

# St. John's Parish Monthly

Editor—THE RECTOR

Associate Editor—HEDLEY PEZZACK, 315 Kenilworth. HO. 7152

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## Rector's Letter

The Rectory,

August, 1933.

Dear Brethren:

August is always the slack month in the year for church activities, though in a large parish like this there is no let up to sickness and death and the other great facts of life, births and marriages. Most people get away for a change and church attendance slackens. Picnics, church camps for Scouts, Guides and A.Y.P.A., have all been in evidence. The picnic of the Church School, the Choir outing, that very enjoyable event, and gatherings of several other organizations have all taken place. There is a general dearth of church news, and the heat wave through which we have passed has been trying on everyone's nerves.

But withal we have a glorious climate and would not exchange it for one anywhere else in the world. It is not a monotonous climate for we have the varied changes which the seasons bring in their turn. It certainly is a climate of extremes which accounts for the lack of music in our voices. Here in Ontario we are in the centre of the "Catarrh Zone," which, on account of these extremes, causes a flattening of the palate and so an absence of that musical note in our voices. The absence of the salt air of the sea has also much to do with that. The voices of people from Nova Scotia and British Columbia are in general more rotund and musical than those of Ontario.

There are compensations for the heat of summer—this year somewhat extreme—by the bracing winters with which we are favoured. These winters breed a hardy race, which must struggle to overcome obstacles, and which consequently develops by having to overcome. Difficulties always develop character. Where everything is easy and no obstacles to be overcome, one develops a certain lassitude. History shows us that it is always the northern races that have overcome in any struggle. Sometimes we feel that the way things are made easy for us in our modern life is tending to develop a flabbiness of character which is showing itself in our national life. That's what is wrong with the modern boy—the absence of chores to do which kept him out of mischief is one of the main causes of trouble to-day. The old adage, "The devil finds some mischief still for

idle hands to do," is well seen with the boy who having nothing useful to do makes an opportunity for his energy in doing something mischievous and harmful and wrong.

This wonderful climate should produce wonderful men—men great in ideals, great in vision, great in accomplishment of purpose. It needs leadership, it needs idealism in public life, it needs leadership in the Church, it needs a practical Christianity. The ideals of Christianity as taught by Christ and His apostles demanded self-surrender, the negation of self and consideration of others. It is selfishness in the world to-day that is the cause of all our ills, lack of consideration of others, really a lack of vital religion, which is the practising of the golden rule. There is no need of revolution, bloodless or otherwise, to bring about an ideal condition of things—it really needs our being true to ourselves and true to God.

If success in life from a worldly point of view means conquering obstacles, overcoming difficulties, well it is equally true in building up our spiritual life. It cannot be done in a moment. There are obstacles to be overcome, difficulties to face, ideals to live, principles to be practised. If our religion means anything to us it means conquest of the natural man—setting up spiritual ideals. Nothing can be obtained without effort—no crown without a cross—no rest without labour.

May we by our efforts try to bring about the ideal, by facing our difficulties, overcoming our obstacles, seeking the ideal, conquering ourselves that we may help others in the fight for that which is good.

Ever your friend and Rector,

W. L. BAYNES-REED.

### A LAMP

As one lamp lights another nor grows less.  
So nobleness enkindles nobleness.

### THE GOSPEL OF LOVE

I have only one gospel, only one way of salvation: it is that the cross be overpassed by love. Love alone is all-powerful. Love creates, rears, leads. Love alone is eternal. Love is the very essence of God.—Kagawa.

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## A.Y.P.A. YOUNG MEN'S BIBLE CLASS

The above organization will open its 1933-34 term on the third Sunday in September (the 17th) at 3 p.m., in the Church. The leader's topic for the opening service will be "God's Majority," and the lesson is to be found in the First Book of Samuel at Chap. 17, which deals with David and Goliath. It is earnestly hoped that we may have a good attendance on the opening day, and the class purposely delayed commencing the fall term until the third Sunday of the month in order to permit the holiday season to pass before resuming the weekly services.

Major H. B. Macconell, of the Dept. of Public Welfare, will be a guest speaker during the month of October, definite date of which will be announced in the September issue of the Church Magazine.

