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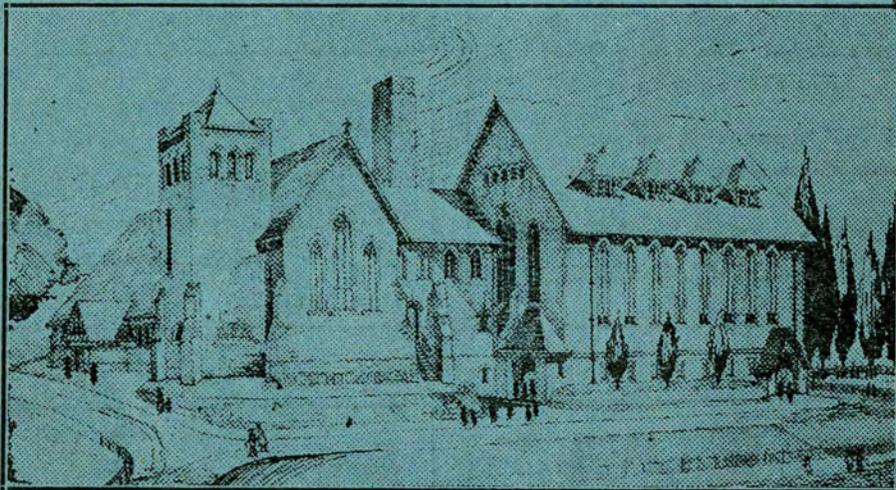
CHURCH of ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST Norway PARISH MONTHLY



Vol. 10

June, 1932

No. 116



Services

HOLY COMMUNION:—Every Sunday at 8 a.m. 1st and 3rd Sundays in each month at 11 a.m. Every Thursday (with special intercessions for the sick) at 10.30 a.m.

HOLY BAPTISM:—Every Sunday at 4 p.m.

CHURCHING:—After Baptism or by appointment.

MATINS AND EVENSONG:—Matins 11 a.m., Evensong 7 p.m., on Sundays.

THE LITANY:—On the second Sunday of the month at Morning Prayer.

SUNDAY SCHOOL:—Every Sunday at 10 a.m.

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June, 1932

Number 116

Editor—THE RECTOR

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Phone Howard 7806.

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Rector's Letter

St. John's Rectory,
June, 1932.

Dear Brethren:

It is always with a feeling of devout satisfaction that we present a class of candidates to the Bishop for confirmation. As we watch each pair kneel before the chancel steps and receive the Gift of the Holy Ghost through the laying on of the apostolic hands we join with the Bishop in making the prayer, "Defend O Lord this thy servant with thy heavenly grace, that he may continue thine for ever; and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit, more and more until he come unto thy everlasting kingdom."

This recent class is no exception to the rule. We have gathered together weekly for instruction for three months past. We have done our best to teach and instruct the candidates with a wealth of past experience, in the foundation principles of our Christian faith. We have personally interviewed each one and prayed with each, and now we feel thankfully proud as we watch them bearing witness for God and the right and asking for divine strength to live the Christian life.

And yet we know full well that they have each to fight the battle alone and to face their temptations and that only as they seek for heavenly

grace will they find it. God does not force salvation on any one, the opportunity is offered, the prize is held out but we have to seek and find it. We pray that we may be defended by God's heavenly grace, but we have to seek for it, to use it not today only but all the time if we are to continue God's for ever.

Grace is like the electricity conveyed along the wire, it's no use unless we make it our own, reach up to it by the arm of faith make it the power that influences our lives, then it becomes an active present reality and it is in this way only that we can continue God's for ever.

But if we are to grow physically we need to be fed regularly, and if we are to grow spiritually we must be fed spiritually and faithfully too. Why is it that so many people do not grow spiritually? It is because they do not persevere. All God's Promises are to those that are faithful. "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life." "He that endureth unto the end the same shall be saved." "So run that ye may obtain."

It's the daily increase more and more. Who of us can say that we daily increase in God's Holy Spirit? We could if we tried.

And so I plead for your help for the newly confirmed. By influence, by prayer, by example.

See that they make their communion regularly. Come with them to their communions. Help them to daily increase in God's Holy Spirit more and more, until they come unto His everlasting Kingdom and by helping them you will help yourselves.

Ever your friend and rector,

W. L. BAYNES-REED.

EIGHTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY

We purpose observing our 82nd Anniversary and Parochial Festival on Sunday, June 19th, the fourth Sunday after Trinity and close to St. John the Baptist day, the patron Saint to whom the church is dedicated.

The offertory all day, except the regular envelopes, will be devoted to the reduction of the debt on Church and Parish House which now stands at \$27,000.

The services for the day will be as follows: 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 10 a.m., Church School; 11 a.m., Holy Communion. Preacher, Rev. W. G. Nicholson, M.A., Vicar, St. Clement's Church, Eglinton; 4 p.m., Baptism; 7 p.m., Evensong. Preacher, Rev. F. J. Nicholson, L.Th., Nathanael Institute.

While most people are feeling the effect of the period through which we are passing yet we all can help to the best of our ability.

MOTHER'S DAY SERVICE

On Sunday morning, May 8th, some eighty Mothers and Fathers of the Beavers met at their weekly service to celebrate "Mother's Day."

The service opened at 9 a.m. with the singing of a hymn, prayer, and Bible reading. The special speaker, Mrs. Silcox, who is the past president of The Toronto Home and School Club Council, gave a very inspiring address, appropriately chosen for the occasion. During the offertory the class was favored by a piano solo. The singing of the class hymn and the pronouncing of the Benediction drew to a close the meeting. Each mother on filing out was presented with a bouquet of roses as a token of affection from every Beaver to the "Best Friend" a fellow can have.—Class Critic.



A.Y.P.A. Notes

It is with a feeling of loneliness that I write this report, the last for the past season of our Branch of the Association. Our activities have kept us so busy that now a good number of us are at a loss to know what to do with ourselves. Our well-planned programme has kept us going, not only on Tuesday nights, but also on numerous other nights of the week, and the sudden conclusion has left us rather stranded. The saying goes, that absence makes the heart grow fonder, and I hope that the absence of our meetings will make our hearts grow fonder of our Association and all it stands for.

It is hoped though, that our members will not forget that they have a Church during the summer months. Our Corporate Communions will continue on the second Sunday as usual. Remember, the Devil never closes up shop for the summer. He is every ready with his temptations. Our Church still remains active during the hot weather, so guard and prepare yourselves against the never ceasing works of the Evil One. Keep up the good name of our Association and be at Church even though you can't be at A.Y.P.A.

The last two meeting of the season were, as usual, happy and successful ones, as all previous ones have been. Our elections took place on the 3rd of May and even though there were some surprises the Executive for the ensuing season appears to be one with lots of pep and enthusiasm. Mr. Harold Mills, our President for the past year, was successful in securing the honours again, while there were quite a few new members elected. The results of the elections were as follows:

Hon. President—Canon W. L. Baynes-Reed, D.S.O.
 Past President—Alfred W. Nursey.
 President—Harold A. Mills.
 Vice-President—Wilfred Myles.
 Secretary—Miss Irene Cude.
 Corresponding Sec'y—Miss Reta Bailey.
 Treasurer—Bruce Clark.
 Athletic Convener—Leon Fox.
 Entertainment Convener—Pascoe Bailey.
 Publicity Convener—Miss Mabel Andrews.
 Membership Convener—Miss Joyce Potter.
 Refreshment Convener—Miss Florence Winthrop.
 Dramatic Convener—Elwood F. Hammersley.
 Business Manager—Ernest Macbeth.
 Property Manager—Edward Parker.
 Local Council Representatives—Miss Betty Morgan, John H. McIlroy.

With approximately a hundred in attendance, we closed our season, as usual, this year with a

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banquet. Everybody certainly enjoyed the tasty menu, between yells and songs. The usual pep and enthusiasm was apparent right to the last minute, and the crowd said their good-nights and byes at about 12 p.m. We were honoured with the presence of Mayor Stewart, who addressed us. The Branch also performed a very pleasant duty when they presented Howard H. Clark, our Curate, with a life membership in our Association. Howard will be greatly missed in our Branch, but I'm sure that we all wish him the best of success and happiness in his new location.

After the speeches, toasts, and remarks, everybody danced for the remaining part of the evening and left with a feeling of satisfaction and thoughts of the many happy events that we have all enjoyed during the past season.

PARISH ASSOCIATION NOTES

The Parish Association held two meetings during May; the last one bringing our meetings to a close for the summer months. One new member joined and was given a hearty welcome. The month of May has been a very busy one for the members. Two home-cooking sales have been held—one by Mrs. Turff, convener for the W.A., miscellaneous booth, held at the home of Mrs. Punchard, when \$31.80 was realized. Mrs. Turff acknowledges with thanks all who contributed and supported her. The second one, at the home of Mrs. Bamford, convener for the supper room and the convener thanks all who donated or attended her sale. The following ladies entertained in their homes for the various booths: Mrs. Thompson (plain sewing booth), bridge, \$14; Mrs. Hutchins (plain sewing booth) \$10.50; Mrs. Margree (supper room), silver tea, \$5; Mrs. Taylor (doll booth), euchre, \$8.40. All these ladies take this means of thanking those who donated or supported their efforts.

On May 17th we held our Annual Luncheon at one o'clock in the Parish Hall, which was filled to capacity. Judging from the complimentary remarks from those present, everybody went home thoroughly satisfied with the luncheon and pro-

gramme which followed. The sketch, "Neighbors of Gooseberry Court," was a bit of good-humored sarcasm on some neighbors and their love of gossip. The dialogue was crisp and droll and included some experiences by the gossips which added to the fun. The neat way in which "Amelia," the daughter of a police-sergeant (which was well played by Mrs. J. Dee) got her own back was refreshing. Mrs. Perkins, a washerwoman, played by Mrs. E. Dengate, provided many a laugh, and Mrs. Dobbs, the gossip of the court, was taken by Mrs. Huxtable.

After the sketch dainty Joan Williams delighted her audience with her dancing and Mrs. Williamson played several piano selections, which were very much appreciated. Community singing during intervals was followed by an ancient and modern fashion show which brought the afternoon to a close. The gross takings at the luncheon were \$99; expenses, \$10.99; net profits, \$88.01.

At the closing meeting, held May 17th, our head convener, Mrs. F. Croft, reported that \$276.74 had been made by various conveners since March, and our treasurer, Mrs. A. Fisher, reported approximately \$494.71 had been made since January. This is a very gratifying report and the Parish Association may well look forward to a successful financial statement when we close our books at the end of the year.

Our closing banquet was held on Tuesday, May 31st, at 7.30 p.m., at Georgia Villa Inn Tea Room, Queen and Silver Birch Ave., when 53 members sat down to a delightful dinner, after which our President, Mrs. R. Conner, asked the members to rise and toast "The King" by singing the National Anthem.

Our guest of honor, our Deaconess, Miss M. Shotter, proposed the toast to "The Parish Association," and spoke of the harmony and good-fellowship which exists among the members, and the enthusiasm with which each individual of the organization works. The toast was responded to by our churchwarden's wife, Mrs. Thomas Turff, in a few well-chosen words. At the conclusion of dinner, community singing and games were enjoyed by all. Unfortunately our Rector was unable to be at the banquet, but came in later on in the evening and seemingly enjoyed the fun as much as the members did. Midnight came all too soon, for each member, on departing, expressed her delight of the jolly evening she had spent.

The president, officers and members of the executive, wish each member of the Association a very happy and enjoyable summer vacation and hope that when our meetings re-open, Tuesday, Sept. 13th, we may all resume our duties refresh-

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ed and invigorated and ready with renewed energy for the work that is ahead of us, namely, our Bazaar of the 25th and 26th of November.

