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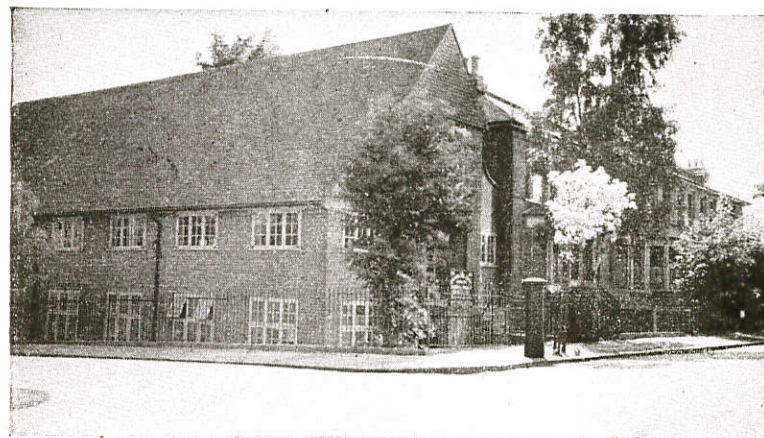
LINKS

AUTUMN 1954

CHILDREN'S
HOME AND
MISSION

1954

The Children's Home Links



WOODFORD

“Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help,
whether with many, or with them that have no
power: help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on
Thee”.

2 Chronicles 14 v. 11.

THE CHILDREN'S FOUNDED

Headquarters :

8-26 Crescent Road,
South Woodford, E.18
Phone : BUCKhurst 2702

HONORARY STAFF :

Mrs. EDITH H. WHITE
Mr. VICTOR J. WHITE, Director and Superintendent
Mrs. V. J. WHITE
Mrs. A. M. GILBERT (Non-residential)
Miss P. LONG
Mr. and Mrs. D. OLNEY
Mrs. E. WEBB
Miss MAUREEN HAYES }
Miss BERYL PARKES } Junior
Miss BARBARA REVELL }

Medical Officers :

Dr. DAVID SMITH, M.R.C.S. (Eng.), L.R.C.P. (Lond.)
Dr. W. ERIC MATHIE, M.B., Ch.B.
Dr. CAREY BAKER, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

Dental Surgeon :

Mr. STEPHEN SMITH, L.D.S., R.C.S.

Chiropodist :

Mr. A. C. THOMPSON, M.S.S.Ch.

Bankers :

Midland Bank Ltd.

HOME AND MISSION 1899

The Abridge Evangelical Free Church,
London Road, Abridge,
Nr. Romford, Essex.

TRUSTEES :

A. E. Evans, Esq.	Dr. David Smith, M.R.C.S. (Eng.), L.R.C.P. (Lond.)
Pastor H. G. Goddard.	F. C. Stark, Esq.
D. J. Hutton, Esq.	J. R. Stark, Esq.
Miss E. K. Marsh.	James Stokes, Esq.
Rev. K. C. Parkinson, M.A.	Pastor W. A. Warwick.
F. J. Pollard, Esq.	Mrs. Edith White.
Mr. R. W. Raven, O.B.E., F.R.C.S.	Victor J. White, Esq.
Mrs. E. C. L. Roberts.	

VOLUNTARY WORKING PARTIES :

Alexander Hall, Westcliff.
Ashley Hall, St. Albans.
Bedfont Tabernacle.
Bishopstoke E. F. C.
Elmsleigh Gospel Hall, Leigh.
Fulbridge Hall, Maldon.
Old Independent Church, Haverhill.
Shoeburyness Gospel Hall.
Westminster Chapel.

SHOEBURYNESS SHOE FUND :

Secretary : Miss B. Terry, 94 High Street, Shoeburyness.

BOX SECRETARY :

Mr. W. Parker, 143 Honey Lane, Waltham Abbey, Essex.

AUDITORS :

Messrs. White, Salomon & Co.

EDITORIAL

OCTOBER, 1954.

Dear Friends,

It is with joy indeed that we find ourselves in touch with you again through the medium of the 'Links'. This Autumn issue includes the reports of our 54th Annual Gatherings held on 8th May last; the 'Open Day' in July; and our lovely Seaside Holiday in August. I do sincerely trust that, as you read of the experiences through which God has graciously led us, you will rejoice with us in His bountiful and timely provision once again!

Many folk have expressed pleasure at the introduction of this extra 'Links' and our prayer is that God will bless this added written record of His faithfulness. We are unable to print all the photographs we have, covering the past few months, but feel you will at least be able to catch a 'glimpse' of the Family activities from those printed.

With regard to the 'Building Improvements' mentioned in my Report given at the last Annual Meetings, we have so far managed to complete a new Dining Room and are looking forward to the completion of two recreation rooms, all within the framework of the 'Old Dining Hall'. Shall value your prayers too, as we continue to discuss plans for the erection of a small building in which all the laundry work can be done, a very necessary addition as all this is tackled at home. At the same time of course we shall have more room within the main buildings for other purposes.

The Staff and Children continue to experience good health and although we are sorry to say farewell to the light evenings and outdoor activities in some respects, there is something about the 'homeliness' of the winter evenings which has its own appeal.

The work at Abridge progresses. The re-commencement of the Young Sowers League branch went off to a good start in September after the summer break. The Thursday afternoon Women's meeting is encouraging and in the evening we continue to meet for Bible Study and Prayer, a goodly number of us travelling down from Woodford to share in this interesting and beneficial hour.

God is good—we are very humbled to realise that He is graciously blessing this His Work and as we look back now, we would thank Him for the many trials and difficulties through which we have passed, for indeed these have strengthened our weak faith as we have undoubtedly witnessed Him at work.

Thank you so much for your prayers, interest and practical help.
PRAY ON!

Sincerely yours,
VICTOR J. WHITE.

DINING ROOM



**PLEASE REMEMBER—
“OUR DAY”**

. . . next year

★————★

SATURDAY, 21st MAY, 1955

at the

SOUTH WOODFORD BAPTIST CHURCH

(Kindly lent).

★————★

3 p.m. Chairman: Mr. Stephen Smith, L.D.S., R.C.S.
Speaker: Revd. Ronald W. Francis,
(Christ Church, St. Albans).

TEA BETWEEN

6.30 p.m. Chairman: Lt. Comdr. S. E. Sharpe, D.S.C.
Speaker: Revd. W. G. Channon,
(Baptist Church, Purley, Surrey).

★————★

**BEGIN TO PRAY NOW FOR
HIS BLESSING ON “OUR DAY”**

“OUR DAY”

**54th ANNUAL GATHERINGS
SATURDAY, 8th MAY, 1954**

AFTERNOON MEETING

MR. H. G. LING, Organising Secretary of the Scripture Union, took the chair.

DR. DAVID SMITH, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., Hon Medical Officer and Trustee of the Home gave the following report:—

We have not much of a medical report this year. We have had a very clear year—that is what we say every year. We have had one case of Osteomyelitis who was in hospital two weeks, one tonsil operation, three cases of chicken-pox, one case of German measles, two cases of mumps and one case an operation for fistula (hospital) and of course a few minor accidents requiring stitching.

In October last, and each year, my two partners and I conduct a medical examination of all the children and this time we found them all in condition “A” and, apart from minor matters such as teeth, eyes and hearing, we were very satisfied. The staff health through the year has been very good too.

On other matters I just want to say. This is an age of conferences and committees; nothing can be decided in the international world without a conference and nothing can be decided in the Christian world without a committee. I define a committee as a company of people who discuss many things, decide a few things and do nothing; so when I was asked by Mr. Victor White and the other trustees last year to become a trustee of the Home, my first reaction was to say “No”, as committees are my pet aversion. But I am very pleased that I did say “Yes”, for two reasons; one is that they have very few meetings, (we have had three in the last eighteen months) and secondly, because attending these meetings has been a real inspiration to me. I found myself introduced into the presence of men of God and I understand now one of the reasons why the late Mr. White was so well supported with such men of God behind him. I have had the great privilege and honour to be one of their number. I believe there are some lady trustees as well but I have not met them yet.

I would like to say, as one of the “new boys” belonging to the trustees, on their behalf, that the tremendous decisions which have had to be made during the past twelve months, especially with regard to Tiptree and so on, that we shall hear about today, have been unanimous decisions on the part of the trustees. We have all felt that Mr. and Mrs. Victor White have been led in the arrival of decisions they have suggested to us.

I would like to add, on behalf of the trustees, that Mr. and Mrs. White have our full support and full co-operation. We feel indeed that God has guided our late brother aright in asking his third son to take over the work from him, and we are very proud indeed to be behind him in the work.

REPORT—COVERING THE YEAR FROM 1st MAY, 1953—30th APRIL, 1954

Given by Mr. Victor White

Once again we are gathered here to give thanks to God—we do this spontaneously with full hearts, with minds convicted of the reality of the Living God, who provides, guides and blesses.

This is our 54th Annual Day, although on 20th November next, we shall actually be celebrating our 55th Anniversary of the Commencement of the Home in 1899. What great changes have taken place since that early and small beginning—did the Founders realise then what God had in store for them and for this His Work? Most probably not, for it is only as we trust Him and follow Him, and persevere, that we can find out His will for us and understand His Way. May we all learn this vital lesson, that if God wants us to do something for Him, then He will prepare us for the work He has for us to do. This was true of Moses—as a little babe he was found in the bull-rushes, taken to Pharaoh's household—trained there—all in accordance with the will and purpose and plan of God. This was the time of preparation for the life's work to follow!

We here, must first give our lives to Him through His Son the Lord Jesus Christ—that is the beginning, and then we must be prepared to allow Him to open up His Way, and if we are faithful in the small things, He is then able to work out His greater purposes. One little girlie taken in to the flat in George Lane near here—this was the small beginning of the Children's Home and Mission. 800 have now passed through the family circle—all taught from the Word of God, many now serving Him fully—others teaching in Sunday School Classes; many telling their own children of the Love of God. Who knows where it will all end? Yes, God can do great things even with our lives if only we will allow Him to take full control! We who now have the privilege of following on in the Work, thank God for those who, when first the Call came, answered and did not turn back, though testing and very difficult were those early days.

Since last I was here giving you my yearly Report, there have been changes within the work itself. You may recall that I asked you to pray specifically for the Branch at Tiptree. We were then exercised—using my words of last Annual—"The upkeep

of the Grove for holidays and convalescence alone is a big item. The transport of milk and other produce, is difficult—nearly 50 miles, a costly business. We seek His guidance—please pray." This year we come to you with the news (at least it may be to some, but most of you have by now heard) that we no longer have the Tiptree Property except for the Bungalow and Field attached, where my brother and his wife are at present living. Much prayer went up—many were the discussions we had. My Trustees willingly came to a special meeting to talk over the matter and came to the final decision that, taking ALL points into consideration, the purpose for which the Grove and Land had been given to the work was now accomplished, and that we should relinquish the property. This we have done. We are grateful to those who, led of God, gave this place to the work away back in 1938 and praise be to God for His wonderful provision through them for those awful war years that, as a family, we might be housed and fed without fear and without shortage of food.

One feels a great burden now, not only for the special nature of the work—caring for the young folk, but also for the relatives and friends themselves; for our immediate neighbours with whom we are on the friendliest of terms, that we might reach all with the great news of Salvation. With these thoughts in mind we managed to visit our immediate neighbourhood and the village of Abridge too, inviting folk to visit Harringay with us. All told, we took nearly five coach loads, and amongst those who went were some who did accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour.

Bearing in mind the third aim of the Children's Home at its inception—to teach the children the christian way of life, we are encouraged that eleven of our youngsters have found in the Lord Jesus their Friend and Saviour this year. The baptistry of our Abridge Evangelical Free Church has been opened four times since December. Two of the young people from Abridge and two from our family circle have confessed their faith in the Saviour in this way, in accordance with the scriptures. As I have stated many times—this is the great thrill of the work, when the young folk begin to build their lives upon the Rock, Christ Jesus. This is the foundation—one that lasts for Eternity. We yearn that all may come to know Him! (Here a testimony was given by Pat, our senior girl—a real witness to the saving and keeping power of God).

Quite a number of our Abridge folk are here with us today—it's a joy to have you here—"Our Day" wouldn't be complete without you, for after all, it is "**Our Day**".

At the little chapel in Abridge with its newly decorated Hall adjacent, we have had much encouragement during the year. As mentioned just previously, spiritual blessing, also increased

numbers, but we are praying and working for more of our village friends to join with us on His Day at 11, 3, and 6.30. There is the Young Sowers' League Meeting on Wednesdays at 7 p.m. when some of the Woodford children unite with the Abridge Young folk—we usually take a car and van load down from here. Some Wednesdays we have had outside speakers and we are grateful to all friends who have helped. More recently we have been having Work Parties when we endeavour to make and prepare useful garments, school equipment etc. which are needed out on the mission fields. We have ascertained exactly what the missionaries are needing most and are working accordingly. On Thursday, 2.45 p.m. there is the Women's Meeting—a very happy hour—especially for us, when you help with our mending! (One Thursday each month is put aside for this purpose—a great help—thank you very much). At 8 p.m. we meet for Bible Study and prayer. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, living at Theydon Bois, 2 miles away from Abridge, continue with the help of some of the Abridge stalwarts to keep the main wheel turning. We help from Woodford—much more of late. This branch of the work in a country village so near to the great metropolis of London has a romantic heritage—we are now in our 29th year. I don't suppose the founder when he went down there with a caravan to conduct open air meetings visualised that God would provide the little chapel and ground adjoining—or did he? He had already proved that God did work miracles as he sought to find out His will. I have been asked to mention that our Abridge Fellowship has decided that a fitting memorial to their late Pastor (our Founder) would be the tiling of the Baptismal Pool and the supplying of direct water and drainage to it. There may be some who would like to share in this memorial and if so, please contact Miss R. Percival, Pettits Hall, Chigwell.

During the year there have been many opportunities of service in the field of preaching. I must admit that it is often very difficult to fit in these engagements, but I do most sincerely feel that this is part of the work, the mission side, and that I along with my staff, would be failing in our duty to God if we did not accept the opportunities afforded of telling of His wonderful goodness to us in the work and proclaiming the Gospel message.

A few facts and figures:—since the commencement of the work, as I have mentioned already, 800 children have spent part or nearly all their childhood with us. At present we have 54 young people in our care—I did say last year, that 60 was our maximum, and so you might be thinking that we are not now full. You see, my reckoning then, did not take into account the necessity for more staff and rooms needed for such increase and so although we are below the 60 mark we are still full. I will not venture again to say what our real maximum is, but we try to be adaptable to help needy cases.

The figure of 54 is made up as follows (three left during past 2 weeks).

Boys—(and young men):

3 over 16 out to work.
 1 over 16 helping at home.
 5 from 13—15 on their last lap of schooling.
 11 from 9—12 in full swing!
 11 from 5—8 (sometimes almost persuading one, of the truth of the Darwin theory!!).
 making 31 all told.

