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HAMBLEDEN

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Baptism.

June 27. —(At Frieth), Francis Elmer, son of Ernest James and Kate Elizabeth Harman.

„ 27. —(At Skirmett), Violet, daughter of John Francis and Rosetta Higgins.

Marriage.

June 5. —(At Frieth), Jesse Hobbs and Mary Piercy.

Burial.

June 8. —Ann Jemmett, aged 78 years.

„ 20. —David Heath, aged 54 years.

June 20, in this year of grace, the 60th anniversary of the Queen's Accession fell upon a Sunday; no day better: but apparently very few awoke to the fact that it was *the* day. The Church's service of thanksgiving is the Holy Eucharist: this is the most common name of the sacrament in ancient times, and it is only a Greek word meaning "thanksgiving." No service can compete with this for its authority, for it is the only service instituted by the Church's Head: nor can any other service match it for appropriateness, or for the ease with which a special intention in the hearts of the congregation can be expressed. Yet it was left to about ten persons to represent the thankfulness and the loyalty of Hambleden at this service. True, the weather was very oppressive, and many were engaged to a late hour the night before in the hayfield. Hambleden Church is too large for so small a congregation on such an occasion: we very much wanted a side chapel fitted up, where Priest and people would be within song and hearing distance of each other. The special parts of the service throughout the day were arranged by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and issued to the clergy by Her Majesty's Privy Council. The hymn written by Bishop Walsham How, with tune by Sir A. Sullivan, was sung. Evensong closed with the *Te Deum*. The National Anthem was also heartily sung both in the morning and evening. It is well that from time to time these familiar words should be hallowed by being sung in church: people are apt to forget that the Holy Name is solemnly invoked: otherwise surely all heads would be uncovered when it is sung out of doors.

Tuesday, **June 22**, being set apart as the holiday, was ushered in by the pealing of the bells. The children met in Church at 9, and after an appropriate address by Mr. Eyre, sang "God save the Queen," and dispersed to find what jubilation they could at Henley or elsewhere.

At **Frieth** Messrs. West and Collier entertained their work-people and others to the number of 120 on June 22nd, but the general celebration of the festival was reserved for Thursday (S. John Baptist Day). The people assembled at the Church at 1.30, when a *Te Deum* and some hymns were sung, and prayer offered: after which a procession was formed, led by the Lane End band, to Parmoor. "All vehicular traffic was suspended," as the London papers say: the principal feature of the procession was the gay flags and banners of the children. The children's well-ordered procession added greatly to the brightness and cheerfulness of the occasion. We English, as a rule, take our pleasures too stolidly, as has often been remarked: we

are slow to realise the value of external helps : we imagine ourselves above such things : but when people are in numbers, accessories that appeal to sight and hearing are great helps to weld scattered individuals into one body. And this is true whether in Church or outside. On arriving at Parmoor the band discoursed sweet music, the children were supplied with an abundant tea on the lawn : and all who had turned 15 sat down to a substantial meat tea in a tent. Sports succeeded, but alas ! a thunderstorm which had been firing royal salutes all the afternoon broke with a deluge of rain. It ceased in time for Mr. C. A. Cripps and Mr. H. W. Cripps to make interesting speeches to those whose loyalty had not been too much damped : the bolder spirits remained to dance in the tent. The sweet strains of the band were heard at Hambleden late in the evening, while this account was being written.

If nothing unforeseen occurs, Hambleden and Skirmett will have festivities on July 12th. An energetic committee are at work making preparation. The Rector regrets that he will be gone away by that date ; he hopes someone will send him a report for the August magazine, not later than July 22nd.

This year is not only the 60th anniversary of the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne of Great Britain ; but it is also **the 1,300th anniversary** of the commencement of the Church of England. 1,300 years ago a great and good Pope, Gregory VII., moved with compassion by the sight of fair haired English slave boys (or Angles, he would call them) at Rome, sent Augustine and other missionaries to make the people, as he hoped, Angles. Augustine found on landing not a kingdom of England, but only a kingdom of Kent : and he was permitted to place his cathedra, or bishop's chair at Canterbury. Thus it is that Canterbury is the mother church of the English people. This year the Archbishop of Canterbury, after the example of his two predecessors, has summoned all the Bishops of the Anglican Communion, *i.e.* all who have been sent forth from the Church of England, to meet for conference at Lambeth. 200 have accepted the invitation. His Grace is well known for his wisdom : he has certainly exhibited it on this occasion ; for when he wanted 200 chairs suitable for such high dignitaries to sit upon, where should he go to ? but to our Hambleden chair firm. We heartily congratulate Messrs. West and Collier. Surely our sympathies for the work of the Bishops in their distant dioceses in Australia, India, Africa, and the islands of the seas, ought to be enlarged.

Our **Jubilee offerings** in Church were for promoting the welfare of the Church under our own Bishop's care, to wit, the Oxford Diocesan Clergy Sustentation Fund. The following figures may interest our readers : there are 647 so-called "livings" in the Diocese, of which 240 are under £200 a year, 170 under £150, and 78 under £100. We have sent £16 16s. 6d. to the treasurer. No doubt several of the laity have sent or will send subscriptions direct to Sir Charles Ryan at the Church House, Westminster ; or Messrs. Simonds' Bank at Reading. This is not supposed to be an age of faith, yet many Churchpeople seem to hold the beautiful belief that as Elijah was fed by the ravens, so the clergy (except the Rector of Hambleden) have supplies from some supernatural source for all their personal and parochial needs.

Since the last issue of the magazine, the committee have decided to postpone the **Flower Show**. This will now be held towards the end of August, in which month the schedule will be published. Prizes will be offered for flowers, fruit, and vegetables, bee farming, needle-work and laundry work, and every cottager in the district will be eligible to compete in the show.

