

SEPTEMBER 1928.

Two-PENCE.

Gt. Sampford & Hempstead Parish Magazine.

GREAT SAMPFORD.



Vicar:—REV. T. P. CONYERS BARKER, B.A.

GT. SAMPFORD W. HEMPSTEAD VICARAGE,
SAFFRON WALDEN, ESSEX.

Church-wardens:—MR. WALTER GRAY, AND MR. ROBERT GOULDSTONE.

Sidesmen:—MR. CHAPMAN, MR. CHARLES WRIGHT MR. ALFRED WRIGHT AND
MR. SMITH.

Organist: MR. ERNEST STOCK.

Verger:—MR. ALFRED DRANE.

Sexton:—MR. ZACKERY COOTE.

SERVICES.

HOLY COMMUNION.	8.15 a.m. and 10.30 a.m. (Choral)	1st Sunday in Month. 2nd and 4th Sunday.
	7 a.m.	3rd and 5th Sunday.
	8.15 a.m.	1st, 3rd and 5th Sunday.
MORNING PRAYER.	10 a.m.	2nd and 4th Sunday.
	11.30 a.m.	1st, 3rd and 5th Sunday.
EVENSONG & SERMON.	7.30 p.m.	2nd and 4th Sunday.
	6.15 p.m.	1st and 3rd Sunday.
CHILDREN'S SERVICE.	3 p.m.	Alternate 5th Sundays.
SERVICE FOR MEN.	3 p.m.	

HOLY BAPTISM. 1st and 3rd Sunday at or after Children's Service at 3 p.m. At other times
CHURCHINGS. By arrangement. [by appointment.]

The Vicar can be seen in Church for spiritual consultation on Saturdays after Evensong at 7.30 p.m., or by appointment. He should be notified of sickness where visiting is required. He is willing to administer Communion to the sick whenever desired.

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HEMPSTEAD.



(Tower prior to fall — from an old photograph.)

Vicar:—REV. T. P. CONYERS BARKER, B.A.
GT. SAMPFORD W. HEMPSTEAD VICARAGE,
SAFFRON WALDEN, ESSEX.

Church-wardens:—MR. J. F. DRANE AND MRS. R. J. ESCREET.
Sidesmen:—MR. DRANE, MR. JACK TAYLOR, MR. GEORGE JOHNSON,
MR. THOMAS PETTY AND MR. WILLIAM MOSS.
Organist:—MISS HALL. Verger:—MR. DAVID CORNELL. Sexton:—MR. HARRY BYE.

SERVICES.

HOLY COMMUNION.	7 a.m.	1st, 3rd and 5th Sunday.
	8.15 a.m. and 10.30 a.m. Choral)	2nd and 4th Sunday.
	8.15 a.m.	4th Sunday.
MORNING PRAYER	11.30 a.m.	1st, 3rd and 5th Sunday.
	10 a.m.	2nd and 4th Sunday.
EVENSONG & SERMON.	6.15 p.m.	1st, 3rd and 5th Sunday.
	7.30 p.m.	2nd and 4th Sunday.
CHILDREN'S SERVICE.	3 p.m.	2nd and 4th Sunday.
SERVICE FOR MEN.	3 p.m.	Alternate 5th Sundays.

HOLY BAPTISM. 2nd and 4th Sunday at or after Children's Service at 3 p.m. At other times
CHURCHINGS. By arrangement. [by appointment.]

The Vicar can be seen in Church for spiritual consultation by appointment. He should be notified of sick cases where visiting is required. He is willing to administer Holy Communion to the sick in their homes whenever desired.

A Magazine

For the Congregation and Parishioners of
S. MICHAEL'S, GREAT SAMPFORD
AND
S. ANDREW'S, HEMPSTEAD.

SEPTEMBER, 1928.

THE VICARAGE,
1st September, 1928.

MY DEAR PEOPLE,

Holiday or no holiday the copy for the Magazine has to be sent to the Printer, and the task is not at all easy under holiday conditions. One has not at such times the inclination for literary work, and one grudges the time which it necessitates. Well, here I am in Liverpool and I realize that it has to be done, though I am away from all facilities which might render the task easier. Country life has for a short while given place to town and city conditions. I find on visiting other Churches that some of my brother clergy are in the same predicament as myself. For instance, the Vicar of St. Mark's, Claughton, Birkenhead (who is by the way fortunate in spending a holiday in France) writes "We are just now in Southern France, and enjoying immensely our wanderings from one to another of the very interesting places in this part of the world. The sun is so bright and warm, and everything looks so cheery and full of colour. We have seen Avignon with its huge Palace of the Popes, and Arles, and Nimes with their great Roman arenas, still almost complete after some two thousand years, and a good many other interesting things as well. We are now about half-way through our holiday, and if the weather holds good, and helps us to make the best of things, hope still to have a good time ahead." He, too, under such conditions has to write his Parish Magazine.

However, I briefly refer you to certain interesting articles which follow, and to other notes of the month, the arrangements for the Harvest Thanksgiving Services, and to the Service for Men at Hempstead on Sunday, 30th September at 3 o'clock, to which all men of the parish have a welcome invitation. Weather for the harvest ingathering is still keeping fine, and I trust that this year will be a profitable one indeed for the farmers and all other agriculturalists.

Your faithful Priest and Pastor,
T. P. CONYERS BARKER.

"From the Church Assembly Notes."

Honour to Whom Honour.

