ways have lain apart. We never served together in circuit or district. In recent years only occasionally have we met, but the meetings were precious. Time deepened and strengthened our friendship. A letter last Thursday from a mutual friend, telling me that he was seriously ill took me over to Leeds in the afternoon but I was too late. It is difficult to realise Arthur has gone at the age of fifty-four. He always seemed to be in good health. He was small in stature but had a well-knit body suggestive of strength. I do not think sickness ever caused him to miss a Sunday's appointment through the whole of his ministry until August 2nd, three days before he died.

Memory retains a vivid picture of him in our college days. I can see him now walking briskly, purposefully along Oxford Road on his way to Robinson's Book Shop. His walk was indicative of his soul. Arthur Utting never sauntered. I can hear his cheery voice greeting a fellow-student on the corridor. He was always companionable. I think of him in the class-room, eager and alert. He took copious notes of the lectures. Examination results proved that he seldom missed a salient point. I remember his passion for work. He pursued his studies assiduously. He was the Cuthbertson prizeman in his year, and was worthy of the honour, for he secured it through sheer hard grinding. The qualities of his college days were exemplified later as he went in and out among the churches, yea, they were enlarged and enriched by experience, making his ministry helpful and progressive wherever he laboured.

The thing that always impressed me about my friend was the certainty of his call. The Lord took Amos as he followed the flock, and said "Go, prophesy to My people, Israel." As surely did the Lord take Arthur William Utting from a Norwich warehouse and send him into the Christian Ministry. Arthur served as one who was sent. To his ordination vows he was utterly loyal, giving full proof of his ministry by the preparation and discipline to which he subjected himself that he might worthily teach and proclaim the Word of Life; care for the souls of his people, old and young; and take his full share of work, in co-operation with his ministerial brethren and others to build up the Kingdom of God.

Like all men who are sure of their call, he had a message. There had come to him the vision. He held the evangelical faith and was alive both to its personal and social implications. Out of his experience of God in Jesus Christ that message reached him; through his experiences of life was that message confirmed to him, then, with the urgency of conviction and love he declared it through his personality by influence, word and deed.

He was cut down while at the height of his powers. He was only fifty-four. His life, however, must not be measured by years but purpose. "He liveth long who liveth well." Arthur William Utting lived well. He lived intensely, sacrificially. To the work of the ministry he gave himself wholly, body, mind and soul. Since last Thursday, I have thought often about Mrs. Utting, who was a real helpmeet to my friend but who is now burdened with sorrow; of Frank, the son, away in India, serving on the staff of a Wesleyan Missionary College; and of their two daughters, Olive and Muriel, who are at home. Many in the circuits of United Methodism which Arthur Utting served are thinking and praying for them. May God abound towards them in all the love, hope and comfort of the glorious Gospel of His Son.

The late Rev. J. H. Burkitt.

PASTOR T. TIMS WAYLETT writes:—

May I add a tribute of affection and respect to the above? For three years, while in Manchester Second Circuit, Mr. Burkitt was my superintendent, and I always found him brotherly, kind, sympathetic and thoughtful of my comfort. In fact, the relationship between Mr. and Mrs. Burkitt and my family was so delightful that the memory of the same is fragrant. In business meetings he was always ready for a subject to be well discussed, and if anyone made a statement that appealed to him he would emphasise the same. And while his literary ability brought him into touch with many, I think his genial, Christian, generous and gentlemanly demeanour made him beloved. True, as a Connexion we are poorer for his passing hence, I believe the present constitution of our committees owes much to him, for I well remember his letters *re* the same in weekly journal. He was out to serve. He was great because he was good. The memory of the just is blessed.

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The Sea in our Hymns.

BY LAWRENCE MAKER.

At this season of the year the thoughts of men and women turn to the sea, for it is to the shores of the mighty, boundless deep that they creep to find health and strength to return to "the trivial round, the common task" of every-day life, in our inland cities and towns, with renewed energy and restored activity. No one who gazes upon the sea in all its moods can fail to be impressed by the glory and majesty of this mighty force of Nature, and it is not surprising that scattered throughout our hymnals are to be found striking allusions to the sea. Hymn-writers of all times have been awed and fascinated by the sight of the boundless, trackless ocean, and have thus been inspired to express their emotions in powerful and picturesque terms.

The predominant note which pervades the incidental references is the sovereignty of God and the mighty power of the Almighty which holds in check and controls the mightiest of earth's forces. Here and there are brief fugitive flashes of insight that show how deeply the authors were moved by the magnificent spectacle of the sea in a turbulent mood, the rolling billows hissing like souls in torment, and the seething waves hurling themselves against some rock-bound coast with angry thuds of passion, demonstrating nevertheless, the supremacy and the omnipotence of the great Creator whose "breath can raise the billows steep, or sink them to the sand."

Amid Charles Wesley's huge collection of hymns there stands one which is impregnated with the spirit of the sea and the assurance that Divine control is exercised over the powers of the vasty deep:

"Lord of the wide-extended main
Whose power the wind, the sea, controls."

The majesty of God over all is visibly expressed in succeeding lines:

"Lo! in the hollow of Thy hand
The measured waters sink and rise."

While the revelation of the boundless, infinite, unlimited power of the Almighty finds outlet in the verse:

"Throughout the deep Thy footsteps shine,
We own Thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine
And lost in Thy immensity."

Strange as it may seem, Charles Wesley's genius as a hymn-writer only manifested itself two days after his conversion, when he wrote that prophetic, fervent, impulsive and penitential hymn, "Where shall my wandering soul begin?" Thus were his deep feelings of joy, confidence and zeal awakened, and he could find no adequate expression but in composing an incomparable and priceless collection of hymns, sound of theology, strong of thought and choice of expression.

Perhaps the most popular of all hymns associated with the sea and seafarers fell from the pen of William Whiting, one time Master of Winchester College Choristers' School:

"Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave."

This soul-stirring hymn has always commended itself to the natives of our sea-girt land, and during the Great War, when manifold dangers, seen and unseen, lurked amid the restless, turbulent sea, it attained an even greater popularity than ever before. Besides conveying in graphic language the varied moods of the sea and man's relationship to his Maker, it breathes a fervent, simple and humble petition to Almighty God that His hand may be over all who "go down to the sea in ships; who do business in great waters," and that His infinite power may protect them from the dangers of the stupendous, measureless ocean:

"O hear us when we cry to Thee
For 'those in peril on the sea.'"

One of the most thrilling episodes related in the New Testament, which fires the imagination, stirs the memory and holds the reader spellbound, is the wonderful miracle of the Stilling of the Tempest. There comes a vision of a storm-swept sea, buffeting and tossing the boats hither and thither helplessly; the frightened disciples in dire peril; the peaceful and sleeping Saviour unmoved, unalarmed; and then finally, the storm changing to a great calm, following upon the momentous command which fell from Divine lips. It was on this moving incident that Dr. Godfrey Thring based his striking and helpful composition:

"Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep."

The first three verses embrace a heart-stirring yet simple-worded description of that unforgettable drama of the deep, but the last verse expresses in choice language the cry which must surely ascend heavenwards from every Christian heart:

"So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
'Peace, be still!'"

If on life's voyage we have Christ on board our boat, when the storm arises and we are in danger of shipwreck let us awaken to our peril and claim His power and aid that in the calm we shall be saved by His grace.

The author of this charming hymn was Rector of Alford, in Somerset, for over thirty years, and Prebendary of Wells in 1876. His contributions to hymnology comprise many favourites, such as "Saviour, blessed Saviour, Listen while we sing"; "From the eastern mountains; Pressing on they come," and the restful evening hymn, "The radiant morn hath passed away."

Permeating throughout two priceless hymns is a fervent petition for God's blessing and guidance upon all seafarers, and these will endure as long as the sea is a highway, a means of intimate communication between

the nations of the world. The sea is the great divider, the impassable barrier, only to be overcome by the power from on High. There is a source of infinite comfort and peace in the knowledge of the fact that

"While lone upon the furious waves,
Where danger fiercely rides,
There is a hand, unseen, that saves,
And through the ocean guides."

This hymn was written by Dr. Ebenezer Jenkins, who, with unqualified success, laboured as a missionary in India, and afterwards became President of the Wesleyan Conference.

There is no help, there is no strength, there is no presence to whom, when faced with divers perils which lurk upon the mighty ocean, we can appeal with such sureness as to our Lord and Saviour, who sheds a kindly ray upon our path and cheers us with the sense of His nearness.

This is the blessed assurance inbreathed not only in the foregoing hymn, but also in Rev. E. A. Dayman's exquisite production:

"O Lord, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep."

This hymn contains an appealing reference to the Stilling of the Tempest, and concludes with a choice petition for the abiding presence of the Divine Pilot "across the troubled sea of life" to the beautiful land of perpetual peace and quietness and bliss—"the land that knows no sea."

One of the most pathetic, touching and appealing hymns to be found in our hymnals is Tennyson's famous composition, "Crossing the bar." Herein is a realistic picture of a day softening down to eventide, and in the glooming a vessel putting out from harbour and sailing away, vanishing into the dim unknown:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea."

The Poet Laureate thus symbolised the sunset hours of his own life when he hoped to embark with "no sadness of farewell," "no moaning of the bar," and be borne away by the flood across the bar to the Heavenly Haven in the sure and certain hope of seeing his Pilot face to face.

This haunting and inspiring production was written three years before the poet's death. He expressed the wish that he should like to have it placed at the end of all editions of his works. Lord Tennyson was one of the greatest poets of all times, and his poetic contributions, based on inexhaustible themes, were immeasurably great.

Our hymns of the sea and those which contain in a line or two dramatic metaphors, similes and allusions drawn therefrom, are not the productions of lively imaginations, but the irrepressible effusions of hearts gloriously realising the omnipotence and the saving power of Him who is mightier than the mighty waves of the ocean, and joyfully anticipating the ascent to the land where peace and quietness reign because there is no sea.

Christians in China One to a Thousand.

Praying for the Other 999.

OUT of 490 million souls in China, only 430 thousand are Christian communicants, but these Christians have organised a great combined movement to pray for the spiritual welfare of their fellows. Members of every Protestant denomination are taking part, and are working both collectively and individually.

The story of this massed prayer effort was told at a Free Church Council garden party at St. Alban's, Brighton, in July by the Rev. C. G. Sparham, of the Religious Tract Society, who has recently returned from China after 44 years' service.