Girls—(and young ladies):

2 over 16 working in the City.
 3 left school and helping at home.
 12 from 9—15 (just beginning some, and others well advanced, in taking a special interest in the mirror and hair style).
 5 from 5—8.
 1 at Residential School.
 making 23 all told.

As far as their schooling is concerned, I suppose on the whole our youngsters are about average. One attends the Leyton County High School and is doing well. Most are interested in the current sport of the different seasons, quite a number representing their house and class teams.

From the point of view of evening and weekend activities—some of the lads belong to the local B.B., who by the way have disgraced themselves by having their special Drill exhibition on "Our Day". How these boys are getting on I really couldn't tell—they all stand up for each other so well—but one thing we do ALL know—they are learning to play the Bugle. One morning during the last school holiday whilst in the office, I heard what I thought to be some local B.B. Band having a try out, and must admit I wished them anywhere but in our Road, but found to my surprise and horror, that the Band was actually in our Playground, and consisted of Bugles, large empty tins, oil drums and dustbin lids. I waited for the 'phone to ring—a neighbour perhaps, voicing no uncertain opinion as to his own personal reaction to such a hullabolo—but all suffered in silence (at least we did not hear of any protest).

I will not go through all the various happenings of the evenings, but I can assure you that there is usually plenty to occupy the minds. The general excuse from one and all when asked about a certain letter that ought to have been written—"Oh, I haven't had time!"

God has graciously supplied the needs of this our Family Circle in sending Staff—Finance—Gifts and as I have already mentioned blessed us spiritually too.

Since October last three ladies have newly joined our Staff—one to take care of the girls of the middle age group; one to help with the very necessary cooking for the family and yet another to look after the good little boys of Orion Dorm. We are now looking forward to two further editions to our Junior Staff in the near future. We thank God for the work that our Staff have done during the past year; to those who held the fort with us during the time we were short staffed and those who have joined us more recently. Thank you. I feel I must here say how much we do value the help and advice given by mother, who still continues in the work. She is a real inspiration! To my wife too, with a heart full I say a big thank you for your selfless, ceaseless service.

May I emphasise here—this is a Calling—not a job. Unless we are called to the Work—not in any general sort of way, but specifically by Him, to this particular field of Service and are willing to follow Him no matter what the 'pathway' may mean, there is no room within the framework of the Family Circle for any without such convictions. You see this is a special task—a privilege which is ours. We have not sacrificed to take up this work—quite honestly I am rather tired of this suggestion often put to one by folk you meet, on the contrary, we have been saved to serve—surely this service should be but the continuation of the thrill of Salvation. It is always gain to us as we serve Christ, truly, completely, faithfully! If the sparkle of the joy has gone out of our Christian service, wherever that may be, then let us urgently look to our relationship to God through Christ Jesus His Son, for always, I repeat **always**, the reason for our unhappiness in christian service, is Self! May God grant us the strength—all of us who belong to Christ, to shake off the shackles of these man-made chains which bind us so much to our human limitations, that we may have, not the spasmodic, but consistent joy of the fully victorious life in Him. This is the tonic the world is needing just now—for every Christian to be the "proof of the pudding", that others may see **Him** in me!

Yes, He is supplying our need of Staff. Thanks are due not only to our residential staff, but to others who kindly give of their time and energy to supplement the staff position. We are very grateful indeed to God for those whom He has called to help in this respect. I feel I must mention the names of Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Gilders, Mrs. Cowling (the wife of one of our old boys) Mr. Crowhurst, and there are others. We are indebted to you for your help given so freely and wholeheartedly.

He has supplied our need financially too—not always in the way, we have expected, sometimes almost contrary, and although at times we may have been at first perhaps mystified by the way

a particular prayer has been answered, as we look back we have to acknowledge the sovereignty and wisdom of God in ALL matters.

May I just give you now as briefly as possible the figures comprising the Income and Expenditure account for the year ending on 30th April just gone, that you may appreciate more fully how God has financed the work through His servants.

(Here the statement—also Deposit account details etc. were given—you will find, them now on pages 60-62).

With the deposit account money we feel that we should make several improvements in the property here at Woodford. We sorely need a self-contained laundry, for washing, drying, airing and ironing. This is under discussion and we should value your prayers. The Playground needs re-ashphalting; extra storage sheds are required (we have actually commenced work on these). Improvements in the bathing facilities would be a distinct advantage. The dining hall needs to be re-planned. We desire to take time to think over and plan these improvements with care. We need to pray about them too!

Materially God has supplied as well; in gifts of food, clothing, toys and such a variety of things that would be impossible to enumerate them all in such a report as this. Actually a great deal of this interesting information you have read in the latest "Links" sent to you only last week. Details that is, up to 31st December last. Since that date too, many have been the gifts received—furniture, sweets, tins of cherries, peaches, calendars, diaries, biscuits, train sets, 24 pairs socks, hand-hemmed handkerchiefs, scrap books, hot cross buns. I must just mention that our hearts have been greatly cheered by the lovely parcels of hand made garments that have come in from working parties. So much love, thought, care and time has been given and we do appreciate and treasure this help tremendously. I must draw your attention also to the happy time of Christmas. How wonderfully all the varied and numerous needs arrived. Toys and gifts came from 46 different places—turkies, sweets, including a box of sweets from one of the "old" boys. Christmas cakes, mince pies, pastries and here again I could continue, but suffice with the sample.

The 25th and 26th December were days just full of joy and happiness for the children (and work for us)—a joy to us too I can assure you, to realise their sense of obvious enjoyment, as we shared our Christmas together here.

Xmas Day

8.15 Breakfast. (The Day was heralded much earlier than this as you can well imagine).

9.30 Carol Service, followed by the opening of parcels. It was always my father's prerogative to give the command 'One—two—three—Open Parcels'. My mother has now taken over this traditional and tensely waited for signal.

12.30 The Christmas Dinner—much anticipation. The decorated tables a delight to see—and here, I must add it was a personal thrill for me to see how magnificently the decorating throughout had been done. A great deal of time and patience by staff, seniors and several outside friends.

3.00 We assembled to listen to the Queen's speech—it is wonderful to gather round the wireless and quietly to listen to our Sovereign in this way, especially because in our time, our monarchs have given rightful place to the "King of Kings".

4.30 Tea—what with the bang of the crackers, the ring of laughter, the incessant excited chatter and general air of real good wholesome fun, our hearts were gladdened to realise that we as a Family were so well supplied.

6.30 A little nativity play—well produced and greatly enjoyed.

Family Prayers. How my father used to love this time. It is following prayers that we say good-night to our younger folk—the 8's and under—off to bed and ready for it too.

For the remainder—games.

9.45 A drink and a bite for the 9-14 year olds and then to bed. No rocking necessary!

10.00 Supper for all over 14 and then games until the early hours of the morning.

When at last there was quiet a great sense of our utter dependence upon God came over me—a great desire to thank Him from a full heart—how good is the God we adore—our faithful, unchangeable friend!

Boxing Day brought with it its own happiness. We had the joy of welcoming many of the 'Old' family—this is indeed the climax to all our endeavours in the work here—to meet, re-new friendship and in so many cases to know of lives given to God for His control.

I quote here—in the usual Annual way, extracts from just a few letters (a good many have been printed in "Links") received during the year:—

From an "Old" girl:—

"It gave me great pleasure to see you again and to meet so many old friends; also I used to love going to the Baptist Church when I was a child. It was to my mind such a cheerful place and such lovely singing—I never hear a gospel hymn now but my mind goes back to South Woodford. It was to me as if I had gone home again after a long long time. I cannot express how I felt about it. Both my sister

and brother said it was the loveliest day they had spent for a long time for it was the first time we had met together since Father was buried in 1928. So it was a double event for us. I hope God willing we shall be able to meet again and see you next year. May God bless you and take care of you". With love and best wishes.

From another "Old" girl:—

"Sorry I haven't written to you before now, tho' I don't write you are always mentioned in my prayers. Many thanks for the 'Links'—it brought back many pleasant memories. We hope to see you on Saturday. God bless you all. Yours affectionately".

From another "Old" girl:—

"Thank you so much for your welcome and loving letter. I was so pleased to hear from you. I have been wondering how you have been getting on. I hope you all enjoyed your Christmas, although I know you must have missed dear Mr. White so much. (Then goes on news about her daughter and grandson!) Have you heard from Australia lately. I hope you do still hear. (An old girl and boy now married are out there)—Harry is well and still doing a bit of wood turning. He goes out preaching weekends sometimes. My love to all. God bless you all. Ever yours lovingly."

From an "Old" boy—(written only this week):—

"We were all so looking forward to seeing you all once again at your Annual celebrations, but owing to the loss of one of our family we shall not be able to attend, although I'm still hoping that perhaps one of us may get along.

Dad, who you know, suffered with heart trouble, on Monday last at 1.45 collapsed and passed away, quickly and peacefully. It will be a great loss, but in bereavement should like to think how you were so strong in your bereavement. It seems a pity after years of struggle for him, but God's will be done.

I can never thank you enough for your good work shown to us in the past years. God bless you all. Love from our family".—(Our prayers go out to them at this time. We miss the father to-day; he never missed "Our Day").

From an "Old" girl:—

"I really had to write to you thanking you for the Links. I hope you all had a happy Christmas. I got engaged on Boxing Day and I'm very happy. I will let you know when I get married. You must come to the wedding. (Then follows news of other members of her family who were once with us). I really must close now. Thanking you for everything. With my love."

Already the time has slipped by. I must close. More details, perhaps in Diary form this evening. May I end with these few thoughts.

Thank you—all who have been our Prayer Partners throughout the year just past. How much we are encouraged by the realisation that you are with us, in thought, and bearing us up before God. We need this strengthening, for so very often we feel weak and utterly incompetent to tackle the work He has for us here. God bless you for your intercessory prayer on our behalf. Thank you too, all who have sent along a gift to further on the work. How uplifting have been the numerous letters received—the widows's mite the larger gift. We do thank the givers and praise the Lord!"

Thank you also—for coming here today. I trust that you will stay with us for the evening gathering. Again, we shall praise God, for after all, the main object of our meeting like this is to Praise Him. He has been with us all through the 12 months behind—meeting all the needs and it is indeed meet and right that we should have fellowship in this way and unitedly render our due thanks.

To our organist, our pianist, the ladies of the Church here who have been preparing the tea (I trust); The Revd. H. J. L. Hunter, deacons and members of the Church for the loan quite freely of the whole premises; to Dr. Smith representing Dr. Mathie and Dr. Baker, for your help today and through the year, to Mr. Ling our Chairman; Rev. Cyril Chilvers our Speaker—to one and all—thank you for your presence and may God bless your service given to Him here this Day.

To my family, thank you for all the work you have put in—it is "Our Day"—it couldn't be without you! God bless you. We've had a grand year haven't we!

* * *

THE REV. C. H. CHILVERS gave the following message:—

Mr. Ling, Christian Friends and the Family,

I do want to take the opportunity first of all of thanking those who so kindly invited me to share in the day that is yours today. I am trying to remember when I first heard about the family—I cannot remember. I have got an indifferent memory but I know it was a very, very long while ago and when the invitation came to be here this afternoon I was glad to take it.

I am grateful to be here and I do want to wish the Home and all concerned with the family, from the bottom of my heart, God's richest blessing in the year upon which you now enter. Between you and me I am not very keen on listening to reports and I dislike giving them. I have to listen to Secretaries' and Treasurers' Reports; and I have a very real admiration for those

who give them, but the report given this afternoon was just wonderful! In it there was the acknowledgment of the goodness of the Lord and evidently this is a Home that has at its centre a very real acknowledgment of the love of Christ—that is what makes a home. Any home without Christ at the heart and the centre is not a complete home. There is a family altar in this home and the whole life centres around the Word of God so it is no wonder to me that through another year the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich and to which no sorrow is added has been manifest and I shall join with you, as I know you will be praying, that what God has done in the past He will do again and more in the future.

The word I wish to bring to you all this afternoon, workers, prayer partners and all those who really are behind this wonderful family, as well as the children themselves, is from a very familiar passage of Scripture. One of the loveliest things, I think, in the Gospels is the way that the Lord Jesus spoke of Himself as a Shepherd. Believe it or not, before I was a missionary I was a shepherd—very hard work! You spend hours and hours a day "just leaning and chewing a bit of grass". Of course, it was very hard work so I went and became a missionary. But, you know, often enough when I was out on the mission field I used to thank God that I had been a shepherd because it meant that for a long while down in the heart of Suffolk I had been getting to know quite a bit about 'silly sheep', and then I was learning a lot more about another sort of "silly sheep". Believe it or not, they have got a great deal in common! Well, the Word of God says "All we like sheep have gone astray"; it says that we are like silly sheep. We turn everyone to our own way and the Lord hath laid on Him, the Lord Jesus, the Good Shepherd, the iniquity of us all. You know it is a wonderful thing to be a shepherd and it is a wonderful thing to know a good shepherd and I am sure you girls and boys will be familiar with the passages of God's Word that tell of the wonderful care and love of the Shepherd for the sheep, and perhaps very especially for the lambs.

You remember that after the Resurrection Jesus talked to the disciples one morning after they had had a wretched night fishing. They had caught nothing and were tired and weary and He prepared breakfast for them and said very little to them until they had eaten. He then turned to Peter and He said, "Oh, Peter, are you really devoted to Me?" And Peter said, "Why, Lord, you know everything about me. You know I love You." Jesus said to him, "Feed my lambs". I believe the first concern of the Lord Jesus as a Good Shepherd is for the lambs. A very wise Shepherd, a Good Shepherd is the Lord Jesus and so you will understand why I have chosen as my text this afternoon just this: "What do you think if a man have a hundred sheep and one of them had gone astray, does He not leave the ninety and nine and go into the mountains and seek that which has gone astray?" In

St. Luke's Gospel he says, "He leaves the ninety and nine and goes and looks until He find it." As I was reading that—I have read it so many times, haven't you?—it suddenly came to me that the Lord is prepared to leave the ninety and nine and spend all His energy, His tireless energy, in a persistent search for one silly sheep, for one little lamb. I wonder sometimes what the ninety and nine thought about it, for I think they have a counterpart that we all know full well. They sometimes imagine that the time spent and the energy expended in looking for a few lambs, if it is not wasted it is a bit overdone. I remember a complaint was made by a Church concerning a friend of mine. They said to me, "One thing we have against our man is this, that he seems all out for the youth and the young people." Of course, I just said, "Dear me!" but I thought, Good for him, and why not?