## STOP! LOOK! READ THIS! HELP WANTED!

The second annual A.Y.P.A. Ontario Provincial Conference will be held this year in Toronto, the dates being from October 19th to October 22nd. It is expected that there will be attending the Conference a very large delegation from all parts of the Province, for whom billets will have to be provided. All that is required of those offering their homes as billets will be sleeping accommodation on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, with breakfast on Saturday and Sunday mornings, and dinner on Friday evening.

All A.Y.P.A. Branches in Toronto have been set to work arranging for the necessary billets, and St. John's, Norway, as one of the largest and most active branches has promised to look after seventy-five or more delegates. Miss Gertrude Belsham is in charge of this work, and any member of the congregation who is able to provide a billet please communicate with her at 37 Hammer-smith Ave., or 'phone Howard 6342.

## CHURCH SCHOOL NOTES

During the last two months the School has held its sessions in the morning. This will continue until **Flower Sunday, September 12th**, when the afternoon session will begin by a service in the Church at 3 p.m.

The attendance has dropped considerably during the summer months, but we hope that in the fall we will be able to create new attendance records in every department.

Those children who have been away from the city during the summer months but have been attending the Church School in their neighborhood, will be given credit for attendance at this school, if they make this fact known to the Secretary.

**Remember your Church in your Will**

I give and bequeath to the Rector and Churchwardens of St. John's Church, Norway, Toronto, the sum of \$..... free of legacy duty.

## ST. JOHN'S, NORWAY, CHOIR

Usually it is called the "Glorious Twelfth," this year, however, with no disparagement to King William's memory, we must insist that it was the "Glorious Eleventh," being the day, after a great amount of debating, that was ultimately fixed for our outing to Port Dalhousie. The weather was all that could be desired, and the number who joined us was most gratifying and encouraging to those who had the arrangements in hand.

Owing to a mishap to the Dalhousie City on the previous day, only one boat was available for the morning journey and instead of leaving at the advertised time we all had to go half an hour later, but the company on board was very enjoyable and all, I think, arrived at Lakeview Park in perfect condition to make the day a happy one.

The ball game accounted for one casualty, the organ most prominent on a gentleman's face receiving the full force of a hard-driven ball; fortunately, however, without causing any breakage, but effecting such colorings as no artist would venture to use however daring he might be in color effects.

The sports were well supported and gave entertainment both to competitors and onlookers.

Several who could not join us earlier in the day came by the afternoon boat, and we were glad to have their company, although we would have preferred their joining in our afternoon amusement.

Gathering together on the boat on the return journey we had our improvised sing-song, interspersing with the song sheet several glees and thoroughly enjoying the conclusion of a very pleasant day.

Our thanks are sincere to those who gave us again their support and it is our hope that happy memories still lurk in the mind when the Choir outing of this year is recalled.

## Highlights on the Picnic

The best fielding of the ball game was supplied by Mr. Mould when he stopped a liner with his nose.

Some of the girls showed up the men by their snappy plays and forms.

Embarrassing question: "When do I bat?"

Sorry, Mel, we'll fix you up next year.

Bert Saxton's family showed their class in the sports events.

Stanley Ella won the special prize for the most wins.

Mrs. Mould's arrival for tea was greeted by a round of applause.

The return trip was enjoyed by all, especially Vera.

The singing of "My Wild Irish (Nose)" was for Mr. Mould's benefit.

The Choir men's interpretation of "Sweet Adeline" was very real.

Even the Canon was seen hugging Geoff.

## OUR SUMMER VISITORS

The weeks thou stayed with me, dear Love,  
Are like a string of bills to me;  
I count them over one by one,  
My Grocery, my Grocery.

## W.A. REPORT

About forty of our members and their friends gathered in Kew Beach Park on Wednesday, June 21st, for the annual W.A. Picnic. A nice shady spot was chosen by the committee in charge and everything was in readiness when the members arrived about one o'clock. The Canon, our Curate, and Miss Shotter were all able to be with us for lunch, and we are looking forward to seeing the picture, taken by Miss Shotter, of the group. After a lunch and a pleasant chat, some wandered to the lake and some went to see our President who has been in bed for over a month with a broken shoulder. We are glad to say the cast is off now, and we hope she will soon be out again and enjoying the best of health. Many of our members were unable to attend the picnic and we missed them, for we like to meet once or twice during the summer in this way. Two of our officers, Mrs. Gascoigne and Mrs. Fisher, have been ill, and we wish for them the best of health also.