Referring to a suggestion that the Chinese, having a religion that suits them, should not be troubled with the Western conception of religion, Mr. Sparham declared that actually the Chinese people were no longer satisfied with their old religions. The Confucian "Altar of Heaven" at Peking, once regarded as the most sacred spot in China, was to-day unattended, and all organised worship of Confucius had ceased. The temples were now either empty or used as schools.

"Bolshevism is meeting China with a great challenge," Mr. Sparham said. "It has no place for the Christian hope. Any conception of immortality is denounced as an opiate to dull the sense of the people and so keep them in bondage to the imperialist and capitalist."

Mr. Sparham, who, when in China, came into close touch with many who are now political leaders of the country, said that, amid all the unsettlement and disturbances that still existed, the Government was making steady headway. The present President, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Minister of Commerce and Labour, and the Minister of Finance were all Christians.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society has appointed the Rev. John R. Temple as one of its two chief secretaries in view of the resignation of Dr. J. H. Ritson through ill-health. Mr. Temple entered the Wesleyan ministry twenty-one years ago, having been trained at Didsbury College. He then went to China as a missionary, where he obtained a wide and varied experience for a period of eleven years. He returned home, and in 1926 entered on circuit work in Truro, where he was stationed for a period of three years. At present he is engaged in the Cambridge Circuit, where he is doing special work amongst University undergraduates. Mr. Temple, who is forty-six years of age, will take up his duties for the Bible Society some time in September.

The Oxford University Society of United Methodists.

Trinity Term, 1931.

THE Oxford University Society of United Methodists held only two meetings during the Trinity Term. We were favoured at the first by the presence of Canon Streeter, who gave a lively account of his first impressions of China and Japan, and then went on to analyse the causes behind the present situation. The second meeting was addressed by Dr. Major, a leading Anglican. He presented his theories on an organic union among all the Christian churches. Disagreeing with Dr. Ballard's view that such a union is a mistake and an impossibility, Dr. Major suggested both the type of union that was desirable and the methods for working for it. This stimulated an intensely interesting discussion.

Officers for the Michaelmas Term are as follows: For president, Miss B. J. Smith; for secretary, Mr. H. Watkins Shaw.

We had full meetings last term of members and visitors. The society would be very pleased to welcome any United Methodist, of either sex, who is going up to Oxford next term.

BARBARA J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

Nottingham Methodist Council.

IN the autumn of last year each of the sixteen Methodist circuits in Nottingham and the immediate neighbourhood appointed representatives to form a Methodist Council with a view to preparing for the approaching Union of the three Churches. At its first meeting the following officers were appointed: President, Rev. J. Davison Brown, Wesleyan; vice-presidents, Rev. W. H. Paulson, Primitive Methodist, and Mr. F. E. Rushworth, J.P., United Methodist; treasurer, Mr. H. Offiler, Primitive Methodist; secretary, Rev. F. A. Steele, United Methodist; assistant secretaries, Rev. W. Mills, Wesleyan, and Mr. J. E. Mitchell, Primitive Methodist. The council has met quarterly, when local problems have been discussed and suggestions considered for a more effective utilising of common resources after Union. With the object of promoting social intercourse amongst the Churches concerned, an At Home was held last March; and on Thursday, July 30th, a large company attended a garden party in the grounds of Park House, Carlton, at the invitation of Mr. J. E. Mitchell, who kindly provided tea and extended a hearty welcome to his guests. There were short addresses by the president of the council and the secretary of the Nottingham Free Church Council. A local band supplied much appreciated instrumental music, and led the company in the singing of well-known hymns. The day being fine, all the proceedings took place in the grounds, and ample opportunity was provided for forming new acquaintances and developing the spirit required for undertaking the common tasks which lie ahead.

Births, Marriages, Deaths.

REPORTS of Marriages, etc., intended for the Editor, MUST be accompanied by a prepaid notice for advertisement columns.

MARRIAGES.

MYERS—DOMIGAN.—On August 5th, 1931, at King's Cross Mission, London, by Rev. George Nottle, Charles, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Myers, of Streatham, to Sister Edna (deaconess), daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Domigan, of Cleator Moor.

POAD—EMBERY.—On Wednesday, August 5th, 1931, at Burrington, N. Devon, Rev. Frederick E. Poad to Vera Rosabelle Emberry, daughter of Mr. H. Emberry and the late Mrs. Emberry.

RACKETT—SIMMONDS.—On August 6th, 1931, at Parchment Street U.M. Church, Winchester, by Rev. A. J. Conibear, Cyril E. Rackett, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rackett, of Sandown, I.W., to Gladys F. M. Simmonds, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Simmonds, of Winchester.

DEATHS.

SHAW.—On Thursday, July 30th, 1931, at West View, Winsford, Ches., William Henry Shaw, beloved husband of Margaret Jane Shaw. Aged 76 years.

SWIFT.—On August 4th, 1931, at Nelson Road, Arnold, Nottingham, at the ripe age of 87 years, John Robert, dearly-beloved husband of Sarah Swift.

UTTING.—On Wednesday, August 5th, 1931, at 10 Nursery Mount, Hunslet Carr, Leeds, Rev. Arthur William Utting, the dearly-loved husband of Florence E. Utting. Aged 54 years.

IN MEMORIAM.

OVENS.—Treasured memories of a dear wife and mother, called home August 16th, 1925. Also Walter, died Abbeville Hospital, France, August 3rd, 1916.

Safe home.

42 Albemarle Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

PENBERTHY.—In treasured remembrance of the Rev. W. J. Penberthy, who passed to the Homeland on August 13th, 1919.

To memory ever dear.

His wife and sons—Ralph and Cyril.

STONEMAN.—In hallowed memory of Cedric M. G., beloved eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Stoneman, Bideford, and brother of Joyce and Winston, whom God called August 10th, 1924.

Living gloriously with Him.

Holiday-Sharing.

COMPARATIVELY few people there are who do not have a holiday at least once a year; that is to say, they go right away from their home or their usual surroundings for a week or a fortnight or longer, and do their best in that space of time to forget the ordinary in the extraordinary. I am quite sure that the number of these holiday folk exceeds the number of those who go on with the same old drudgery year in and year out because they have neither the opportunity nor the means of taking a holiday. And as I put down "holiday folk," I am thinking of people who are accustomed to have as a rule three or four meals a day, mostly substantial; of those who have a roof over their heads unlikely to fall in without warning; who have a comfortable bed to sleep in, a good fire in the winter, and who are able to make a thoroughly respectable appearance. Such people, whether they work hard or have a fairly easy time, would look upon it as an unheard-of thing to go without the yearly holiday. And I fancy it would not be possible to "carry on" at all if the necessary rest and change were abandoned. It is so much of a truism that it seems idle to repeat it: "Change is good, if not essential, for everyone." And yet —

From all respectable lips, during the summer months, come the words: "Where are you going for your holiday?" "We are going so and so." Are we not a little checked in our holiday mood when sometimes, and I think rarely, comes the answer: "Oh, I am not going for a holiday—I have not had one for years." The person who says this is quite respectable, perhaps even more respectable than we who ask the question. Does the answer sadden us a little, does it set us thinking whether something might not be done to make recreation more divisible? Do we for one flashing moment feel that *we* might do something? Do we stop to think so—to feel so? Some of us do, I am sure, but the feeling too often passes with the fleeting thought. Possibly our words may be such as these—not intended to be, but really *cruel* words: "You ought to have a holiday; you owe it to yourself and to others," etc. And the poor things we speak of know full well they owe it to themselves and to others; but when they have "nothing to pay" what can they do? What *can* they do? Why, we say, they can save a little all the year round for the annual holiday—a little each week makes sufficient in a year for a humble holiday that would amply satisfy simple tastes. Again, those "brave, poor things" never have *enough* for the week's needs, and so cannot put by for the year's big want. So we dismiss the tiresome question. We can do nothing in the matter. We have pinched and schemed, maybe, to get a holiday for ourselves and those dependent on us. We are careful souls, who know how to "manage," and we get our just reward. We cannot be supposed to provide everybody who needs it with a holiday that shall cost him next to nothing. We are not supposed to do anything so impossible. But we might give just one person the chance of a good time—that only one we have come across, directly in our pathway, who is not going for a holiday. It will mean sacrifice. No gift is worth much to the giver if it goes without sacrifice. We are going an expensive railway journey, or putting up at an expensive hotel. Suppose we economise in that direction, and so save enough to give some poor neighbour a place in our party. That may not be feasible. Some of us, when we go as a family on holiday, shut up our house, leaving it at the risk of being broken into. Could we not do such a thing as offer the house rent-free to some other family who could not on any account pay for rooms at the seaside or in the country? It might be a family living within walking distance of us—highly respectable, well-conducted, careful people who would not take pleasure in knocking our house to pieces. Would it be much of a change for them? They would still have to provide themselves with all that was needed to keep body and soul together. They would breathe the same air and take the same old walks. It would be a delightful change for those who never dream of anything better. A different and better house in a better class road, a different view from the windows, a larger garden with more flowers, different and better furnished rooms, all to keep in order, just as their own, but—different brooms and mops and scrubbing brushes, all making a delightful whole of *change* that means recreation.

Are these suggestions too big to contemplate? Have we a motor car that we frequently use for our own pleasure? Could we not, before we go on our holiday, or after it, find out some of these non-holiday-making folks, and give them a ride in the country, not once only, but half a dozen times during the nice weather? I do not possess a car, so I cannot for the life of me understand why such things are not done—as a rule, not as an exception. I once knew a lady who, having done a kindness, simple enough, to the child of a poor woman, said that she almost wished she had not done it, so overwhelming was the mother's gratitude. That may be the case with some car-owners: they dread the lump in the throat at the sight of a "beggar's" joy!

There are so many ways of helping other folks to a kind of holiday that *we* might despise, but that would gild for them many of the drab days that will surely follow. Is there no one we could ask to spend a weekend, or a long day, or even to have tea on our flower-bordered lawn under the shade of the trees on a sunny day, or in our comfortable dining-room, with its daintily-laid tea-table? Such things that seem to us only common, every-day things, are glorious treats to those unaccustomed to luxuries. I was present at a tea-party a week or two back. The guests entertained were

three very respectable women. They have little of this world's wealth, and to them the one day a year spent at their kind friend's seaside home is a treat indeed. That tea-party, I fancy, will live with me as long as memory lasts. Never in my life have I seen people enjoy themselves so thoroughly. No children at a party were ever more gleeful. It was all merriment and fun from beginning to end, no less on the part of the hostesses than on the part of the guests. Peal after peal of laughter rang out. I cannot get the sound of it out of my head, or the sight of it out of my eyes. Nor do I want to. Although I was neither hostess nor bidden guest, the simple enjoyment entered my heart and has warmed it ever since. Such a little thing to do, and such an ample reward. I, for one, long to do likewise.