The Lord Jesus says that the ninety and nine are safe, they are very safe. His concern was for the one that, if He did not leave the ninety and nine, would be lost, and whether we like it or not, on balance, the Lord says, put this wilful, silly, deliberately disobedient lamb over against the ninety and nine—and the scale comes down somehow in favour of the lost lamb and over the hills and down through the valleys, leaving the blood marks of his footprints the Shepherd goes to seek the one that is lost. You know He was talking about children when He spoke like this. He had called a lad and stood him in the midst of those that were listening to Him. It was a crowd with the child in the midst and He used the lad as His text and He went on, still speaking about His little ones when He said this, that He was prepared to leave the ninety and nine in order that He might go and find the one that was lost. Oh! the joy of His Heart when at last He found the sheep that was lost; with what tenderness He would pick it up and put it across His Shoulders and bring it back. As He approached the fold He would call his friends to rejoice with Him, "I have found My sheep that was lost". I expect the other ewes and the rams, so very smug would crane their necks through the hurdle and say, "Lot of fuss, baa! lot of fuss!" They were always so correct! You see, the Lord said they were the righteous and He really did not come to seek out the righteous, they did not need any seeking; they were there. But He did come to seek that which was lost.

My dear friends, you are bound together in a wonderful fellowship, a prayer fellowship, that stands solid behind the years, you are devoting your time and your strength for the sake of the lambs in the fold of the Lord Jesus and you are with them in this way because you realise in the eyes of God it is a priority task. Jesus put a boy in the midst; that is the place reserved for Jesus; He was in the midst when they crucified Him, one on the left hand and one on the right, and I believe that up in the Glory in the midst of all those angelic hosts, those unfallen beings that have never sinned, and amongst all the redeemed of the Lord

who have won through to their everlasting rest, in the midst there will be the children surrounding the Throne—those who were the lambs in the fold of the Master. What a wonderful work is ours, and yet what is it that the Lord would say to us using these little ones as His text? He says that any worker amongst children must have the heart of a child, otherwise you cause the children to stumble. It is a great gift to be able to see things and look out upon the world through the eyes of a child, yet if you and I are ever going to win girls and boys to Jesus we have got to do just that. For the difficulty lies just here, that it is almost humiliating to have to get right down and look out upon the grown-up world through a child's eyes. The Word of God says that you never understand the love of God and the heart of Christ until you look at Him with the eyes of a child. You have got to become like a child, said Jesus, before ever you can enter into the Kingdom. Yes, in the midst, a child—imperfect, simple and submissive, that is the child; subject to discipline, plastic in the hands of the Creator. The Lord says to us, who are often so obsessed with our airs of superiority, "Unless you become plastic, submissive to My Will, yielding to My discipline, you can never enter into the Glory of My Kingdom". Oh! to have and to keep through life the heart of a child, for after all, however old we are and however grown up in our own eyes, in the eyes of God we are but His Children, subject often to tantrums, often so self-assertive, often so rebellious against discipline,—but His children. His children, and do we not all acknowledge that when we bow together and pray the prayer of that world wide family that begins, "Our Father".

My dear friends, it is worth repeating over and over again this which the Lord says, that the Shepherd is prepared to leave in the fold the ninety and nine, that with all the passion and love of His Heart, with all the self-giving of which His Heart is capable, He may go out to seek and to win the little one, the odd one, the unwanted one, the child that has gone astray. Some of the most stern words that ever fell from the lips of the Master were concerning those who caused His little ones to stumble. Listen to what He says: "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea". His life has ceased to have any meaning, his life is worse than useless if he has allowed himself to put a stumbling stone in the pathway of some innocent child. I believe God is unaltering in that today; I believe all His anger is poured out upon the man and the woman who deliberately becomes the occasion of stumbling to some child. Sometimes I turn the pages of my newspaper and read the sordid details of these cases—they are far too familiar—some man or woman, through neglect or through some perversion, has been the cause of the stumbling, perhaps the ruin of some young life. Whatever punishment may

be meted out by the law what judgment yet awaits the man or woman who has thus caused one of God's little ones to miss the way?

The Lord as the Good Shepherd says that He has gone to find that which was lost, the lambs that have strayed away, the sheep that nibbled its way through the hedge and wandered away and lost itself. He is prepared to leave the ninety and nine that He may regain that life which was lost. Perhaps it is time we realised that every man and woman outside of the Kingdom of God is lost; that every boy and girl who does not know the Lord Jesus as Saviour is lost. Lost to the great family of God, and if you have any love in your heart for the Lord Jesus then you must surely share the passion of His Heart that these may be brought into the family circle and so be won back to Himself. Jesus went to the Cross and there on the Cross He shed His Blood from sin to set boys and girls free. He does it, and in this Home, in this family circle, there are those who in young and tender years have looked into the Face of Jesus and their hearts have gone out to Him, and the first love of their lives has been given to Christ. I think you can see it if you have eyes to see. You can hear it if you have ears to hear and hearts to understand, and as I have been sitting here, listening and watching, my heart has throbbed with a new joy as I have realised how happy the angels must be in the Father's Home, as looking down upon this family today they are seeing this one and that one, now safe in the Fold, in the care and love of the Good Shepherd. This is work that any angel might envy. Jesus said that to sin against a little one is to sin against God the Father, and God the Son and against the angels". For every boy and every girl has their own guardian angel who is always beholding, said Jesus, the face of My Father in Heaven. You little ones, Jesus has got a special angel for each of you; he keeps one eye on the Father in Heaven and another eye on you. When I was a small boy at home we used to have a picture on the wall;—of two children crossing a dark ravine over a very slender bridge. I expect there are others here who know it. You would think they would fall but they are walking quite fearlessly and over and above them there is the form of an angel keeping them from falling as they cross the bridge. It is an old picture, but how true it is! Such is the love of God that He keeps a whole regiment of angelic beings whose sole purpose is to take special care of the little ones so dear to the heart of God.

My dear friends, as you stand with our friends whose lives are spent so devotedly in this work, as you stand with them as their prayer partners, you are allied with all Heaven itself! You are standing with the angels in their special ministry, yes and more! You are standing with Christ in the work that He came to do, of finding the lambs and the lost sheep, bringing them back to the Fold.

"Mine are the hands to do the work; my feet shall run for Him". For Christ has no hands but my hands and your hands, no feet but our feet to go out into the highways and the byways, over the hills and down the valleys to seek until we find the lambs for whom Christ died on Calvary.

I beg of you be not weary in well-doing, toil on and in your toil rejoice; pray on night and day that through your prayers and through your gifts and the loving devotion of the lives of our friends here, His lambs, might come to know the voice of the Shepherd Who, when He leadeth them out, goeth before them and Who knows them each one by their name.

God bless you and upon this work may the sun never set.

Amen.



A few of the family.

EVENING MEETING OF "OUR DAY"

Mr. JAMES STOKES, a Trustee, took the chair.

THE REV. H. J. L. HUNTER, Minister of the Baptist Church in which the Gatherings were held spoke as follows:—

Mr. Chairman, My dear friends,

It is always a great pleasure and privilege of this Church to have Mr. White's annual meeting here. We feel it a great honour indeed, and as the children were singing and repeating the Ten Commandments that they knew so well, it made me think of a few years ago when we took a stand against the Sunday Cinema people who wanted to desecrate the Lord's Day. What a great testimony it was for these young people—another generation of course—marching through Woodford with their banners! A man was speaking to me the other day—I think he felt very shabby about it, very much ashamed, because he was one that stood for the cinemas to be opened on Sunday.

These young people are brought up in the right spiritual atmosphere, and Mr. White's work is linked up in a very real way with Harringay. They have been organising bus parties, encouraging their neighbours to go down and hear Dr. Graham and his Gospel team, and they have been taking part, too, as stewards, some of the older ones, and in the choir. They have been playing a very real part as prayer partners and as witnesses. You know, Mr. Chairman, I like the words "Children's Home and Mission". Mr. White, of course, could not be divorced from the Mission. It must be evangelistic, it must be a witness. The other day down at the Headquarters at Holborn, one of the American team said to me, "Mr. Hunter, what kind of a work is this Mr. White's home in Woodford?" Well, they have heard about it because some of the boys and girls have given their heart to the Saviour; they have been won for Christ down there, and that is a blessed thing. I was able to tell him a little bit and about the prayer that is going up and the activity in bringing the friends.

Harringay will soon only be a memory—only a few weeks—but it is going to be a golden memory with the young people here. Perhaps old timers here might be able to look back dimly and think, Well, we have heard of Mr. Moody and, as children, might have seen Mr. Moody; there are others, perhaps, who saw Chapman and Alexander or some of our great evangelists, but these young people, it will live in their memories—that great crowded arena of Harringay and of men and women coming to the Saviour, a great spiritual revival. I believe, Mr. Chairman, we will have leaders in Gospel work in the future with some of these boys and girls blazing a trail for Christ. Yes, the work is indeed linked up with Harringay. I know the boys and girls will be praying for our Sunday School Mission here commencing on Tuesday and praying for the Tent Campaign at Broadmead and praying for the Radio Campaign in Greater Essex.

Report given at the evening meeting by MR. VICTOR WHITE:—

Before commencing my Report I must mention that I have been handed several gifts, amongst them a cheque of £100—praise God!

It has been so thrilling also to meet so many of the "Old Family"—three who haven't been back to us since they left—20 years ago—God bless you ALL!

What a happy and blessed time we experienced this afternoon—the Lord was indeed with us. We know too that He is with us now and my earnest prayer is, that we shall receive such a blessing tonight that none shall leave this Church without a sure knowledge that Christ is their personal Saviour and Friend, and that we shall all realise the great fact, that God is able to supply all needs, according to His riches in Glory, once we are in His Family.

I did say this afternoon that my evening report would be in the form of a Diary—yes, I feel that this is the best way to put over to you, the uniqueness of the daily happenings within the Home itself. One is so apt to forget some of the little apparently insignificant things which take place day by day, and yet how vital they are to the completion of the picture which we shall one day see. Of necessity the "Diary" must be very abbreviated.

In view of the fact that most of us gathered here have no doubt received the latest Report sent out last week (if you haven't had one, there are some in the Lobby of the Church—please take one as you leave—) I shall not go back to the beginning of the financial year, 1st May, 1953, but take up the story from the first January this year.

January, 1954.

- 1st The post was opened to show four gifts to the work here, £250; 10/-; 10/- and £1. What a lovely start to the year—our hearts are full again—there is a humbling experience too. God alone can supply the things He knows are necessary. We must just look to Him only to be in keeping with the three original aims of the C.H. & M., the middle one of which is "To prove that God is alive, by appealing to Him only for ALL needs". What a testimony to His faithfulness—over 54 years!
- 2nd More financial help in the form of further gifts; £1; £1; £1 5s. 0d.; £2 and 18/-. One of these gifts came in the form of a Covenant Gift—the donor having arranged to send along the same amount for 7 years, the appropriate form is completed and eventually a Tax Rebate is recovered from the Government amounting to almost the original gift. Thus a gift of £2 becomes nearly £4. I just mention this, for I am often asked about the advantages of this scheme.

Although **Christmas and Boxing Days** are now gradually receding into the dim distant land of history, the children are still at home from school. These holidays appear to be ever increasing. However, many parties are planned by different folk, apart from other activities arranged within the family, so that there is plenty to occupy during the school break. This of course, rather aptly describes the Staff experience too!

A large tin of sweets arrived later in the day as a gift from a friend in Romford.

3rd A Sunday. It is our custom to attend here on Sunday mornings, and for Bible Class and Sunday School in the afternoon. We do try to transport by car and van as many of the younger ones to Abridge for the morning service as possible, and also for the Primary at 3 p.m. Again, too, we make an effort to get as many down to our Abridge Chapel for the 6.30 p.m. Service. When we have a special meeting, as for instance the Easter week-end just passed, then we go down, en bloc.

5th One lad gave his heart to the Lord! What a joy!

6th 1 tin of honey from friends in Buckinghamshire Gifts totalling £7 4s. 0.

7th Children return to school. Little can one realise the great sense of peace experienced by Staff! One might say experiencing is believing! Many of the children too are keen to get back to work again, but there are still those who could go on for ever—at home!

Received from Abbots Langley, 1 tin of cherries, 1 tin peaches, 1 tin peas, 1 tin beans.

8th A trip, organised by local lady friends, to Harringay Circus.

13th Our Monthly Prayer Meeting—a small gathering of local Christian friends. We meet to look back over the happenings of the past month and to give thanks to God for his provision. We pray too, for guidance and blessing upon the venture of the New Month. On this occasion we were happy to welcome as our guest speaker the Rev. W. White of Grove Road Evangelical Free Church. May I add here we should be delighted to have fellowship with you each month in this informal way! **The second Wednesday in each month!** £10 18s. 0d. received today from 5 places.

16th A visit to the Muswell Hill Baptist Y.P.F. My wife, self, with two of the staff and seniors. A very happy and blessed evening. It was a real joy to see our "own" desiring to testify, in song and word to their precious experience of the love of Christ in their hearts. Returned much strengthened by this and also through the warm fellowship with other keen Christians. The Lord blessed that time undoubtedly.

20th One of the 'old' lads called in to spend time with us before his call-up. We are always very happy to welcome at home those who spent so much of their childhood time with us.

23rd A social evening in our Hall. The friends and neighbours of Waverley Road (adjoining our Crescent Road property) were invited to share an evening with us. A good crowd came along, and for myself, I enjoyed every minute of it, and not least of all the realisation that, as close neighbours, we were getting together in this happy atmosphere. I'm sure father would have revelled in it. Speaking for the family, we sincerely trust that this will now be an Annual Event! Thanks due to the neighbours too for their very happy and keen co-operation in helping to make the time the success it was. Of course, we finished with our usual family prayers, giving our friends a brief glimpse of God's faithfulness in His dealings with the Home.

26th Welcomed two new members to our family. We now have 54 ranging from 5—19. As mentioned in my first report, my reckoning that 60 was our maximum when reporting here last year, was without allowing for additional necessary staff. Three young folk have left us within the past two weeks. We now have 31 boys and 23 girls (At least I should say boys, young men, girls and ladies!) 800 lads and lassies have now spent most or part of their childhood with us and are scattered all over the country, some overseas in America, Canada and Australia. We do very often hear from them—this cheers us greatly.

30th A very happy afternoon and evening, organised by a group of young Christians from a Church in Chingford. Plenty of fun and games—lots to eat—all brought to the climax as we spent a few minutes together at the close of the evening, listening to a Bible Story with short explanation and prayer.

The first month of 1954 came rapidly to a close—how quickly goes the time. We thank God for His goodness as we look back. Gifts for this month totalled £550 19s. 11.

February

1st There was the privilege for one of the staff to speak at West Ham Sisterhood. As mentioned this afternoon, many are the opportunities afforded to us as staff to tell of the Faithfulness of our God to this Work and proclaim the message of Salvation through Jesus Christ, and we do feel that we should where possible accept these invitations.