WOMANS' AUXILIARY

The annual meetings held at St. Anne's Parish House, during the week of May 9th were, as usual, most interesting and helpful to those members who attended the same. Our delegates this year were as follows: Tuesday—Mrs. Rogers, substitute Mrs. Williams; Thursday—Mrs. Ross, substitute Mrs. McIntyre; Friday—Mrs. Southgate, substitute Mrs. Bailey. Mrs. Hambly, the reporter, for Wednesday; while Mrs. Peachey and Mrs. Gascoigne assisted with the luncheon on Friday, and Mrs. Cartledge represented the Juniors.

Splendid reports were brought back and read at the business meeting on Wednesday, May 18th, but, owing to lack of time, two were left over to be read at the next meeting. At this same meeting we had with us a recent prize-winner (from Williamson Road School) in oral composition, Miss Evelyn Eppes, who gave as her subject, "Our Flag." The members enjoyed this number very much and we all wish Evelyn further honors in the future, and thank her for coming out and reciting so well.

On Wednesday, May 25th, many of our members were present to assist in the packing of the bale for the Gordon School, Sask. Three complete outfits for Indian children, and made by the members, were put in this bale, besides a "surprise bag," containing gifts for the missionaries. Value of the bale, \$75.00. Refreshments were served at the close of this meeting.

We have another member to thank for a very lovely donation, Mrs. Glands, who knitted a box full of babies' woollies, to be sent away in one of the bales later on. We are very grateful to Mrs. Glands for these beautiful gifts, and we know that although she has moved to another parish she still has not forgotten the W.A. at St. John's, Norway. Nor will we forget her many kindnesses to our society.

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The Home-Cooking Sale held at 405 Kingston Road on Saturday, May 7th, and convened by Mrs. Turff, was quite a success—proceeds amounting to about \$35. Thanks to all who so kindly contributed and to the customers as well.

Arrangements are being made for a picnic to Birch Cliff some time in June.

We would like, just here, to thank our new Educational Secretary, Mrs. Pratt, for looking after the examinations, the results of which were announced at the annual; and St. John's W.A. stood very well among the others. Our study book next year will be on "China."

SCHOOL PICNIC

The Annual Church School Picnic will take place to Hanlan's Point on Tuesday, July 5th. The special cars will leave Kingston Road and Woodbine Avenue at 11 a.m.

Let everybody come along and make it a congregational picnic.

It is a nice place and we should have a good time.

MOTHERS' SOCIETY

The Mothers' Society held three meetings in May; the attendance slackened on account of the nice weather, which sets one housecleaning.

Miss Shotter was with us each week. The address on May 5th was on the "Ascension." Christ left the earth, but He gave power to others to follow up His work, to witness for Him, to the end of the world.

On May 12th Miss Shotter spoke from the gospel for the Sunday after Ascension Day, when the gift of the Holy Spirit came upon the faithful followers to help them witness for Christ.

The last Thursday's address was from the 2nd Chapter of the Acts. We must pray for the love of God, and fellowship, especially at this time.

A party was held in the ladies' parlour on May 2nd and a nice evening was spent in games, dancing and singing. This was Miss Shotter's party so she entertained and sang—the dear little girl. Refreshments, with a good cup of tea, were served. Cheers for Miss Shotter and "Auld Lang Syne" ended the party.

May 8th, Mother's Day, we attended early communion, also evening service, when Miss Connell, Principal of the Deaconess House, joined us. The mothers donated the flowers on the altar for that Sunday.

Sincere sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Godwin and family in their sad bereavement in the death of their daughter, Edna.

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Bolton Abbey and the Wharfe. By A. C. Laughton.

FOR picturesqueness of situation few if any of our famous abbeys excel that of Bolton, Yorkshire, which stands on high ground overlooking the Wharfe, at a point where the river makes a sweeping curve on its way down between Burnsall and Ilkley.

The Abbey, built about 1153, had as its first occupants



THE RIVER WHARFE: FROM BOLTON WOODS.

worth has described in the following lines from *The Force of Prayer* :

Young Romilly through Barden woods
Is ranging high and low ;
And holds a greyhound in a leash,
To let slip upon buck or roe.

The pair have reached that fearful chasm.
How tempting to bestride !
For lordly Wharfe is there pent in,
With rocks on either side.

This striding-place is called The Strid,
A name which it took of yore :
A thousand years it bore that name,
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across The Strid ?

He sprang in glee, for what cared he
That the river was strong, and the rocks
were steep ?
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharfe,
And strangled by a merciless force ;
For never more was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

m o n k s
who were
transferred
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from a
small Aug-
ustinian
house at
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According
to tradi-
tion, the
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was occa-
sioned by
a tragedy
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Words-

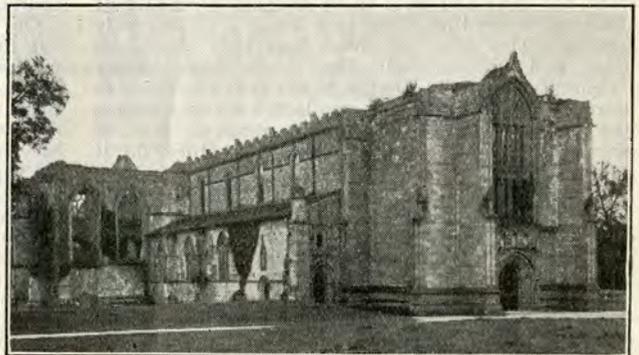
And so
perished
y o u n g
Romilly,
the Boy
of Egrem-
ont,
grandson
and sole
heir of the
founder
of the
Emsay
House.
This mis-
fortune is
said to
have oc-
casioned
the transla-
tion of the
Priory from
Emsay to
Bolton, which
was the nearest
eligible site to
the place
where it hap-
pened.



THE STRID.

Additional to the building were made during the century following its erection, and parts were rebuilt about 1340, the tower being incomplete when the monastery was dissolved in 1540. The present remains, which have been sadly damaged, are mostly parts of the church, one portion to the west being still in use.

To the north of the Abbey is a delightful stretch of park land lying along the floor of the valley, with tree-covered slopes rising on either hand. Ahead are the majestic woods of Bolton, and beyond, the bare moorland heights of Barden Fell and Simons Seat look down on the green valley. In late spring, when great sheets of bluebell and garlic spread beneath the leafy trees



BOLTON ABBEY: FROM THE NORTH-WEST. (F. Frith & Co.)



BARDEN BRIDGE.

from almost every bush, and wren and robin flit across the path, the charm of Bolton Woods cannot be surpassed. And between the slopes the Wharfe, in quiet stretches and dancing rapids, shows vistas of river scenery which change with every twist and turn in its many windings. The narrow gorge where the river contracts to the width of a hillside beck and the roaring waters seethe and swirl between the confines of the great rocks which form The Strid has a grand yet gloomy and forbidding aspect which befits the tragedy of the Boy of Egremont, yet seems



BOLTON ABBEY AND THE WHARFE.

The illustrations in this article, except that of Bolton Abbey from the N.W., are from photographs kindly supplied by the author.

and the slopes are decorated with patterns in blue and white, sunlit patches and velvet shadows, when thrush and black-bird pipe

strangely at variance with the smiling river scenery, both higher up and lower down the valley.

Through the mass of green foliage on the western side of the river, and above the lovely bridge of Barden, rise the hoary remains of Barden Towers. Originally built as a shelter for housing the foresters of this well-wooded valley, Barden Towers became the dwelling-place of the Earl of Cumberland, son of Clifford, "The Butcher" of the Wars of the Roses. On the death of his father, and owing to the disturbed state of the country, the Earl of Cumberland had been brought up by a shepherd and his wife ignorant of his true parentage. But, when the Lancastrian



EXAMPLE OF ARCADING AT BOLTON ABBEY.

party had seized the throne, and the Cliffords once more enjoyed their former dignity and possessions, the Shepherd Earl, as he was called, settled at Barden. Studying the sciences with the monks of Bolton, he lived a quiet and uneventful life until the prospect of a Scottish invasion drew him from his retirement to fight at Flodden Field.

And so one might follow the Wharfe up stream through Grassington, past Kilnsey Crag on to Kettlewell, where the hillside which borders the road is pink with the lovely flowers of the bird's-eye primrose this bright June day; through Buckden and out on to Langstrothdale Chase, where the purple hills seem to intertwine and enclose the narrow valley, rearing their dark outlines up into the cloudless sky.

Children in Church.

By Caroline M. Duncan-Jones.

II. THE CHILD IN CHURCH.

EVERYBODY will agree that a child should feel at home in its father's house, and it should therefore be our aim to make our children—God's children—feel at home in church. We want our boys and girls to be unconstrained and at their ease when they come to worship their heavenly FATHER. This does not mean that they should be noisy and uncontrolled. They must have proper "church manners"; that is to say they can learn to be reverent and quiet and recollected without feeling uncomfortable. They need not be afraid to talk, or even laugh occasionally, provided that they do it quietly.

"Church manners" are perhaps best learnt on weekdays. Children can be encouraged to drop into the church at odd times either by themselves or with some older person. If there is a good Children's Corner they will not need much encouragement; but even where there is no special place set apart for the children of the parish it is not difficult to arouse their interest and pride in their own church. Sometimes, perhaps, we take our family out for a walk or bicycle ride in the

country. It is always interesting to go into any strange church that we pass, and look round; and if the father and mother make a rule never to go into a church without kneeling down and saying a prayer the children will follow suit as a matter of course. Familiarity with the inside of the church on weekdays will lead to good church manners on Sunday.

Our ideal family, father, mother, and children, sets out to church all together on Sunday morning. To what service will the parents take their children? For many people, especially for those living in the country, there is no choice. Let us think first, however, of a family living in town, with several churches within easy reach. It is, of course, right and important that we should support our own parish church, but even more important is the religious upbringing of our children. I have no hesitation in saying that in deciding on the church to which we take our boys and girls, the right question to ask is not, "In what street do I happen to live?" but "What service will be most helpful to the children?" I am convinced that the best service for children and for the majority of parents, the most helpful for training in worship, the most interesting, the most enjoyable, is a Choral Eucharist

with simple music in which the congregation can join, with good hymns and a short sermon. A Children's Eucharist, except occasionally at Catechism festivals, is not, I think, the ideal. It does away with the idea of family worship, and it must often happen that there are no communicants and thus the full teaching of the Eucharist is lost.

A good simple altar book is a great help to a child in following the service. The book must be carefully chosen. Its prayers and instructions should be simple and straightforward, not fanciful or sentimental. It should not provide many private prayers, which keep the child too busy and take its attention away from the service that is going on. A conscientious child may easily be worried and worship robbed of its peace if she (it is usually a she in this case) is unable to get through all the prayers that are printed for her to use. Two excellent books are *Our Bounden Duty* and, for older children, *My Prayer Book*, in either the girls' or the boys' edition.

And what of the family who have only one church within reach? It may be that in their parish church the chief service of the day is a lengthy Mattins or elaborately sung Eucharist with a long sermon. There will probably be a Children's Service in the afternoon, but it is a pity that the children should never worship with the whole congregation. If they come to Mattins they can let themselves go in the hymns, and they will often find it interesting to bring a Bible and follow the lessons in it. Their attention is bound to wander at times; a good plan is to encourage them to take special note of one particular prayer, the General Thanksgiving for instance, to learn to understand it and listen for it and make it their own. Boredom is the death of worship and children must not be allowed to find the services of the Church wearisome. It is, therefore, probably best, as a general rule, to take them out of church before the sermon. This is easy enough when the service is Mattins, not so easy when the sermon comes in the Eucharist; but in at least one London church the plan has been successfully tried

of letting the children (including the choirboys) go out for a short walk during the sermon and come quietly back during the hymn that follows.

"But," some one will say, "what of the duties of godparents? Are they not instructed to call upon the child to hear sermons?" Certainly he, or she, should hear them now and then; and it must be remembered that a child, like a grown-up person, will often gather fruit from a most unlikely discourse. But when children are small it is usually better for them to obey the words of the Baptismal Service by attendance at Catechism.