GRACE DORLING.

Shebbear Prize Day.

LAST week a visitor to Shebbear on prize-day gave some impressions of a personal kind. An event of such interest and importance deserves some fuller notice. United Methodists have reason to be proud of Shebbear: during the past few years the school has made rapid strides, and to-day holds a position to which it has never before attained. This prize-day was notable because opportunity was taken to open the new wing which has recently been completed. The ceremony of opening was entrusted to Mr. J. H. Beckly, J.P., of Plymouth, chairman of the trustees and governors. The new building is carried out in the same style as the other recent additions to the premises, and consists of a dormitory with eighteen beds, a room for convalescents, and a dispensary. The Bursar, Rev. J. Ford Reed (the President of the Conference) presented Mr. Beckly with a master key to open all the new rooms. Mr. Beckly, in acknowledging, said the new wing would add greatly to the comfort and efficiency of the school. During the past few years nearly £12,000 had been spent on additions to the buildings. Decadent things did not grow: the college was growing. Internally and externally the school had been greatly improved, and there were other improvements still under consideration, and which he hoped in due time would be carried out.

The preacher at the morning service was one of the most distinguished of old Shebbearians, Rev. Frank J. Dymond, of Yunnan. The historic Lake Chapel was crowded for this service, and the message of the veteran missionary was greatly appreciated, both by boys and visitors. "Some men say that religion is dope," said the preacher, "but it is a strange kind of dope to me. It has been a sharp, two-edged sword in my life. It has been no dope, but a constant appeal to me to live up to my highest and to try again. It has been a tremendous urge in my spirit." Mr. Dymond made an effective appeal to the boys to be true to the highest. The world was waiting for men of the finest character and the noblest ring, and where else, he asked, would they be found but at such a place as Shebbear College?

The prize-giving was an interesting and inspiring function. Rev. J. Ford Reed, in acknowledging the crowded gathering, said: "If the success of the school continues as at present our successors will have to secure a larger place than this hall to accommodate prize-day throngs." As President, Mr. Reed assured his audience that the whole of the United Methodist Church held the school in great esteem.

The chairman was Mr. N. D. Gullick (president of the Old Boys' Association). He said there was something in the school which was indefinable, but none the less vital, for one felt that Shebbear was still what it was from the first—absolutely alive. If ever there were a monument to freedom of conscience and courage, and holding one's place against convention, Shebbear College would be that place.

The Head Master, Mr. J. Rounsefell, M.A., B.Sc., presented a very encouraging report. He mentioned the school's indebtedness to the old boys for their interest in the school; and in particular for the hard tennis courts they had provided. The school was still prosperous, and the numbers were higher than for many years, while the health of the school had been remarkably good. Music had reached a higher standard than at any time in the history of the college. The examination results were very creditable. Mr. Rounsefell paid a high tribute to his staff.

The special guest of the day was Dr. John Murray, Principal of the University College of the South-West, who distributed the prizes. Dr. Murray said that as a complete stranger he congratulated the school on what he could feel and experience among them that afternoon—the intensity, intimacy, humanity and independence, which were rare in modern England. He was delighted to see the spirit of competitiveness in the school. Boys were full of original sin, and had to overcome their laziness. Without a little incitement and antagonism the best results were never attained from this very imperfect human nature of ours. Dr. Murray advised the friends of Shebbear to give the school a sufficiency of leaving scholarships to take the best boys to the universities.

The speeches were interspersed by musical items, splendidly rendered by the school choir, and four boys revealed their histrionic gift by their presentation of a scene from "The School for Scandal" (Sheridan).

During the day fitting tributes were paid to the memory of Mr. Robt. Blackmore, one of the most devoted of the trustees and governors, whose death two days before cast a shadow over the proceedings.

A VISITOR.

Ashville Summer School.

OUR twelfth summer school at Ashville College, Harrogate, for workers among young people, was held last week, and was a triumphant success. Ninety-seven students assembled from places as widely separated as Birmingham and Newcastle-on-Tyne, Stockport and Louth. Eleven members of the staff and eighteen Scouts, the latter camped on the cricket field, brought our total up to one hundred and twenty-six. The camp for Scouts was a new feature to illustrate week-day activities, and a very interesting illustration it proved.

We assembled on Saturday in time for tea. Everything was prepared for our coming, and we were soon lifted out of our strangeness by the happy family feeling that embraced us all. At the opening meeting Mr. Lancaster, head of the Ashville College, gave us a warm welcome, coupled with a whole-hearted appreciation of the schools. Our indefatigable secretary, the Rev. H. V. Capsey, spoke briefly of our hopes and aims, and issued his instructions for the life and work of the school. The art of living together helpfully and happily has been well studied at Ashville.

Two main elements provided the main fare of the school: the Bible and the graded study of religious education. In the former two courses were available. An introductory course was given by the Rev. H. J. Watts, who lectured on "The Rise of Israel, Prophet and Priest, the Apostles, and the Evangelists." A continuation course for those who had been to several schools, or were specially trained, was given by the Rev. E. C. Urwin, M.A., B.D., on "The New Testament Picture of Christian Life and Conduct." In both cases the lectures were followed by group discussion, when difficulties were faced and personal assistance given.

A complete series of sections was arranged for the study of the various grades. The beginners were tutored by Miss Mary Mawer, of Louth, in place of Miss Ogden, of Rochdale, who was unable to attend. The primary section was led by Miss Marjorie Goodhand. Workers among Juniors had the benefit of Miss Jeanne Hornsby's lectures and guidance. Intermediate workers were in the experienced hands of Miss Georgette Blumer. And the Senior section was led by the ex-secretary, the Rev. T. A. Jefferies. The prospectus had offered advanced and local preacher sections, but for these the entries had been insufficient. We had, however, a Copec section, which was fortunate in having as its leader the Rev. E. C. Urwin, who thus rendered double service. The detailed work of these sections is largely responsible for the thoroughness and efficiency which have made our schools famous. In the five sections devoted to Sunday School work no fewer than thirty-five lectures were given all of them with time and opportunity for questions and answers. In addition we had three demonstrations given before the whole school—on Sunday afternoon for primaries, on Wednesday evening for Juniors, and on Friday evening for Intermediates. In each case the service was led by the appropriate section leader, a large part of whose work consists in gathering the necessary children, conducting the preliminary services required to accustom them to new ways, teach them hymns, etc., and in training members of their sections to act as teachers. Such arrangements involve an enormous amount of time and labour, as there is no Sunday School to use, but their educational value is enormous, and this year they were all of a very high quality.

The week included many interesting events besides the main work of the Sunday School and Biblical sections. On Sunday morning, in our Harrogate Church, the Rev. H. V. Capsey preached and gave a talk to the Scouts and children on "Bird Nesting," which will long be remembered, and for which special request should be made. In the evening we had a gathering after the manner of the Legion of Service, the best of all types of fellowship meetings for young people, in which the sections took the place of the Legion groups. The Rev. E. Cocker, recently of West Africa, gave us a fine lecture on Monday evening on his experiences in Sierra Leone. Relieved with delightful humour, this lecture opened up the grim tragedy of Africa's superstitions, and appealed to many hearts. On Wednesday we exchanged visits with the Primitive Methodist School meeting at their orphanage near by; in the morning we attended a stimulating lecture at their school by Mr. G. E. Wilkinson on "The Evolution of Children's Literature"; at night they came to our Junior demonstration.

The fellowship of the schools always occasions surprise, and deserves comment. Mainly it is due to the atmosphere created by the spirit and ideals of the staff. It found expression at all levels. We got it in the chatter and jokes of the dining-room. We had it in the badging and the understanding that everybody should speak to everybody else and need no introduction. It abounded on the cricket field and tennis courts, where a tournament produced the interesting event of a final between the old and new secretaries, with their partners. Mr. Jefferies, however, is no match for Mr. Capsey in the athletic field, and was beaten 6-0, although he and his partner got to deuce in several of the games. In the social on Tuesday evening, and again on the excursion to Fountains Abbey, Ripon Cathedral and Knaresborough on Thursday afternoon the spirit of fellowship permeated the company. Its supreme manifestations, however, were at the Fellowship meeting on Wednesday evening, and in the closing sacramental service. In the former we realised our need of the backing of the church and all that spiritual fellowship means if we are to experience ourselves and hand on to others the glorious message of the love of God in Christ Jesus. And in the final service we realised that in the midst of our fellowship, conserving it and us, stood One unseen, but most real of all, calling us by His passion and death to go forth to greater efforts in the cause of His Kingdom.

T. A. J.

Letters to the Editor.

[The Editor does not hold himself responsible for expressions of opinion by Correspondents. All contributions to these columns must be brief.]

"We Are Deeply Concerned." Why?

To the Editor of THE UNITED METHODIST.

DEAR SIR,—Under the above heading in June you kindly inserted a letter from me, in which I showed that besides me there were many others "deeply concerned." This was because there had been (previous to the Sheffield Conference, which was exceptional) such a serious gradual decline in the total amount raised in connection with the Conference missionary anniversary during a number of years. The £2,000 aimed at was not realised, although the several chairmen had worthily paid their offered and conditional £200 in heading the chairman's list. Hence the "deep concern," and hence the question why so comparatively few ministers and laymen of larger stipends and increasing wealth and comforts were contributing to the above annual conference efforts? I was astounded to learn from Rev. C. Stedeford's report of July 9th in our United Methodist weekly only 280 persons had so far sent in subscriptions! And yet we have over 2,000 home churches, some 700 active and supernumerary ministers, over 140,000 adult members, and heaven only knows how many fairly well-to-do persons allied with them!

Surely there is laxity of Connexional loyalty and zeal in the above efforts somewhere and somehow. Is it that certain ministers, of good incomes and standing, never seem to join in either these or other Connexional movements and obligations? If so, is it any wonder that large numbers of laymen follow on those lines? For laymen like to see their ministers as true shepherds in leading the way to broader pastures and ampler fields of enterprise and service. I noticed the other day that in the Wesleyan movement for more extensive and efficient college training of candidates for the ministry, Wesleyan ministers by themselves had raised no less than £7,000.

I am glad that Rev. W. E. C. Harris's suggestion that delegates to Conference and churches should get up lists of contributions to Conference missionary efforts, and Mr. Stedeford's report of the Redruth Conference anniversary shows that the suggestion has been somewhat better carried out, though not widely or liberally enough to get nearer the £2,000 ideal. Let us do still better next year, and especially in the effort, and the noble challenge of Mr. Mallinson, to clear off the whole of the missionary debt during this year in preparation for final and worthy Methodist Union.