2nd Tuesday evening the Home seems like a beehive:—Everybody doing something. A friend calls to take the little ones with various handcrafts; another winsome friend arrives to take an art class. His charm produces a cup of

tea immediately and then he rounds up his pupils and gives able instruction. Another friend takes music lessons and sometimes choir practice. Two more friends call to cut the boys' hair. Some of the girls go over to a neighbour for dress-making instruction. Lastly and old boy, with his fiancé, comes to run the badminton club which this winter has progressed very satisfactorily.

6th The "Aunties" great friends of the work for many years, came along to give the girls a party. We do thank God for their real live interest in the C.H. & M., and for their personal contact not only with the lassies who are now in our care, but also keeping in touch with the girls who have left. A very helpful and vital piece of work.

The boys came along with me to a C.E. party given at Epping Congregational Church.

All the Seniors attended a Bible Class party here. A day of parties—all very much enjoyed.

7th Had the joy of taking the evening service at Abridge, our little Chapel. Some of the folk are here with us to-day. This is as we have said already—"Our Day" and the celebrations would not be complete without a contingent from Abridge. There are tremendous possibilities in this village. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert with other stalwarts have carried on through yet another year. We have had much blessing to encourage us—4 baptisms since last December. Two of our young people from here and two from Abridge. We are grateful for the help given to the work of the women folk at their Bright Hour—mending the clothes. They know something of the definition of a hole given by a young lad once—"space with something round it!" God bless you for this help.

We are endeavouring to spend more time at Abridge now that we have not the responsibility of Tiptree and as the Lord opens up the way for additional help here, so we shall be able to take more active part in the spreading of the gospel. We have managed to visit the village house by house quite recently and all told were privileged to take up nearly 3 coach loads to Harringay Crusade Meetings, from Abridge.

8th A local hairdresser arranged for the girls to pop along to her saloon to have their hair cut. This is a unique way to help us, but very necessary!

10th Prayer Meeting Day again. We have much to thank and ask Him for!

Some of the children went down to Abridge for the Young Sowers' League Meeting. (A Branch of the Scripture Gift Mission). We have transferred our meeting to Abridge and take down from Woodford here as many as we can pack into our car and van. I must not say

too much about the numbers for fear of reprimand from Mr. Stokes who knows the ins and outs of insurance for the vehicles. I do feel this is an important meeting as the children turn to God's Word and search the Scriptures and then actively help to further the work for God overseas. We are interested mainly in Mr. and Mrs. Davey in Congo, and Rev. S. Cooke in Burma.

Received today £6 from the Boot Fund—this started years ago and has continued right up to now. In addition a further £12 from the Pound Day—both from Shoebury-ness. We are grateful to these "Old faithful friends". It is a strength to know that there are those who undaunted by the circumstances around, stick to their guns—a very great asset this today—we see so little of it! Consistency, is surely a necessary Christian attribute if we are going to do anything worth while for our Master.

12th Fire practise for the Staff—no not lighting fires—you know, Fire Drill etc. We are bound by Home Office regulations to keep up to scratch in this respect. A wise measure one does most certainly feel, although I must admit that time flies so quickly that often we are behind schedule. The staff one by one (having seen that the Longworth Escape supported Mr. Olney) descended from the top floor to terra firma on the playground likewise.

16th The badminton Club met again. This has been the usual routine throughout the winter months up to and including last Tuesday week. One or two of the 'old ones' from the family pop home for this and the evening is much enjoyed by those able to join the Club—having reached Club standard of play. As already mentioned the play has improved tremendously and when we broke up for the summer period, we did discuss the possibility of having a combined badminton and table tennis club every Tuesday in the Autumn. We always finish with a short epilogue. and once or twice outside friends have given a word.

24th Peggy left us after nearly 10 years in our care. She is now a child's nurse in a home in Kensington. We do miss her and all our young folk as their turn comes to leave—her going was cheerful and bright as she said, "I'll see you again on Friday". We are comforted to realise that she knows the Lord as her personal Saviour—this will of course be the vital experience of her life.

During the month of February we have received £225 5s. 8d.

March

1st Children commence three days "Spring" half term holiday. There was snow on the ground! Provided much fun and amusement.

This was the first evening of the Greater London Crusade at Harringay. Some of our Staff and seniors have helped in the choir whenever possible and the lads have been stewarding. You see here today—they are expert!

We have prayed for many months for this Crusade and we expected blessing—and as you know—there has been blessing.

A friend has come in some evenings to help put the little ones to bed so that members of the staff can occasionally slip away to take part at Harringay.

2nd 6 boxes of cheese were handed in at the door by a neighbour. Three boys were taken by friends to London to visit places of interest and apparently to enjoy some luscious food.

Some of the Members of the badminton club visited neighbouring houses to enlist folk on our coach for Harringay.

5th Peggy called today as promised. Very happy in her new job. From her first earnings she brought us some daffodils. What a sweet thought. Quite often the older ones, when sometimes we might be feeling a little tired and overburdened, bring in a bunch of flowers, or offer us chocolates, and I don't think they realise just how much these little acts cheer us on our way!

6th A young girl who hopes to join us on our Junior Staff called to have a look round.

It is amazing how God guides and confirms his guidance. We have felt for some time that it would be better in most instances for girls leaving school to have the opportunity to start out in jobs straight away, and the Home Office felt the same way too. Accordingly we prayed—and one by one openings for the girls have come along. At the same time applications have come from two young girls just leaving school who want to join us in full time service for their Lord and Master.

8th Several older children went to Harringay. Actually there have only been one or two evenings since the campaign started when there hasn't been someone representing us at Harringay. We have had a news bulletin each morning and have continued in prayer for strength to be given to those conducting the Campaign and for God's blessing in all things.

9th Opportunities to witness at Meetings have occurred nearly every day this week.

In the evening our first coach went to Harringay with neighbours. All were very impressed and surprised and we feel are drawing closer to the gospel message. We shall keep in contact with these folk and try to get them along again.

11th The Estate car arrived—Hillman 10. Another answer to prayer on wheels to replace the well loved DGP 61 which has performed very noble service in the C.H. & M. for a very long time. We feel that God made it possible for us to purchase this very suitable vehicle for the work just when we are endeavouring to support the Abridge Services more ably.

13th Had a happy hour at 10.30 p.m. when some of the Seniors arrived back from Harringay.

14th One of our Senior lads was baptised at Abridge. He very clearly gave his testimony of how he came to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, and His witness was a help to others.

As a staff we held a Communion Service in the staff room. It is not easy when we are at services with the children to stay behind for this, and so we felt that on the second Sunday in each month we would have our own time of fellowship around the Lord's Table.

Just before we retired for bed, one of the Senior girls popped in for a chat and said she felt she too would like to follow her Lord and Saviour through the waters of baptism.

15th Received gift of £1 for the staff. Also, £4 18s. 0d. and £1 from other sources. We praise God for every token we receive through His servants.

16th Another important event which happens most Tuesday evenings is that two children pop along to let Mr. Stephen Smith look at their teeth—occasionally he has to do more than look! We thank Mr. Smith, and his partner, Mr. Aldridge who inspects two children on Thursday evenings.

18th A coach load of folk from Abridge went to Harringay.

20th Most of the children went off to Harringay Stadium to the children's meeting at which Roy Rogers was to speak. A coach was very kindly provided by a friend.

The rest of us went over to the Meldrum S.S. Anniversary—the Sunday School started by our two "Aunties".

21st One of the girls left us to take up residential work in a local hospital. One of the staff went to speak at the Meldrum continuation services. This is an amazing S.S. An old co-operative hall—has to be swept before it can be used, but what blessing inside when the Sunday School which started nine years ago with four children in a drawing room on the Dagenham Estate, now has to be held in two sessions of over 100 children each time. And there is a long waiting list. The helpers are those who have grown up in the Sunday School.

We do pray very especially for this great work and feel honoured to have a share in it.

Today we held the 29th Anniversary of the Abridge Church.

and Mr. Stokes very kindly came right over from Haywards Heath to be our Speaker. It was a very happy time.

24th 24 pots of honey arrived from Chelmsford.

One of the Seniors came and chatted to us about her desire to go into full time christian service. This was a delight to us and together we are praying that He will show her the pathway He desires her to follow.

25th Every Thursday for many weeks a local lady has popped in to help us with the ironing. Her cheery self and her practical help bring rays of encouragement to all the staff. Our friend very definitely feels that this a work for the Lord. Three of our family gave their hearts to the Lord Jesus—at Harringay.

26th Most of the children in the intermediate Department of the Abridge Sunday School sat for the Scripture Examination. Some of the staff tonight and on other occasions attended "nights of prayer". What an inspiration to be at prayer with folk from many denominations all urgently praying with one purpose. Read the effect of such prayer meetings in the Acts of the Apostles!

29th Collected milk from Chigwell. We are grateful to the friends who have consistently helped us in this way. A representative called to repair our Washing Machine. It's hard not to be gloomy in our laundry when the washing machine goes wrong!

Some furniture, including very nice dressing table and wardrobe was collected from Chingford. Just what we need for one of the smaller bedrooms that is soon to be redecorated!

31st Our young people went to the Woodford Congregational Church to play badminton and table tennis. A very happy evening.

During the month £310 18s. 11d. has been received in money.

April

2nd

Very often on Fridays the wife of one of our old boys pops in to do the cooking and she usually prepares something nice for the weekend. This relief is a help to us as the one who usually copes, has her day off, and other members of the staff don't have to leave their usual work to fill the gap.

In talking of part-time help—I ought to thank Mrs. Gilbert for all she does and others too. She pops in most days and doesn't sit still for a moment!

Received anon:—70-lb. (approx.) loose Vim. 24 canisters Vim and 50-lbs. Soap Powder. Very useful!

6th A lady from Ilford came to help with some typing. Just at the right time with the envelopes for the "Links" to be done. Another young local friend also offered to help in this way.

9th Most Friday evenings the girls have P.T. taken by a friend from Chingford. First of all the little ones have their turn and then the Seniors follow. We are looking forward to a very good turn-out in July when we hope to have a display.

13th Two more coach loads went off to Harringay from Crescent Road. Previous to this evening there had been house to house visiting to get neighbours to come along. On the preceding evening three more of our children decided to accept the Lord Jesus as Saviour and friend.

14th Margaret, arrived back from her residential school to spend the holidays with us. Mary went down with a friend to Cornwall for a working holiday. She apparently enjoyed this very much.

Children all break up for Easter holidays.

16th Following phone calls during the week, three of the old boys arrived from different parts to spend Easter with us. Their arrival helped to stimulate a lively and happy atmosphere over the weekend.

17th 6 trays of hot cross buns arrived.

18th **Easter Sunday.** A phone call at 10 a.m. from an "old" girl's husband announced the arrival of a baby daughter at 8 a.m. Great excitement as the news flashed through the Home. The children who went down to the Primary at Abridge stayed with some of the staff for tea and the remainder of us in relays arrived down in time for the evening service. We had a choir for this special occasion and following the usual service we held a baptismal service. The address was given by a German friend on vacation from the B.T.I. Glasgow.

19th **Easter Monday.** All the 9's and overs joined with the Abridge young folk for a ramble. A kind friend provided a cup of tea for everybody at Stapleford and on arrival back in Abridge friends who hadn't felt energetic enough for rambling had prepared adequate tea which was devoured with relish. Following tea there was a time of community hymn singing in the Church.

A lovely parcel arrived today—one of many that have come during the year—containing beautifully made garments for the children.

20th Like all young folk, ours have their love affairs. Today and on other occasions we had chats endeavouring to help those who are looking forward to future happiness with God's chosen partner for them.

23rd Two children returned home because of improved circumstances.

24th Four of our children attending Harringay meetings, gave their lives to Christ.

25th At 8.15 had community singing in our hall. We have been having a sing-song like this once a month, inviting neighbours and friends. They have been appreciated and

as time goes on, will, we trust be a blessing spiritually to those who join in.

26th From Norfolk some parcels of good secondhand clothes. From an old lady—40 hand hemmed handkerchiefs.

29th Had practise for the hymns we have been singing to you to-day. Much work has gone into this and I know you would like me to thank the young folk for their part. At family prayers in the morning we have been learning the scriptures.

Received today 6 pairs socks from Harrow.

My wife travelled to North Devon to arrange residential jobs for two of the Seniors who will be leaving us next Monday.

30th We have received altogether this month £249 4s. 5d. The end of our financial year so here I will give you briefly the Payments and Receipt Account for the year just closed—30th April last (on page 62).

As I mentioned this afternoon, there are many things we desire to do to improve the buildings here at Woodford and we are praying for His guidance and also seeking to find out the best way to do them. The money in the Deposit account will be used for this purpose.

Again time must interrupt—there is so much more that could be said to prove the reality of God—the power of God—the love of God to this His Work. Is He your God, do you love Him? As a little boy once said, surely if the people understood what He had done for them, they must love Him—that is it!

Friends, thank you all for coming—for your prayers, your support—to Mr. Strokes and all our Trustees, to Mr. Hunter and members of the church. (The ladies for your valuable help) to Mr. Easton—all who have helped in so many ways—it is impossible to name all. Each year when reading through my report, I think of things I should have mentioned—people I ought to have thanked—God bless you everyone.

Continue to pray—these are the latter days—Satan is busy—we as Christians must be extra busy too! We desire that all our young folk may know Him—so much He can do with a Life given wholly to Him.

We look forward to this New Year with confidence—in Him! He Who never fails—the way is unknown to us, but known to Him, there may be problems for us, but not for Him—He is the complete God.

I would bring my report to a close by reading a letter received yesterday:—

From Newport, Isle of Wight.

Very many thanks for sending me the Links and the book mark, reminding me of the Annual Gatherings on Saturday, May 8th. I have been looking forward to coming up to see you all again this

year, but feel very disappointed as I am not now well enough to come. I shall be thinking of you all on Saturday and praying that you will have a fine Day—a Day of great blessing and that many souls may be won through the singing of the children, the messages or the hearing of the happenings about the work in the Report. I still think of the time I was with you all many years ago now—I shall never forget those years—how I found the Saviour and in Him a Friend in time of need, sorrow and sickness. I never forget to pray for the Homes—the Staff and children each night and each morning.

I must tell you that I brought up my three children to go to Sunday School and when they were older to Bible Class. They have not found the saviour yet—please do pray for them, that they may know the Master. I do notice now though that they send their children to Sunday School. I must close now—please remember me to any of the 'Old Boys and girls,' I knew whilst with you. Please accept the little gift I enclose with best wishes from my husband and me—hoping you are all keeping well, love from, Still one of your 'Old Girls' and husband.

To all 'Old Boys and Girls' here—it is grand to have you with us—the Lord bless you.

I do feel that I have failed to cover so much—the numerous answer to prayer—countless blessings and so on, but already I have overstepped the mark of time—God does know, for we are always telling Him, how grateful we are to Him and his, as daily our needs are met. To all, in closing, I will say—**Pray on!**



Off to Boys' Brigade Camp—7 a.m.
on a Saturday morning.

