

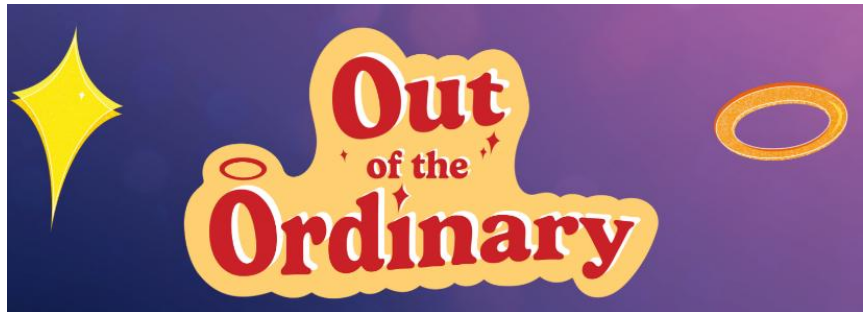
Englesea Extra

No. 65: Wednesday December 13th 2023

Price: faith

Strange Times

I don't know about you, but this year I seem to be constantly aware of the contrasts in our world. Those who use foodbanks, and those who pay £130 for a starter; those with nowhere to call home and those who lock their doors safely each night; those who live with the irritation of random fireworks, and those who live with the sound of



bombs dropping. At the Englesea Brook Carol Service on Sunday, Elizabeth read us two contrasting diary entries. The first of a fictional fraught mother in the lead up to Christmas, frantically sewing on sheep's ears and feeling the pressure of her peers. The other was directly from the second journal of Hugh Bourne's – quite a contrast to most of our Christmas experiences!

Monday, 23rd December, 1816. *The morning found me at Hlland, Derbyshire, and I had to be at Derby, twelve miles away, for the Quarterly Meeting. The business was nearly pleasantly through when a mine was sprung in the midst of the brethren assembled. The ringleader— T.S.—was a Swedenborgian* who had crept into the society and secretly formed a party. They had in some way or other contrived to get hold of the forms, the stoves and some money. Now at the end of the meeting the plot was disclosed. But judgment is with the Lord, and the human heart is weak and ignorant. Temptation also is great and strong.*

The introduction of this business, not on the agenda, lengthened as well as enlivened the sittings of the Derby Quarterly Meeting. This had its inconvenience for me. I was planned to preach that evening at Weston-Underwood, six miles away. In order to get there in time I had to run a great part of the way. I was uneasy, too, lest some footpad should rifle my pockets of the quarter-day money I carried. I got there, however, in due time for the service, but all splashed with mud and nearly spent. I preached from Matt. xxiii. 33 —but I had forgotten I had preached from the same text the last time I was at Weston. Then followed the renewal of tickets - we had a glorious time. Next day I discovered the hand of God in my lapse of memory and choice of text. Richard Clark told me how he had lately warned a young man that "if he went on speaking lies he would go into the damnation of hell." The youth, perhaps naturally enough, spread the report that Richard Clark had been swearing, and there was something of a scandal. But my sermon settled the matter.

December 24th. *Preached at Mercaston, one mile from Weston-Underwood, and renewed tickets. Christmas Day was full of activities. I met the trustees of Turnditch Chapel and audited all the accounts; spoke at Hlland and gave the Sacrament; and finished the day by preaching at Turnditch and renewing tickets. It was a good time.*

The Methodist theme for Advent this year is: Out of the Ordinary. Whatever is your 'ordinary', and I don't expect many of you will be auditing accounts on Christmas Day, let the extraordinary love of God shine through.

A very Happy Christmas to you all!

Every blessing

Ruth

**a person who supports the theories of the Swedish scientist, philosopher, and mystic Emanuel Swedenborg: The Church of the New Jerusalem*

Pause for thought

The real index of civilization is when people are kinder than they need to be.

- Louis de Bernieres, novelist (b. 8 Dec 1954)

A Camp Meeting to remember- a personal recollection

David Leese shares a short excerpt from a detailed account written by his late mother. She was born at Lask Edge, Staffordshire in 1926, but due to her mother's health was brought up by her then 60 year old paternal grandmother at Brown Edge. Her grandmother, the former Selina Cotterill of Horton caught Primitive Methodism despite her own illegitimacy, despite her 'having to get married' out of county in 1889, and despite the rural poverty of her early married life. She had caught Primitive Methodism so that her funeral memorial card contains the much-loved Camp Meeting hymn: 'Here we suffer grief and pain, here we meet to part again, in heaven we part no more, Oh that will be joyful.'