It was encouraging to me and those in sympathy with our aims to note what Mr. Stedeford said in your issue of June 25 about my letter on "Deeply Concerned." He said, "I do not know who wrote the letter. I wish to express my appreciation of it. . . It has already borne some fruit and ought to bear a great deal more. What is needed is a wider and deeper concern about the missionary responsibilities of our Church. It is very true to say that many of our people are 'Deeply Concerned.' Some of their names appear annually in our list. If the 'Concern' were equally shared by all our members, the contributions would be many times multiplied. It will be seen that the number of new contributors is comparatively few. . . Many generous helpers have passed on to higher service. We appeal for new contributors." Will the able and equally responsible non-contributors think prayerfully of this and do their whitest and best?

Yours sincerely,

"UNITED CONCERN."

The Sunday Cinema Bill.

To the Editor of THE UNITED METHODIST.

DEAR SIR,—The letter of Mr. Henry S. Bodey which appears in the issue of the 6th I heartily endorse. The cinema proprietors admit that Sunday opening throughout the country would mean seven millions per annum in their pockets. Then, as in the case of Sunday newspapers, we may expect Sunday theatres and all else. For, on every hand is to be witnessed the commercializing of the Christian Sabbath. What are the Churches doing to save England from a Continental Sunday? Atheism says "If I can capture the English Sunday I will destroy Christianity." Yet one local church leader says "If wrong on Sunday, wrong every day." Another church leader says "Tis high time to remove the obsolete Act of 1780 from the Statute Book of England," and leaders declined to sign their names against the passing of the Bill, which is a contentious measure.

By all means in our power as leaders, in every shape and form, let us be prepared to go the second mile, and thus give our young people a right lead at the close of the Christian Sabbath.

J. B. TAYLOR.

Neath.

THE Rev. A. Wilkie (Accra) has remitted to the British and Foreign Bible Society £160 0s. 5d., being the collection for 1930 from the Scottish Mission in the Gold Coast Colony.

THE Rev. W. E. Organe, secretary of the Madras Auxiliary, has informed the British and Foreign Bible Society that the Basel Mission are printing "Mary Jones" in Malayalam.

THE Rev. George Appleton, on the staff of the S.P.G. in Burma, has forwarded to the British and Foreign Bible Society a copy of St. Mark's Gospel in Burmese characters, which was found in the rebel camp, Alantung. The little book possesses an attractive picture cover printed in colours, and the fact of its recovery shows how the little books penetrate into the most unexpected places of the world.

Sutcliffe and Norcliffe.

For the Young People.

WHEN I was a boy I used to go at regular intervals on a very special errand. In a neighbouring parish there lived two men who had been appointed to peruse and sign legal documents submitted to them by my father, and these papers I used to take in a special wallet reserved for the purpose. The two men were then growing old, and it is many years since they died; and their names were not Sutcliffe and Norcliffe. But those names will do very well, because, though both were like a quarry-face in appearance, one was a little sunnier than the other. It was by mere chance I discovered, the first time I went, that in calling on Mr. Sutcliffe first I was adopting a method very agreeable to Mr. Norcliffe, the reason for which you will learn presently.

Mr. Sutcliffe lived in a very old house, possibly at one time a manor house. It was half-way down a steep and narrow lane, and the approach to the front door was along a curving path and down some stone steps. On the door was a knocker, which was always highly polished, and this I rapped with a rat-tat-tat. After a decent interval a maid appeared at the door, and led me to a seat in the parlour as though she were showing me to a pew in a church. And, as silent as a nun, though not looking like one at all, I sat waiting for Mr. Sutcliffe to open the door, which had been noiselessly shut upon me. If it was winter I found delight in the fire in the queer, old-fashioned grate, and the reflections which twinkled in the quaint old furniture, all so rich and rosy with polish. In the far corner from where I sat there was a very old oil-painting of a stately gentleman dressed in a style of long ago, and I used to wonder if this was Mr. Sutcliffe's grandfather, or his great-grandfather, or some ancestor even farther back still. I never dared ask. Near the door there hung a warning-pan, so bright that it looked like the sun. I used to tiptoe across to see in it the distorted reflection of my face, fearing that any moment Mr. Sutcliffe might open the door and catch me. He never did, though; perhaps he made too much noise. Mr. Sutcliffe was a kind of man common in those days, but rarely seen to-day. He wore a long frock-coat, and had a very dignified appearance. He kept an enormous handkerchief in the tail pocket of his coat, and it was his habit to make frequent use of it. It provided a relief for his hands in nervous moments, for his nose was so big, and so shiny, that it seemed to require frequent touching-up, and, besides, it was very musical. I well remember how he used to herald himself with a vigorous trumpeting, and create a stir in that quiet room which seemed all out of place. But it was not long before he was lost in the documents, whispering every word quietly to himself, and punctuating the phrases with a smack of his lips, assisting thereby, I suppose, some tense activity in his brain. Then came the signing with a quill pen, not hurriedly, but with pen suspended in a pause of great caution while some doubtful passage was reviewed, and then a flourish in the air like an aeroplane descending, until at last contact was made with the paper and a magnificent signature was scratched. Document after document was thus dealt with, until all was signed and folded and placed back in the wallet. Then Mr. Sutcliffe opened the door for me, sent greetings to my father, blew a trumpet of farewell, and sent me on my way to the home of Mr. Norcliffe.

I never saw the inside of Mr. Norcliffe's house, he always greeted me at the door. There he stood, a massive man, too big for his waistcoat, which was never properly buttoned, his thumbs hooking his braces, his box-hat, which he wore even in the house, pushed to the back of his head. He had an office away from the house, perhaps to be free from meddling women. No woman had ever been in there to tidy it up; it was just as Noah had left it. The inkpot would have held twice as much ink if it had been cleaned, and the pen, I am sure, was generations old. Standing at a high desk which ran from wall to wall, Mr. Norcliffe, with shabby spectacles on his nose, would make a show of intelligent and serious interest in the papers, but not for long. It was always his way to turn to me and say: "Has Sutcliffe seen these? . . . Whear's he signed 'em?" Then the old pen would plod its weary way, spelling out the character of its owner for any eyes to see. Mr. Norcliffe was a man of few words, but there was one thing he always impressed upon me as I went away, and in what he said is the whole reason for my telling this story. He always said: "Na think on, allus remember to go to Sutcliffe afore tha comes to me." And there the story must end, with its moral so clear that it needs no telling. E. C.

The Price of Providence and other Sermons. By Rev. Tom Sykes. (Published by Arthur H. Stockwell, Ltd.; 2s. 6d. net).

This is one of the series of "The People's Pulpit," and most surely one of the best. The author, Mr. Sykes, is well known in most of the churches as an ardent preacher, and this little volume provides a sample of his helpful preaching. There is nothing stereotyped about the addresses: they are thoughtful, illuminating and ardent. There are nuggets of thought throughout the whole volume, and as we have perused it we have pencil-marked many sentences of suggestive thought. The following may be put down as samples: "The test of our faith in God is the way we can handle that wilderness"; "If we argue from lot to life, from circumstances to belief, who would believe?"; "There are no short cuts to finality, and no lightning cures for the ills of humanity"; "If there is dirt in our heart, there will be dust in our eyes and vacancy without"; "God does not accept dictation even from prophets. He cannot be speeded up to oblige people in a hurry," and so on. This little book of addresses is worthy of a large circulation.

A Delightful Lady, Jalilah, and Nero.

I HAVE been staying in the home of a delightful lady. She had grown up sons and daughters, and twelve grandchildren. Splendid they are, judging by the samples I met. One or other of them was always calling to see granny, and they would hug and kiss her, and tell her all about things, what they had been doing and saying. For instance, two of the children were arguing, and mother said, "Shall I arbitrate?" "What's arbitrate?" asked the younger one. "Oh," said the other, "it means *interfere*." Not a bad definition on the spur of the moment, eh?

I think Jalilah was the most interesting story-teller. No, I haven't invented her name. It's her truly one. Before she was born her people were travelling in the East, and the dragoman who attended them talked of the young lady his son was going to marry. Her name was Jalilah. "If ever we have a daughter," said the listeners, "she shall be called Jalilah." And so it came to pass.

Well, Jalilah came in and told us of her escapades, of the queer women, the ducks, and the cunning old man—the drake—and their antics as they waddled about, and how she rescued a half-swallowed frog from one of their mouths, and of the dogs. The family loved dogs; framed photographs of them were about in the rooms. One, alas! has died of a broken heart. The living one that sat meekly at the feet of its mistress, listening to the story of its recent doings, was a rascal, and persisted in chasing fast-moving vehicles, including that very alert-moving vehicle, the cat. Only Jalilah could check its mad career, and even Jalilah it sometimes dodged. After an escapade it returned crawling on its stomach, like a worm (has a worm any particular stomach, I wonder?), and with beseeching eyes.

There was more talk of dogs, all of it very interesting. I cannot tell you of it now, but I do want to tell you of a dog that has just saved its life in a very simple way. I am sending the story to Jalilah and the delightful lady, to add to their collection of true dog stories.

This dog was called Nero, a horrid name to give to a dog, or any other person, as every schoolboy or girl knows. But Nero belied his name. He was a nice, friendly, good-natured animal. In fact, that was the trouble. His mistress loved him, but his master said that Nero was only half a dog, and no use, anyhow. Why, he wouldn't even bark at a stranger.

I confess I liked Nero none the less on hearing that, for, like the milkman and the postman, I have to call at people's houses and, when a dog barks and rushes to the door, the hair on my head becomes electric. I know a noisy dog is not always a savage one, nor a quiet one always to be trusted. Once a mild-looking dog sat quietly on the pavement as I passed, and then, without a sound, grabbed my trouser leg. That was long ago, but I have been nervous of quiet dogs ever since.

But no one could ever be nervous about Nero. He was such a frank, convincing, friendly sort, and it was often said that if burglars came he would welcome them, and sit and smile while they ransacked the house.

Then it actually happened. Burglars did come, and Nero *did* allow them to take what they wanted without a single murmur. Whether he smiled over it has not been discovered. Probably he did! Nero did not imagine that property mattered. He liked *people*, and perhaps he was not as foolish as he seemed. But his master was very annoyed, and he pronounced Nero's doom. He must be taken to the police-station and be done away with. Nero's mistress wept, but it made no difference; out into the street Nero and his master went.

