

Mid-Sussex Times 19th November 1918 page 5

The Mid-Sussex Times.
TUESDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 19TH, 1918.
Telephone No. 80—Haywards Heath.

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK.

A man's power of seeing the good in others is directly proportioned to the amount of good in his own soul. Cynicism is rightly to be distrusted, for it means lack of good somewhere in the heart.

Notes and Comments.

During the past week the inhabitants of Mid-Sussex have been in high spirits because of the cessation of hostilities. Joyous peals have been rung upon the church bells, cottagers have displayed from their humble homes such flags as they could get hold of, bonfires have been lighted, and rich and poor have mingled together in the services of thanksgiving. The addresses of the clergy and ministers of the Free Churches have, on the whole, been admirably phrased, and the congregations have left their places of worship with their religious faith deepened, their patriotism at white heat and their hearts full of gratitude to our Sailors and Soldiers and members of the Air Force for all they have done to bring about the end of hostilities.

We know that THE MID-SUSSEX TIMES is read by hundreds of Sussex Boys, and we feel sure that they will be delighted to learn that we at home appreciate to the full all that they have valiantly done to uphold the honour of Old England and to prevent the German foe getting a footing upon our shores. Many of them left us as lads: they will return to us as men. What tales they will have to tell us—tales of the places they have visited, of wondrous sights they have seen, of the people they have mixed with, of the hardships they have endured, and of their hairbreath escapes from death. With what delight will wives welcome back their husbands, children their fathers, parents their sons and lassies their sweethearts! It will indeed be a happy day when the troops come marching home.

And what of those who will not return—those who fell in the defence of their country? In all ages to die upon the field of battle has been held to be a glorious death, and proud should be the mothers whose sons have died for England. But for all that it is human that they should grieve. As Lady Glanusk, sister of the late Captain C. W. Sergison, of Cuckfield, pathetically wrote in a London journal last Tuesday: "The infinite agonies that mothers have passed through in the years of war will only be revealed on the day of final judgment." Only a mother can fully understand all that a mother feels when she learns that her boy has been taken from her, and only Almighty God and our holy faith can bind up the broken heart and calm the troubled, grief-stricken soul. "Blessed are the dead, and blessed are the mothers who bore them."

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The Mid-Sussex Times.
TUESDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 24TH, 1918.
Telephone No. 60—Haywards Heath.

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK.

The Saviour of the world came to serve it, not to rule it. And so does every good man.

Notes and Comments.

Another Christmas has come round again, and, thank God, it sees the war ended. If we at home are glad of that, doubly so must be the men who have been defending our country since the early days of the war. What they have endured only they, and their Maker, fully know. We cannot thank them enough, and we cannot do too much for them. When they return home from the battlefields we must let them see in a tangible manner that we are truly grateful to them for defending our hearths and homes and be prepared to pay whatever is necessary in the eyes of the State to enable them to enjoy some of the sweets of life. God and they secured for us and the world a notable victory. All parents who sent sons to the war are entitled to our lasting respect, and should ever the time come when they, through no fault of their own, should be confronted with the demon of poverty, the nation must see to it that their needs are adequately met.

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So far Mid-Sussex has behaved splendidly towards its fighting men. It has ever kept an open ear for their needs, and money has been given again and again to supply them with comforts. Women have worked with their needles, homes and gardens have been thrown open to wounded soldiers, entertainments have been arranged to cheer them up, books and papers have been sent to the Forces by the thousand to give them mental refreshment, and fruit and vegetables have also been supplied. There has been no blight, no mildew, on the giving. Everything has been contributed with a good heart. "What can I do to help?" That has been the question which people of leisure have put to themselves and others, and they have deemed nothing too hard and nothing too tiresome. Not being able to fight they did the next best thing—they gave! And this will ever redound to their credit. And as we write our thoughts go out to the veterans and young men who left Mid-Sussex early in the war for India and other distant parts to serve their King and Country. All honour to them—the veterans—for "playing the game" in spite of their years. On Christmas Day we shall think of them and drink to them and say—"God bless them—the old and the young—and bring them safely back to the homes and loved ones they left behind in dear old England."

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