<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bere</th>
<th>Sunday Services</th>
<th>Kingston</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Holy Communion</td>
<td>8.00</td>
<td>Holy Communion</td>
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<tr>
<td>First Sunday</td>
<td>12.00</td>
<td>3rd Sun. at 8 a.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mattins</td>
<td>11.30</td>
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<tr>
<td>Children's Service or Sunday School</td>
<td>2.30</td>
<td>Children's Service</td>
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<tr>
<td>Evensong</td>
<td>6.00</td>
<td>Evensong</td>
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**Saints' Days**

- Holy Communion | 7.30

**Week Days**

- Mattins | 8.50
Bere Regis.

SERVICES DURING JUNE.

Ascension Day, June 1st—
7-30—Holy Communion.
10-30—Mattins.
11-0—Holy Communion.
7-0—Evensong.

Sunday after Ascension, June 4th—
8-0—Holy Communion.
11-30—Choral Communion.
6-0—Evensong.

Whitsunday, June 11th—
7-0—Holy Communion.
8-0—Holy Communion.
11-30—Choral Communion.
6-0—Evensong.

Trinity Sunday, June 18th—
8-0—Holy Communion.
11-30—Mattins.
6-0—Evensong.

1st Sunday after Trinity, June 25th—
8-0—Holy Communion.
11-30—Mattins.
2-30—Children’s Service.
6-0—Evensong.

June 24th, is the Feast of the Nativity of St. John Baptist.

Intercession Service each Thursday at midday.

May 11th, 1916.

My dear Friends,

I am afraid that you hardly had your pennyworth as far as last month’s Bere Regis part of the Magazine went. That was my fault. I had too many things to do before I left to write anything, and when I got to my job in France I did not find much spare time, and now it is somewhat difficult to write anything that will be worth reading, because there are so many restrictions as to what one may say.

The Chaplain General sent me over to General Head Quarters, which I reached on March 29th, and from there I was sent on to a Casualty Clearing Station, in company with a Roman Catholic Chaplain. It was not a long journey in mileage, though it was very long in hours, and I doubt if I have got forty miles from the English Channel in spite of a three day’s journey.

My three companions for the first part of the journey were another Chaplain who had been staying recently near Dorchester, a Captain in Mr. Monty Radley’s Regiment, and a Cycling Officer who had often been through Bere Regis when he was training a cycling corps at Wareham, so I did not find that I had fallen altogether among strangers.

Yesterday too I spent part of the evening looking at photographs of Milton Abbas and Purbeck, taken by an Officer in charge of some Red Cross ambulance wagons, which happened to be in the town.

I do not know that there is anything very interesting to say about my work here. A Casualty Clearing Station is a Hospital, where sick and wounded soldiers spend a short time only. They are moved on to the Base Hospitals, if their illness or their wounds are likely to keep them laid up for any length of time, just staying with us long enough to get over the worst part of their troubles. Minor ailments and small wounds are treated here too, and after recovery the patients return to their regiments.

What impresses me most is first the cheerfulness and patience of the wounded—and awful wounds they have some of them—and secondly the great care that is taken of them. The surroundings are a bit rough, but no words could be too strong to express the admiration which I feel for the wonderful work done by Medical Officers, Nurses and Orderlies, and the patients are not wanting in appreciation for all that is done for them.

Not far from the Clearing Station a room has been lent me, which we use as a Chapele on Sundays. It has in it a nice altar, with cross and a pair of candlesticks, and a certain number of benches. On Sundays I have Holy Communion at 6.30 and 7.0, after which I can take the Holy Sacrament to any patients in the wards, who may desire it. There are three other services later on in the day, always, and generally more than three. We have no instrument to accompany the singing, but that does not appear to make much difference, and at Evensong we manage to sing a Psalm, the Nunc Dimittis and a Hymn or two, and never seem to notice the absence of an organ.

The attendance at the services is small compared with what I had been led to expect before I left home, but there are many things which make it difficult or impossible for men to come. What these things are I could not say without mentioning facts, which it is forbidden to write about, as there are a good many men unconnected with the Hospital, for whom I act as Chaplain.