This brings us finally to the difficult question of how often children should go to church on Sunday. Very likely their father and mother go only once, and it seems rather hard that a child who is at school all the week, and perhaps helps at home on Saturdays, should be expected to be a "twicer" on Sundays. Yet how is the parish priest to obey the Prayer Book and "instruct and examine" the children of his flock if they do not come to Catechism? If he is so fortunate as to possess a Church school he can give his teaching there. Sometimes parents are themselves able to give their children regular Church teaching. But for children who do not attend Church schools and whose parents are not able to give them enough teaching at home, there seems only the one solution. If they are to grow up loving and knowing their religion they should come to Catechism to be taught, and should also take their part in the ordinary worship of the Church. When children are small or the church is some distance away it may be necessary to let them go on alternate Sundays to the morning service and to Catechism.

Above all things, we must avoid making church irksome to our children; it must be a duty which is a joy, not a burden. This thing is not easy to accomplish. Often we shall meet with worries, puzzles, and discouragements. But it is a heavenly task to lead children happily and confidently to find their home in CHRIST.



"A good simple Altar Book is a great help to a child in following the service."

Bishop Gore. A Popular Biography.¹

NO one in modern times has exercised a deeper or more beneficial influence on the English Church than the late Bishop Gore. Or, as Dean Inge expressed it in a striking sentence, "What the Church of England is to-day Dr. Gore has made it." Readers of THE SIGN, therefore, will find much to interest them in the short biography of him which Messrs. Mowbray have just published. The book presents a very readable sketch of the bishop's long and fruitful career. His work in founding the Community of the Resurrection, his wonderful preaching as Canon of Westminster, his championship of the poor and zeal for social righteousness, the foundation of the Diocese of Birmingham, his work as bishop there and at Worcester and Oxford, his success in showing that the effect of modern science and scholarship is to support rather than to impair the truth of the Christian religion—all these are dealt with; and the book also contains many interesting personal reminiscences of Dr. Gore, and an appreciation of his character. From this we quote a few sentences:

"To Dr. Gore Christianity was primarily, as it was expressed in *Lux Mundi*, the religion of the Incarnation.

Because CHRIST is Man His follower must hunger and thirst for justice to all men, and may never rest as long as he can do anything to advance it. Because CHRIST is GOD HIS follower must never be satisfied as long as he himself comes short of the standard which his Master has set up. . . .

"For himself the struggle was no easy one. 'I am a successful hypocrite,' he would say; and 'I am sometimes tempted to thank God that I am so naturally wicked.' His friends would attribute such sayings to his humility expressing itself in humorous exaggeration, and no doubt they were right. But with all reverence it may be said that this humility was the outcome of self-knowledge. His nature was no placid one, and the complete victory over self was not won, his will was not utterly surrendered to his Master, without stern self-discipline and unremitting watchfulness. . . .

"Of all the men and women of his time he was the great example of the Christian soldier, always on duty, always on the watch."

¹ Charles Gore. A Biographical Sketch. By Gordon Crosse. (Mowbrays, 2/6.)



THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

by
MRS BAILLIE REYNOLDS

SYNOPSIS.

SQUIRE DINMONT is on his way to meet his niece ROTHIE-MAY, commonly called May, when he hears that there has been an accident to the train. Rothiemay is uninjured, but they find a MYSTERIOUS STRANGER who has entirely lost his memory; he has a large sum in bank-notes in his possession. The Stranger is nursed at the Grange, and the Police suspect him of being implicated in a recent bank-robbery.

A friend of Rothiemay's, BRIDGET SELWYN, becomes engaged to LEONARD CRANE, a young journalist. Her parents strongly disapprove, and Bridget leaves home and comes to Rothiemay in her distress. The Squire allows Bridget to remain at the Grange, and she has not been there many days before her lover unexpectedly arrives on the scene.

The story continues—

CHAPTER X.

A NEWSPAPER SENSATION.

BRIDE sprang to her feet, the colour flooding her delicate face, and glanced at her host in a manner that flattered the old man's vanity, little though he realized it.

"So!" said he drily, "the young man loses no time. I doubt he's what the Yankees call a hustler."

Miss Selwyn's eyes pleaded as well as her lips as she said, "You won't send him away?"

"No, we'll ask him in to tea," was the cool rejoinder. "This is the proper place for you to meet, here under my roof, while you are in my charge. I'll be glad to have a sight of him myself, for he was nobbut a lad when I last set eyes on him. Ruby, ask Mr. Carne to come in, and bring another cup."

A moment later, Leonard Carne walked into the room.

He was certainly a most attractive young man, tall and clean-built, with a well-trained, muscular body and a fine head. He was black-haired and grey-eyed, with a delightful smile, and one could easily see why girls should fall in love with him.

When greetings were over, and he was installed on the vacant side of the huge table, facing Bride, he turned to the Squire and said quietly, "I'm more than grateful to you, sir, for what you have done. I'm a most law-abiding young man and by no means a breaker-up of happy homes. Now I feel that we've got a chance to come to a decision, for I am sent north by my paper in order to be on the spot, while investigating the circumstances of the bank robbery."

"O Len, how clever of you!" cried Bride. "As it happens, you've jumped in with both feet, because the mysterious thief, as the police think him, who was caught with his pockets crammed with loot, is actually in this house, lying upstairs in bed, and Mr. Dinmont won't allow a reporter near the place, so you have a chance for the grandest scoop for your paper."

"Scoop!" said Dinmont sharply. "What's a scoop?"

"Exclusive news, sir," said Leonard easily. "The thing that all newspapers want to get and the *Sure Guide* among the first flight if not the first of all. Something the other papers don't know and can't find out."

Dinmont glared at him, hands thrust in pockets as he pushed back his chair. "Then happen that'll be what the young chap was after who offered me a drink in the bar of the Lady Braydal just after lunch?" Suddenly his frown relaxed and he grinned. "Poor lad must have been disappointed. I declined, saying I was pressed for time. Over a glass of port he thought he might have drawn me a bit, but as I refused he had to dash into his subject without any beating about the bush. I told him I had nothing to say and that was the answer given to all reporters, by request of the police. I advised him to go to the police, as they know what they wish to have made public in a case like this. So I shook him off. And now Mr. Carne, what about you?"

"I'll try not to abuse my position, sir," replied Leonard with his engaging smile. "I'll promise to send the paper nothing that you have not read. Will that do?"

"Eh, I'm no judge. I don't want to get wrong with the Chief Constable, Major Relph. He's a bit of a friend of mine. Better say you'll print nothing he hasn't seen, hadn't you?"

Leonard looked doubtful. "We-ell," he replied, "the police have their ideas, you know; and judging by what Bridget said to me in her letters, one of which I got this morning and one yesterday, I am of the opinion that they are quite wrong. I am very anxious to investigate the case a bit, and as I told you, that is why I was sent down here; not in the least because I want to—er—to do the Young Lochinvar business with my Bride."

Bride's serene smile showed how well the two young people understood each other. As for the Squire, he looked like a man who has set in motion forces which he cannot control. He shook his fist at Bride.

"Never would I have given you shelter, you young mischief-maker, if I had realized that the result would be the appearance of the London Press at my very table," he said with pretended fierceness which only made Bride laugh.

"I'll vouch for Leonard," she said, "he'll keep his word. He won't send off anything that you haven't seen. Surely you can't ask more than that."

"If Bride's being here is really putting you in a false position, Mr. Dinmont, I can take her to Raysbluff this very evening," said Leonard. "I looked in on my people on my way up the Dale and they sent a message that a hearty welcome awaits her there."

The Squire shook his head and knitted his heavy brows.

"Nay. The lass is in my charge. Her father and mother are content she should be here and here she had better stay for the present. If she goes to Raysbluff, every one will know it, and the step can't be recalled. It is open defiance of her father, and I'm still in hopes that we can avoid that with a bit of management."

"Indeed, you're right, Squire, and I feel that way about it myself," said Leonard at once. "I would much rather take Bridget with her father's goodwill than without it."

"But I gather," observed the Squire, "that if pushed to it you and she are determined to take matters into your own hands?"

"Well," replied Leonard, "speaking for myself, my own mind is made up; and I believe I may speak for my betrothed as well."

"You may, my dear, more especially as you didn't call me your *fiancée*," said Bride lightly.

"Well, you know, I think if you hold on, the Squire will give in," replied Dinmont thoughtfully. "He gave me that idea to-day. He's very fond of yon lass, and if she does a bit of giving in on her side, my notion is he'll come part of the way to meet her. Only she mustn't rush things. If she leaves this house at present she does so against my wish. It is known that she and my niece are intimate friends, and it is known they were in the train accident together. So her being here will make no talk in the neighbourhood; but if she goes to Raysbluff her father will take that as an act of deliberate defiance."

Bride sighed. "Wouldn't it be best to take the bull by the horns?"

"If ever you'd owned a bull, my lass, you wouldn't say such a fool thing as that," replied the Squire earnestly. "It's not work for girls reared as you've been reared. A bit of patience now may make all the difference to your future."

"What you say is sound sense, sir, and we're grateful," said Leonard heartily. "If we may have a bit of a talk together after supper, we'll be able to decide something, and I promise you we'll try to talk intelligently. Bride's got plenty of brains really, only her people have put her back up because she thinks their reasons are not worthy of them."

"I'm half of her mind there, myself," was the Squire's reply; and on that they all laughed.

Three days earlier the Squire would not have believed that he could have found himself seated at the same table with the daughter of Colonel Selwyn, the son of old Carne, and his own niece. Yet he was conscious that he was enjoying the novel situation. These young

people had accepted him as an authority. They had deferred to his judgement. He had lived so very many years alone that he had come to think nobody took any heed of him, except farmers and graziers who would always accept his judgement of cattle and crops. Now he found himself welcomed as an arbitrator both by Colonel and Mrs. Selwyn and by the opposing side. He was gratified at being able to enter into their point of view and to find himself undoubtedly useful.

When they rose from table, he did not object to Leonard's being taken upstairs to have a look at the unknown man. Howes was in bed, in preparation for his night's vigil, so was quite unaware of the intrusion of the Press.

Leonard marked, with professional keenness, all the beauties (albeit sadly neglected beauties) of the old house; and composed a masterly "story" for his paper, describing the surroundings in which the unconscious man lay, cared for like a prince. He gave away nothing that was of value to the police, and the speculations in which he indulged as to the truth of the mystery were entirely his own; but he did set out clearly the unlikelihood, if the stranger were a professional thief, of his carrying money about loose in the way he had done. Naturally what he had on him was but a trifling portion of the haul made by the bank robbers; and if he were the culprit,

where was the rest of his booty?

It might be argued that he had a partner who escaped unhurt. But this was unlikely, since, judging by his injuries, the man of the lost memory must have been dug out of one of the shattered coaches; in which case, the partner or accomplice who was with him could hardly have remained unscathed, or in a condition to escape quickly.

Leonard also borrowed a couple of good photographs of the two girls, the "heroines of the train accident." These might not have been given but for the fact that several papers had already published some shockingly libellous snap-shots. "They may as well see what we really *do* look like," remarked May.

The enterprising journalist also produced a pocket flash camera of the newest kind and took a photograph of the unconscious man.

"To-morrow," he remarked, "we will have a series of views of the Grange and of the Squire, if he'll let us, but to-night I must get on that motor-cycle of mine and rush to Broadmarket to send this off, and to wire to headquarters that it's coming, so they can keep space for it."



"Bride sprang to her feet, the colour flooding her delicate face, and glanced at her host in a manner that flattered the old man's vanity, little though he realized it."

CHAPTER XI.

THE STRANGER WAKES.

BRIDE and her lover had no time to discuss their own affairs that night for, after the meal, Leonard sat down forthwith to write his story for the *Sure Guide*, while Bride and the Squire went out together into the bitter cold of the stable-yard to see that Leonard's motor-cycle was filled up to the brim with petrol; and by soon after eight o'clock he was off to Broadmarket, where he hoped to arrive just in time to send his "scoop" by the express train that arrived in London in the small hours, and to telegraph for a messenger from the paper to meet it at King's Cross.