The short account reads as follows:

'Granny attended both Brown Edge church (to which she paid tithes) and also Lask Edge chapel. She gave generously to the chapel. Every summer at Lask Edge Sunday school anniversary I used to be on stage, as were all the other children from the surrounding area—three times that Sunday we were there at the chapel singing the children's hymns—taken there by the faithful Rose, the farm horse. Mr Vernon Clowes (local preacher) who lived on a farm near to the chapel always appeared to be in charge and preached the sermon at every service except the Sunday School anniversary and the Harvest Festival service, at these services preachers came from Biddulph, Rudyard, Leek, or Mow Cop chapels. Granny always thought Vernon Clowes a very God-fearing man who loved his work for God at the chapel. About twice a year Mr and Mrs Vernon Clowes came to Granny's on an invited pastoral visit.

The family farm was Burnfields, immediately adjacent to and part of Marshes Hill, Brown Edge. The hill was the traditional location for the local June Primitive Methodist Camp meeting. In 1934 the time came for this Camp Meeting on Marshes Hill. This was a big Sunday in the life of the village, but perhaps even bigger in the life of my family. However Mr Clowes' horse had died suddenly, and he hadn't found a suitable replacement. The arrangement was to be that after an early Sunday dinner my uncle and I were to fetch Mr and Mrs Clowes in the horse and trap. Unfortunately before going to get his best suit my uncle went to look at a cow due to calve—and decided that he couldn't go and leave her as things weren't quite right. The rest of the household was busy preparing food as the preachers and officials had been invited to the farm for tea, between the afternoon and evening meetings, as they always were. So it was that as an eight year old girl I had to go and fetch them driving Rose, the best horse in the trap. Rose and I went off together both in our Sunday best! The Camp Meeting was priority. On the way back Mrs Clowes was nervous when Rose started to trot fast on the level across by Lady Moor Gate; but she always trotted here when we returned with the empty milk churns—never going, when they were full, not because they were heavy; but because of milk spilling if she trotted.

When we arrived back at Granny's, crowds of people had gathered on the hill, they came from miles around, from Smallthorne, Burslem, Endon, Knypersley and Biddulph. When the meeting started there were prayers, singing and preaching; another service started after tea and went on to dusk.

At night we took Mr. and Mrs. Clowes home to Lask Edge, and we had to put the lights on the governess cart, this I thought lovely, to be out on the road at night with Rose. What a lovely day it had been, the sun had shone lovely and warm this June Sunday. Peggy the shorthorn cow had given birth to twin heifers and God had been thanked and praised for all his goodness. Country folk had been joined by many town dwellers at this hillside camp meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Clowes now lie in one of the graves adjoining Lask Edge chapel.'

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There's a further description of the joy of a camp meeting on page 4

Chris' Conundrums

Firstly, a challenge I was sorry to learn, through a comment on My Prims, that [Braydon chapel in north east Wiltshire](#) has closed. It was one of the few remaining tin chapels in the connexion - and the question is, was it the last one? Two former Primitive Methodist tin chapels on My Prims have closed this century - at [Edge End](#) in the Forest of Dean and [Rhosnesni](#) near Wrexham. I was brought up within a few miles of Braydon - relatives lived at Tadpole Farm - and it was one of the chapels my uncle used to cycle to as a local preacher.

The comment, from Stephen Tuck, said: "It is with a heavy heart that we announce the permanent closure of Braydon Chapel. We must say it has not been a decision made by those of us who regularly enjoy Sunday fellowship here. But a decision made from the Upper Thames Methodist Circuit.

Our last service is this Sunday the 26th November 2023. It will be a celebration of the past 140 years of Braydon chapel and the lovely kind people that have passed through the doors of this beloved Tin Tabernacle!



We will begin at 4.30 with a ploughman's supper and a time to share memories and photos of what Braydon Chapel had meant to us. There will be a service at 6pm lead by Rev Clive Deverell.

If anyone has anything they'd like to share about the Chapel old or recent then please get in contact.

Email – ed.rawlings@hotmail.com"

I've been in touch with Ed Rawlings and he has promised to send current pictures and more information on the life of the chapel, to be added to the page.

Secondly, a success. In September, Randle asked for help in identifying an unnamed chapel in the Englesea postcard collection, so [we posted it on My Prims](#). We've now had a comment added to the page, identifying it as [Bradwell Primitive Methodist chapel in the Peak District](#). And of course there is already a page for it on My Prims with a whole gallery of pictures taken by Richard and Elaine Pearce. We always say that My Prims is the best place to start your search for anything to do with the story of Primitive Methodists – and we should have spotted that. However, in our defence, there are over 20,300 pictures on the site.