The closing address of "OUR DAY" given by the REV. F. H. EASTON:—

It is a great privilege to be here. I consider I am greatly honoured in being invited to come and share in this very happy 54th birthday party. Many happy returns of the day, boys and girls, and older people too. Thank you, Mr. Chairman, thank you, Mr. White.

Now before we turn for a few moments to the Word of God, shall we bow our heads in a Word of Prayer.

I want to begin by telling you a little story. It is a true story, it comes out of the Bible so it must be true. I have enjoyed your singing and reciting—I am simply thrilled with it. I could have sat there all day and all night listening to you. Well now, you have got to listen to me for a few moments, to the story of a man who was in his tent alone at night by the riverside. He was quite alone, he had sent his family right over the river and his servants, and all his goods—he was a very rich man—and all his cattle and animals. He just waited alone in his tent one dark night and suddenly, out of the darkness, a man sprang at him, put his arms round him and began wrestling with him. I wonder if you boys ever do any wrestling? I used to when I was a boy—I am too fat now. Well this man had not come to harm him, this man who had attacked him; he had come to bless him but unfortunately this man did not want to be blessed very much and he resisted him and, do you know, the person who came to wrestle with this lonely man that dark night was none other than the Lord Himself, and He wanted to bless this man and He asked him a question. It was a very curious question; it was a question you might often have asked of you; it was just these four little words: "What is your name?" If I were to go round all the boys and girls and all the grown-ups we would get some different names, Johns, Thomases, Marys and Susans. This man, he was very honest anyway, as soon as the question came, What is your name? he gave the answer: "Mr. Twister" and he was a twister! He was a sneak, he was a liar, he was dishonest, and I think that name in the Bible which we call Jacob really means just that—twister—and then God said this to Mr. Twister: "I give you a promise that I am going to change your name. I know you are a liar, I know you are a cheat, I know you deceived your poor, blind old father and cheated your brother and ran away from mother—I know all about it—you are a twister, you have always been a twister but I am going to change your name and I am going to do that because I am going to change you, and I am going to call you Mr. Victor—somebody who is going to get a victory over lying and cheating, uncleanness and disobedience and unbelief", and from that time God gave Jacob, the old twister, a new name.

Now I have brought some boys and girls with me from Teddington and I am going to introduce them and ask them what

their names are. I will have a little chat about them and I would not be surprised if you do not recognise yourself before we have finished. Here they are. I hope you can see:

FREDA FAKE. Well, Freda, where have you come from? You know, she is a very nice looking girl, this girl Freda. She really is. She is nicely dressed, she is nicely spoken, she is very nicely behaved, she has got very good manners, she is about 13 or 14 years old. She is rather pretty and rather attractive, this girl Freda is, but I will tell you one thing about her—she is all window-dressing. She is all on the outside and if you could see right down deep into her heart you would find out that she was a fake. You know what that is, don't you? Do you know of what this girl reminds me? She reminds me of apples on a stall in Kingston market. I go there on Saturdays and try to scrounge something on the cheap, and I saw some green apples right in the front of the stall. I thought, they are pretty cheap, and said, "I will have a couple of pounds of those apples". Do you know what the old rascal does? He goes round to the back and takes out some miserable specimens—worm-eaten, tiny, rotten and withered. You see, all those lovely apples in the front are fake apples; he is not going to give you those, and the real ones behind are not nearly as nice as the front ones look. That is the trouble with Freda. She looks all right; she talks all right and sings all right, but I am sorry to say she is a fake and she is a fake Christian. Oh yes! she can read her Bible, she can say texts, she can kneel down and pray, she can sing hymns like an angel, but she and her little brother, Freddie Fake, they are not real Christians; there is something wrong with them. They have got all the words right but their hearts have not changed.

Now you had better look at another person because this is rather depressing.

Here is a much nicer girl—THERESA TRUE. Well, this is a fine girl. She is called Theresa True and she comes from a fine family. Of course, this girl is not much to look at. She has got a few freckles and pimples; she has got rather mousy hair that does not wave and looks a bit like a mop; she is not very good to look at and she is not very good at games. She is not very good at school—she is just "middling". But I will tell you this about her—she is worth a dozen of these "Freda Fakes" because, you see, she is true inside as well as outside. She is true all through. She is true to father and mother; she is a true Christian; she is a real Christian inside although she is not specially clever or specially beautiful or specially gifted.

Do you remember the story of Samuel going to Bethlehem once to find out who the new king was to be, and to anoint him king over Israel? They all came one by one in front of the prophet to see which was to be the new king, and Samuel looked

at the first one—a great chap standing, I expect, about 6 ft. 4 ins., a fine face, he looked a fine chap. And Samuel said to himself, surely this is the man who is going to be the king; this is the man God has chosen, and God said, No. God does not look at the outside, He looks on the inside and so he had to go and that happened to all of them, one by one, except the last one of all and his inside was different. His heart was right, he belonged to the true family. What was his name? David, of course you know all about it.

Theresa True. She can be depended upon, this girl Theresa. This girl Theresa loves her Sunday School class, she loves her Bible and she loves the Lord Jesus Christ and she prays. You know what the Lord Jesus said about people who go to Church. He said, true worshippers are those who worship God in spirit and in truth. Another place in the New Testament tells us that we must draw near to God with a true heart. Theresa True, she is a grand girl to meet, isn't she? Let us find another one. Here is a boy this time. I wonder if he is here tonight?

HARRY HEEDLESS. I would like you to meet him because he is such a jolly boy. Everybody loves Harry, he is a great favourite, but I will tell you this—he is an awful headache to his Sunday School teacher, and he is an awful headache to his day school teacher. You see, he never listens, he never pays attention. He never remembers anything that he hears or that he learns, or the teacher tells him, or what he hears in Church or Sunday School or anywhere else. You know, this boy Harry Heedless is a boy with an open mind, but unfortunately it is open at both ends; so you see what goes in this end comes out that end. He never retains anything in that mind of his. I have met some members of this tribe—Harry Heedlesses. I have met some big fellows of 13-15 down in my part of the world and they do not even know who the Lord Jesus is; they have not the remotest idea who the Lord Jesus is, or why He died on the Cross, or what He did there, or what He can do for you and me, or do for all the Harry Heedlesses in the world. Jesus once said, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear". Another time Jesus said this, "Take heed what you hear", and in St. Luke's Gospel: "Take heed how you hear". There are some things not worth hearing; you had better shut your ears, but the Word of God is worth hearing and we must not be like this boy Heedless who never pays attention. We have got to listen with all our ears, hearts and minds because it is so important to know the Lord Jesus Christ. Well, goodbye, Harry, we have had enough of you.

This is a much nicer lad here. What is this boy called? EDDIE EARNEST. I think that is grand. Well, Eddie, where have you come from? He has got two good looking ears, yes, and he listens with both his ears. He pays attention and he takes it in and he remembers it and he puts it into practice. He is earnest at his work, he works hard as though he really meant

to learn his lessons and get to the top. He plays hard and he is earnest at his jobs when he has tried to help and do things for other people wherever it is. He works hard and he is very earnest in seeking the Lord Jesus and trying to follow the Lord Jesus Christ. There is one thing Eddie never says. He never says: "I couldn't care less". He cares so much because he knows Jesus cared so much for him and died for him, that Eddie says: "I am determined to love and serve the Lord Jesus Christ and I am going to serve Him with all my heart and with all my mind and with all my strength and with all my power, and all my body. I am going to give him every bit of myself". He is a grand boy, Eddie Earnest, we can do with some more Eddies. I like Eddie very much. Jesus said once, "Strive to enter in at the narrow and strait gate". A modern translation puts it like this: "You must do your utmost to get into the narrow door". I met a fellow who had been to Harringay and had gone out to the front afterwards and had a talk with people in the enquiry room, but when I came to have a talk with him a few days later when his name and address was given to me, I found he was not in earnest. He said, "I think it was a passing whim, I was just carried away but I do not think I want to really go that way". Poor fellow! he missed the way, he was not dead in earnest. I like Eddie Earnest, we could do with some more of them.

Now here is a girl, everybody knows this girl—SUSAN SLACK. Ever come across her? I have got lots of them in my Sunday School in Teddington, I am sorry to say. But of course you would not have them in the Children's Home and Mission, I am sure. I cannot think Mr. White would ever have a girl called Susan Slack in this wonderful Children's Home in Woodford. She is a lazy girl, she won't work, she is an untidy girl; she is a careless girl. She is terribly slack and she is always late, late for everything, late out of bed, late down to breakfast, late for school—she will be late at her own funeral—she will keep everybody waiting. She is a naughty girl, she does not like work. She is like the Irishman who went to see a Doctor in the surgery hours and when he entered the Doctor said, "Well, Pat, what is the matter with you?" "I don't know, Doctor". "Well", he said, "tell me the symptoms—how do you feel?" "Well, Doctor, I eat well and I sleep well but when I come to a spot of work I am all of a dither!"

Poor Susan Slack! She can eat and sleep and she can enjoy life but when it comes to a spot of hard work she is all of a tremble like poor old Paddy. She is too lazy to kneel down and pray, before she goes to bed; she is too lazy to open her Bible and read her Scripture Union portion, she is too lazy to listen to what God has got to say to her. The Bible says a lazy man says, "There is a lion outside, I am not going out in the street". Another thing the Bible says about Mr. Lazybones: "As the door turns on its hinges (you know how it groans and creaks)

so a lazy man turns over in bed". It is in the Word of God, in the Book of Proverbs—just like a creaking door on its hinges. Lazybones and Susan Slacks—they turn over in bed—instead of the first turn over being the turn out, they make it a turnover—that is an awful thing to do. Well, we don't want this Susan Slack and she has got a little brother who is called SAMMY SLACK, and he is worse than Susan.

I have got a much nicer one here. Who is this lovely girl? Come along! KATHLEEN KEEN. This is a nice girl, she is just the opposite of Susan Slack; in fact, she is a cousin of Eddie Earnest. She is very keen on her work at school; she is very keen on games; she is very keen on her Bible, she loves her Bible, and she is very keen on her Sunday School class. She is very keen on serving the Lord Jesus Christ, and you know why? Because one day the Lord Jesus came to Kathleen and said to her, "Kathleen, be clean!" and because He made her clean she became keen. There are only a few letters different and you know you can never be keen for Jesus until you have been made clean by Jesus. That is the secret why Kathleen became so keen and joined the Keen family—because the Lord Jesus Christ made her clean.

I read the other day of a lady who advertised for someone to do some light housework and, do you know, a young woman came along to see her and said, "I would like to know where the lighthouse is and how far it is from the shore!" She thought it was "lighthouse" work! Lots of people can do very light housework but you can all be engaged in lighthouse work, every one of you, but before you can do lighthouse work you have got to be lighted up and when the Lord lights you up and cleans you up, then you can do real lighthouse work for Him. Then you can be keen for the Lord Jesus and the things of God and winning of souls for the Lord Jesus Christ because He first said, "Be clean" and when He says "Be clean" He makes you clean by His Precious Blood.

Now we have got another one. I wonder if this boy is here tonight. What is his name, boys? WALTER WAVERING. Do you know the name of his first cousin? WENDY WOBBLER. They belong to the two families called Wavering and Wobbling. You see he can never make up his mind; he can never come to a decision. He is very easily moved and influenced by whatever happens to be said by the last person he has met. Walter Wavering. Sad, isn't it? You see, he is so easily led that he always follows the crowd, and if a lot of fellows says, "Come on, let's go and do something", and then they go and plan some wretched mischief, breaking in somewhere, stealing, making themselves nuisances, being mischievous, getting in the way. He will go with the crowd, and if another set of fellows come along and say "Coming to the Bible Class this afternoon?" he would say, "Yes, rather!" He will go whichever way he is led, he has got

no mind of his own, and some day perhaps, after a very solemn service or very solemn mission, he will hear the Voice of Jesus and he will say "Yes, I think I will be a Christian. I would like to serve the Lord Jesus. I would like to belong to Him." Then presently he goes outside and another fellow meets him and says, "What have you been doing in there? All that is rubbish, that is for women and kids". Walter says "It is rather silly, isn't it?" He wavers and wobbles about.

One day that great soldier, Joshua, had something to say to the Wavering family. They were wavering and wobbling between serving the real true God or the false gods and idols. He said, "All you Wavering family, choose today whom you will serve; if it is God, serve God; if it is idols, then serve idols, but choose! stop wavering and stop wobbling! make up your minds!"

And Elijah had some experience with the prophets of Baal, the people of Israel on Mount Carmel. He said, "How long are you going to waver and wobble? Who are you going to serve? The true God or the false god? That is what you have got to decide."

We have got to get one more boy in. NORMAN NEW. This is a grand lad. This boy, Norman New, did not always used to be Norman New I am sorry to say. Once, years ago, he was a fake. He was a twister. He was lazy, he was slack and he was heedless; he did not pay attention and he was a wobbler and waverer. He was no good at all and then, one day, something happened to him. Norman, tell us what happened to you, that you got such a different name and you are such a different boy? He said this: "I am a new boy, not a new boy just going to school, but a new boy that Jesus has made. "How did you become a new boy?" "Well, the Lord Jesus came into my heart. I asked Him in and He came in and He made me an absolutely new boy. He gave me a new heart; He gave me a new nature; He gave me a new disposition; He gave me a new name and now I am Norman New". If any man be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature; a new boy, a new girl, and then He puts a new song in your mouth. It takes a new boy and a new girl to sing God's new song. Isn't that wonderful? So I have been created all over again. How many of you boys and girls are new? Do you belong to the New family? I wonder if you have recognised yourself tonight among any of these boys and girls.

Some time ago a gentleman was asking a little boy who belonged to a Home very much like this Home here and said, "Sonny, what are you going to be when you grow up?" "Well, Sir, that all depends on who gets me". "What do you mean, 'who gets you'?" "Well", he said, "if Jesus gets me I am going to be a missionary, but if Satan gets me, I am going to be a burglar". A tug-of-war. Satan wants you; Jesus wants you. If Jesus gets you, you will be Norman New but not otherwise. Listen to what God says to girls and boys today. He says to you from Isaiah

43: "Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine". This is what Jesus says to you tonight. He says, Don't be afraid. I have bought you with My Precious Blood; I have died for you on the Cross; I redeemed you, and I did more than that; I called you. But I called you so that you could not make a mistake. I called you by your very own name, and you are Mine because I died for you and I bought you. You are mine.