It was nearly noon on the following day when he turned up to tell them that he had been successful in his errand, though with such a narrow margin that he thought, had he been delayed at a fill-up station, he could not have done it. He had slept in Broadmarket and there awaited the arrival of the train bringing the London papers. The whole thing was there, picture of the Unknown included. At the Post Office he had picked up a telegram from his editor giving him certain instructions, and he had only come to the Grange in order to take some photographs of the house and of the Squire for next day's paper in order to keep the ball rolling. He stayed for lunch, but hastened away immediately after, unable to say when they would be likely to see him again; nor did he reappear that day.

Bride sat in the sick-room during the afternoon, while May and Mrs. Thwaytes consulted together as to which rooms should be Miss Dinmont's own; for her uncle had consented to her bringing with her furniture for a bedroom and a sitting-room.

The vans containing this arrived soon after midday, but were not unpacked until the making of further arrangements. Meanwhile Mrs. Thwaytes and the new mistress talked and planned and decided finally upon two rooms not too large and with a sunny aspect. These they carefully measured and went over, with a view to driving into Broadmarket as soon as practicable and ordering men in to paint and distemper.

Bride and May made tea for themselves in their own room at half-past four. May was determined that the Squire should continue to have the meal he fancied, the meat tea which modern digestions find so discouraging. But there was no reason why she should be obliged to drink tea with her own supper. She knew she could have what she chose.

After the two girls had finished their afternoon cup, Bride went off duty and hastened away to write letters; and May settled down in her patient's room, reading with a carefully screened light.

She had not long been seated when she heard a very faint rustling from the bed. Laying aside her book, she arose and gently approached the patient.

His eyes were wide open and were fixed upon the screens which surrounded the bed on all sides except that nearest the fire.

When May appeared, his gaze turned to her with an earnestness which she found quite disconcerting.

"Well," said she softly, "how do you feel? Any pain?"

The words seemed to startle him. The fine dark-grey eyes opened still more widely. "Who are you?" he murmured, hardly above a whisper.

"I'm your nurse," she replied, and his look went to her white V.A.D. head-dress with a sort of relief.

"My nurse," he repeated gravely. "Have I been ill? I feel ill."

"Just wait, don't ask any more until I have fed you," she told him soothingly, and slipped away out of his sight to where she had, all ready, the nourishment the doctor had ordered.

In a couple of minutes she was back and, setting down the feeding-cup, she brought an

extra pillow, stooped over him and slipped her arm beneath his head. "Can you lift your arm? Your left arm? Yes, I hoped you could. The other is bandaged down. Put it round my neck. There! That's fine. Now we push in that pillow behind and you can drink. I'll hold the cup."

Carefully she put the spout of the feeding-cup to his mouth and he swallowed its contents eagerly.

"Delicious," he whispered presently.

"Oh, you're coming along splendidly," she encouraged him. "Now a drop more. You must drink all this and then have a

rest, and soon you'll feel hungry again."

He made no objection, but took all she gave him. Then with equal care she laid him down again.

"Any pain?" she asked him softly.

"Only that wheel that you've fixed on the back of my head. Perhaps you could take it off, nurse?" he asked hesitatingly.

"Poor head," she replied, "there is no wheel on it, but I fear there is something wrong inside it. However, I may be able to ease it for you if you can stand my taking off your bandages."

He made no objection, and she proceeded to unroll the lint and to apply fresh dressings. It was a long business, but he was perfectly patient under her handling and at last she had him rearranged, lying on his side for a change, and well supported.

Thus placed, facing the fire, he gave a long sigh and for a while said nothing at all, seeming to watch the flickering flames. But at last, just as she thought he would doze off again, he demanded, "Is this a hospital?"

"No," she told him, "it's just a house. But don't worry, what you have to do is to rest and sleep and get better." She asked him one or two questions about his breathing and so on and he gave quite sensible answers. But when a tap came on the door he started violently.



"She knelt beside him,
a slight smile on
her lips."

"Lie still," she soothed him, "I won't let them in."

It was Howes who stood without, asking if he should relieve her.

"Not just now, thanks, I'm busy changing the dressings," she whispered. "I'll call you later on. Go down to the kitchen, where it's warm."

"Thank you, Miss, you're very kind. The Sergeant he told me not to be long away, because if this poor chap wakes and starts to talk, they want me to hear all he says and write it down."

"Very well, Howes, I'll call you if it's necessary," replied May, with a guilty feeling at her heart, as she shut him out and heard his heavy feet creaking away towards the back staircase.

Leaving the door she came slowly back to the bed, and the deep eyes of the man who lay there brightened at her approach.

With a sigh, as she stooped above him, he put out one of his long, bony hands and murmured:—

"But you know you are beautiful!"

She laughed a little low laugh of amusement. "I'm glad you think so, it is always difficult when a patient takes a dislike to his nurse. As you don't dislike me, I shall hope you will do everything I tell you."

"Anything you tell me," he repeated, and smiled at her wistfully.

She could hardly answer him, for her whole mind was in a turmoil. The idea of good, stupid Constable Howes seated in the room writing down what he said "to be used as evidence against him" aroused in her a feeling of fury that surprised her.

Somehow or other she felt that she must contrive to keep the policeman in ignorance of the patient's awakening. But for how long it would be possible to do this she had no idea; only she could feel herself trembling all over with the determination to protect the helpless stranger of whose innocence she felt perfectly convinced.

(To be continued.)



The True Light.

By the Rev. A. E. Baker, Vicar of S. Michael-le-Belfrey, York.

"There was the true Light, even the Light which lighteth every man, coming into the world."

S. JOHN i. 9 (R.V.).

THAT is the historical Christian claim about JESUS our LORD. But is it true? There are some who so believe in evolution and progress that they cannot conceive that the best has already appeared. There are some who see everything that is as a revelation of some aspect of God's infinity, and they cannot believe that God manifested Himself fully in one life, especially as it was a life untouched by so much that seems important, as was the life of CHRIST. Can we say that He was the portrait of the invisible God?

Man is made in the image of God. In his reason, by which he discerns what is true, and in his conscience, by which he recognizes the absolute claim of the good, he is at once distinguished from the animals and marked as a child of God. But reason and conscience are among the latest gains of evolution, and still perilously uncertain. We smile when we read that that great and good man, Henry Sidgwick, once wrote an essay to prove that men can act irrationally! The Light which lightens every man does little more than flicker amid the darkness of error and sin.

Similarly, man finds it difficult to recognize any clear and certain goodness in the world in which he lives. To many, the universe seems careless of goodness and truth and beauty and love, perhaps destined to destroy them all in due course, so that the end will be as meaningless as the beginning. One man says that all is vanity. Another says that life is a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing. It is not certain that they are right, of course. The rain falling on the just and the unjust, and the sun shining on the evil and on the good, seem to some to mean that nature is indifferent to morality. To CHRIST it meant that God is kind to the unthankful and the evil, and loves the wicked as well as the good. Which view is right?

How can we be sure? The world is a medley of good and evil. In ourselves there is no certain evidence that goodness is omnipotent. God has drawn the veil of nature and of history across His face, and no man can by searching find Him out. The Old Testament

said that He is a God that hideth Himself. Now the Christian claim is just that at one point the veil was, most convincingly, torn asunder. The Eternal entered time. The Transcendent was revealed in the contingent. One human life meant goodness and truth and nothing else. The Light which lighteth every man, but flickering in how great darkness, shines clear there. This human life meant nothing but God. Here is a supernatural happening which shows why nature was created.

By the almost unanimous verdict of history that life was perfect. Strength, so often callous, in Him was tender. Prayer, that sometimes leads to forgetfulness of man in the thought of God, in Him bore fruit in "doing good." There is no faintest hint of pride, or of self-interest, or of self-indulgence. His sense of duty is made sweet and gracious and individual because He loves. A life of perfect beauty culminated in a perfect sacrifice. And it issued, not in defeat but in triumph, in the Resurrection and Ascension and the victory, sure if slow, by which it becomes the axis round which all time revolves. Because that goodness is victorious it vindicates the universe. It shows that value and reality are one. It makes us certain of a good God. We can believe that God is what JESUS was.

The eternal God is revealed in a particular short, narrow life. CHRIST is not concerned with history or science or philosophy, although He has the kind of sincerity and insight which reveal why these are sometimes abstract and incomplete. He is not, primarily, an artist, although His parables are incomparable in literature, and His "consider the wild flowers" reveals a standard which still tests the world's taste. He was not a politician or a law-giver, but He spoke words which make clear the faults and shortcomings of all codes, ethical as well as civil and ecclesiastical. He had no particular vocation to shut Him off from those who did not share it. His vocation was not even religion. It is no accident that He finds His illustrations of God's way with men not in the temple or the synagogue, but in a father welcoming his son, in a farmer hiring labourers, or in a man sowing seed. In Him God and man are one. Uniquely one. Tertullian was voicing the challenge of the Christian centuries when he asked, By whom has God ever been known without CHRIST?

The Romance of the Catholic Revival.

By the Rev. T. Dilworth-Harrison, Vicar of S. Bartholomew's, Brighton.

I. THE GREAT DISCOVERY.

"I have ever kept before me that there was something greater than the Established Church, and that was the Church Catholic and Apostolic, set up from the beginning, of which she was but the local presence and organ."—J. H. NEWMAN, Apologia.

IDARE say that there are few left to-day who confuse the Tractarians with the old ladies of our childhood (not yet indeed quite extinct), who used to distribute leaflets to strangers in train and waiting room with such questions as "Are you saved?" or



CHARLES LLOYD
(Bishop of Oxford, 1827-29).

"Have you found the Light?" Such people flourished long before the Tractarians themselves, and Dean Church, writing of this time, says: "The pertinacity of good ladies who pressed tracts on chance strangers lowered the general respect for them." Hannah More (1745-1833) was a prolific and astonishingly able tract writer, and towards the end of her life she presented one of her works to a little boy named William Ewart Gladstone.

Doubtless the public which reads parish magazines is better instructed than to confuse such activities with the Tractarian Movement, but for all that there are many Church people who owe their ideas of reverence and their opportunities for seemly worship to these same Tractarians who would still be hard put to it if they were asked to define them.

The object, then, of these articles is to make clear how the Tractarians arose, how they set about their work, what right had they seemingly to revolutionize the Church's outlook, and what their successors' achievements

and prospects are to-day.

At the time of which we write, the Napoleonic wars were over. Trafalgar was but a memory, and Waterloo as remote as the Great War is from ourselves. Post-war days always mean increased hardship for those least able to fend for themselves, and the Reform Bill of 1832 was the first



EARLY XIX-CENTURY CHURCHYARD.



AN EXAMPLE OF THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

should revive the Church and lead her to the reassertion of her Catholic claims, but such in effect was its result, for the proposed reforms, in so far as they touched the Church, inspired Catholic instincts, long dormant, to find voice, and to formulate themselves as passionate convictions.

The Catholic Revival had undoubtedly the advantage at the moment of being a novelty. Whether they realized it or not, people were tired of drab churches, the stuffy respectability of middle class Protestantism, the unctuousness of popular divines, and, generally speaking, the unspiritual formalism that had settled down upon English religion. Hogarth by his drawings, Sydney Smith by his satires, Jane Austen and Charles Dickens (to mention no others) in their novels of town and country depict to us the incredibly lifeless condition of the Church as a whole at the beginning of last century. Hannah More, to whom we have alluded above, thus describes her countryside:



WILLIAM VAN MILDERT
(Bishop of Durham, 1826-36).

"The vicarage of Cheddar is in the gift of the Dean of Wells. The incumbent is a Mr. R., who has something to do, but I cannot find out what, in the University of Oxford, where he resides. The curate lives at Wells, twelve miles distant. They have only service once a week, and there is scarcely an instance of a poor person being visited or prayed with.