A camp meeting at Sheriff Hutton

Susan Goodwill, Ryedale Circuit Archivist, has provided for the [Sheriff Hutton page on My Primitive Methodists](#), a wonderful, first hand, account of what a camp meeting in an agricultural village was like. It was written by [Edwin Dalton](#), Primitive Methodist minister of some renown, becoming President of Conference, who was born in Sheriff Hutton in 1845 and lived in the village for the first 15 years of his life.

The source is a small 20 page booklet "The Story of Methodism in Sheriff Hutton" by Barbara Walker written in 1993. Thanks to Mr Bernard Walker for giving permission for the extract to be included on My Prims.

"The camp meetings were great rallying days. Primitive Methodists for miles around would come. All seemed to expect special blessing and seldom were they disappointed. The morning preaching service was held in a granary immediately opposite my father's house... The preachers taking their stand upon an old chair ... A stalwart would hold the stand by the back as the excited preacher poured out the gospel message in a rustic style but with great unction and power... The women who could leave the cooking of the Sunday dinner for a short time would stand with their arms under their aprons attentively gathering up a few crumbs of the bread of life. It was impossible to hold services of this kind without some good being done.

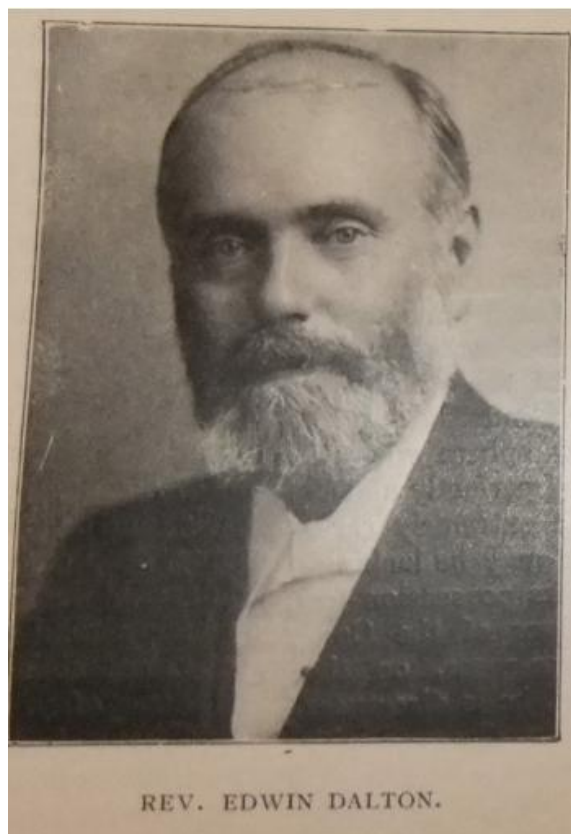
At the close of the service the preachers and visitors would go to various homes and have their dinners. Immediately after dinner one by one the friends strolled to the mill end of the village and processed the streets reminding the inhabitants of the "Field Day" in the Ings pasture... The preachers' stand in the pasture had been fixed on the Saturday night, as in those days it would be regarded as a violation of the fourth commandment to have taken the wagon down on the Sunday. Benches from the chapel were carried by members and friends for seats and great crowds of people attended.

The supposed best preachers were reserved for the afternoon, and it was regarded as a mark of special honour to be planned in the afternoon at Sheriff Hutton Camp Meeting. The congregations were large, and with the exception of a few boys who amused themselves by throwing crab apples at the preachers, were fairly attentive...

The evening was the crowning of the day. The chapel was filled to utmost capacity long before time for commencing the love feast. And no sooner was the meeting open than speaking would be commenced and continued in rapid succession for nearly two hours, interspersed now and again with lively singing, and woe to the member who did not speak. His silence was set down as some sign of spiritual decay... It is to be feared that the old fashioned country camp meeting has very seriously declined in interest and importance. I am afraid that we are too respectable to worship God in the open air... Many a receiver of grace will date the conversion to the Camp Meeting held in Sheriff Hutton's Ings Pasture."

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Rev Dalton and his wife are amongst the Primitive Methodist worthies buried in Hull General Cemetery. Unfortunately [the headstone is badly broken](#).



Randle’s rummagings

Earlier this year we had a visit from a gentleman who has written a booklet on Miniature Baptismal Fonts, and he presented the museum with a copy. He is currently collecting information for a second edition and was very pleased to see that we have several in the collection. He took full details and photographs of them all.

The first illustration is a font in our collection based on the 14th century font at the church of St Mary Magdalene at Oxford and was produced by Minton c.1862.