Once a little boy was walking along the front at a seaside town with his big sister about 10 years of age; the little boy was about 3 or 4 years of age, a very important little fellow. The little boy dragged behind and would not keep up with big sister, and big sister had to keep calling him and telling him to hurry up and not to dawdle and look behind. Presently she got quite cross with him and she said, "Tommy, hurry up and come. I want you". Do you know what the little chap said? He said, "I expects you do, but I wants myself!" That is all very well; you know that is just the trouble with some boys and girls; just the trouble with some men and women. Jesus Christ, the Lord Jesus, the Son of God, is saying to you tonight. "I died for you, I am calling you and I want you". What do you say? Are you saying, "I want myself?" The finest life in the world is the life that is handed over to the Lord Jesus. When you say, Yes, Lord Jesus, you did die for me on the Cross, You carried my sin there, it was all put on You; You did die for me, You did buy me, and I am Yours and You are mine—that is grand. So what is your name tonight? Will you let Him give you a new name and make you a new boy, a new man, a new girl and a new woman? He will do it if you let Him.



STAFF NEWS, BRIEFLY

As you will see from page two, our Staff membership has changed since last publishing our 'Links'. The Misses Beresford and Mr. E. Curtis (Irene, Margaret and Ted), are no longer on the Staff strength, having 'launched out' into other spheres of work. As we have said so many times, we do praise God for their love and loyalty to Him and to the Work, during their 'Active service' here. Miss Higginson and Miss Martin remained with us for only a short while.

We praise God for the coming of Miss P. Long and the Misses Haynes, Parkes and Revell, in answer to our prayers, just in a time of need! Your constant prayers are valued for our Staff Circle, we who are privileged to serve Christ in this vital field, that at all times we may have the full desire to please Him as we work together amongst the kiddies to His Glory.

HOLIDAY TIME



On the way to the beach.



Sunday morning—On the way to Church.

One of our Prayer Partner's who joined with us on "Our Day", writes:—

There must be many readers of the LINKS who say, as they read, "What are these children like?"

Well, this is in no sense a full report of "Our Day", but just a few impressions of the children, both past and present, who have been cared for by the C.H. & M.

I am a mother myself, so the first thing that struck me as I gazed at the 54 children,—I use this term rather apologetically, as their ages range from 5 to 19!—was the look of happy, eager expectancy on every face. Pretty bows of ribbon had been carefully tied on the girls' tresses, and the boys' well-brushed hair and straight ties spoke of care and inspection in the background. The girls looked smart and gay in their summery dresses, and the boys, even the tiniest, had sharp creases down their trousers. They were indeed a joy to behold!

The meeting began with singing, and it was an inspiration, both to watch and to listen, as they sang, in true Harringay style, "Blessed Assurance, Jesus is Mine".

I noticed the quiet, reverent attention that each child gave to the prayer and Bible reading,—given by a member of the staff. There was no wriggling, no movement. It is plain to see, without being told, that they are as familiar with Bible-reading and prayer, as they are with each other. And when, ably conducted by Mrs. Victor White, they sang "Just Smile, and Keep on Smiling", there was a wide beam, not only on the family's faces, but on everyone else's as well! It was a thrill to drink in the words,—“And the God Who feeds the sparrow, thinks a great deal more of You!” The children fairly radiated happiness as they sang!

When Dr. David Smith gave his excellent medical report, the evidence of my own eyes backed up all he said about this 'wonderfully healthy family'. God has indeed been good in this respect. Fresh air, good plain food and healthy living had all produced a sum-total of splendid medical fitness.

I guarantee no one could listen unmoved to the next item, a sweet little group of 'Under Eights' singing "I can Do Something for Jesus". Some were shy, some were not, but they **all** sang, and it was very touching indeed.

Then came a first-rate rendering of a Scriptural Recitation by Miss Irene Beresford. Irene and Margaret are twins,—splendid products of the Homes,—who had stayed on as Staff-workers. What a recommendation!

When Mr. Victor White rose to give his Report, you could have heard a pin drop in the packed Church. There were chairs down both aisles. Seven people sat in every seat for six. Visiting children, who had started off with a seat, willingly gave it up and sat on their parents' laps as the Church filled to bursting point.

Mr. White gave many facts and figures which are printed elsewhere in the LINKS, so I won't repeat, and he told us with great thankfulness in his heart that during the year that had just closed, eleven children had accepted Christ as their personal Saviour, and four (two from the Homes, and two from Abridge), had passed through the waters of Baptism. I noticed he invariably referred to the children as 'the family',—a noteworthy point, and one which has already brought its own reward in the obvious love that the children bear him. He stressed again and again that more is needed for the family than money, food and clothes, important as these must be. It is indeed true that the greatest gift we can give to our children is the love of God implanted in their hearts from their youth up.

We then listened to a stirring testimony from a young lady,—a child of the Homes, now grown-up, (but still living in the family)—who had taken Christ as her Saviour at the age of ten, but had at a later date, slipped back. The words, "Be still, and know that I am God", read in the 'Daily Light', when she was literally standing at the cross-roads in her life, brought her back to the narrow way once more. Her testimony must have come as a strong challenge to any others who were facing up to temptations and difficulties.

This same young lady, Miss Pat Lyons, sang most sweetly in the evening meeting, "Great is Thy Faithfulness", and it was evident that she sang from the heart.

When next the children sang, "Remember all God's promises are true", their splendid enunciation spoke of much patient and careful training in the preceding weeks. This was a very marked feature of all the children's singing.

Then came Bible recitations from memory, given by all the children. Their perfect knowledge of various sections of the Bible,—some familiar passages such as "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you",—"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose", and others less well-known, proved the importance that is placed on the spiritual aspect of their upbringing, and these memorised passages from God's word must stand them in good stead in later life.

When six of the older girls sang beautifully in harmony, "It pays to let God have His way", I couldn't help thinking they were certainly an advertisement for what they were singing!

The Rev. Cyril H. Chilvers' address on 'Feed My Lambs' was listened to with rapt attention. This is reported in full elsewhere. One small point I noticed. During the address, one small tot,—she looked no more than four, I thought,—sat throughout on the lap of one of the Staff. The little mite smoothed the lady's collar, she put her arms round her neck, she played with the lady's

necklace. Nothing but love here, I thought. And love, of course, is the keynote to the whole thing. Love of God, and Love for His Lambs.

At the tea-break, I had the wonderful experience of talking to some of the 'old boys' and 'old girls'. What a joyous reunion this was! 'Old boys' introducing their wives and families to each other. 'Old girls' saying "Do you remember So-and-So?". Mr. and Mrs. White and Staff laughing and talking with them, all recalling the happy days of "scrumping" apples and pears, both at Woodford and Tiptree, and of 'Pa White', as he was so affectionately called, standing at the foot of the tree, and telling the offenders to 'come Down!' Many were the tales recalled and repeated.

There was the man (present now with his wife and three bonny youngsters) who told the yarn about the buttons. 'Mother' (Miss Hutchin), had bewailed the fact that the boys were always losing the buttons off their trousers, and had offered a special treat to each boy who presented her with 2 buttons. There was no shortage of buttons after that! Every boy presented six or eight buttons apiece in order to claim the promised treat, and great was the rejoicing until 'Mother' discovered that the young rascals had cut the buttons off their other clothes!

This same 'old boy' told me of the sharing principle, where each child shares all he receives, and he testified to the fact that such a splendid habit, ingrained in childhood, still holds good in his life, nearly thirty years after leaving the Homes.

I talked with a group of "Early Thirties", and there were joyful reminders of "shaving-brush soup", "walking to Abridge and back", "uniform dress", "uniform hair-styles". There was many a laugh about the "good old days", but as I remarked to one gloriously healthy-looking specimen of young womanhood, "You don't look too bad on it!"

The spiritual note came in unexpectedly, as so often the voice of God will. One young woman told us that she hoped to bring her husband next time. "He's paralyzed" she explained, "He had a blood-disease three years ago, and hasn't been able to work since. But what the earthly healer can't do, the Heavenly Healer can, and there are plenty worse off!"

So much for the spiritual training received at the Homes! What an unsolicited testimonial!

It was the same young woman who told us about 'Pa White' giving one naughty boy (boys will be boys!) six of the best on the place appointed. It sounded "Ping! Ping!"

'Now', said 'Pa White' sternly, "We'll try it **without** the tinsplate!"

When I spoke to two sisters who were making their last appearance, (for the time being at least!). On Monday they were travelling to Devon to take up appointments in house and farm,

and although they were facing their Brave New World with stout hearts, they knew they would miss 'Home'.

As I came downstairs, I met a lanky young 'old boy',—I hope he will forgive me!—who explained that his six-foot-plus was nothing to do with the Homes! Probably true, I thought, but he might not have had such a frank smile!

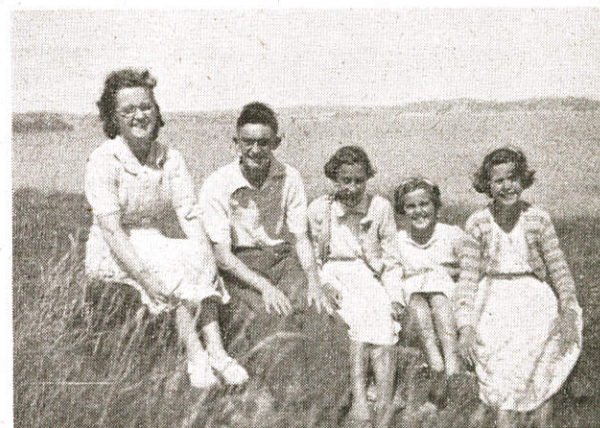
And so to the evening meeting.

This was pinpointed by the same characteristics as the afternoon meeting,—the clear enunciation in the children's singing, (especially when they sang 'The Frowning Folk' with broad smiles all over their faces!), and the beautiful clarity of their recited passages. When the six older girls gave us "The Christ of the Cross", they clearly showed by their reverent singing that they knew the meaning of the words.

Mr. Victor White's address dotted the i's and crossed the t's of his afternoon report, and again he gave God all the glory.

Rev. F. H. Easton from Teddington then gave us the sort of message that we children, (young and old!) remember all our lives! He introduced us to some cardboard children, 'Freda Fake', 'Theresa True', 'Walter Wavering', 'Eddie Earnest', 'Susan Slack', 'Kathleen Keen', 'Harry Heedless', and lastly, 'Norman New'. I think the fact that we have **all** been **all** of these, but can by the grace of God, **all** become 'Norman New' if we wish, came home very forcibly to everyone present. It certainly did to me! The children were just enthralled, and drank in every word!

As I came away from "Our Day", my last impression was this. I would like to think that **every** child **everywhere** gets the same spiritual training and physical care that the C.H. & M. gives. Alas, I know it is not so! I came home, knowing that I had witnessed the hand of God at work!



A rest by the way.

OPEN DAY, 10th JULY, 1954

By an "Onlooker"

In response to "public demand" another Open Day was held this year and although only a few invitations were sent out, the Home was packed to overflowing. But that is starting in the wrong place. First of all, an Open Day means weeks of hard work and practise beforehand. Inside and outside, the buildings have to be "spring-cleaned". The Staff acknowledge before God their grateful thanks for the many practical friends which surround them at a time like this. Folk who make cakes—scrub floors—help with mending—and in other ways. Many letters were received from old girls and boys and friends to say they would be present, or that for some reason or other they couldn't come, but would be thinking of everyone. The children always rally round very loyally at a busy time like this and by dinner time on the Saturday they were "all set" to have dinner, change and receive their visitors. The opening time was 3 o'clock, but by 2.30 many folk were already waiting—by 3 o'clock they had to call on extra relief guides to show people round the home. There was even a queue at one time. However the rush eventually subsided and at 4.30 some of the lads, members of the local Boys' Brigade, played the traditional bugle call "Come to the cookhouse door". The dining hall was packed and fortunately the weather was fine, for there were as many sitting outside in the playground as were inside! Abundant preparation had been made and everyone was served. Towards the end of tea some of the Junior Staff and Senior girls rendered cheerful part songs.

Following tea the chairs were arranged round the playground for the physical training display. The first item was by a small company of little boys ages 5—8. They were smartly dressed in white shirts and green shorts, and they looked like very active cherubs—although they weren't really! They did tumbling and head-over-heels on a large mattress, under the watchful eye of their instructress, and so keen were they, that even when the word came to stop, they wanted to go on, and one or two nearly got folded up in the mattress!

The little girls came next, with their dance, "Little Bo-Peep", and they really entered into the spirit of it. The older girls, all attractively dressed in green gym-slips and white blouses, gave a fine display of skipping and exercises with Indian Clubs, and when, later on, they came on dressed in tartan kilts, and gave some Scottish dances, it was obvious from the clapping, that there was Scotch blood in the veins of some of the crowd watching.

Then we had Team Games, and Mr. Victor White soon had Visitors, Old Family and Present Family all competing against each other. The dressing-up Team Race caused great fun, particularly when one large man had quite a struggle to get himself into a small yellow skirt. It finished up round his neck! The next Team Game called for six ladies to volunteer, and

there was no hesitation amongst the visitors. When they found out when they had to do,—sew a bright silk patch on to the seat of a little boy's trousers,—I expect some of them would have backed out, but it was too late! I thought the little boys were the heroes!

The tug-of-war was the final item, and the team with the most heavyweights scored!

Whilst the chairs were being moved into the Large Hall for Evening Prayers and the Demonstration, I seized the opportunity of joining a party which was being shown over the houses where the children live, and the first thing that struck me was the homely atmosphere. The children's bedrooms were roomy and spotless, and the bright check curtains and matching bedspreads looked very smart and attractive. In each room, we saw the children's hobbies and handiwork set out for our inspection.

There was everything imaginable! Weaving, raffia-work, knitting, embroidery, jigsaw-puzzles, (some mounted and hanging on the walls), flower-arrangement in a wooden trug, cardboard-modelling, clay-modelling, stamp-collecting, woodwork, cut-outs, butterfly collecting and mounting, needlework, aeroplane-modelling—and with all that list, I'm sure I've left some out! This is a very busy family indeed, as well as a very happy one!

Then we made our way into the Large Hall, and to say the Hall was full is an understatement!

First of all we had choruses, and we sang with great gusto, "God is still on the Throne", "Living He Loved me", and "Wide, wide as the ocean". Mr. White made the special request with the last Chorus that we **didn't** do the actions, and perhaps it was as well!

A hymn and prayer followed, and then there was a welcome to all present by one of the family, a little girl of about eleven, who had a clear ringing voice. She was answered by one of the Old Family, who spoke on behalf of us all. Then we had a stirring testimony from one of the older girls who is now out at work and has known what it is to wander away from God's love, and then to know the joy of returning. It was a challenge to us all.

The girls' Choir came next and they sang very sweetly, "It pays to let God have His way". They have lovely voices, and are very well trained.