"The living of Axbridge—annual value about £50. Mr. G. is intoxicated about six times a week, and very frequently is prevented from preaching by two black eyes, honestly earned in fighting. We have in this neighbourhood thirteen adjoining parishes without so much as even a resident curate. No clergyman has resided in this parish for forty years. One rode over once a Sunday to preach, from Wells, but no weekly duty was done, or sick persons visited, and children were often buried without any funeral service."

The form of public worship was in keeping with all this. Even Morning Prayer, Litany, Ante-Communion read from the "reading pew," and a sermon of anything up to an hour (which was the weekly order in the better provided for churches) was not a diet which would have attracted any but the preternaturally devout or the hardened churchgoers. The following is the description of one still living of

of a series of acts of legislation calculated to do justice to the masses, sometimes at the expense of the privileged classes. Nothing could be further from the minds of its promoters, Earl Grey and Lord John Russell, than that their Bill



(Preston.

JOHN KEBLE

who preached the sermon on "National Apostasy" which marked the beginning of the Movement.

plice was hung before service on the altar rail, where the curate put it on. A cassock was a thing unknown, but he wore white bands all through the Sunday, and black gloves in the pulpit." So writes Lord Halifax of the later "forties.

Such instances can be indefinitely multiplied. But there was much true latent Churchmanship in out of the way places, as the publication of *The Christian Year* in 1827 suggests. The Catholic tradition had never died out. History repeated itself. At the end of the sixteenth century the Church would seem almost to have apostasized, but at the beginning of the seventeenth we find bishops like Andrewes and Laud, Montague and Goodman. The Commonwealth for a second time pulled down the altars, yet the Restoration revealed a body of Catholic-minded divines who gave us the present Prayer Book with its so long latent possibilities. The century closes with the expulsion of the most Catholic element in the Church, in the person of the Non-Jurors, but their work and witness lasted through the torpor of the eighteenth century. Long before Keble threw down the gauntlet, Dr. Van Mildert, Bishop of Durham (1826-36), had insisted that "where Episcopacy and Catholic doctrine could be traced in unbroken succession from the Apostles, there was Catholic unity," Reformation or no Reformation. Indeed it is a great mistake to suppose that the Catholic doctrines of the Church were buried until John Keble re-discovered them. He only enunciated what (he declared) his own father had taught him, and there were before the famous challenge of 1833 a group of distinguished men in the Episcopate—Charles Lloyd, Bishop of Oxford (to whose lectures Keble owed much), John

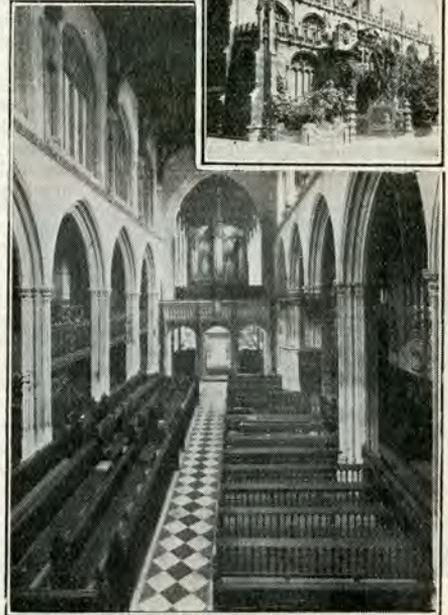
what he remembers of his childhood's worship :

"The western portion of the (south) aisle formed a sort of room or pew looking through an arch into the nave. It had a large fireplace at the western end, a red-cushioned seat all round the walls, and a big foot-scraper outside its door, but inside the church. My father and mother sat on each side of the fire, which was always poked at the end of the Litany. The rest of us sat facing one another round the pew. The servants sat outside. The altar was surrounded by a high iron railing painted white, and covered with a perfectly plain blue velvet cloth which was never changed. There was no vestry, and the surplice

Kaye, Bishop of Lincoln, William Monk, Bishop of Gloucester, and T. F. Middleton, first Bishop of Calcutta—who insisted on the importance of the Apostolic Succession, and the consequent importance of the priesthood. The influence of these

men lay behind the writers of the *Tracts for the Times*. When, following upon the Reform Act, a Bill was brought in for suppressing ten Irish bishoprics without the consent of the Church, the crisis was reached, and John Keble's famous Assize Sermon on "National Apostasy" crystallized the thoughts of Churchmen. At once an address was prepared, signed in due course by seven thousand parish priests and two hundred and thirty thousand heads of families, expressing general adherence to the apostolic nature and polity of the Church, which was sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury and welcomed by him. Before its publication the *Tracts for the Times* began, the aim of which was to bring to renewed prominence the sacramental truths of the Church and the continuity of her life.

Next month we shall consider how the Tractarians set about restoring forgotten standards of belief and worship.



(Soame.

S. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD, where Keble preached his famous sermon.



THE TOWERS AND SPIRES OF OXFORD.

From a drawing by the late Edmund H. New. By permission of Randal H. New, Esq.

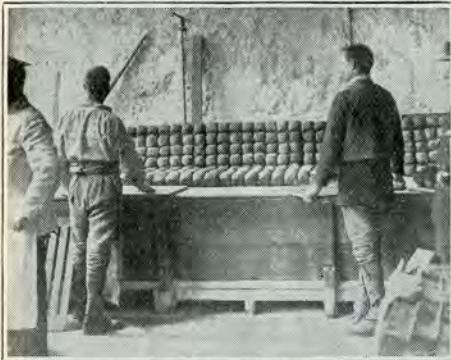
The Church and Prison Life.

Some Notes on the Work of Prison Chaplains.

By the Rev. S. R. Glanvill Murray, Vicar of Freeland St. Mary, Oxford.
Late Chaplain of H.M. Prison, Holloway.

THERE is something forbidding and sinister about the word *prison*. The buildings themselves are gaunt and grim, supremely unattractive, and suggestive of dreadful things.

The public generally knows little of what goes on inside the stern looking walls; and as usually happens when people know very little they become extremely critical. To judge from the articles occasionally appearing in the daily press there seems some confusion of



THE BAKERY. [Photopress.]

thought on the subject. Thus, we read that prison administration is harsh and oppressive, that prison officials are callous and unsympathetic, and that nothing is done for the welfare of the unhappy inmates. This would be disquieting but for the fact that we read elsewhere that prisoners are pampered and indulged, and that prisons are luxury hotels, and agreeable places for a rest cure. The fact is prison administration is bearing the burden of a somewhat discreditable past, and the ideals of the present are not really understood. In the past prisons seem to have been regarded as dustbins for the reception of human rubbish; and prison officials as those whose sole duty it was to keep the lid on and prevent the contents getting about. Not a very high ideal for the officials, and not very inspiring for the inmates.

A change has gradually taken place, very marked in recent years, largely due to a saner, more humane and more Christian view of the purpose of punishment.

In former times it was thought that the purpose of punishment was to take vengeance on the criminal, and by means of example to deter others from offending in the same way. Nowadays a higher view is usually taken, namely that punishment should help to reform the offender. Certain offences make it necessary to withdraw him from communal life, possibly for a long period, but during that period of detention every effort should be made to inspire, to teach, to train, to open windows in darkened minds, and to discover and develop the best in a man or woman so that the offender may be discharged with a reasonable hope of making good.

Under the old system a sentence of imprisonment sounded the knell of hope. The convicted person became a mere number, he lost all self-respect and initiative and he was employed in useless and degrading tasks. For him there was no prospect on discharge but to recruit the ranks of the habitual criminal.

In the modern prison the day is roughly divided into two parts. During the first part inmates are engaged in the work for which they have been passed by the medical officer. In the larger local prisons and in convict centres the workshops are a great feature: there inmates are kept busy under healthy conditions at useful and interesting work.

The second part of the day inmates attend various classes. Attendance at school for young prisoners is obligatory. Instruction is given in handicrafts, and there are classes in literature, etc., conducted by voluntary teachers. Lectures, especially when illustrated by lantern slides, are much appreciated, and very valuable. Inmates respond wonderfully to really good music. It is greatly to be hoped that the prison concerts may always be maintained at a high level. Prison visitors and chaplains work very much together. Prison visitors get into friendly touch with their people quite unofficially, and help, advise, and influence them. The Prison Visitors' Association for Women is presided over by the Hon. Lady Cunliffe, C.B.E. There is also a Men's Association for the male prisoners.

The chaplain's work is in its nature confidential. He is dealing with some who are strangers to any kind of religious appeal; with others who have lapsed; with others, again, who are mental invalids. Yet the work is far from depressing. At any rate the prison priest has not to deal with the deadening respectability met with so often in parishes, which forms an effectual windscreen against the Divine SPIRIT.

In our prisons JESUS must be at liberty. We dare not bring forth "JESUS bound." When the Faith is fully taught, and inmates helped to practise their Faith, the response is encouraging.

At Holloway before the Great Festivals there were generally a large

number of penitents. Confirmations were held two or three times in the year, and it was always possible to apply to the bishop for a special Confirmation in urgent cases.



THE BOOKBINDING SHOP. [Photopress.]

The chaplain interviews all persons on admission; he visits them regularly during their term of detention; and he can be applied to at any time. The chaplain learns the home conditions, the past history, and future prospects of his people, and, as an *ex officio* member of the local Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, he is able to consult with the prison visitor, and advise as to the kind of help to be given on release.

What of the results? Who can say?

It is said that many return to prison. That is true. But what of the many who do *not* return, some of whom are living faithfully a hidden life? It is impossible to give any exact results.

There is nothing spectacular about prison work. But there are things more valuable than statistical returns. "The servants which drew the water knew." Letters arrive sometimes, many letters in the course of years, some of them tear-stained and blotted, telling of response to One Who "can save to the uttermost." A picture now rests in the sanctuary of a certain prison chapel, given anonymously, bearing these words:

"A thank-offering for the gift of GOD received in this place."

So the message is being given and the hand outstretched, and "God fulfils Himself in many ways."

An Ill Wind.

By K. W. Simpson.

"Oh ay!" said my old gardener Timothy, removing a wisp of bass from his mouth for clearer utterance. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Did I ever tell ye the tale of little Billie Morton, M'am? Him that married t' old Doctor's lass the other day? It was an ill wind that blew him good, anyway."

"No, tell me about it," I replied idly, for old Timothy's yarns were mostly rather amusing, and I liked to watch him as he pruned his roses.

"Well, it was long before you came here to live with your Grandpa," said Timothy; "it must be nigh twenty-five years ago. Little Billy Morton lived in that old cottage at the top of the hill there with his old Granny. He was an orphan, and poor as she was she took him in and worked for him. A funny, timid little lad he was, but he was a good one. To-day in that same Elgon area there are at least 1,250 churches and schools built by the people themselves. The Christian community numbers nearly 80,000, and some 7,000 adults were baptized last year. The European missionary staff is only thirty-two in all; and this young Church owes more than can be expressed to a band of African missionaries from other parts of Uganda, who have come to what is to them virtually a foreign country in respect of tribe, climate, and conditions of life to preach the Gospel, and take the message to the people."

"I remember her too, a little," I said, watching Timothy's clever gnarled fingers at work. "A sour-looking old lady, wasn't she?"

"She was that, M'am," Timothy agreed once more, and his kind old face broke into wrinkles as he smiled. "Well, as I was telling you, she gave Billy half a crown to pay her bill, and sent him off. But, to make a long story short, M'am, he had a hole in his pocket, and he lost it."

The Use and Effect of Meditation.

"It purifies the mind, rules the affections, guides action, curbs excess, moulds manners, brings order and honour into life, gives the knowledge of things human and divine, clears perplexities, re-unites what has been severed, assembles the dispersed, explores what is hidden, tracks out the true, unmask the false." How exhaustive a summary it is!