So far I have only come across one man who had been to the Bere Regis Sunday Tea-room, and no one who belongs to the parish. I do not want to meet any of them in a sick ward, but I should like to see a familiar face all the same.

I am, yours sincerely,

M. A. Bere.
Dear People of Bere Regis,

This being the first issue of the Magazine since my coming among you I should like to address a few words of greeting to you. And first of all let me repeat what I said to you from the Pulpit on the first Sunday I ministered to you—as some of you may not have been present on that occasion—I feel it a great privilege to be appointed here to endeavour to carry on the work in this Parish during the absence of your Vicar as Chaplain to His Majesty's Forces at the Front. You do not, I am sure, grudge his absence for this purpose, and it rather cements the bond of union between you as Priest and People, inasmuch as he has not left it only to others—the men of this Parish—to go out in the cause of King and Country, but he has followed them, to help to keep after the spiritual interests of our brave soldiers. You will follow him with your prayers even as you do those dear men and lads who have gone from your own homes.

Our Naval and Military Chaplains take their risks of danger along with the sailors and soldiers, and you will feel proud of the fact that your Vicar is among them. And you will, I am sure, constantly pray that his work may be blessed, and that he may return in safety.

And, dear people, will you pray for me, too, that God will help me in the responsibility that is laid upon me in ministering to you while your Vicar is away. I hope we shall soon get to know one another. I desire to be your friend, and, by God's grace, all that is implied in the term "pastor of souls." Whether there is a public daily service in this Church, or not, I shall be praying here each morning for you all who are committed, for the time being, to my spiritual care; and if you will also pray for me, then, indeed, may we look for the Divine Blessing.

Let us ever remember, in the words of one of England's great poets—

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."

Well, now, since I spoke these words to you we are getting to know each other a little more intimately, and I feel sure we shall all work happily together, and I wish to thank you for the kind reception you have given me.

In a letter I have recently received from Mr. Bere he says "from time to time I shall be grateful to hear from you, because I long to know that the Church folk are doing their duty." So you see he will be with us in spirit all the time, and let us see to it that we can all render him a good account of ourselves.

We shall all read with great interest the letter he has communicated for this month's Magazine.

With my best wishes to you all,

Yours in all sincerity,

AUGUSTUS B. BENNETT.
fallen in the war, was dedicated, and a warm tribute was paid to their memory in the sermon which followed. I am glad to find that the memorial gives such general satisfaction, for, as almost everyone in the Parish contributed towards it, I was very anxious that this should be the case. The tablet of pure white marble with the inscription in golden letters seems particularly appropriate.

I must sincerely thank all those who contributed so generously to the Easter Offering, particularly as I well understand how very strenuous the present time is for us all.

I am afraid that at first the new hours for the services, necessitated by the Government’s Daylight Saving Act, may be somewhat confusing, but no doubt we shall very speedily get accustomed to them.

I am sorry that there was a serious deficit in the Church Accounts this Easter, which I trust may be made up as soon as possible. The offertories have not been as good on the whole, as they were during the previous twelve months, and the cost of fuel and oil has risen considerably. I hope everyone will help in this matter.

We were very glad to see Pte. Joseph Whiffin, R.A.M.C., in Kingston again; he was taken prisoner by the Germans during the retreat from Mons, but was exchanged after a terrible experience, and is now on leave.

Pte. A. White came for a farewell visit, looking extremely well in his uniform; he is on the point of leaving for the East, and deep sympathy must be felt for his parents, who have now given five sons for active service abroad, and who must be in such continuous anxiety. Just as I am sending this to the Publisher, Walter White the youngest of these five brothers has come in to see me, being home on short leave. In spite of his having been in the Front Trenches, in France, for more than a year, and of having faced daily terrible dangers, he looks very well, and is returning to duty with good heart.

DENIS MOORE CANN.

BAPTISM.
On Easter Day—Frank Richard Frederic Reeves.

OFFERTORIES.

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