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AND A VILLAGE GIVES THANKS

Far down Kent's valley of the Stour and over the high beeches to the gentle slopes of Julaberry Down, the Bells of St. Mary's at Chilham, call the faithful to harvest thanksgiving.

To the Gothic church, standing like a familiar friend beside the village, young and old bear tribute to the bounty of the Harvest.

Thus it has been through the ages in England's sleepy shires, for those who live by the good earth are every thankful for its riches.

The Garden of Kent is but one patch in that green garden which is England - and with this small parish, which lifts its voice in humble thanks, the echoes rise from every church throughout the nation.

Nature, relenting an earlier wanton mood, brought drying wind and mellow sun to cheer the hard pressed husbandman. As fading summer merges into early autumn the sheaves are safely harvested and the granary is filled. The earth has again offered its fullness and all within is safe.