The town was rather crowded that morning, and when Nero had crossed the busiest street he looked back and saw his master standing half-way across, waiting for an opening in the traffic. Nero at once tried to get back to him, but a great motor waggon whizzed along and rolled him over. There was a shout and a howl, and a creaking of brakes, and then Nero crawled from under the waggon, covered with mud, but unhurt.

The master looked at Nero in astonishment, and his opinion of him began to change. After all, was he not a little hero? Had he not risked his life to stand by his side?

They got to the pavement and resumed their journey. They reached the police-station, walked past it some distance, and then returned. The police-station was reached again, but the master walked straight past it once more, and Nero was safe.

All that Nero knew about it was that he had had a delightfully exciting morning, and a narrow escape under a waggon. He wist not that his face shone. Yet dog or man cannot risk his life to stand by a friend, or cause, without his face shining.

J. B. BROOKS.

A Bible Week.

In various parts of the world a Bible Week is being adopted in order that those assisting may sell the Scriptures amongst their neighbours. At the beginning of this year, for the fourth time, such a Bible Week was undertaken by the members of the church in the Persian town of Tabriz. Over 80 members, about one-third of whom were women, went about the streets, garages and shops, selling the Scriptures. During the week 1,062 copies of Scripture were sold in twelve languages.

DRAFT OF STATIONS

The Final Draft of Stations of Ministers and Probationers is now ready. A copy can be obtained, post free for 2½d., on application to HENRY HOOKS, 12 Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Departed Friends.

Mr. Wilkinson Pickles, Boulderclough, Halifax, (Hanover)

By the death of Mr. Wilkinson Pickles the Halifax (Hanover) Circuit has suffered the loss of a man who in the days of health was one of its most active and prominent supporters. He came of a family who founded our Boulderclough Church and Sunday School. He was one of three brothers who served with great acceptance as local preachers, he himself being a preacher for thirty-nine years and circuit local preachers' secretary for a very considerable time. When resident in Halifax he was an active worker in our Hanover Church and school. But Boulderclough was the church which he loved the most, and to which his finest service was given; indeed he filled almost every office which it is possible for a layman to fill. He was a man of literary gifts, a lover of great books, as witness the splendid library which he possessed, every book chosen testifying to his literary discrimination and taste. Among the great novelists he gave the palm to Dickens, and when he built a house at Halifax he called it Gad's Hill, and had it partly designed after the style of the house in which the great novelist lived. He was a great student of hymnology, making use of his knowledge of this subject with very great effect in his preaching. He and his wife visited the Holy Land, and the beautiful stones on either side of the pulpit at Boulderclough, brought from Palestine, are perpetual reminders of that visit and of the love which he had for his parents. He was a man given to hospitality. He delighted in the friendship and companionship of the circuit preachers, and his home was always open for their entertainment. The funeral service, in the presence of a large company from all parts of the circuit and other circuits, was conducted by Rev. Geo. A. Ives, who paid a worthy tribute to his memory.

Mr. W. H. Shaw, Winsford.

THE High Street Church, Winsford, has recently lost one of its most devoted members, Mr. William Henry Shaw, who on July 30th was called to the Homeland after more than fifty years of Christian witness and service. He had a long and unbroken connection with the Sunday School as scholar, teacher and superintendent until his strength began to fail about two years ago. For many years he was a class leader, and also a trustee. He was a reliable man, and attended faithfully to every task he undertook. His habit of early attendance gave him a command over his work in the Sunday School which could not else have been secured. He was a wise and sturdy leader, both by example and precept. The Rechabite Order found in Mr. Shaw a zealous member; and as trustee of the Winsford branch he, with his wife, celebrated their golden wedding last August. Mr. Shaw leaves a widow, five daughters and three sons. The funeral at Weaver, on August 2nd, was a largely attended and impressive occasion. The service was conducted by the Revs. W. H. May and Thomas Naylor.

Mr. Henry Happold, Barrow-in-Furness.

MINISTERS who have travelled in the Barrow circuit and those who have been to the circuit on deputational work, and have stayed at Ostley House, will learn with deep regret of the death of Mr. Henry Happold, whom to know was to love. For more than thirty years Mr. Happold was in the fellowship of Christ Church, serving it with great devotion and untiring energy. As treasurer to the trustees, and more recently as treasurer to the church, he rendered service more costly to himself than even his most intimate friends were conscious of. We are often told "that God removes His workmen, but carries on His work." We say it reverently that so far as the work at Christ Church is concerned, it will be more difficult in the absence of our brother. During the last few years, when difficulty confronted us in our Church life, he stepped in and accepted the position, shouldered responsibility, and right well has he discharged the duties. His loyalty to his church is accounted for by his loyalty to his Lord. Some years ago the late Revs. W. Newsam and W. D. Gunstone conducted a mission for the deepening of the spiritual life of the church. At that mission our brother came to know his Lord more intimately, came to see that the Christian life meant more than church membership. So he gave himself to more active service, visiting the sick, the absent ones and making some the object of special prayer, finding his joy in service. Our loss is great, his place will be difficult to fill. Our sympathy goes out to the members of the family to whom our church is indebted for many kindly generous acts, and concerning whom only the best can be said. Our prayer is that they will have grace sufficient and that the God of all comfort will be their strength and stay. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. R. T. Rowley and attended by a large company of friends. On Sunday morning Mr. Rowley made special reference to the deceased, expressing his personal indebtedness for the many kindly acts, more especially his prayer in the vestry before the service began.

Derby (Becket Street).—On Sunday evening, August 2nd, a special service was held for the purpose of receiving into church membership a number of scholars from the Intermediate and Senior departments of the Sunday School; ages ranged from 14 to 18 years. Twenty-two were to have been received, but as seven were on holiday, they will be recognised on return. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed at the close of a most impressive service conducted by the Rev. H. Robson.

Weddings.

MYERS—DOMIGAN.

ON Wednesday, August 5th, at King's Cross Mission, Charlotte Street, Caledonian Road, the wedding took place between Sister Edna (deaconess of the mission), daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Domigan, of Cleator Moor, Cumberland, and Mr. Charles Myers, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Myers, of Streatham. The bride, in the unavoidable absence of her father, was given away by Mr. T. W. Young, of the "Nest," Thornhill Road, Barnsbury, where she has been living for the past two years; whilst Mr. Myers, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man. A very large congregation gathered in the chapel to witness the ceremony, which was conducted by the Rev. G. Nottle (superintendent of the mission). Dr. R. Grant took charge of the musical proceedings. Appropriate hymns were sung, and the Wedding March escorted the happy pair as they left the chapel. The bride looked very beautiful in her dress of white satin and lace, and she carried a bouquet of white carnations. The bridesmaids, Miss M. Domigan (sister of the bride), wore a blue satin dress and carried a bouquet of pink carnations, and little Miss Margaret Nottle (daughter of the minister) was attired in a lovely little blue and lace frock, carrying a bunch of pink rosebuds. Many valuable and useful presents were received by the bridal couple. About thirty friends afterwards adjourned to the schoolroom for the reception and wedding breakfast.

SPELLER—ALLEN.

THE wedding of Rev. Geo. Speller, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Speller, of our Leytonstone Church, and Miss Eileen Mary Allen, of Sunderland, took place at Thornhill Church, Sunderland, on Thursday, August 6th. The Rev. John Naylor performed the ceremony, and the bride was attended by her sister, Miss Dorothy Allen, and cousin, Miss Gwynneth Robinson. The best man was Mr. Laurie Speller, brother of the bridegroom, the bride being given away by her father, Mr. T. S. Allen, treasurer of the Sunderland District. Afterwards a reception was held in the adjoining schoolroom, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The Rev. Geo. Speller was ordained at Redruth Conference, and Miss Allen, who is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Whyatt, of Grimsby, belongs to the fourth generation of United Methodists. She has been a whole-hearted worker in the Thornhill Sunday School, and is an officer in the Girl Guides. A guard of honour of the Thornhill company was in attendance at the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Speller are spending their honeymoon in Scotland, and will afterwards take up work at Warsop, in the Mansfield Circuit.

POAD—EMBERY.

A PRETTY and popular wedding was solemnized at Burrington, North Devon, on Wednesday of last week. The contracting parties were the Rev. Frederick E. Poad and Miss Vera Rosabelle Embery.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. H. Embery and the late Mrs. Embery. Her father is well known as an earnest and devoted worker in the Ringsash circuit. Miss Embery was born in the village and has entered into the various activities of the church with much enthusiasm. As a missionary collector for many years she excelled, gaining £30 and £40 yearly for the funds. Her gifts as a singer and her organizing skill were always freely given for any good cause. The bridegroom was ordained at the recent Redruth Conference.

The officiating ministers were the Revs. J. F. Hughes (Ilfracombe), a friend of the bride, I. Leaver (Hatherleigh) and B. C. Solomon (circuit minister). Miss Rachel M.E. Embery (aunt of the bride) presided at the organ.

The bride, who was given away by her father, was charmingly attired in a modern ankle-length gown of oyster satin, with train, and veil of old net and lace worn by her mother, with tiara of orange blossom. Her bouquet was of pale ophelia roses and white heather, which immediately after the ceremony she placed on her mother's grave. She was attended by two bridesmaids and two little train bearers.

A reception was held afterwards in the village hall, when nearly 100 guests sat down. The wedding aroused considerable interest in the whole district and the presents numbered more than 130. The happy couple left in the afternoon by car for the Lake district.

RACKETT—SIMMONDS.

THERE was a full congregation at our Parchment Street Church, Winchester, on August 6th, to witness the wedding of two young people intimately associated with the church, the bridegroom being Mr. Cyril G. Rackett, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rackett, of Sandown, I.W., and the bride Miss Gladys F. M. Simmonds, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Simmonds, of Winchester. The officiating minister was the Rev. A. J. Conibear, of Liphook. The hymns sung were "Thine for ever, God of love," and "Crown with Thy benediction." Miss O'Neill, of St. John's Church, Winchester, presided at the organ and played bridal music from "Lohengrin" and Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in an ankle-length gown of ivory georgette, with an embroidered net veil and head-dress of orange blossom, and wore a string of pearls. She carried a sheaf of Madonna lilies. Miss Gwendoline Simmonds, cousin of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and there were two little attendants: Joyce Sheaf and Norman Haines, also cousins of the bride. The duties of best man were carried out by the Rev. R. J. Hall, of Sandown, I.W., whilst Mr. R. Simmonds, brother of the bride, was groomsmen. Following the service a reception was held in the Primitive Methodist schoolroom, kindly lent, when the health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed by Mr. J. A. Green (church steward). Mr. and Mrs. Rackett left later for North

Cornwall. There were over seventy presents. These included an oak dining-room clock, suitably inscribed, from the members of the Winchester U.M. Church, where the bride has been organist for over six years, and which the bridegroom served as a local preacher during his five years' residence in the city. The bridegroom was also the recipient of a beautiful cut-glass butter dish in a silver stand, from the officers and teachers of the York Road U.M. Sunday School, Sandown, I.W., where he was formerly a scholar and teacher; and also a clock from the staff and scholars of the Shottermill Council School, Haslemere, where he has been assistant master for several months. Mr. and Mrs. Rackett's new home will be at "Hollydene," Camelsdale, Haslemere.