A Tribute to the Archbishop of Canterbury has been set on foot by leaders in the Church and the nation. As 1928 is so memorable a year in his life, it is a little wonder Church and nation want to mark it in a special way.

The tribute is to provide suitably for the remaining years of the Archbishop and Mrs. Davidson, and also to put up some memorial to them in the courtyard of Lambeth Palace where they have lived so long and where they have ever welcomed guests without number.

The Archbishop and Mrs. Davidson were married in Lambeth Palace Chapel on November 12th, 1878, when her father, Archbishop Tait, was Primate and the present Archbishop was his chaplain. Then, 25 years later soon after the chaplain had himself become Archbishop, he and Mrs. Davidson celebrated their Silver Wedding in the same place. If God so will, the walls of that wonderful Chapel will be again around them on their Golden Wedding day, and far beyond the scene of their long life of service, prayer and heartfelt thanksgiving will be made for them.

All who want to take part in this national tribute can send their gifts, large or small, to Mr. Arthur Sheppard, M.V.O., Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster. Only the names (not the amounts) will be shown to the Archbishop.

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Notes and News.

The Harvest Thanksgiving Service at Great Sampford, will be held on Thursday evening, October 4th at which the preacher will be the Rev. E. A. Hort, Vicar of Chrishall. The Offerings will as customary, be given to the Saffron Walden Hospital.

At Hempstead we shall offer our Harvest Thanksgiving a week earlier, namely, on Thursday, September 27th. The Rev. C. H. Peters, Vicar of Cornish Hall End will preach

the Sermon; and here too our alms will be given to the Hospital at Saffron Walden. As we have "freely received" let us generously give.

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"A working Christian is a man with a hoe, but he has a part in the Harvest whose reapers are the Angels."

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The Sixth Report of the Missionary Council is a book to watch for. It will be published in October. Each of the other Five Reports was devoted to one subject—Africa, India, The Far East, The Moslem World, Our Own People Overseas. This Report to many subjects: the Jewish World, the Dispersions of Oriental Races, the South Sea Islands, South America, and the West Indies. Such a Report should put a keen edge to the interest of Missionary Prayers and other efforts.

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An interesting extract from the Liverpool, Diocesan Leaflet, by the Bishop of Liverpool, is reproduced below.

I deal briefly this month with a variety of topics. First must come our new Archbishops. Those who have had most to do with the administration of the Church in recent years, have long been aware that there was only one man in England on whom the burden of Lambeth could confidently be laid, namely, Dr. Lang. His appointment has received and deserves approval from all quarters in the Church. I do not know anyone who is more careful in understanding and more generous in meeting those from whom he differs.

I, for one am deeply thankful that Dr. Temple is to join him in the leadership of the Church, not only because his many gifts are so brilliant in themselves, but also because they combine so happily with the powers and the personality of the Primate. What the two Archbishops share in breadth of mind and sympathy, in peaceable wisdom, in steadiness of purpose, makes us sure that we shall be quietly and firmly led through what remains of the Prayer Book crisis, and then into the greater and graver questions which wait for the Lambeth Conference of 1930.

* * * *

Mrs. Paget, who with the Bishop of Chester flew from Croydon to Brussels describes the adventure as follows:—

FLYING.

Well, I never did—I can hardly believe it and yet it was to-day that we flew. First of all nothing that anybody commended or warned, suggested or deprecated happened at

all. It was all absolutely and perfectly natural with never a hesitation or a tremor. Therefore the old platitude "I should like to say I have flown but I don't want to fly" is beside the point. You can't boast when you've done it, it is all quite and absolutely natural. Oh! yes we can say we've flown, but you might just as well say that you have walked or slept or eaten. Then we had the absolutely perfect day, one in a million—born, made, created specially for us. And a private aeroplane, so I was already walking on air before I started. "We're up," said the lips of a travelling companion, but the wax tucked into one's ears to deaden the sound, prevented conversation. Just think of that if ever a talkative travelling companion joins you in the train and see how superior is travel by air. We followed the course on a pilot's map and I wonder why every map isn't made like them, pages almost like celluloid turning over on rings. Then a German fokker came along-side. I'm glad we started with a fokker, flying the Channel with him before we turned inland over Dunkirk to Ypres.

Ypres. I suppose yesterday's service at the Menin Gate has said all that people can possibly say. Yet it was wonderful to dip low over the holy ground and circling round to see it with them from above. Love, love, love was just the absorbing force in one for Ypres is England, the whole long battle line gathered into a single knot. And it is not fanciful to say that we were seeing it from their angle, they were showing it to us. Oh! of course I know there is no 'up' and 'down,' except in hymns—and children's hymns at that, but yet the words are real ones and 'up' seems big and loving and forgiving, and 'down' looked so peaceful and so healed. And the harvest fields with their sheaves of corn seemed to pass on almost naturally to the cemeteries with their white sheaves. Then as if nature was at our service we met a great bank of cloud and flew some 4,000 feet to look down upon it. I thought of all the holiday makers plodding and pegging along up the Alps while we, in a moment had sprung up to see one of the most beautiful sights that a mountaineer could look upon. The clouds lay below us white and silver in brilliant sunshine with shadows of blue and purple, while here and there in the light and lifting of the clouds lay the earth warm and green and golden.

The coming down into Brussels was a delicious sensation, and when we banked, I felt like a child crying "Do it again—do it again" but there! the day was created for us, and the journey planned by the kindest love and it isn't by any manner of means an ordinary experience.