The June Board Meeting was held on June 1st at Lindsay. This concludes the meetings for the summer months, but the Prayer Circle will continue to hold a short service after the regular service on Thursday.

## ST. JOHN'S (NORWAY) TENNIS CLUB

The Club started out on the right foot this year in regard to early playing and a swelling membership. The weather has been very good for tennis and everyone at the Club seems to be having a jolly time. It is very gratifying to note the improvement in the playing of most of the new members.

The inter-church tournament has been completed and the winner is St. Edmunds. Although we did not carry off the cup, the team in the northern section was tied for leadership in its group, and the one in the eastern section was one point behind the leader.

A larger measure of success came to St. John's in the inter-church elimination tournament, where individuals, and not teams, strive for the honours. Miss Margaret Edwards won the ladies' singles and combined with Miss Carol Creighton to carry off the ladies' doubles. The singles final was held at St. John's Club and provided the members with an exhibition of excellent tennis.

The Club tournament commences on August 19th and already the entries are filling up nicely. The winners of the tournament this year will have to throw all their strength into and use all their wits to carry off the honours, as a great many of the players who, heretofore, have not been outstanding, are now playing a sterling game.

There are a good many more members this year than last and it looks as though the Club will have to start a waiting list for new members if it grows in numbers next year as it has in 1933. Those contemplating joining next year are advised to send in an application before the end of this playing season before the membership swells to the limit.

## PRESENTATION

Mr. Robert Pryke, of the cemetery staff, kept himself out of mischief, as he says, during the long evenings last winter by carving the Lord's Prayer with a fret saw out of a single piece of wood some eighteen by thirty-six inches. It is handsomely framed in a darker wood and is a splendid example of skilled workmanship. It has been given to the Church School and will be an inspiration to the pupils to emulate his good example.

## EXHIBITION TICKETS

The five for a dollar exhibition tickets will again be on sale at the Church through Mrs. Pimm of the Parish Association, and Mr. Dunham. Last year some two hundred tickets were sold and we could have sold many more. This year the supply is three hundred and we are counting on the backing up of the congregation. The profits, of course, go to the Parish Association for the bazaar.

In Shackleton's great book, "South," there is a paragraph that lingers long in the reader's mind. It comes at the end of the chapter describing the desperate journey of the three men, Shackleton, Worsley and Crean, on foot across South Georgia. Shackleton writes:

"When I look back on those days I have no doubt that Providence guided us, not only across those snowfields, but across the storm-white sea that separated Elephant Island from our landing-place on South Georgia. I know that during that long and racking march of thirty-six hours over the unnamed mountains and glaciers of South Georgia it seemed to me often that we were four, not three. I said nothing to my companions on the point, but afterwards Worsley said to me, 'Boss, I had a curious feeling on the march that there was another person with us.' Crean confessed to the same idea. One feels 'the dearth of human words, the roughness of mortal speech' in trying to describe things intangible, but a record of our journeys would be incomplete without a reference to a subject very near to our hearts." —Quoted in a Sermon at St. Paul's Cathedral, by Rev. Samuel Tyler.

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## ST. JOHN'S LAWN BOWLING CLUB



On August 23rd we are holding our Annual Masquerade Parade and Bowling in Costume. This is to be held on the green at 8 p.m. The proceeds are in aid of the East General Hospital. It is open to anyone on payment of 25 cents for adults and 10 cents for children; members and their families are free.

There will be a class for the best comedy costume, both men and women; a class for the best costume, men and women; a class for boy's and girl's best costume; a class for boy's and girls' best comedy costume. First and second prizes to be given in each class.

We would like to see a large company present. You may be assured of a very nice evening.

A collection will be taken up. We expect to have music on the green.

In the past it has been a huge success and we hope to have the same success again. If the weather is against us it will be held the following night. Pleast note—all persons in costume to be on the green at 7.45 sharp.