This counsel of a Saint to the busiest man in Christendom should come home with force to those of us who have counted ourselves dispensed from Meditation because our work is hard and our days are full. Most of us somehow find time to do what we greatly desire to do. Happy for us if among the things we greatly desire to do, and to do well, we may count our Meditation.

E. F. R.

"Oh dear!" I cried, forgetting that the tale of Billy Morton was twenty-five years old.

"Sure enough he did, M'am. And you can believe my word when I tell you that little lad just suffered tortures as he climbed that hill back to Miss Bellamy's front door. He was sick and trembling, I can tell you. I can just see his little face now—so earnest it always was—old for his years was Billy."

"What did she say to him?" I asked with real interest.

"Say to him, M'am! If you was to ask me what she didn't say it 'ud be easier to answer you!" Timothy paused in his work and regarded me dramatically. "'Lost it, have you?' said she. 'Hole in your pocket, had you? Well, I've heard that sort of story before, me lad. It's easy enough to poke a hole in one's pocket. Who's to know you haven't spent it?'"

Seeing that I was properly indignant, Timothy turned once more to his roses.

"Well, to make a long story short, M'am, that little lad went back to his old Granny in a state of fair collapse. He was always a timid, sensitive kind of lad, and to find himself suspected of being a thief just about finished him. His Granny said he was near beside himself, and she didn't know what to do with him. He didn't cry, he was with his little face trembling in ever."

Granny tell of it.

"And what did she think?"

"She thought"



[Frith & Co. ATHEDRAL.]

A TABLET has been presented to S. Helen's, Garstang, setting out the list of benefactors to the ancient parish church from the fifteenth century to the present time. The first benefactor was King Henry the Fourth, who in the year 1402 gave four oak timbers for the roof. These timbers are black with age, but are still in position. It is believed they came from the Wyresdale forests, which at that time formed part of the parish.

"Splendid!" I murmured.

"Well, M'am, Miss Bellamy fair jumped at the idea. She got her money's worth out of Billy Morton, I can tell you. Night after night, all that summer, when the other children were having their bit play, Billy Morton was down in that garden weeding till dark. It went on for weeks, M'am, and it might have gone on for ever if it hadn't been that t'old Doctor (he was a young man then, M'am, and new to the village) went to attend the old body in the house next door to Miss Bellamy. A sharp, quick-tempered man was the Doctor in those days, M'am, but he had a heart of gold, as we lived to find out. As I was saying, M'am, he attended this old lady for sciatica, and when he was in her bedroom he strolled to the window and stood there looking out without saying a word. And then, M'am, suddenly he turned round on her, and she said his face looked just like thunder. 'Who the dickens is the slave-driver you

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

THE lilies in their beauty fair
Grow sweet and pure—God made them;
Their graceful petals, fragrance rare,
Beloved by Him Who made them:
They toil not, neither do they spin—
God cares for them, He loves them.
The sparrow in his feathered coat
Hops in the sun—God made him;
In country vale or noisy town
He chirps to God Who made him:
His little life is joyous glad—
God cares for him, He loves him.
And we, His creatures, once so fair,
Set in His world—He made us.
Our souls and bodies, every hair,
Is numbered, for He made us:
He knows each joy, each cross we bear—
He cares for us, He loves us.
So let the lilies' fragrance rise
Incense to God, Who made them.
So let the sparrow's twittering cries
Sing praise to God Who made him:
Let all men offer all they prize
To Him Who made and loves them.

M. G. MOSES.

have for a neighbour?' said he sharp-like. 'That little boy seems to spend all his playtime weeding. This is the fifth time I have watched him struggling along with that barrow. Who is he?'"

Timothy paused to throw me another dramatic look.

"And then it all came out, M'am. And to make a long story short the Doctor took him in as house-boy as soon as he was old enough. 'That's the breed I want,' said he. And Billy turned out so well that he had him educated, M'am, and treated him like his own son. Billy's a doctor himself now. And what's more, t'old Doctor never regretted it, M'am."

"What a jolly story!" I exclaimed.

Old Timothy was pleased at my pleasure.

"As I was saying, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," he said, and paused with his pruning knife in mid-air. "When old Granny Mor-

ton forgot to mend that hole in Billy's pocket, M'am, it was the best day's work she never done."

OVER THE TEACUPS.

Competitions.

We offer prizes as follows:

A. For three recipes suitable for hot weather. They need not all be specially economical; we hope in each set there will be one dish which the sender makes for "great occasions."

But all must be fairly easily made, and not too elaborate as to decoration.

B. Photograph of the most interesting thing, building, hill, or other inanimate object, near your home.

First Prize in each of the above, 10s.
Second Prize in each, 5s.

2s. 6d. will be paid for any entry (not a prize-winner) printed in THE SIGN.

Entries addressed "Over the Teacups," c/o The Editor of THE SIGN, 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1, must reach us not later than Tuesday, June 21st. They must be written on one side of the paper only. Prizes will be sent early in July, and the results announced in the September SIGN. The Editor's decision is final on all points.

Recipes from our Readers.

the offender. Certain offences make withdraw him from communal life, long period, but during that period of effort should be made to inspire, to open windows in darkened minds, and develop the best in a man or woman. Offender may be discharged with a reasonable hope of making good.

Under the old system a sentence of imprisonment sounded the knell of hope. The convicted person became a mere number, he lost all self-respect and initiative and he was employed in useless and degrading tasks. For him there was no prospect on discharge but to recruit the ranks of the habitual criminal.

Savoury Liver—Wash a pound of liver, cut in slices, and dry each piece. Prepare a stuffing with breadcrumbs, parsley, mixed herbs, and pepper and salt to taste. Mix into a paste with a little milk and place a layer of stuffing on each slice of liver, cover with a thin slice of bacon. Put in a dish,

pour over a little stock or water, and bake for three-quarters of an hour. (Mrs. Eva Smith, 14 Glasfryn Terrace, Ruabon, Wrexham.)

OLD AGE.

"Thy statutes have been my songs
in the house of my pilgrimage."

THIS body, pilgrim house, is
failing,
But still I sing.
I sing for joy and gladness.

Some say, "How can it be that
you so sing?
For life is grey,
And naught but care and sadness."

But still I sing, and life to me is
joyous,
Joy but beginning.
I sing for all that in my life has
been,
And for eternal living. G. S. C. E.



Flowers for packing.—Not every kind of bloom will travel well. The best of all are carnations, then come primroses, daffodils and narcissi, roses and violets. The orange calendula and sweet peas, among annuals, pack well. Before putting the flowers in the box, see that they have had a good drink; it is best to pick them the evening before, or early in the morning, before the sun has touched them, and to keep them in a deep vessel of water up to the bloom, in a cool, dark place. Pack them in layers, heads to each end of the box, and secure them from slipping by a thin twig across, just below the last row of heads. Do not put wet moss or cotton wool where it can touch the blooms. Wooden or thick cardboard boxes are best, as they are non-conductors, and postal vans are hot.

Church Life To-day: Some points of Current Interest.



[Photopress.
THE RIGHT REV.
DR. C. F. GARBETT.

IN succession to the late Dr. F. T. Woods, Dr. C. F. Garbett, Bishop of Southwark since 1919, has been appointed Bishop of Winchester. Dr. Garbett spent all his ministerial life before his consecration in the undivided Diocese of Winchester in the great parish of Portsea, where he was curate to the present Archbishop of Canterbury, and afterwards vicar. Dr.

Garbett, who is fifty-seven years of age, and unmarried, is a man of outstanding personality who has done a great work in what must be one of the most difficult dioceses in the country.

THERE can be few parts of the world to-day where the Church is adding to its membership so rapidly as in Uganda. In the Eastern Province, an area about the size of England, is the sphere of the Elgon Mission of the C.M.S., forming the southern part of the Upper Nile Diocese. The population is about one and a quarter millions. Little more than thirty years ago the people were savages, untouched by any civilizing influences. Inter-tribal warfare, witchcraft, superstition, cruelty, and even cannibalism marked their life. Not one of them had become a Christian, and few, if any, had even heard of CHRIST. To-day in that same Elgon area there are at least 1,250 churches and schools built by the people themselves. The Christian community numbers nearly 80,000, and some 7,000 adults were baptized last year. The European missionary staff is only thirty-two in all; and this young Church owes more than can be expressed to a band of African missionaries from other parts of Uganda who have come to what is to them virtually a foreign country in respect of tribe, climate, and conditions of life, to preach the Gospel and take charge of the congregations and schools that are springing up on all hands.

IMPORTANT additions have recently been made to the interior of Salisbury Cathedral. The ancient Chapel of S. Margaret in the south transept has been rededicated after being restored (from the designs of Sir Charles Nicholson) through the generosity of the late Canon Wyndham Merewether, in memory of his wife and son. This chapel will be used mainly in connection with the diocesan organizations for women.

Another improvement which will add considerably to the amenities of worship is a much needed choir vestry, also

designed by Sir Charles Nicholson, and given by the Archdeacon of Sarum and his children and grandchildren in memory of his wife.

THE Bishop of Whalley, Dr. A. G. Rawstorne, who has been Rector of Croston, Preston, since 1894, is retiring from the benefice shortly, although he will continue his work as suffragan-bishop in the Diocese of Blackburn. Dr. Rawstorne, who is himself patron of the living, has appointed his son, the Rev. R. A. Rawstorne, to succeed him as rector. Mr. Rawstorne is at present an assistant curate at Whitby.

A FORMER Mayor of Falmouth, Mr. T. A. Webber, has decided to seek Holy Orders. He is shortly going to Wells Theological College. In consequence of his action he will resign his seat as alderman on the Borough Council and his membership of the various committees.

THE Ecclesiastical Commissioners have made an order for the removal of the spires from Southwell Cathedral owing to their dilapidated condition. The spires were erected only about half a century ago and are composed of lead and wood, but the lead is now full of holes. The Provost of Southwell, the Very Rev. W. J. Conybeare, has stated that it was uncertain whether the minister originally had spires or not. There were formerly spires of wood, covered with lead. They were of a rather more slender type than the present ones, but they were taken down more than a hundred years ago, as they were believed to be too heavy for the towers. The present spires were known locally as "snuffers," and people who remembered how much more dignified the cathedral looked without them were delighted to think they were to be taken down.



[Frith & Co.
SOUTHWELL CATHEDRAL.

THE late Dr. F. E. Brightman was one of the most distinguished liturgiologists and historians of our time. After a brilliant academic career he was ordained in 1884 and became one of the first Librarians of Pusey House, Oxford, Bishop Gore and Canon V. S. S. Coles being his colleagues. He worked there until 1903, with a short period of parish work under Canon Brooke at S. John the Divine, Kennington. He was elected a Fellow of Magdalen in 1903 and remained there until his death. Bishop King appointed him a Prebendary of Lincoln in 1902. He received the honorary degree of Ph.D. from Louvain in 1909, and that of D.D. from Durham in 1914. In 1926 he was elected a Fellow of the British Academy.



[Elliott & Fry.
THE LATE
DR. F. E. BRIGHTMAN.

Dr. R. T. Talbot, who has been Dean of Rochester since 1928, is resigning the Deanery at the end of this month in consequence of ill health. Ordained in 1885, Dr. Talbot served his first and only curacy at Gateshead. In 1889 he became an Honorary Canon of Durham and Lecturer in Church History and Doctrine for the Dioceses of Durham, Ripon, and Newcastle. Subsequently he was appointed Vicar successively of S. Mark's, Millfield, Sunderland; S. Thomas's, Sunderland; and S. Werburgh's, Derby. He was a Residentiary Canon of Bristol, 1906-28, and during the last nine years of this period he was also Archdeacon of Swindon.

Mr. Joseph Gould has completed fifty years as a bell-ringer at Hembury, and at the annual meeting of the Gloucester and Bristol Diocesan Association he was elected a Master of the Association. Mrs. Gould is also a church bell-ringer, and there are also two sons who follow in their parents' footsteps in this respect.

