

NE lives and learns. Until the other day I had imagined that Great Tidal Waves such as the Severn Bore, come in rolling mountains high from far out in the ocean and then

crash on the land. The story of the Atomic Bomb experiment at Bikuni made me rub my eyes. For in it, I read that a mile or so out the sea appears rippling calm. Innumerable little wavelets pressing one upon another are driving forward. It is only when they reach the opposing coast that they rise and swill

into a huge Tidal Wave.

I am no scientist and may get it all wrong. But the Tidal Wave of the Atomic Bomb will serve my purpose to illustrate the Great Pentecostal Wave of the Inspiration of God's Spirit. He uses us little men and women and children to prepare His miracles. He is using you and me now, our lives, our doings, our hopes, our struggles, our visions, our achievements are ordinary. No chronicle of them will ever be written. If we flatter ourselves or others flatter us that we are 'great,' we are sadly mistaken. The most famous king or philosopher, conqueror or statesman, scientist or inventor is only like the spray on the crest of the Tidal Wave. He is seen and noticed. But that he is so is an accident. He is no more than one of the wavelets. By himself he would be nothing. To know that fact is the wisdom of those happy folk who are saints. It is not the Great, it is the Little whom God's Spirit is using to bring in Christ's Kingdom of the Heart's Happiness of Men here in

Mother in the kitchen; Father at his work; the Children in their school; the Old Maid at her service of love; the ordinary Parson in his village; they are often the truly great who, driving on and on, obeying the Pentecostal Inspiration, never praised and rarely thanked, are used by the Spirit to do the really great things. The Men on the Top are often only

Spray.

It is the death a month ago of William Lawson of the Faith Craft-Works that has stirred me to write this article. You have never heard of him? Let me tell you about him. He was just one of those little men whose names do not even get into that book Who's Who which is published every year to tell us about People of Importance. But God used him to help many of his circle in his quiet way to be happy just as if we allow Him, He will use you and me.

William Lawson was a Yorkshireman. Brought up and trained in York he had two passionate interests-

WILLIAM LAWSON, R.I.P.

By JOHN PRIEST

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the Church and Art. As a little boy-he wasn't a choir lad-he loved his Mass and was never away.

Withal he was a bit of a sport. So he became a daily server at the Altar. In his early teens, he adored drawing and painting and presently took Art Classes. When he was seventeen, the Bursar of the Society of the Faith which was then in its beginnings, heard of him from Father Shaw, his parish priest, and brought him to London to be trained in the special kind of work which the Faith Press was initiating. The Society of the Faith itself was a sodality of 'little' men who on the principle that many a mickle makes a muckle had been brought together by their Bursar in order to de little things of which the in order to do little things of which they dreamed but which they could not carry through by themselves. William Lawson gave himself at once heart and soul and brain and hand to the Society and what he gave he never took back. That was in 1911. Though you may not know his name, probably you have seen the speaking, beautifully coloured Gospel and Church Stamps which for 25 years he designed for the Childermote. Many millions of them have been broadcast through Great Britain and overseas during the past 30 years. Think of the children who have been inspired by them in their Worship at Mass. Or you must have looked at his drawings in The Symbol which since its beginning 30 years back, he helped Again, about 20 years ago, the Bursar trusted him with the bringing into being the Faith Craft-Works which was then tiny and now at St. Albans is substantial. You may have looked at and been influenced by a pictured window or a reredos or other ornament of his in a church in which you have worshipped. The other side of his 'little' life was of a piece. Once in London he became one of Father Stanton's boys and a server at St. Alban's, Holborn: for the Old Dad and that famous church had been his cynosure. In his home parish he was a weekday server—he was no ritualist but loved serving as 'little' men love service-and churchwarden to the end. Myself I only saw him from time to time and never knew him closely. But all who knew him agree that he was the kindest, simplest, dearest and most helpful of fellows. He married in due course and leaves a son to grow up and to follow on in his wake as do the wavelets in the Great Pentecostal Wave. May the boy be as his father, and—that's why I've written this article—may you and I be blessed by the impact of his example.