The second illustration is of a font also made by Minton and was given to us by a minister in Nantwich. It has a wooden stand, inset with alabaster slabs, which is 44 inches high.

The font from Brindley Ford Primitive Methodist chapel is based on the black Tournai marble font in Winchester Cathedral and was made by Copeland. Their catalogue of 1876 shows that these fonts were produced in two sizes, costing £1 5s or 18s. Our example is in white parian-ware, but it was also available in black basalt-ware.

The font presented to Stanton Hill Primitive Methodist church in November 1915 was modelled by G. Hall of Castleford, Yorkshire and is a design that our visitor had not encountered before.

We also have fonts made from marble, alabaster and wood. The marble one is from Englesea Brook chapel and the alabaster one came from Westbourne Street Primitive Methodist Chapel, High Wycombe.



font 1: Minton - St Mary Magdelene



font 2: Minton - Nantwich minister



Stanton Hill font



Salford font

The last font illustrated has familiar images of Hugh Bourne, William Clowes and Mow Cop. When it came into the collection it was just accessioned as a bowl, but the consensus is that it was made as a font, an idea supported by its inscription of ‘Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me’. It was originally at Enys Street Primitive Methodist Church, Salford.



Brindley Ford font

Not all Methodists are nice people

Here's another example of the reach of the Methodist Heritage websites across the world. An enquiry to Englesea Brook from a family historian in Australia turned out to relate to a Wesleyan chapel in Devonport. In the end it has uncovered an intriguing tragedy of husband poisoning wife, both apparently from strong Methodist backgrounds.

It started with an email to the Museum at Englesea:

"I'm conducting some family history research, and have found that all 10 children of [our] family were baptised in the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel in Morrice (sometimes Morice) Street, Devonport (sometimes Plymouth Dock), Devon. All 10 baptisms took place between 1821 and 1840, before the construction of Devonport Morice Town Primitive Methodist chapel, Herbert Street began in 1858. I'm not even sure if the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel in Morrice Street was a "Primitive Methodist" chapel. Do you have any information?"

In response, I clarified the relationship between different branches of Methodism, did a little research on Morice Street and [created a page on My Wesleyan Methodists](#).

This was the reply:

"My research has also uncovered (the Reverend?) John Sloggett Jenkins, big brother to my husband's forebear, William Brockedon Jenkins, and a family tragedy, where their sister Harriett was poisoned by her husband William Dove, himself from a staunch Methodist family. John Sloggett Jenkins married William Dove's sister, Sarah."

I've asked that they tell us the full story when it's been unscrambled!!

A Christmas Carol

by Charles Dickens.

Performed by Elizabeth Morris.

7pm-8.30pm, Friday 15th December

**Tickets £8 each, £3 for students, under 14s free.
Seasonal refreshments included.**

Pay at the door. Parking available. Seating is limited so please email or phone to book tickets:
learning@engleseabrook.org.uk /01270 820836

**Englesea Brook Chapel and
Museum, Englesea Brook
Lane, CW2 5QW**



Dates for the Diary

Heritage Talks:

Sat 13th January 11am – Heritage talk by Amy Wilkinson: Root and Branch – how 5 shillings, faith and belief inspired the beginning of the Probation Service. Amy will be sharing in more depth, the research she undertook for the Root and Branch exhibition partnership.

Lent Bible Studies (can't believe we're already mentioning Lent!)

Save the Dates! Barbara Easton, former Vice-President of the Methodist Church, will be leading our Lent Bible Studies on the theme: 'Wells in the Wilderness'. These will be on zoom on **Wednesday 28th February and Wednesday 6th, 13th and 20th March from 10.30-12 noon.**

A classic re-telling

Friday 15th December at 7:00pm. For those of you who live near to Englesea Brook, you might be interested in our last event of the season – a retelling of A Christmas Carol. Glimpsing the injustices portrayed by Dickens in this timeless classic reminds us of the world in which the Prims shared their faith and transformed the lives of the poor and marginalised. Details on the previous page – it would be lovely to see you before we finish for Christmas.

Copy and publication dates for Englesea Extra 66

Extra 66 will be published on Wednesday January 10th. Your article, ideas, photographs by Friday January 5th please.

And a final prayer from Richard Andrew, Darlington District Chair

Gracious God, lamp to my feet, light on my path. Where the path before me is unclear, my perception falters, your purpose is obscure and your good will concealed, Grant me...

- *Faith to trust that what is currently concealed will, through your grace, one day be revealed.*
- *Hope and confidence that you will be my companion, guide and confidant on the way.*
- *Love enough to know that one day I shall gaze upon you fully, face-to-face*

Amen.