Light at Even.

THE cottage stood in its little garden all gay with roses and honeysuckle. The door stood invitingly open; I unceremoniously entered and took a seat. He sat in his usual place by the hearth—an old man of 92. A canary in its cage filled the room with its song. The old man began to speak and his talk was all of the children—the little children of the Sunday School. His love had gone out to generations of them. Over his head hung a framed diploma in honourable recognition of forty years' service. Even the diploma is old—full twenty years it has hung upon the wall. He is still superintendent—perhaps the oldest in the Connexion. Until recently there was never a Sunday when he did not preside as he has done these sixty years past. He is a local preacher. His name stands first on the plan. Only a few months since he took a service with pleasure to himself and profit to his congregation. At my week evening service he will sometimes preside at the instrument and conclude with prayer. He loves his little wayside chapel. And so he sat and talked with the music of the reaping machine and the hum of the bees in our ears. Presently a little robin hopped in at the hospitably open door. The little bird has long been a daily visitor. Like the preacher he is sure of a welcome. He hops around the room and on to the arm of the old man's chair and picks up the crumbs which are offered him. Happy bird. Happy old man. I left him with his birds and his bees and his flowers, his memories of the past and his hopes for the future. And as I came away I pondered the words:

"They that are planted in the House of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age. They shall be full of sap and green."

H. E. R.

Evensong.

THE sunset hues on sea and headland fade,
The wings of night unfold and cast their shade
Across the sky, the silent stars appear,
And evening falls upon us, calm and clear.

O Thou who dwell'st in heaven and earth and sea,
We lift our thankful hearts in praise to Thee
For all Thy gifts to us and ours this day,
And lowly at Thy feet our tribute lay.

Across the sea of life our bark we steer,
Through storm and calm, through cloudy days and clear,
And ever westward sailing, on we go,
To worlds that lie beyond the sunset glow.

Be Thou our Friend and Captain, Holy Lord,
Direct our course and cheer us with Thy Word;
And when the winds and waves oppose our way,
Give patience, hope and peace, O Lord, we pray.

And when at last we reach the blissful shore
And furl our sails, our perils past and o'er,
May we safe anch'rage find, a haven fair,
And Home's sweet joys with Thy dear children share.

H. C. R.

Quarterly Meeting.

LONDON, Brixton.—At the recently quarterly meeting of the Brixton Circuit, farewell was said to the superintendent minister, Rev. T. Rees Bott, who was superannuated at Redruth Conference. The prospect of retirement from the active ministry is never an inviting one. Having answered the call of Christ, and having tried to do His work, it is not a consummation to be wished for to have to give up the task and let others carry on. But it is far worse to feel you have still work to do, to make the plans, to lay the foundations, and then through physical weakness to have to give up. Such is the case of Mr. Bott. For some years he has served the Brixton Circuit, and the Herne Hill Church in particular, and won the esteem of all who have come into contact with him. He had promised to stay longer, but found his health failing, and the doctor forbade him to continue longer in the active ministry. On behalf of the meeting, the Rev. R. W. Gair expressed appreciation and affection, and was followed by other members of the circuit. Everybody in the Connexion who knows Mr. Bott and the untiring service he has given to the Kingdom will join with his last circuit in wishing him such a return to health that in some quieter way he may go on with the task which is so dear to him.

Tuberculosis: Its Treatment and Cure.

BY DR. ADRIEN SECHÉHAYE.

(Translated from the French)

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Drink and Child-Welfare.

By REV. FRANK E. WATTS.

(C.E. Topic Week Beginning August 23rd, 1931.)

SCRIPTURE READINGS: LEV. X. 8-11; MATT. XVIII. 1-6.

The Temperance Committee of the society should arrange for this meeting. Let the hymns be really good ones. Avoid all the general indictments of the Drink Traffic, many and strong though they be, and concentrate on the particular aspect suggested by the topic: "Drink and Child-Welfare."

It is often said that Jesus discovered the child. And it is true, for it was He who made the world notice it, and honour and care for it. In another sense the child was only discovered in the nineteenth century: only discovered as a nation's first and finest asset. Since then think of the clinics that have arisen, and child psychology so eagerly being studied. Naturally therefore Christian men and women consider to-day the particular bearing of the drink question on the first and finest asset of their country: on Child-Welfare.

I. The Mother.

It is necessary to bring home to the minds of young people to-day, in a reverent way, the pre-natal effects of alcohol on child-life. The few months that precede birth are tremendously important. Effects produced then may handicap the child through life. For the highest results both parents need to be healthy. It is generally believed that the mother has the larger share of responsibility, but this is disputed by eminent authorities. Drinking parents poison the blood of their children and pass on to them—only too often—a latent craving for alcohol which bursts forth in devastating power later in life.

"It is undisputed that the ultimate character and physique of a child is very greatly affected by the mental and physical condition of the mother. Alcohol and other protoplasmic poisons are all to be dreaded because of their power of undermining the vitality of the unborn child." Dr. Sullivan says: "In a personal investigation carried out some years ago it was proved that of 600 children born of 120 drunken mothers, 335 died in infancy or were stillborn, and several survivors were mentally defective, and as many as 4.1 per cent were epileptic. The same authority reports another very striking case. "In a certain family the older children were quite normal and healthy, whilst the younger ones were neurotic, impulsive and distinctly degenerate. The mother had become an inebriate before these younger children were born." There is abundant evidence that parental alcoholism leads to nervous derangement, epilepsy, idiocy and moral degeneration in the next generation. "Alcohol is a poison," and in however small quantities it may be taken by the mother, it tends to injure the life of the unborn child. This pre-natal aspect is of the profoundest importance and the subject ought not to be shirked. In some areas a doctor—gentleman or lady—might be willing to give a helpful talk. Many other facts may be gathered from the well-known book, "Alcohol and the Human Body," by Drs. Horsley and Sturge.

II. The Home.

"Alcohol affects disastrously the minds and bodies of innocent unborn children" (Dr. Mary Scharlieb). But what about the homes into which they are born? "Alcohol is responsible, to a considerable extent, for the present high rate of infant mortality. Alcohol is present in the milk of the mother when she has taken that article in excess: the child then absolutely receives the alcohol as part of its diet with the worst effect upon its organs, for alcohol has a greater effect upon cells in proportion to their immaturity. The milk of an alcoholic mother not only contains alcohol, it lacks the proper proportions of the nourishing elements: proteid, sugar, fat, etc."

This is a terrible start for a child in life. But one must add to it the plain fact that in the alcoholic home money is spent on drink which is surely needed for sufficient and suitable food, clothing and a healthful environment. This is at the basis of Sir Alfred Pearce Gould's statement that "five times as many alcoholized infants die as those of sober mothers."

The annual reports of the N.S.P.C.C. are very illuminating on this section of our subject, e.g., in one year 46,212 cases of neglect or cruelty were dealt with, involving 125,674 children, and of these cases not less than 90 per cent were due to the drinking habits of parents and guardians. A leading clergyman in London was illustrating the Love of God that cannot be destroyed, by the human parallel of a mother's love. At the close a tiny girl in rags stopped him and said: "Please, sir, you forgot one thing that can destroy a mother's love!" "What dear?" "Please, sir, *beer* will." It is only too true. To such children the symbols "Father" and "Mother" call to mind terrible pictures of God. There is no need to draw the familiar picture of a drunkard's home, with its utter lack of anything uplifting to a young boy or girl. Home-life—in its sacred meaning—is utterly ruined by alcohol.

III. The Child.

Alcohol not only attacks the unborn child, and the home-life of the little ones: it attacks the children themselves. Owing to the immaturity of the protoplasmic cells forming their bodies, alcohol—even in the smallest quantities—acts more disastrously on children than adults. Among the effects given by medical men are the following: Stunted growth; dullness of brain, nerve troubles. Undoubtedly a great number of children in England are given drink by their parents. This aspect may not be very much in evidence in our ordinary Sunday Schools, but, in poor and crowded neighbourhoods the matter should be dealt with. Educate the children to understand that "alcohol is a poison" and get them

to sign the pledge. "Alcohol menaces the future of the race when it shadows the life of the child." Dr. Saleeby's notable words are a summary of the whole case: "He who at this date is for alcohol is against civilization and whatever ideals of justice and freedom and goodness we would transmit to the future."

Stories of Service.

Forgiving and Forgiven.

By REV. PHILIP MADGE.

(International Sunday School Lesson for Sunday, August 23rd, 1931.)

MATTHEW XVIII. 21-35.

GOLDEN TEXT: ROMANS XII. 18, 19.

Leading Idea.—We all need forgiveness; therefore we should forgive.

The Story.

This parable takes us back to the days when men were imprisoned or made slaves if they could not pay their debts. It tells of a man who owed a huge debt, millions of pounds, and as the debtor could not pay it, everything was ordered to be sold, even his wife and children, in order to procure something towards the payment. Such utter ruin and the break-up of his family life reduced the miserable man to penitential despair; he pleaded, with tears, for compassion, and the big lord was so moved by the debtor's appeal that he mercifully forgave him. Unhappily the forgiven man did not pass on similar kindness to others; instead he arrested one who owed him only seventy shillings and imprisoned him. When the big lord heard of this he was very angry, and withdrew his pardon and imprisoned him. Thus the last state of the debtor was indeed grievous because he would not forgive as he had been forgiven.

Jesus told this story to teach that as God has forgiven us so much, we should forgive one another; also that we must not expect God's forgiveness if we are hard and unkind to our fellows.

Story Telling.

The story was our Lord's answer to Peter's question as to how often he should forgive. (Ask scholars for instances of other stories by Jesus in reply to questions, e.g., Good Samaritan.) Jesus was not fond of giving rules of conduct such as the Ten Commandments. They are noble rules, but Jesus chose another method. Men had rules in Jesus's day, and when they came to Him with their rules He told them a story.