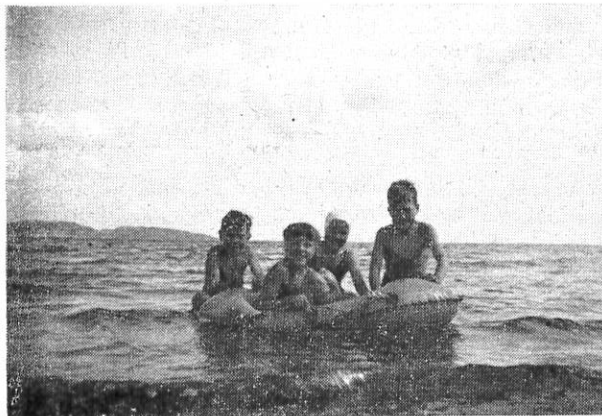
When Rev. K. C. Parkinson M.A., a Trustee, rose to his feet to give the address, it was soon evident that he was quite accustomed to speaking to children, for as he said, "the children helped him so much, they said it all for him!" There was many a smile from his address, but he brought home the message of God's love and care in no uncertain way.

Then Mr. Victor White put on an unrehearsed item,—the repeating of passages from the Bible. Some were well-known by us all, others were not so well-known, but one thing is certain,—the family, both past and present, were word-perfect! As a visitor, I have to admit I was beaten sometimes!

The Demonstration, produced by Mr. A. M. Gilbert and Mr. J. Styman of Abridge, brought a splendid evening to a close, and a great deal of work and rehearsal must have been put in by all concerned to make it such an outstanding success. The theme was "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me". The whole production was beautifully achieved and the message must have come home to everyone who saw it.

And so a lovely day ended, but no-one was eager to leave. There was talk and laughter and "Do you remember old so-and-so?", and a showing of photos, both old and new.

To the present family, Open Day is a glad and happy sharing with their friends. To the old Family, it is coming back home. And to the visitors it is an inspiration and a revelation of what God can do, when we fully trust in Him.



We had some Sunshine!!

SUMMER HOLIDAY — 1954

(with Extracts from Diary)

Since the selling of our Tiptree property the question has often been asked—"Where will the children go for their summer holidays?" Last year the sale took place too late for alternative arrangements to be made so a happy six weeks passed by, with outings to the sea by coach, as often as possible. But just a day here and there isn't the same to children as a real seaside holiday and we thought and prayed a lot about 1954. The possibility of taking over a residential school somewhere by the sea for a week or two came to our minds, but how could we find a suitable school without touring the British Isles, which we hadn't time to do anyway? Someone said—"Why don't you advertise?" But one of the aims of the C.H. and M. since its inception is, that we rely entirely upon God to supply all our needs. Right since the beginning in 1899 ALL had come in answer to prayer—never by advertising or other means, and we were constrained to feel that, if it was right for the children to have a holiday by the sea, God would open up the way and supply the need. May, 1954 arrived, only a few months from August, and still nothing had been fixed. A christian friend then mentioned a school at Newquay and offered to write to the Headmaster. This was done after more prayer, and although this Headmaster could not help, another address of a seaside residential school was suggested. Soon, after writing for details, we received a letter from the Headmaster inviting 40 of us for three weeks holiday, preferably at an inclusive cost per head per week, his staff coping with all domestic work and catering. At first when we got down to figures it seemed that too large a sum would be required, but when we carefully analysed what would be saved if the Home was closed for three weeks, the figure looked a little better, but still it seemed tremendous and unitedly at staff prayers on 22nd June we asked for God's specific guidance as to whether we should definitely accept the Headmaster's offer. The following morning we received a cheque for £25 earmarked "Children's Holidays"; later that day by phone, a promise to pay for one boy for the holiday; and a day or two later a promise of £20, "to guide us in the decision we had to make". These were indications of God's guidance and we wrote off to the Headmaster informing him that 40 of us would travel to South Devon on 10th August and stay for three weeks. Unexpectedly some local friends voluntarily offered to keep house for the Seniors who were out at work and therefore would not be coming away with us. This was another problem solved and prayer answered.

Until Open Day, 10th July, this proposed holiday had been known only to staff and on this special occasion we told the "secret" to the children and we wish you all could have seen the delight on their faces as they heard the news. On the 12th two staff went down to Devon to make final arrangements—a

perfect summer day. Sometimes the colouring of photos of glorious South Devon are thought to be exaggerated, but on this day the sea was vivid blue—the sand bright red and countryside full of rich colouring, which needed to be seen to be believed. By the time we held our July Prayer Meeting, we were able to tell our prayer partners that we had received already the extra amount required over normal expenditure, to meet the holiday need.

When the children broke up for their summer holidays the excitement gathered momentum. One and another of the children who had relatives or friends to go to, said goodbye until just those of us booked for Devon were left. There was much preparation, packing clothes—getting just those garments which would be appropriate for all weathers, etc. When we had unearthed all the available suit cases the children suddenly realised that the time for going away had nearly arrived. The last two or three days before our departure were very showery and even cold. The day before we went it rained very hard almost all day. There were many last minute preparations—tucking into cases where there seemed to be no more space, one thing more, again and again.

In the evening all was quiet, for the children went to bed early in readiness for the early departure next morning. The staff finished the packing of sandwiches and lemonade etc. for the journey, and carried all luggage to front hall door ready to be loaded into the coach first thing in the morning. What a lot was needed for 40 of us—not to mention soap flakes for the inevitable washing—shoe cleaning brushes—minimum office equipment—sports gear—extra slippers to use on pebbly beaches—ordnance survey map to help us to find our way round etc. To the children it had seemed as if 10th August would never come, but at last on the eve of THE day they were all sleeping soundly.

The staff crept out of bed at the unearthly hour of 4.30 a.m., called the children at 5 o'clock. For once our Orion Dormitory motto was not true:—"Many are called, but few get up!" All clothes for travelling were on the beds ready, and the children looked very smart in their clean shirts or dresses with blazers. All carried raincoats—the weather forecasts didn't give room for enthusiasm yet! There were rumours that some children might be sick, but we made sure they all had a good breakfast and ultimately proved the rumours to be false. Just as we were finishing at 5.55 a.m. we heard the coach pull up outside. With careful thought and planning all the luggage was eventually packed into the coach, though at one time as we viewed the mountain of packages we did wonder whether there would be room for the children!

One thought in our minds when planning the three weeks holiday was the fact that for some time we had been wanting to

re-decorate and re-plan our Dining Hall. The children being away for this length of time would enable the work to proceed more quickly and conveniently and to this end we had to leave behind Mr and Mrs. Olney and their family and also Ted. They accepted this situation cheerfully as they were anxious to do the re-decorating, but we felt a little sad leaving them behind. They, with Mrs. White, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert and others, helped to hold the fort, and with other early risers of Crescent Road, waved us off.

It had been impressed upon the children that the journey would be a very long one—we even estimated that we might not arrive until six o'clock. Mr. White drove the Estate Car with three passengers and the rest of us went in the coach. The driver found lots of short cuts to get us on to the Great West Road as soon as possible. There was great excitement as we passed London Airport and actually saw a plane land. Further along the route we passed Blackbushe Airport too, and here we saw aircraft much closer than before. All the way along car and coach kept together. We stopped just along the Basingstoke by-pass—had a drink (of tea or lemonade) and then journeyed on again. We noticed and were thrilled to see some army badges cut in the chalk hills of Wiltshire. After this it seemed that the children took staff advice and most of them had a good sleep. There were three stops in all—we drove through heavy showers and bright intervals, but at the last halt enjoyed a breath of real fresh air. There was competition as to who would see the sea first and as we approached Torquay and drove along the front to Paignton and Goodrington we were thrilled with the view of the sea combined with the country scenes. Soon we reached the road sign "Churston Ferrers" and a little further on "Fenton School". We had arrived at our front gate, but it was half mile drive to the front door! We decided we must have good memories when shopping, as it would be a long way to go back for anything forgotten. This drive was very pretty with tall trees on both sides and flowering shrubs, including hydrangers. The house was the old family home of Lord Churston. It is tucked away in a little valley and we understand that it is always quite warm in winter—water supplies never freeze. Evidently sites were carefully planned in earlier centuries. Mr. Miller, the Headmaster, met us at the door and helped us to unload luggage. In a comparatively short time we had said goodbye to the driver, unpacked the sheets and pillowcases, found respective bedrooms, made up beds, washed and sat down for a well earned tea.

Although up at five o'clock all were anxious to get to the sea so we thought we would find the short cut. Don't forget there is the half mile to the front gate first! We found the sea, but not the cove we were looking for. We walked miles trying to find the short cut.

On arrival back at the school all the children and staff were soon snoring soundly, but the children were awake bright and early next morning in spite of the previous long day. We decided to have lunch at home and to spend the morning at Elberry Cove. After losing our way several times and remembering the ordnance survey map still packed in the office case, we arrived. The tide was low and before long some staff and children were splashing in the "arctic" waters saying "It's warm when you get used to it". There were rocks and also a tumble-down house to explore, and forest land too. It was a children's paradise. The walks down to the sea were always through winding red footpaths, along leafy lanes and across fields where the few people we met stopped for a friendly chat.

After dinner we all laid down for an hour and wrote cards to relatives or friends to let them know of our safe arrival. Later we rambled along a steep forest path to the playing fields from which there was a wonderful view of Brixham and the harbour. We played cricket and other games until tea-time and after tea, some of the older folk went for a ramble to further explore the surrounding countryside.

At 8 p.m. today and every evening the staff met in the "grand hall" for a quiet cup of tea and prayer. We sat on huge settees which made us feel very small and insignificant, surrounded by austere oil paintings of gentlemen of past centuries and a gallery leading to the bedrooms. Woe betide anyone in the dorms who misbehaved—and woe betide the staff if they got too hilarious! Every sound echoed through the lofty rooms and passages.

Thursday we awoke to see the rain pouring down, but by the time we had devoured a large breakfast the sun was breaking through and we ventured out with a packed lunch. We used the Estate Car to take luggage and tiny tots, and met those on foot at Broad Sands. Here was an ideal stretch of sand and sea for the children. Most were in the water all day apart from the time we spent eating dinner. We came "home" to have a cooked dinner at tea time and soon after, the tiny ones got ready for bed—story—and milk and biscuits. The rest passed the time in the games room. All the staff improved their table tennis game too. A few older folk went by car to Brixham, parked by the small harbour and then climbed some steps to approach the larger harbour. They spotted the lighthouse at the end of the harbour wall and decided it would be only a few minutes walk to reach it. They walked briskly and it took $\frac{1}{4}$ hour. The wind was blowing with vigour and they felt quite unsafe near to the edge of the wall. Some folks were fishing, but ours did not feel the urge to stand for hours on the edge of that wall to reap a few shrimps!

Friday, 13th. A beautiful sunny morning. Quiet time out on the terrace at 8 a.m. This was held each morning and an average of 15 attended voluntarily throughout the holiday. After break-

fast we hurried to Broadsands again and in a few minutes had changed into swimming costumes and were splashing about in the water and playing with the dinghy. Time passed swiftly and we had to trudge home for lunch. An enjoyable walk, but it always seemed longer going home, as it was uphill and we were usually very hungry. A nice hot dinner awaited us—congratulations to the cook who fed us very well. After dinner peace reigned for half an hour. All laid down and staff thoroughly enjoyed the blissful silence. Up to the games field again for cricket, 'hot rice' and other games with the little ones. After tea some of the older children walked to Brixham and the younger ones had more games on the lawn.

Saturday. Up until today the official weather forecasts had been pessimistic so far as our area was concerned, but we had enjoyed sunshine and it seemed to us that again the elements were going to defy the powers that be. There was a heavy mist over the hills, gradually the sun broke through, there was no wind and we all thought we were in for the perfect day. We made for the sands with our packed lunches and raincoats, swimming things etc. All had a nice dip and then assembled together for lunch. We tried to squash an unhappy feeling that the weather forecast might be right after all, for distant scenery had been obscured by cloud, but we had just taken the first bites—when—whoosh—down fell the rain. Our raincoats were still in the car, so there were only towels and stray deck chairs to use for cover. Fortunately the rain eased off so that we ate our dinner without further hindrance, but hardly had we taken the last mouthful when down the rain came in no uncertain way—true Devonshire rain—we dashed to the car—put on our macks. Little ones bundled into the car and the rest of us trudged the half hour's walk along dripping lanes. Never have we been so wet—rain trickling down our necks, damp bathing costumes still on, water drickling down our legs making pools in our slippers—BUT nobody grumbled and when we got home kind folk had a hot jug of tea ready and made haste to light a fire in an endeavour to dry the raincoats, swimming clothes etc. The games room came into its own and everyone joined in table tennis, billiards, draughts, chess etc.

Sunday, 15th. We had hoped to be able to walk to Brixham on this our first Sunday to join in worship there, but just as we were all ready and indeed had left the house, down came the rain. We have discovered that in Devon there is no warning—rain just falls whoof! We had to retrace our steps and our sanctuary was the old drawing room decorated with oil paintings 9' x 6'. This lovely old room with huge windows overlooked the pretty valleys and hills and we felt God's presence just as real as if we had gone elsewhere for worship. In the afternoon a few went over to Brixham Gospel Mission Sunday School to see friends who have been interested in our work for many years and

whom we have never seen, and the rest stayed at home to have their own Sunday School, dividing into classes after the opening session. In the evening the younger children went to bed and the older ones either walked or went by car to Brixham for the evening Gospel Service. After the walk or ride home, supper and bed, the staff had a little sing song round the piano before eventually tucking themselves up for the night.

Monday. After the precarious weekend, the sun was shining and we bravely went down to the beach with our lunches, hoping that this time we wouldn't have our day cut short by torrential rain. It was a glorious day and the children played in the water and on the sands happily all day long. Some more venturesome ones explored the rocks and coves and others went for walks to view the scenery.

Tuesday. RAIN—RAIN—RAIN—. We hopefully stayed in all the morning playing draughts, halma, ludo, table tennis, happy families, billiards etc. trusting that the afternoon would bring sunshine, but alas, rain still. We had a rest on our beds after dinner, still hoping we might be able to go out, but as the rain continued each dormitory prepared a charade. These were ably produced in the Play Room amidst much laughing and at the end of these performances there was the cry "staff—staff", so we had to put our heads together to beat the efforts that had gone before. We took the opportunity to imitate the children—Django who is always late, Barry who talks non-stop—Arthur and Ernie who nearly always have holes in their trousers, and Harriet who never keeps still.

After tea the sun shone brightly so about 18 venturesome folk set out for a ramble to find St. Mary's Bay. We started off in accordance with the map, but the difficulty occurred after we had climbed a long steep hill (had a lovely view) and then took what we thought was a footpath marked on the map (but it wasn't) and found ourselves going back down hill in the most slippery mud. How we all kept upright we don't know, but in any case our shoes, socks, and legs told the tale. We were very thrilled with St. Mary's Bay. We had to climb down steep steps to get to the sand. We encountered our first shop, but alas it was closed. We plodded home with the promise that we should all have an ice cream tomorrow.