There will also be prizes for bowling. Bowling to commence as soon as the judging of costumes is over; the fee 25 cents.

## LADIES' LAWN BOWLING CLUB

St. John's, Norway, Ladies' Lawn Bowling Club is still going ahead with success and good times. We have an increased membership this year and have still room for a few more attached or unattached members. We had a successful tournament for July holiday, just for the evening, serving ice cream and cake after. For the August holiday we had a mixed tournament for afternoon and evening, playing three 15-end games and serving supper between second and third games. Mr. Graham and with his rink Mr. Nicholls and Mrs. Ball, winning first prize with three wins. Mr. Abbott with his rink, Mr. McAdam, Mrs. Underhill, Mr. Short, winning second prize with two wins and one loss, and Mr. Ball with his rink, Mr. Rumley, Mrs. Caunter, Mrs. Clegg, winning third prize with one win and two losses. This was certainly a successful afternoon and evening, having good weather and a good turnout, both of ladies and gents.

On Thursday, August 17th, we are having a twilight mixed tournament, open. Anyone wishing to enter a rink we would be pleased to accept. You may be sure of a good time. Draw to be made at 6.30 p.m., three 10-end games will be played. 'Phone your entries to Mrs. J. Bail, Ho. 6868, or Mrs. Caunter, Ho. 9177. If you want a good time with a good bunch of sports come to St. John's Ladies' Lawn Bowling Club.

Malefactors, it comes out, are very often influenced to their misdeeds by female factors.

## THE OLD BIBLE IN ITS MODERN SURROUNDINGS

## THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH

By Rev. Ebenezer Scott, M.A., B.D.

The famous saying of Chillingworth, the seventeenth-century divine, that "the Bible, the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants," never represented the real mind of the Church of England. It was thrown off in controversy with Rome,—one of those sharp-edged epigrams which controversy of its very nature projects from itself, and which always overleap the strict bounds of truth.

Another epigram which may be quoted is only too well rounded off to be perfectly true. "The Roman Catholics," it was once cleverly said, "have a Church without a Bible; the Nonconformists have a Bible without a Church; the Church of England has both a Bible and a Church." This was no doubt too clever by half. The author of it, as a professional phrase-maker, probably did not wish to be taken too seriously. But, taking it for no more than it is worth, and as a positive statement of the teaching of our own Church, apart from all controversy with others, this saying does help us to appreciate the due relation of the Bible and the Church.

Modern criticism is only justifying the position of our Church. The Bible did not create the Church, but the Church the Bible. The Christian Church set its imprimatur on the books of the Old Testament, which the Jewish Church had already selected as revealing God's word. The books of the New Testament grew up with the Church itself. They were in the first instance books for their own times. But as those were the times nearest to the age in which the final revelation of God in Christ burst on the world in all its splendour and took full possession of the hearts and minds of Christ's disciples, those same books which were written to meet the needs of their own times contained within them the universal truths that were to prove an enduring message for all time.

The Bible and the Church act and react on each other. The Bible keeps the Church free from corruptions of its faith and from needless and foreign accretions to it. The Church, applying and interpreting the Bible to each successive age, with its own needs and circumstances, its own moral problems and intellectual outlook, keeps the Bible always a modern Book.

With all the changes of time, man in his essential being remains the same. The Old Bible will always be ready for its modern surroundings.—Church Messenger.

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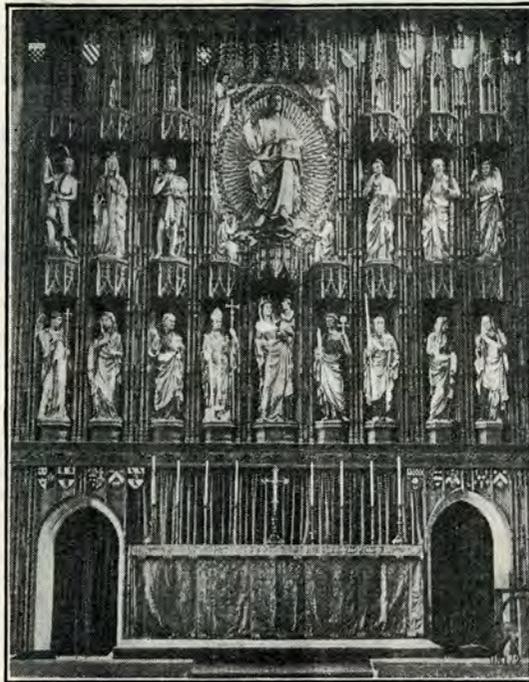
## Some Parishes at Work. XVI. WYMONDHAM ABBEY, NORFOLK.