We hope to see the **Junior Cricket Club** in full swing again by the time these words appear in print. Boys are eligible under the age of 15. All who are over that age can join the Hambleton Vale C. C., which we rejoice to see as the successful result of amalgamation of the two clubs (Hambleton and Greenlands). The boys' club and institute will in future be worked as one organisation.

Hambleton 'Church Workers' River Party.

(By our Special Correspondent).

On Monday, June 14th, a party of upwards of 80 (including a contingent of more than 30 from Frieth, with three from Skirmett, consisting of clergy, a churchwarden, district visitors, sextons, sidesmen, singers, ringers, organists, teachers, and helpers in general) went for a river excursion. The weather, the arrangements, the catering, the pleasant social intercourse were all as perfect as it is possible for mundane things to be. Not one discordant note was there in this pleasing harmony, saving, perhaps, when our juvenile friends tried the acoustic properties of the various arches we steamed under. Messrs. West and Collier, Mr. J. Barksfield, and Mr. Sworder's brake brought the Frieth contingent to the riverside, where, joined by Hambleton, (including an important consignment in Mr. Mason's van), they awaited the arrival of the "River Queen" from Caversham. By kind permission, we embarked at the Yewden Boathouse and a start was made at 8.30. Too much praise cannot be given to those who organized and also to those who undertook the commissariat, for there seemed no end to the good things provided in such profusion. I am not going to describe the places we passed *en route*, nor this trip into Fairyland; the guide books will do the former, the latter defies description, for no pen could do justice to its sylvan scenery, its exquisite loveliness, villas and mansions nestled in every conceivable nook, some spic and span, others, with the sober hue of age, stately and grand. The places of historical interest, *i.e.*, Wallingford Castle and the old Roman Camp at Dorchester were commented on and explained by our worthy Rector. We arrived at Dorchester Abbey Church about 3.30. The Rector was just beginning to point out the features of interest when another Cicerone appeared on the scene, the Vicar's wife, who described, in an eloquent manner, the different points of interest. This good lady was a veritable guide book and a compendium of useful knowledge combined. It was interesting to note her righteous indignation as she proceeded to point out evidence of the wanton destruction on part of the so-called "Reformers." The venerable building itself would have been destroyed had it not been for the noble action of a parishioner, who bought it back from Henry VIII.'s commissioners. We were given to understand that this stately abbey is the mother church of seven bishopricks formed out of its ancient diocese, and at the present time its emoluments amount

to the princely sum of £180, out of which £150 is paid as a curate's stipend. This is not pleasant reading, Verily Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" "Passing rich on £40 a year" is very much in existence at the present day. In this case what a gracious "Jubilee" act it would be if each of the seven bishopricks would agree to contribute, say £100 per year, towards the support of their mother church, that glorious link between the past and present, [or if the present representative of the 16th century despoiler would restore to the Church the tithes to the value of £330 which he "impropriates"—Ed.] We would fain have lingered longer in this grand old place with its interesting associations, but time was inexorable and we re-embarked about 4.30. The homeward journey was most delightful with its feasting, singing, and pleasant social intercourse; for the nonce, Hambleton and Frieth had lost their identity and were simply members of the Church Militant. This was as it should be, and the halo of this pleasant day should illumine the perplexities and dark days of the coming year. As we steamed past Greenlands lusty cheers were given for Lady Esther, and again when we disembarked ringing cheers were given for the worthy Rector and his wife, who had so successfully organized and, thanks to the many cheerful workers, carried out the day's programme. At Mill End we parted company, one party to go to its quiet haven under the hills, the other to the breezy uplands of the Chilterns. Much regret was felt at the absence of the two noble veterans, Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner, and at the unavoidable absence of the Rev. A. Brown-Constable. Who can tell what the future may have in store for us as the result of this day's outing? If the Hambleton ladies heed the exhortation of the Dorchester lady, to work vestments and altar frontals, and the good people of Frieth bestir themselves to add a tower and spire to their little church after the pattern pointed out to them by their Rector *en route* at Whitchurch, but—"Siste, Viator!"

MEDMENHAM.

BAPTISM.

- June 13.—Edgar Hobbs.
 „ 13.—Terence Arthur Malyon.
 „ 13.—Dorothy Ruby Louisa Leach.
 „ 27.—William John Oxlade.
 „ 27.—Victoria Fanny May Keeley.

From a national point of view no day was ever recommended for Thanksgiving in Church with more hearty approval than was June 20th. The genuine solemnity of it was most impressive. All good feeling would insist that there could be no proper recognition of the blessings that have come to us during Her Majesty's Reign unless the truly religious side were duly regarded. The utmost was done at our services to make the occasion exercise its own irresistible force and influence. The collections for the day were given to the Diocesan Clergy Sustentation Fund, and amounted to £7 19s. 1d.

Then on Tuesday, the 22nd, there came all the rejoicings out of doors. We cannot do better than extract the following paragraph from the *South Bucks Standard* :—"Thanks to the kind instrumentality of Mr. R. W. Hudson, the inhabitants of Medmenham celebrated the Diamond Jubilee on Tuesday in right royal fashion. There was a dinner for men at 1.30, athletic sports at three o'clock, and tea for women and children at 5.30. An excellent band—that of the City of London Artillery had, also been engaged—and to the strains of this band, assisted in turn by the Medmenham Fife and Drum Band, dancing took place during the evening. The proceedings concluded with a bonfire and fireworks, and the day will not be forgotten in Medmenham for many years to come."

We have particular pleasure in noting that the services of our Fife and Drum Band are becoming more and more appreciated. On Whit Monday the members went to Rose Hill and played before the large gathering which Lady Donaldson had, as usual, invited down from the East End of London to spend the day.