The Jews had a rule that after three offences had been forgiven, the duty of forgiveness ceased. Peter thought to be generous and suggested seven times, seven being regarded as a complete number. Christ said that we must forgive not only seven times, but seventy times seven! We should forget to count long before we had reached four hundred and ninety forgivenesses. Exactly! It is not a question of number, but of our spirit bearing any grudge against anyone. Jesus was always concerned about the *feeling* of our heart rather than fulfilling rules of behaviour. Ill will is always inconsistent with the spirit of Christ.

When to Forgive.

While we are to cherish a forgiving spirit, Christ did not counsel forgiveness of the impenitent. Even God may not forgive those who, being aware of their wrong, do not acknowledge it. God does not extend His pardon regardless of any desire for it. Forgiveness must be sought after. (Luke xvii. 3 and 4.) We must rebuke the offender, and only when he says "I repent," are we under any obligation to forgive. When Christ was on the Cross He forgave the thief who yearned for pardon; the other railed against Christ and He was not forgiven. But while forgiveness waits upon repentance, we are not to be revengeful towards impenitent offenders, for that would be no better than the heathen. (Matthew v. 43-48.) Rather are we to pray for the wrongdoer even as Jesus prayed for His tormentors. We must at all times keep our hearts free from bitterness. (Nurse Cavell's beautiful testimony.)

Forgiveness: Divine and Human.

It is significant that the only conditional petition in the Model Prayer is that on forgiveness. The Master did not teach us to pray for bread if we earn it, nor for the coming of His Kingdom as we suffer for it, but He taught us to pray for Divine pardon as we forgive others. God does not forgive an unforgiving soul!

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Forgiveness in Action.

Over a hundred years ago there lived in South Africa a negro called Africaner. Having been unjustly treated by a Boer farmer for whom he worked, in a fit of rage he murdered the farmer and fled. He then gathered other negroes and continued to wreak his vengeance on other farmers by plundering and damaging their farms. Once they raided a mission settlement. Government officials tried to capture Africaner and bring him to justice, but always he was too clever for them and evaded them. When the great missionary, Robert Moffat, arrived in 1817, he resolved to visit him. It was a hazardous journey of 400 miles and took four months in an ox wagon. Boers laughed at his idea of winning Africaner to better habits and said he would use Moffat's skull for a drinking cup! But Moffat trusted in God and went on. He did not go with guns to catch and to imprison Africaner, he went unarmed. His arrival at the old chief's kraal amazed the negroes. At first they were suspicious of Moffat, but they gave him a hut; Moffat settled amongst them in utter disregard of their murderous plots which he knew were being made against him. He did not flinch, but quietly day by day he lived out the love of Jesus as he moved about in their midst. Presently Africaner began to relent. He who had received so much ill treatment found Moffat's friendliness and confidence irresistible. He began to love Moffat and to follow his manner of life. In the end he gave himself to Christ and became a great power for God in the whole region. Where the Government failed with its threat of punishment, Moffat won with his spirit of forgiving love.

News of Our Churches.

MINISTERIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

Little, R. H., will be leaving Swansea in August next after six years' service.

Anniversaries.

Weston-super-Mare (Boulevard).—The Sunday School anniversary was held August 2nd, conducted by Rev. D. B. Proudlove, of Bristol. In the afternoon a young people's service was held, in which the school from the sister church in Locking Road joined. Miss Mordey presided. The young people who took part did very well. Special hymns were sung; organist, Mr. Lloyd Sidball; conductor, Mr. Harry Taylor. The congregations were large, there being many visitors present. The financial results were most gratifying.

Farewells and Presentations.

Bristol East (Gladstone Street). — A well-attended social was held on July 29th to wish God-speed to Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Burley, who are leaving the circuit, after six years' service, for Loughborough. Mr. W. Frayne (church secretary) spoke in appreciative terms of the splendid service rendered to the church by both Mr. and Mrs. Burley. During their term of service a long-standing debt of £800 had been removed, and as the result of their labours they would leave behind them fragrant influences and memories. Mr. F. Robinson (for twenty-seven years circuit steward) spoke of the loyal and able service rendered by Mr. Burley to other churches in the circuit. Mr. A. Priddle then asked Mr. and Mrs. Burley to accept a beautiful standard electric lamp as a token of their love and appreciation, with good wishes as to their future usefulness. In reply, Mr. Burley thanked all who had supported him during his ministry, and appealed for the same support for his successor, Rev. F. F. Clutterbuck. Musical items during the evening contributed to a very successful gathering. Other presentations to Mr. Burley included a leather wallet from the Bright Hour, and to Mrs. Burley a handbag from the Bright Hour, a cut-glass centre-piece from the W.M.A., an embroidered silk bedspread from the Sunday School, and an afternoon cloth from the Young People's Handicraft.

Chorley. — A large and representative company gathered in the Abbey Village, Withnell, schoolroom, on Wednesday evening last, to take leave of the Rev. Joseph and Mrs. Mills. The gathering took the form of a "social," over which Mr. David Sankey presided. Proceedings opened with a short programme, to which songs were contributed by Mr. I. Baron, Mr. P. Shaw and Miss Edith Butterfield, and recitals by Miss Eileen Mills and Mr. H. Butterfield. Mrs. P. Shaw was the accompanist. In opening the second part of the proceedings, Mr. Sankey said that it was the wish of the friends at Abbey Village to show their appreciation of the services rendered by Mr. Mills during his ministry amongst them. He had been a faithful pastor, and his visits to the sick and to those in trouble would long be remembered. Mr. Andrew Smith referred to the preaching of Mr. Mills as being consistent in its witness to Christ and the central truths of the Gospel. Mr. H. Butterfield said that in Mr. Mills they had had a manly man and one who had proved himself a friend to the people of the village, irrespective of class or creed. Mr. E. Jones spoke of the high tone maintained by Mr. Mills in his pulpit utterances. He was glad Mr. Mills had never lowered his standard in order to become a "popular" preacher. Knowing well the town of Bolton, to which Mr. Mills was going, he felt sure that in that town he would have a happy and fruitful ministry. The chairman then called upon Mr. Isaac Baron to make the presentation on behalf of the church. The gift consisted of a barometer in inlaid mahogany case, a cut-glass electric lamp-stand and a silver sauce stand. In handing over the gift, Mr. Baron said that it carried with it the love and esteem and good wishes of all their people. On behalf of the young men of the church, Mr. E. Jones then presented to Mr. Mills a Barling pipe and a tobacco pouch. In thanking the friends for their gifts, the Rev. J. Mills said that the barometer

would be a daily reminder of the kind friends at Withnell, and with the other gifts it would be treasured as an expression of their affectionate regard. To come to Withnell had always been a tonic to him, not only on account of its fine moorside air, but also because of the splendid spirit of those who had opened to him their hearts and their homes. He could wish for no better thing in his new circuit than that he should find friends as staunch and true as those he was leaving behind. He said their church was rich in the splendid young lives they had in their midst, and he hoped that the fine promise of those young lives would be fulfilled in service to the church and neighbourhood. Mrs. Mills also spoke words of appreciation of the beautiful gifts and of the kindly welcome she had always received when visiting Abbey Village.

Clay Cross.—Many women connected with Clay Cross Church, and others representing churches in Clay Cross and Stonebroom Circuit, met at Clay Cross on Wednesday to take farewell of Mrs. J. T. Perry Oliver, wife of the circuit minister, and to show their appreciation of work she had done in connection with the Women's Bright Hour, the Women's Missionary Auxiliary (of both of which she was president), and the Sunday School. Mrs. E. Pugh, Pilsley, who presided, said that they were all grieved that Mr. and Mrs. Oliver were leaving the circuit, but they were very grateful to Mrs. Oliver for her work during the three years she had been among them. In presenting Mrs. Oliver with a fitted dressing-case in hide, Mrs. Wills, Holmgate, Clay Cross, spoke of the good work the minister's wife had done, and wished her every success for the future. In acknowledging the gift, Mrs. Oliver thanked them not for the present alone, but for the love that was behind it. She had done her best, and the women had always supported her. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver's three children—Mary, Peter and Jean—were present, and, on behalf of Mrs. Hutton, the chairman presented Mary with a leather handbag, Peter with a wrist-watch, and Jean with a case containing brush and comb.

Elland (Bethesda).—On Sunday, July 19th, a presentation was made to Mr. Henry Sheeran, consisting of a diploma for sixty years' service as a teacher in the Sunday School. Mr. Smith, of The Square Sunday School, Halifax, presented the diploma, and said that the patience and devotion which were needed to continue for so long a period were worthy of all praise. Mr. James Sykes, on behalf of the Sunday School, presented a gold-mounted walking stick and two books, "God in Christian Thought and Experience" (Matthews), and "The Universe Around Us" (Jeans). Rev. Geo. A. Ives (Pastor) sent good wishes and congratulations, and regret that his presence as a delegate at Conference prevented his attendance at the meeting.

Falmouth.—A most interesting event was held on Wednesday last, when a farewell social was given by the many members and friends of the church to Rev. W. E. and Mrs. German on their leaving the circuit to take charge of a circuit in Manchester. Mr. F. C. Philipps presided over the gathering, and a musical programme was arranged by Mr. F. Jane, organist, and the solos rendered by Miss Jane and Mr. Johnson, of Newcastle, were beautifully rendered and appreciated. During the evening Mr. Philipps, on behalf of the church and congregation, choir, Sunday School and friends, presented to Mr. and Mrs. German a four-valve screen-grid portable wireless set, when the following spoke in the highest terms of the magnificent and successful services rendered to the church and circuit during their ministry, and special reference was made to the new seating of the Sunday School and new heating apparatus for the church and premises, and to the paying off of the old trust debt on the premises during Rev. W. E. German's ministry, and thankfulness was expressed that an increase had been shown in membership. Mr. J. Body (superintendent) spoke for the Sunday School; Mr. F. C. Philipps (trust and circuit secretary) for trustees and circuit; Miss Williamson for the ladies; Mr. Strike for the choir; and Rev. M. A. May for the visitors. Previously, the ladies' class had presented Mrs. German with a magnificent handbag, and during the evening Mrs. German's Sunday School class presented her with a clock, Miss P. Miners giving a most appropriate little speech. Both Rev. W. E. and Mrs. German suitably responded.