Wednesday. Weather still doubtful, but decided to brave the elements and divided into small groups to explore Brixham. This is a most fascinating little fishing town and some of us were fortunate to see a trawler arrive and unload its cargoe of fresh fish. We explored the market and saw bales of plaice, cod, and other fish we couldn't recognise, and certainly wouldn't like to meet when having a swim! A venturesome boy got his own fish from a trawler and also a baby lobster which was tucked up inside a shell. We were surprised to see the size of it when it emerged from the shell—only one leg had been showing at first. The

narrow, cobbly, hilly streets fascinated us and we watched the seagulls eagerly screeching for the fish as it was landed. At one point in the harbour some little boys were diving for money which was being thrown in by spectators. Most of the children managed to buy little souvenirs for their friends at home and came back very proudly to show their wares.

After dinner we decided to make for the sands, some had a swim, but there wasn't much time for more than the walk home and a lovely tea when we arrived.

Thursday, 19th. Weather forecast at last promises a fine day so off to the sea we go with a more "sure" feeling and with swimming clothes and mackintoshes! Although the sun was shining brilliantly there was a very cold breeze blowing in the bay. This didn't worry the children, but the staff looked somewhat blue and perturbed when they came out of the water. More cautious folk sat and watched.

Every morning after breakfast, and evening after tea, we had our family prayers. Members of the staff took part and the children together read the scriptures. There was a genuine ring or praise each day—God's wonderful provision for the holiday; His beauty in the scenery around and His watchful care over us all, "tuned our hearts to sing His praise".

Friday, 20th. This morning we all made our way in groups to Paignton with the object of finding the C.S.S.M. Beach Service. Most of us after starting this end of Paignton eventually arrived on the Green where the service was about to start. We discovered that the famous personality "Lobby Lud" was in the town and we found ourselves looking at every man with a trilby hat, side faced, to see whether we could safely challenge him to attain the reward of £5. We saw at least 30 people who might have been this interesting person, but we didn't have the courage to tackle any of them! We were very interested to join in the C.S.S.M. Service—boys outnumbered the girls by about two thirds! We wished that we were nearer to Paignton in order to join in more often, but unfortunately in order to be home for dinner we had to make a quick exit after the "Amen" to catch buses home again. The C.S.S.M. children were taking from Paignton by boat to Elberry Cove in the afternoon and we decided after dinner to go down there to join in their activities.

Sunday, 22nd. A glorious morning, all set off for Brixham Baptist Church on a walking—car-ferrying-system. We arrived in good time and enjoyed the service very much. There was a warm welcome—bright singing—the church was most cheerful inside and the worship led by a youthful choir. The sermon gave us much "food" being on the subject "What is a Christian" —

"What does God really expect of us"?

When we came out of the service—alas—heavy rain so we travelled most of the way home by car and arrived for the traditional dinner—roast beef. In the afternoon we improvised our own Sunday School again, and in the evening walked or ferried to church in heavy rain. This time we had a searching message on the subject of “Abraham”—conversion—separation—and consecration; the story brought into parallel with New Testament illustrations.

Monday. Another gloomy forecast, (it's strange how one follows the weather forecasts on holiday) but another glorious day! The warmest, sunniest day so far. Children spent more time in the water trying to gain sixpence for floating for one minute or 2/6 by showing proficiency in swimming. Some were quite expert at building castles etc. All enjoyed the packed lunches with lemonade following. The cook always made some lovely homemade cake. In the evening some of the staff and two older children toured round the Tor Bay to Babbacombe and enjoyed very much the surrounding scenery.

Tuesday. Numbers still continuing and the Quiet Time, 8 a.m. each morning. Today a “dinner-in day” and a good thing, as the weather appeared uncertain. In the morning the children divided into groups for a Scavenger Hunt. The first group managed to find all things or creatures listed, including a caterpillar, which all farmers forecast couldn't be found at this time of the year. The second group and all others produced everything except caterpillars. In the afternoon we divided into groups—some went walking—some went shopping in Brixham and one group went by car to the River Dart and over the river on a ferry. The youngsters were thrilled with the pretty scenery in this well known valley and took a long look at the imposing Royal Naval College which is so often referred to in news bulletins and newspapers, in connection with former Naval Personalities. We had to queue for the ferry three quarters of an hour, hence the time was limited the other side. There was, however, time to motor round to the castle at the mouth of the river—it was a very windy day—and afterwards along the western side of the river to the quaint Greenway Ferry where we knew there wouldn't be queues. We arrived home just in time for tea. A few staff and seniors went for an evening trip to explore the Eastern Bank of the River Dart. They found a cove and were surprised by the queer shell fish fixed to the rocks and red “jelly” fish with numerous feelers which shot out as they were touched. Actually when feelers were out these fish looked just like red seaweed and we were amazed to find them to be animal instead of vegetable!

Wednesday. A group of early risers went into Brixham to see the Fish Market. They actually saw the unloading of one of the larger trawlers which had been out at sea for ten days—the fish

having been stored in the hold amongst ice. They were invited to look over the trawler and saw the small cabin and kitchen where the fishermen find a little comfort during the long days away from home. Some of the fish in the hold were strange looking creatures. At the market were piles of plaice being sorted into “pots” ready for the auction and to the “music” of the hundreds of screeching seagulls hopefully waiting for their share of the catch. It wasn't possible to stay for the auction as our Quiet Time was at 8 o'clock.

After breakfast—a good tuck in—followed by family prayers we all went down to the beach with dinner. A grey dull day but we trusted the forecast because it said the day would be dry in this part of the country. It was—congratulations! We all managed to splash about—play cricket—build sand castles and thus keep warm. After tea some of the staff and children played a riotous game of hide and seek and sardines in and out of the shrubberies surrounding the school whilst a party of older ones went by car to explore countryside. They came back very thrilled with details of the opening of the Dartmouth Regatta which they witnessed at close proximity and younger ones were amused with the Town Crier's “O yez, O yez”.

Thursday. Promise of a very fine day so decided to go further afield to St. Mary's Bay, with dinner. The walk was along very narrow lanes and paths and we only just managed to find a corner to park the car at the top of a steep cliff. The colour of the sand here was rather a dirty grey—a contrast to the red sand of the coves in Tor Bay. There were interesting rocks to be explored—the sea was rough and it was quite a feat to be able to keep the right way up in the dinghy—especially when caught on the break of the waves. We were later than usual for tea, so younger children went to bed directly after and a group of older folk went to explore more of the Dart valley.

On arrival home apparently, as always towards the end of the holiday, practical jokes had been in the programme—a dormitory of boys found their pyjamas tied in knots—various thistles etc. in their beds. We suspected some young folk (not in our family circle) to be responsible. They were departing early next day, so revenge was impossible! Some of the senior staff smelt a fishy smell in their bedroom and eventually discovered a fish (retrieved from a fish trawler early in the morning) tied with string hanging on the dressing table—this found its way back to its owner!

Friday. Another fine day, but fog early. Divided into groups to explore more of the countryside and towns. After dinner had a warm swim down at Broad Sands and walked back again for tea. A group went out to explore more beauties of the Dart River Valley—this time Stoke Gabriel, Duncannon and surrounding countryside.

Saturday. Another group rose early to visit the fish market at Brixham. One lad came home with a fish which was cooked for his breakfast. A large spider crab found its way into a parcel addressed to one of the staff! A beautifully fine day spent at Broad Sands swimming, on floats, building castles, ducking and splashing; in the dinghy; collecting eels and other live creatures from the rock pools etc.

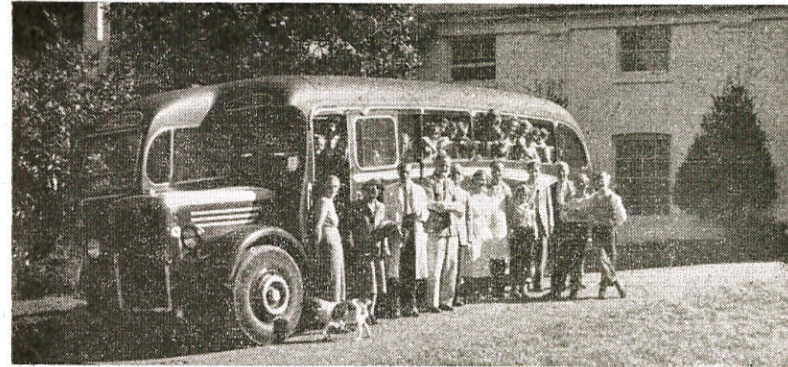
The last SUNDAY spent in worship in the morning at Brixham Baptist Church. A warm welcome was given us and we enjoyed the message, singing and fellowship. In the afternoon all had a rest so that instead of little ones staying at home, everyone could attend the evening service. Some went to Brixham Gospel Mission and some to the Baptist Church and all, except tiniest, met at the quayside for a very well-attended Open Air Meeting. We were thrilled with the keen evangelical witness that there is in Brixham—it was a privilege to share in it and we came home the richer in our spiritual experience.

Monday. The last day—promised fine for the South of England so down for the last long day on the sands. A perfect day in every way. There was a very keen sand castle competition, which occupied everyone's attention for most of the morning. A kind friend had sent a gift to use for extras, so there were ice creams for everybody!

Tuesday. Up a little earlier than usual. Twenty at the Quiet Time—we were pleased that so many of the Christians of the family circle made the effort to join in this time of fellowship right through the holiday. Packing and collecting all belongings was quite an effort but at E.T.D. 10.30 a.m., all was ready—coach loaded—and we waved farewell to Fenton School and the staff. The journey home was a very warm one—ice cream sold out at first two stops, we were successful at last stop. We were all getting anxious and excited to see the Dining Hall. We couldn't visualise at all what would have been accomplished during our absence. We arrived back in Crescent Road soon after 8 p.m. to have our first meal in our new Dining Room. A section of the lower hall had been partitioned off to make a self contained cosy dining room and all of us were completely over-awed by the transformation.

So ended the first seaside holiday—with humble and grateful thanks we committed one another into our Heavenly Father's care—a holiday of this sort was a big responsibility and undertaking, but our God is a great God—He watched over us all—provided an ideal holiday was bountiful in His mercies toward us and brought us safely home once more—renewed and refreshed spiritually and physically.—

“How good is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And knows neither measure nor end!”



Ready to leave for home.



HAPPY HOLIDAYS.



BALANCE SHEET 30th APRIL, 1954.

1953	LIABILITIES	£ s. d.	1953	ASSETS	£ s. d.
171	Sundry Creditors	63 0 0		Freehold Property—	
	Invested Funds			The Florence Barclay	
2,250	The Florence Barclay	2,250 0 0	2,250	Memorial Hall	2,250 0 0
1,700	The Dr. F. E. Marsh Gift	1,700 0 0	1,700	The Dr. F. E. Marsh Gift	1,700 0 0
1,150	The Mr. and Mrs. William Stark Gift	1,150 0 0	1,150	The Mr. and Mrs. William Stark Gift	1,150 0 0
3,225	The Convalescent and Holiday Home — The Grove, Tiptree	— — —		Tiptree—	
500	Anonymous Gift for the purchase of a Bungalow	500 0 0	1,250	Main Building	— — —
		5,600 0 0	841	New Laundry and Bath-room	— — —
			1,494	Additional Land	— — —
	Forward Move, Tiptree Fund—		500	The Bungalow—	500 0 0
	Balance at 1st May 1953	1,000 0 0		Home Account—	5,600 0 0
1,000	Less Transferred to Special Fund	1,000 0 0		Sheds	98 3 0
			500	Household Furniture, etc.	500 0 0
				Motor Car and Van	310 0 0
	Special Fund—				908 3 0
	Transferred from Tiptree Fund	1,000 0 0		Farm Account—	
	Add Amount transferred from Invested Funds on sale of The Grove, Tiptree	3,225 3 3	110	Motor Van	— — —
	Amount transferred from Farm Account on sale of Implements and Fruit Trees	252 11 6	179	Implements	— — —
	Surplus on Sale	1,091 17 9	74	Fruit Trees	— — —
			107	Sundry Debtors—	96 7 7
			138	Current Bank Account—	23 0 3
			4	Cash in Hand	5 5 0

60

Interest on Deposit Account	20 0 3	Special Fund Assets—	
Less Transfer to Income and Expenditure Account	5,589 12 9	Deposit Account	3,584 5 4
	1,775 0 0	Balance due from Solicitor on sale of The Grove, Tiptree	230 7 5
	3,814 12 9		3,814 12 9
Accumulated Fund—			
Balance at 1st May 1953	939 16 7		
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year	277 10 9		
	1,217 7 4		
Less Value of Farm Implements transferred from Accumulated Fund to Special Fund	252 11 6		
	964 15 10		
	£10,936		£10,936
			£10,442 8 7

61

We have examined the above Balance Sheet and the foregoing Income and Expenditure Account with the books and vouchers of the Mission, and certify that they are correct and in accordance therewith.

Dated this 4th day of August, 1954.

Barclays Bank Buildings,

73, Cheapside, E.C.2.

FRANCIS NICHOLLS WHITE & CO.,
Chartered Accountants, Auditors.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME AND MISSION INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR YEAR ENDED 30th APRIL, 1954

62

PAYMENTS		RECEIPTS	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
1953		1953	
287 To Rates, Taxes and Insurance ...	263 11 6	1,162 By Covenants ...	404 19 6
722 " Heat and Light ...	507 18 7	1,694 " Subscriptions and Donations ...	1,716 14 11
86 " Telephone ...	43 7 0	207 " Boxholders ...	200 15 10
239 " Postage, Printing and Stationery ...	262 0 1	18 " Shoe Fund and Pound Day ...	29 10 0
2,312 " Provisions ...	2,036 10 3	1,442 " Legacies ...	299 13 5
233 " Furniture ...	34 0 9	167 " Government Grants (Pensions) ...	157 15 3
1,062 " Linen, Clothes and Shoes ...	570 12 9	" Payments received on account of Children ...	1,339 16 5
236 " Household Expenses ...	315 9 0	23 " Sale of Farm Produce ...	291 1 7
566 " Staff Allowance and National Insurance ...	510 3 1	2,603 " Amount transferred from Tipree Fund Account ...	— — —
240 " Gifts to Staff (Holidays) Donations and Pocket Money Scheme ...	87 17 0	" Amount transferred from Special Fund Account ...	1,775 0 0
44 " Medical Supplies ...	54 1 3		
294 " Travelling and Excursion Expenses ...	275 14 2		
612 " Repairs to Property ...	297 11 8		
425 " General Repairs and Replacements including vehicles ...	312 10 0		
623 " Maintenance of Farm at Tipree ...	256 10 0		
22 " Expenses of Maintaining Woodford Ground ...	— — —		
72 " Incidental Expenses ...	91 19 1		
— " Furniture Removal ...	18 0 0		
93 " Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year transferred to Accumulated Fund ...	277 10 9		
£8,388		£6,215 6 11	
		£8,388	
		£6,215 6 11	