By the Vicar, the Rev. Frederic Jarvis.

**W**YMONDHAM (pronounced Windum) lies nine miles south-west of Norwich, and almost all visitors who travel to the east coast by road pass through its narrow, picturesque streets.

It is famous for its magnificent Abbey Church, the interesting history of which can only be briefly sketched in this article. In 1107 William D'Albini pulled down the original Saxon church and founded a Benedictine monastery for a prior and twelve monks as a cell of the Abbey of St. Albans. It was finished about 1130 and dedicated in honour of S. Mary and S. Alban. The connection with St. Albans was never a happy one and led to much friction and interference, but in 1448 Wymondham became an independent abbey, and at some date unknown it appears to have been rededicated and S. Thomas of Canterbury took the place of S. Alban. In the town there is a chapel, founded by the son of the founder of the monastery (1174) in honour of the murdered archbishop, and to this shrine, as well as to a spring near the abbey still known as Becket's Well, pilgrimages were frequent. At the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII a great deal of the glory of Wymondham perished.

The original building, which was about twice the length of the present one, followed the plan common to Norman cathedrals and was of cathedral dimensions. It was intended by its founder for both parishioners and monks, but the deed failed to make clear which parts belonged to the monastery and which to the parish, and in consequence its history is a history of disturbances and brawls and breaches of the peace between the town and the monastery concerning their several rights. In 1249 the matter became so serious



REREDOS: WYMONDHAM CHURCH.

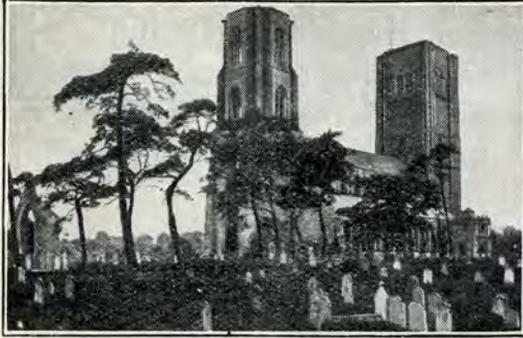
that it was referred to the Court of Rome and was settled by a decree of Pope Innocent IV; and again in 1412, when the Archbishop of Canterbury was commanded by Henry IV to make an inquiry. A certified copy of the Papal Bull, and the Archbishop's Award, and many documents and objects of interest, are now in the parvise over the north porch, which has been converted into a muniment room.

The present church consists of an octagon tower at the east end, of the late Decorated period; a Norman nave and triforium, with Perpendicular clerestory and richly-carved hammer-beam roof; north and south aisles; and a massive western tower, one hundred and forty-seven feet high, of the same period. The high-altar screen, tester, and rood is a striking piece of work by Mr. J. N. Comper. Since the beginning of this century more than £27,000 has been spent on restoration and decoration, and this work is still going on. In the north aisle is the Lady Chapel, which is about to be renovated. This chapel is used for the daily Eucharist. There is a Sung Eucharist on Sundays with simple, dignified ceremonial. Hundreds of visitors come to see the abbey every year.

It may be of interest to add that Wymondham was the home of the Ketts who led the Rebellion in 1549. William Kett was hanged on the west tower of the church.

The population of the parish is five thousand and in area it is one of the largest in England. It includes Spooner Row with its own little church; Silfield with the mission church of S. Helen; Norwich Common with the mission church of S. Edmund; also Wattlefield, and the hamlets of Browick, Downham, Sutton, and

Stanfield. Wymondham is a market town which was at one time a centre of the weaving industry and seems for many years to have been associated with wood-working of various kinds. In the past it was mainly wooden bowls and spoons (hence Spooner Row); to-day there are two large brush factories and a furniture factory; for the rest it is mainly agricultural. Owing to the present plight of agriculture there is a good deal of unemployment, and it is, on the whole, a poor neighbourhood. The people are kindly, they expect to be



WYMONDHAM ABBEY CHURCH.

visited, and do not hesitate to send for the clergy in serious illness or trouble.