Sheffield (Malin Bridge).—Occasion was taken at a garden party held at "Inglewood," Loxley, the residence of Mr. J. H. V. Hampshire (church secretary) to bid farewell to the Rev. and Mrs. E. Marshall Moyle and family who are shortly leaving for a new circuit. Mr. Moyle has served the Scotland Street circuit as superintendent for the past six years with much acceptance. Mr. R. W. Carr, circuit secretary, spoke of Mr. Moyle's diligent and faithful service, and of the efficient work done in all the churches, which had won him the esteem and affection of all. The harmonious working

of a large and influential circuit was in no small part due to his tactful guidance. Mr. J. H. V. Hampshire said that Mr. Moyle had given of his best to all departments of the church at Malin Bridge, and as its minister had endeared himself to all the members, whose joys and sorrows he had made his own. Mr. Horace E. Wood, president of the Senior Bible class, expressed appreciation of the interest Mr. Moyle had always taken in the class, and Mr. F. Webster, Sunday School president, paid tribute to the work done by Mr. Moyle in the Sunday School, where he had won a warm place in the hearts of the young people. Mrs. Webster voiced the appreciation of the ladies of the church towards Mrs. Moyle, who had shown her practical interest in all the work done and had always been ready to second her husband's efforts. Rev. C. W. Bendle represented Mr. Moyle's colleagues. He spoke of the splendid spirit that had always existed among the ministers, largely due to the wise and generous spirit always displayed by their superintendent. Mr. J. T. Wood, church treasurer, then asked Mr. Moyle to accept a beautifully inscribed wallet of Treasury notes, the gift of the members of the church. He wished Mr. and Mrs. Moyle God-speed and success in their new sphere at Ebrington Street, Plymouth. Mr. Moyle, thanking the friends, said it had been a joy to be associated with the circuit and church officials; he had found it a pleasure to serve the churches. He referred to the help and inspiration given him by his wife, both in the home and in the church. Mrs. Moyle was previously presented with a beautifully engraved leather handbag from the Sisterhood, the work of a local expert craftsman. Mrs. Porteous (widow of the late Rev. T. Porteous) making the presentation, said that Mrs. Moyle had always been impartial in her friendships and would be affectionately remembered by all. Mr. Moyle received a silver-mounted walking stick with engraved monogram. The members of the family have also received tokens of remembrance from the Sunday School. The Sisterhood at Owlerton presented Mrs. Moyle with a silver-mounted umbrella. Mrs. F. Marshall said that Mr. Moyle's monthly visits had been an inspiration. The Girl Guides also presented Mr. Moyle with a set of handkerchiefs as an expression of their esteem. Mr. Moyle leaves the Sheffield District with the love and appreciation of all. He has served as District chairman and president of the Sheffield United Methodist Council, and has taken an active interest in all the affairs of the District. The prayers of all will follow Mr. and Mrs. Moyle and family in their future sphere of service.

Swansea (Hafod Church).—We have bid "au revoir," not good-bye, to our minister, Rev. Arthur Roebuck. Mr. Roebuck came to Hafod in August, 1930, to complete a year of circuit work prior to College. He found a church situated in the industrial area of the town; he saw hundreds of tall chimney stacks, but no smoke; thousands of cogs and wheels, but no sound. He further discovered that the once-employees of these redundant factories comprised the major part of his membership. He received no encouragement when viewing the church, for consequent to a long period of unemployment the building had been allowed to fall into a sorry state of repair. Not a very inviting prospect for an old warrior, far less a young fellow who would be here only for a year. He quickly took in the situation, recognised that he was fortunate in at least one respect: here was a band of people prepared to be led if a leader was forthcoming. He took his coat off, actually and figuratively, and set about that church with paint and varnish, cement and mortar, occupying eight and twelve hours a day in this employ. He was so splendidly supported by a band of willing helpers that by the end of a month a complete transformation had taken place—a church beautifully renovated, repaired, and more efficiently lit by electricity; moreover, the entire cost defrayed and a surplus balance of approximately £20. Remarkable also is the fact that during the time we were soliciting subscriptions towards renovation we were preparing for our annual bazaar, and not only did we maintain the previous year's result, but exceeded it by several pounds. During the twelve months, Mr. Roebuck has received into church membership thirty-two friends. Were I requested to submit a reason for these successes, I would say: "He preaches the Gospel, minus trimmings, and faithfully demonstrates Christianity in actual practice." He is equally at home ministering to the spiritual needs of the aged and infirm, leading the week-night prayer and fellowship service, as when, with the young fellows, playing at cricket—giving entire satisfaction to all. His valedictory services were memorable, every available seat in the church being occupied. The communion service, to which one hundred and seven remained, was unprecedented. I should neglect a duty by omitting to state that the friends at our Oxford Street Church have not been lacking in their interest and support, and, with us at Hafod, pray our Heavenly Father's richest blessing upon Mr. Roebuck and His continued guidance through all his future activities.

Hollingworth (Spring Street).—Rev. J. L. Orchard closed his ministry on Sunday evening, August 2nd, preaching to a greatly augmented and appreciative congregation. At the conclusion of the service the opportunity was taken by the leaders to express their warm appreciation of the services rendered by Mr. Orchard during his ministry. The sectional circuit steward, Mr. H. Elkin, voiced the indebtedness of the church to the fine leadership of their pastor, and their deep regret at his impending departure. Appreciative words and good wishes were spoken by Mr. J. Jackson, representing the trustees, Mr. Richard Venables, for the leaders, Mr. Henry Hobson, and Mrs. Walker on behalf of the Sunday School. A beautifully inscribed oak case of cutlery was then presented to Mr. and Mrs. Orchard by Mr. J. Knowles on behalf of the church and trustees as a small token of the esteem and affection in which they were held. The Rev. J. L. Orchard feelingly acknowledged on behalf of Mrs. Orchard and himself their pleasure in receiving such an expression of their kindness and good will, and also of the happy time he had had in their midst. At the weekly meeting of the Women's Own, of which Mrs. Orchard was secretary, Mrs. Whitehead, in the name of the members, presented to her a handsome dressing case, with their love and best wishes. Mrs. Orchard suitably acknowledged their kindly words and loving spirit. In addition to the gifts publicly given, both at Spring Street and Dinting, the pastor, his wife and family were recipients of numerous and valuable private presents.

Jersey (Great Union Road).—On August 1st members of the churches in the circuit and representatives of other Nonconformist Churches gathered to bid farewell to the Rev. J. C. Pye. Mr. A. P. Hannon (circuit steward) presided, with him on the platform being the Revs. J. E. Leonard and W. S. Micklethwaite, Messrs. P. Robins, J. G. Cabot, G. H. South, A. De La Haye and S. Grandin. There was a large congregation in the body of the church, including Rev. W. R. Chapman (Primitive Methodist) and Rev. J. H. Fenton (a former minister). The chairman briefly explained the objects of the meeting, and expressed his personal regret at the Rev. Pye's departure. Rev. W. S. Micklethwaite (Mr. Pye's colleague), Messrs. J. G. Cabot (church steward, Great Union Road), C. S. Dart (Royal Crescent), P. Robins (Les Landes), G. H. South (local preachers), Mrs. Lesbiree (Sunday School G.U.R.), Mrs. De Ste Croix (W.M.A., G.U.R.), Messrs. A. De La Haye (B.B., G.U.R.), and S. Grandin (Venturers, G.U.R.), all expressed their appreciation of Rev. Pye and Miss Pye's work in the circuit and island, and regretted their departure. Rev. J. E. Leonard (chairman of the Portsmouth District), who was stationed in Jersey some years ago, also spoke, and wished Mr. Pye and his family every success in their new sphere of service. At the conclusion the following presentations were made: To Mr. Pye, a wallet and notes (from the circuit), silver propelling pencil (B.B.), framed photograph of the church (Venturers); to Mrs. Pye, a silver salver (W.M.A.); and to Miss Pye, a travelling hat-box (Sunday School). Mr. Pye, who spoke with evident emotion, apologised for Mrs. Pye's absence (owing to indisposition), thanked all very sincerely, and said that he had had a very happy time in Jersey during his nine years' ministry, and was glad that what little he had done had been appreciated.

General.

Burslem (Hill Top).—The Rev. A. Percy Hoare had the joy of receiving fifteen new members into church fellowship at a recent sacramental service at Mow Cop. All had been instructed in a Y.P. membership training class.

Elland (Bethesda).—Special services have been held to celebrate the beautifying of the church by the ladies of the congregation, who have provided new carpets for the pulpit and communion, new pulpit lights, and a new runner for the communion table. In the afternoon the children gave a pictorial cantata, entitled "Count Your Blessings," in a delightful way. And words of thanks to the ladies and of dedication were spoken by Rev. G. A. Ives. The evening service also was of a special character. There were solos: "Bless the house," by Mrs. Jessop, and "There is a green hill far away," by Mr. W. Sutcliffe; and the anthem, "The Lord is my light," by the choir (soloist Mrs. E. S. Horrocks), all excellently rendered. Organist, Mr. J. Littlewood. Rev. G. A. Ives preached a special sermon. Large congregations assembled, and the services altogether were highly successful.

Derby (Becket Street).—At the final meeting of the present session of the Women's Pleasant Hour the occasion was used to present Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Robson with a beautiful memento each of Crown Derby china. Mrs. Payne is shortly to remove to London and the minister's wife to Nottingham. Both ladies suitably replied. Miss Boyes made the presentation on behalf of the members of the Women's Pleasant Hour.

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Werne Hill, S.E. (Railton Road) — 11 a.m., Mr. Titchener; 6.30 p.m., Mr. Canter.
Battersea Park (Battersea Park Road)—10 a.m., Sunday School; 7 p.m., Supply.
Clapham Junction (Mallinson Road) — 11 a.m., R. W. Gair; 6.30 p.m., R. W. Gair.
South Lambeth (Fentiman Road, near Oval Station)—11 a.m., Mr. Savill; 6.30 p.m., Mr. Savill.
Stockwell (Paradise Road) — 11 a.m., Mr. Raim; 6.30 p.m., Dr. A. E. Cope.
Fulham, S.W.6 (Walham Grove), Nos. 11 & 14 buses—11 a.m., D. S. Marley; 6.30 p.m., B. W. Hird.
West Kensington, North End Road (Bethel)—11 a.m., M. Branchette; 6.30 p.m., F. C. Deadmarsh.
Newington—Brunswick (Great Dover Street)—11 a.m., E. W. Hall; 6.30 p.m., J. Lineham, B.A., Ph.D.
"Manor" (Galleywall Road, Bermondsey), (any No. 1 bus from Charing Cross or Waterloo to Galleywall Road)—11 a.m., S. Boulton; 6.30 p.m., T. C. Coates.
Lee (High Road) — 11 a.m., P. Sparrow; 6.30 p.m., F. Sparrow.
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