A TABLET has been presented to S. Helen's, Garstang, setting out the list of benefactors to the ancient parish church from the fifteenth century to the present time. The first benefactor was King Henry the Fourth, who in the year 1402 gave four oak timbers for the roof. These timbers are black with age, but are still in position. It is believed they came from the Wyresdale forests, which at that time formed part of the parish.

Our Query Corner.

Hints for some of our Correspondents.

, RULES.—(1) All anonymous correspondence is destroyed unanswered. (2) True names and addresses must be given. (3) No names are published. (4) Persons desiring, if possible, an immediate answer, should enclose stamped and addressed envelope, with their question, but they must give the name of the local Parish Magazine to which they subscribe. (5) Attempts will be made to answer all reasonable questions in such cases, and to deal as far as possible with others of the same class if sent for answer in these columns; but it must be recollected that THE SIGN goes to press very much earlier than the local magazine, and that it is impossible to answer all questions here. (6) Those who are answered—and others—are asked to recollect that many of the questions are such as can only be adequately answered in a large treatise: our notes are simply "rough charts" to serve till a larger map can be examined. (7) The pages marked THE SIGN are a general Church Magazine, and the local pages only are edited by or under the direction of the Incumbent of each Parish.*,*

2380. Why are special psalms used in some churches on Sundays?

The special psalms which are now used in some churches have been carefully chosen to fit in with the services and lessons of each Sunday and as being the most suitable for use in public worship. (You will find the complete table of them in the Revised Prayer Book; and it is also published separately in card form.) They are in fact chosen in the same way as hymns are, or should be, carefully chosen for each Sunday. Where this is done the psalms for the day should of course be given out audibly, as the hymns are, and it is convenient if the numbers are also placed on a board.

The Psalter is still recited straight through once a month at the week-day services; but for Sunday congregations the principle of choosing appropriate psalms is often thought better.

2381. Why do some priests place a portion of the consecrated Bread in the chalice at Holy Communion?

In all the Primitive Liturgies of the Church it was the custom for the priest to place a small portion of the consecrated Bread in the chalice after the "fraction," or breaking of the bread. This action is the symbol of the reunion of our Lord's body and soul in the Resurrection. The portion is usually consumed by the priest himself when he receives his Communion.

2382. Are there any communities for men in the Church of England?

There are a number of communities for men in the English Church. If you are thinking of entering the Religious Life it would be best, before taking any other step, to consult some priest who knows you and in whose judgement you have confidence. Some communities also have associates, who observe a rule of life while continuing their ordinary work in the world. If you wish to know more about this you might write to the Superior of the Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield.

2383. Are Churchwardens "ex-officio" members of the Finance Committee appointed by the Parochial Church Council?

As far as we know, the law does not provide that the churchwardens shall be *ex-officio* members of the Finance Committee. We think this is a matter which each council should decide for itself, either by making a general rule that the churchwardens shall be *ex-officio* members or by electing them when the committee is appointed.

2384. Can a paid official become a member of the Parochial Church Council?

There is no legal objection to a paid servant of the Church becoming a member of the Parochial Church Council. Whether in any particular case this is desirable is of course a matter for the electors of the parish in question, and must be decided according to local circumstances.

2386. Is it right to hold the service of Holy Communion in the evening and to invite Nonconformists to communicate?

The practice of Evening Communion does not rest upon Holy Scripture and was unknown to the early Church. It was not introduced into the English Church until Victorian times.

The rubric has never been altered which orders that "There shall none be admitted to the Holy Communion until such time as he be confirmed, or be ready and desirous to be confirmed." There is no authority for inviting those who are not members of the Church of England to receive Holy Communion in our churches.

2387. What form of service is used when a Roman Catholic is received into the Church of England?

We should advise you to consult an experienced and sympathetic priest. The method usually adopted in such cases is that the person is formally received into the fellowship of the Church at an early service of Holy Communion, after the Nicene Creed has been said. This is followed by the act of Communion.

2388. Can a legacy be left for the upkeep of family graves?

As far as we know, the only method of legally securing what you desire is to leave money to trustees upon trust to apply the income to the upkeep of the graves. But we think that in most cases a wish expressed in the will, though not legally binding, will be carried out by the relatives or others inheriting the money of the deceased person.

2389. Can a Christian name be changed? If so, has the birth-certificate to be altered?

No alteration can be made in a birth-certificate. The recognition by the Church of the Christian name takes place in Baptism. Confirmation is the completion of Baptism, and the Church can then finally ratify the choice of the Christian name or can change it if desired. If this is done, notice should be given to the priest who is presenting the boy for Confirmation, and he will inform the bishop of your desire. The arrangement may be made some time previously, and you may courteously remind the priest of it just before the day.

This change does not affect the legal name which appears on the birth-certificate and by which the identity of the person would have to be proved in law if occasion arose.

POINTS FOR CHURCH PEOPLE.

"What is to give us that peculiar gift which is, not cleverness nor brilliancy nor intellectual power but, spirituality? There are visions of God playing about our heads; what if we cannot see them? Voices of awe and dread revelation; what if we cannot hear them?"

JUNE, 1932.

Date. THE GREATER FESTIVALS.

- 5. S. Second after Trinity.
- 11. S. S. Barnabas, B.M.
- 12. S. Third after Trinity.
- 19. S. Fourth after Trinity.
- 24. F. Nativity of St. John Baptist.
- 26. S. Fifth after Trinity.
- 29. W. S. Peter, B.M.

+

DAYS OF FASTING OR ABSTINENCE.

*Fridays, 3, 10, 17, 24.
Vigil, 23.*

+

COMMEMORATIONS.—[5, Boniface, Bp. of Mainz, M., c. 755; 9, Columba, Ab. of Iona, 597; 14, Basil, Bp. of Caesarea in Cappadocia, D., 379; 22, Alban, M., c. 304; 28, Irenaeus, Bp. of Lyons, D., c. 202.]

2385. Who wrote the Collects in our Prayer Book?

The Collects in the Prayer Book are the work of various ages of the Church's history. Some of them come from old Latin Collects and were translated into English in the sixteenth century; others were then written for the first time. Many of the Collects in their present form, whether translations or originals, were the work of Archbishop Cranmer; others were added in 1662.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications as to the literary and artistic contents of this Magazine should be addressed to the Editor of THE SIGN, A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1.

Every care will be taken of MSS., sketches, or photos submitted, but the Editor cannot be responsible for accidental loss. All MSS. should bear the author's name and address. If their return is desired in the event of non-acceptance STAMPS to cover the postage MUST be enclosed. Letters on business matters should be addressed to A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., at their London House as above.



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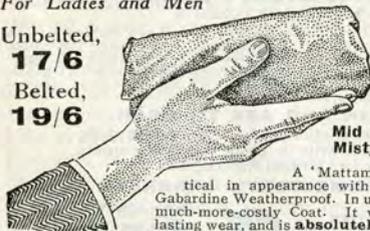
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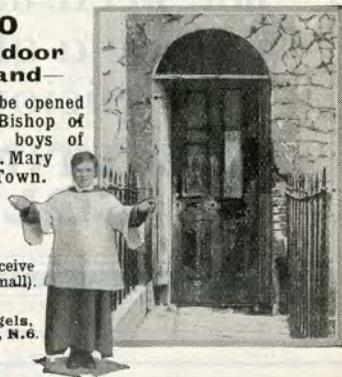
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ST. JOHN'S CHOIR

Again the time arrives to prepare this monthly contribution to the magazine, and in pausing to consider that out of the twelve months comprising the year this is the sixth, one is awestruck at the rapid passage of time. During the month just passed there was held a Confirmation Service in our Church, and it was an exhilarating sight to view St. John's filled at this time with so many people; in fact, there were quite a considerable number unable to gain admittance, and the musical part of this service was well sustained by the excellent attendance of our members, and it is of great satisfaction to perceive, on occasions like this, the loyalty to service exhibited by our members.

This month I want particularly to bring before my readers the Annual Choir Outing, the date arranged is TUESDAY, JULY 19th, and the place selected PORT DALHOUSIE. The price of tickets will be \$1.00 adults and 50c children, and we are looking forward to having a real good time, and meeting many of our good friends from the Church. The opportunity of taking advantage of this trip should appeal to many, the boat journey (60 miles of water travelling), the advantage of sun tan, unlimited fresh air, bathing in the afternoon (this latter can be enjoyed with a view to a more extensive sun tan than can be obtained during the journey on the boat). Arrangements will be made for those taking their own refreshments for these to be enjoyed at tables set aside for us at the pavilion, or, for those that desire, there is the Lakeview Restaurant where very good meals can be obtained at moderate cost. The afternoon can be devoted according to the individual inclination, either in game or sport, or the Radial can be taken from the Park at Port Dalhousie to Niagara, returning in time to catch the boat back to Toronto; and although, in my mind, I am loath to leave the scene of a day's enjoyment which I have been participating in whilst writing this, there is the homeward trip, to be enjoyed likewise in any way pleasing to individual taste—community singing, dancing, and I have a recollection of a top promenade deck giving an uninterrupted view of the sky for those who enjoy the studying of stars and to give the constellations greater prominence a considerate steamship company has omitted to give any artificial light on this portion of the boat. It may be superfluous on my part to remark that this study of stars, as in dancing, is more instructing if taken with another, not necessarily of the opposite sex, that an exchange of ideas and conclusions may be arrived at.

Further details will be given in the next issue of the magazine early next month giving time of boat leaving and return and any detail that may be of use to those who will go with us.

Tickets will be in the hands of all choir members in about a week's time and we hope that all who can will give us their support in making this a most successful and enjoyable day's outing, and one remembered afterwards with happy thoughts.

ECCLESIA GIRLS' BIBLE CLASS

On Monday, May 30th, 1932, several members of the Ecclesia Girls' Bible Class made merry at the closing banquet of the class.

Miss Shotter called the meeting to order for the purpose of discussing and disposing of the business of the class.

Rev. Canon Baynes-Reed was presented with a cheque for the sum of \$35.00, being \$20.00 for the Organ Fund, and \$15.00 as the Bible Class's half-yearly contribution to the Indian child, by Miss Kathleen Gosse, president of the Bible Class. Rev. Canon Baynes-Reed sincerely expressed his thanks for the above-mentioned donation.

Miss Shotter briefly outlined the social activities of the class for the past year, which were well supported. The results of the towel shower held at Miss Shotter's home in April was very gratifying. The sum of \$10.70 was received from the home-cooking sale, which was also held at Miss Shotter's home, on April 30th, 1932.

The election of officers for the coming year then took place and the results were as follows: President, Miss Vera Tate; vice-president, Miss Patricia O'Neill; corresponding secretary, Miss Irene Johnson; recording secretary, Miss Alma Johnson; treasurer, Miss Winnifred Kendal; social convener, Miss Phylis Martin; lookout committee, Miss Jessie Bayes and Miss Margaret Haydock.

The treasurer's report was read and the results were as follows:

From January 1st, 1932:

Total receipts	\$46.12
Total disbursements	35.25

Balance on hand\$10.87

Miss Shotter and the members of the Ecclesia Girls' Bible Class are very grateful to Mrs. Huxtable for giving the use of her home, 64 Brookmount Road, on September 16th 1932, for a tea and towel shower.

Miss Shotter sincerely expressed her appreciation to the members and past officers of the class

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for their co-operation during the past year, which was very gratefully received.

The meeting then adjourned.

THE NORWAY BEAVER CLASS

Under the generalship of our newly-elected executive the class has passed through a month of real delightful activity.

On Monday, May 2nd, some 50 Beavers assembled in the Parish Hall, together with their fathers, to join in the fun always present at our "Annual Banquet." At seven the banquet got under way with our Leader, Bill McIlroy, in the chair. Among the honorary guests at the head table could be seen: Rev. Canon W. L. Baynes-Reed, Rev. H. H. Clark, Inspector Charles Greenwood, Mr. Geo. Pifher, and our old pal Mr. H. B. Beerman.

The toasts and speeches for the evening were all brief and snappy. The toast to "His Majesty the King" being presented by Russell Grant, vice-president; to "The Church," by Hedley Pezzack, class critic, replied to by Canon Reed; to "The Fathers," by Samuel Denby, replied to by Mr. Dodd; to "The Class," by Mr. Partridge, Sr., replied to by Mr. Partridge, Jr., our little witty secretary. After a few words from Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Beerman, Mr. Clark was called upon to receive on behalf of the church, a cheque given by the class to be placed toward the organ fund. Mr. Clark showed in his brief reply his deepfelt affection for the welfare of the class. The speaker of the evening, Mr. Pifher, was then called upon, and in his calm earnest manner beautifully outlined the relation that should exist between father and son.

After the speeches the Beavers began to show their real rollicking spirit, and after a request number from the quartette some music, recitation and song, the banquet came to a close with the singing of the National Anthem.

The executive extend their hearty thanks to Mr. Stan MacBeth and all other artists whose delightful music and song made the banquet what it was, "A Real Success."

REPORT OF THE EVENING BRANCH W.A.

During the month of May we were busy finishing up the sewing for our bale, and have had the pleasure of sending off a really splendid outfit of personal clothing and bedding to our Indian girl, Elizabeth Waterchief.

On May 21st we held a Home-Cooking Sale at the home of Miss Shotter which was very successful the receipts amounting to \$17.90.

We have finished a very nice quilt for Miss Black of the Nathaniel Institute. Each year we give her one for the Jewish girls' camp.

Twelve members attended the annual meeting held at St. Anne's Parish House and had a very delightful evening.

We decided not to hold our monthly business meeting until we had finished up our sewing; so last week, Wednesday, June 1st, we held both our business and final meeting.

We feel that it has been a very successful season.

We wish all our members a very pleasant and happy summer and hope to see them all in the fall.

ST. JOHN'S (NORWAY) TENNIS CLUB

Here is a message to the old members who have not been up to the courts this year. The tennis is more evenly matched and of a higher quality than it has been for years. The courts, too, are in fine condition. Come along and get in the game, we want to see you again.

The last day for the payment of fees was set on the fifteenth of June. It would be appreciated if payments be mailed when possible and paid only by cheque if on the courts.

Afternoon games are more popular this year. If you are not busy come on over.

The Toronto Branch of the United Empire Loyalists' Association attended Church on Whit-sunday morning. The Rector, who is Chaplain of the Toronto Branch, preached from the texts: "Look unto the Rock whence ye are hewn and unto the hole of the pit whence ye are digged," and "Ask now of the days that are past."

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REPORT OF THE MOTHERS' UNION

There was no branch meeting held in May. A good number of the members joined the annual meeting of the Diocese held at St. James' Parish Hall on May 19th, when reports from all branches were read and Archdeacon Fleming spoke on the work in the Arctic.

The Diocesan treasurer presented him with a cheque for \$64.00. A very happy and inspiring meeting, showing great progress in the work.

CONFIRMATION

Friday, May 27th, was a red letter night in the history of St. John's, Norway. It was the occasion of a visit of Bishop Owen, of Niagara, to hold Confirmation for the Archbishop of Toronto. The church was crowded to capacity and some turned away. There were 106 confirmed from the parish and 61 from the parishes of St. Luke's, St. Bartholomew's and Scarboro—167 in all.

It was an imposing procession that entered the church from the parish house—First, the choir, then the male candidates, followed by the female candidates, and the clergy. The Boy Scouts formed a guard of honor to his Lordship the Bishop. The good bishop gave a wonderful address which will not soon be forgotten by those who heard—"And the Lord said unto him, Arise and go into the street which is called straight."

It was a wonderful sight to see such a healthy lot of young people dedicating themselves to God. The average age of the class from our own parish was 17 years.

The newly confirmed made their first communion on the 1st Sunday after Trinity at eight o'clock.

This is the seventeenth confirmation in this parish church since June, 1924, and the total number confirmed in that time is 1,246:

June 20, 1924.....	117	Dec. 20, 1928	44
Dec. 20, 1924	54	June 6, 1929	95
June 19, 1925	89	Dec. 11, 1929	60
Dec. 21, 1925	31	May 30, 1930	77
June 20, 1926	81	Dec. 21, 1930	59
Dec. 20, 1926	33	May 31, 1931	100
May 31, 1927	68	Dec. 17, 1931	61
Dec. 21, 1927	64	May 27, 1932	106
June 14, 1928	107		
		Total	1,246

DEATH OF EDNA GODWIN

Word has been received of the death at Fawcett, Alberta, of Miss Edna Godwin, formerly of DuVernet Avenue. Miss Godwin moved with her parents a few years ago to the West and had been a very active member of the A.Y.P.A. in this parish.

Our sincerest sympathies are extended to the bereaved household in the West and to Mrs. John Charles, her sister, of DuVernet Avenue.

John Ross Robertson Lodge, A.F. & A.M., and Acacia Lodge, A.F. & A.M., attended church on Trinity Sunday. Archdeacon Fotheringham preached a forcible sermon.

The same day the Rector was the preacher at the Garrison Parade at the Mutual St. Arena.

Baptisms

- May 1st—Robert Ian Simms, Evelyn Gertrude Hunter, Walter Horton Burns.
- May 8th—Sidney Hartley Scroggs, Grace Caroline Cochrane, Findlay Gordon Crosgrey, Audrey Mae South, Elin May South, Mary Isabella Bennett, Marie Isabella Bennett, Pherrill Bennett, Alan Nichol Martin, Patricia Anne Moore, Margaret Ruth O'Kell.
- May 15th—Janet Elizabeth McIntosh, Florence Ann Jones, Valerie Lorraine Edith Bradley, James Fred Powis, Joan Helen Smith, Alan Scott.
- May 22nd—Mamie Jean Harwood, Gordon Ross Archbell, Kenneth Henry Hinkley, Doreen Evelyn Craig.
- May 29th—Barbara Wilma Allwright.

Confirmed

MAY 27th, 1932

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Dorothy Helen Allman. | Margaret Lillian Cunningham. |
| Marjorie Isabel Armstrong. | Henry Hewlett Elliott. |
| Nancie Bertha Armstrong. | Harold Arthur Firth. |
| Jean Eleanor Barber. | James Rennison Flint. |
| Elizabeth Grace Barker. | John Robert Flint. |
| Ronald Neal Bassett. | Gertrude Alice Fox. |
| Elma Irene Barrett. | Queenie May Franklin. |
| Robert John Barrett. | Ina Edward Frost. |
| Hazel Beatrice Bell. | Eileen Florence Garrett. |
| Marie Isabella Bennett. | Betty Bernice Wase Gay. |
| Clarence Bedford Binns. | Josephine Rook Graham. |
| Clement Ernest Binns. | Kathleen Harriet Hall. |
| Margaret Dorothy Bird. | Doris Evelyn Hand. |
| Winnifred Iris Bland. | William Hardy. |
| Victor Aubrey Bonyun. | William Ralph Harrison. |
| Doris Ethel Bottomley. | Richard John Helston. |
| William Ernest Broken-shire. | Helen Jean Hepburn. |
| Vera Burnett. | Florence Marjorie Hewer. |
| Walter Horton Burns. | Marjorie Phyllis Hollowell. |
| Mary Frances Elizabeth Bustard. | Ernest William Hutchings. |
| Alice Gwendolyn Buxey. | Queenie Florence Jacobs. |
| Marjorie Dorothea Chatterton. | Lottie Johnston. |
| Isabel Louise Clark. | Clara Elizabeth Jones. |
| Grace Caroline Cochrane. | Lillian Marie Jones. |
| Ernest Kitchener Coch-rane. | Ruby Louise Jones. |
| Janet Russell Conner. | Harold Bernard Kelly. |
| Albert Amos Cracknell. | Laura Edythe Kemp. |
| Walter Julian Cracknell. | Ilene Frances Love. |
| Findlay Gordon Crosgrey. | Gordon Forbes Mann. |
| Ada Lilian Crosthwaite. | Violet Frost Marnarck. |
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Norman McDermott.	ley.
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Edna Maud Oliver.	Elin May South.
Thelma Gertrude Oliver.	Evelyn Emily Stapleton.
Arne Francis Olsen.	Shirley Frances Steven-
Patricia Evalaine O'Neill	son.
Arthur Palmer.	Isabel Stuart.
Marjorie Emmeline	Robert Theodore Thorn-
	ton.
Frances Lois Petty.	Audrey Kathryn Thomp-
Tom Poock.	son.
Edward Harold Potter.	John Lloyd George Thom
Joseph Charles Prince.	Christine Tomlinson.
Eileen Ruby Purvey.	Lilias Tomlinson.
Dorothy Evelyn Quinn.	David Joseph Torrens.
Mildred Eleanor Rae.	Leslie George Trory.
William Selby Rogers.	Ronald Charles Trory.
Anna May Roe.	Alfred Frank Walsh.
Sidney Hartley Scroggs.	Marjorie Lillian Ward.
John James Smith.	Walter Herman Williams
Lucille Hambly Smith.	William White.
Phyllis Mary Smith.	Dorothy Rose Whitting-
Lloyd Harold Sprague.	ton.

Marriages

May 5th—Henry Klintworth and Bernice Smith.
 May 16th—Thomas Edward Hallat and Ruby Mae James.
 May 16th—Robert Edwin Fell and Amelia Rebecca Forster.
 May 19th—William Randolph Eppes and Winnifred Emma Savage.
 May 21st—Victor Thomas Poole and Dorothy Burrow.
 May 21st—Thomas Cook and Phyllis Mary Lawson.

Burials

May 3rd—Ann Spencer87 years.
 May 6th—George William Webber73 years.
 May 7th—Thomas S. Williams67 years.
 May 13th—Lily Maud Thompson61 years.
 May 13th—Edward L. Morton62 years.
 May 16th—Elizabeth Wood81 years.
 May 18th—Esther Mary Ward58 years.
 May 20th—Clara E. Dunn86 years.
 May 21st—Christopher Beacom59 years.
 May 21st—Mary Louisa Hayton68 years.
 May 23rd—Charles Pearce73 years.
 May 26th—Isabella Wilson65 years.
 May 27th—Susan Minier77 years.
 May 27th—William George Archibald.....39 years.
 May 30th—William George McKenzie37 years.

Total interments in cemetery for May—97.

WARDEN'S REPORT—MAY 31st, 1932

Receipts

Offertory	\$ 37.75
Envelopes	333.05
Open	254.03
Missions	124.67
Confirmation Class	41.70
A.Y.P.A.	350.00
Towards Clergy of Middle West	26.12
	<hr/>
	\$1,167.32

Disbursements

Stipends and Salaries	\$484.99
Gas, Electric and Phone	44.72
Coal and Sundries	73.48
Synod Assessment	286.97
Synod Lunch	15.00
	<hr/>
	..\$905.16

PARISH HOUSE BUILDING FUND

Balance as at 30th April, 1932	\$1,700.86
Rent of Hall, etc.	142.80
	<hr/>
	\$1,843.66

ORGAN FUND

Balance as at 30th April, 1932—debit	\$.53
Donations	\$ 10.29
Contribution—Beaver Boys' Bible Class	75.00
Offertory—Confirmation Class	25.00
Credit Balance as at 31st May, 1932	109.76
	<hr/>
	\$110.29 \$110.29

UNEMPLOYMENT FUND

Balance at Credit, 31st May	\$21.20
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The Rector conducted the Annual Service at the Sons of England Monument on May 29, prior to the setting out for St. Paul's Church.

Cambridge Lodge, Sons of England, will attend church on Sunday afternoon, June 19th, and decorate the graves of the brethren in the cemetery afterwards.

NOT ONLY CHILDREN but men and women, too, should drink Milk with every meal. Milk aids digestion, sleep, complexion, general health.



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