A parish of this sort requires a staff of at least three and calls for a considerable amount of organization and voluntary help; e.g. there are four Sunday schools (one of which is divided into Catechism and three junior departments), and four Sunday school treats. The south aisle of the abbey is furnished as a Children's Church, which is run by a junior Church Council

composed of elected representatives of Boys' and Girls' Bible Classes, Catechism, Servers, C.L.B., G.F.S., Rangers, Guides, Scouts, and King's Messengers, with six nominees

of the vicar. These young people have their own free-will offering scheme and pay a fixed annual contribution towards church maintenance, and subscribe to overseas missions and other objects. For adults there is a Communicants' Guild, and a flourishing branch of the Mothers' Union.

One is naturally glad and proud to be the custodian of this beautiful and historic abbey, and this happiness is greatly enhanced by the knowledge that it is far from being only an interesting and important archaeological relic, but also an inspiring and beloved home of worship, and the centre of the religious life of the Church people of Wymondham.



BRIDEWELL STREET, WYMONDHAM.



THOMAS À BECKET'S CHAPEL, WYMONDHAM.

## OVER THE TEACUPS.

### Round-the-corner recipe.

We will begin with this, as salads are both easy to prepare and refreshing to eat. The modern way of serving them, in individual attractive; the flat plates of oven-glass are very suitable for this. Have your lettuce well washed and dry it in a wire salad-basket. This does not crush the leaves as does wrapping it in a cloth. Cabbage lettuce is best placed round the dish; cos, or, as the French and Americans call it, romaine, looks well on an oblong dish, with the other ingredients round it.

If your salad contains only vegetable ingredients, a plain oil and vinegar dressing is suitable. If, however, you add fish, game, nuts, etc., mayonnaise should be used. Pour the dressing over the centre, do not spread it about. Lettuce alone should be moistened first with oil, then with vinegar, in a large bowl before being arranged on the serving dish.

A border of lettuce may have a tuft of the inside leaves in the middle, and pieces of tomato, orange, or grapefruit. Variety can be given by adding shelled shrimps, lobster, sliced apple, cooked cauliflower sprigs, etc., indeed there is no end to the changes one can ring with simple materials.

### Recipes from our readers.

*Mackerel mayonnaise.*—Steam mackerel between plates, in a little milk, a dab of margarine, salt and pepper.

Remove bones and skin, break flesh into flakes. When cold

lay it on a bed of lettuce. Decorate with slices of cold potato, hard-boiled egg, tomato, cucumber, and watercress. Pour a good homemade mayonnaise over the fish in the centre and serve. (Mrs. A. M. Cardwell, Surley, Marley, Exmouth.)

*Jellied meat fingers.*—Half-pound cooked meat,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint well-flavoured gravy,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. gelatine, 2 tomatoes, 2 table-spoonfuls boiled rice, 1 table-spoonful each chopped parsley and chopped cooked onion. Mince the meat, mix it with the rice, the skinned and chopped tomatoes, the parsley and onion. Stir these into the gravy in which the gelatine has been dissolved. Mix

well and season rather highly as the mixture is to be eaten cold. Turn into a flat tin which has been rinsed with cold water so that it makes a layer about one inch thick. Leave till set. Cut into finger-shaped blocks. Serve with salad. (Miss W. Oxbarrow, Gladsmuir, Oxshott, Surrey.)

*Fried sandwiches* make a good supper dish. Cut bread and butter in the usual way, then place between the slices thin pieces of cheese, or boned sardines. Dip in batter and fry in deep fat. Serve hot.

### 'THE GARDEN'S PRAYER.

THE garden breathes a thankful prayer to God

For gentle rain;

And so the incense rises from the sod,

And once again

Each blossom bows its head, and fills the air

With all the fragrance of a garden prayer.

The dewy blossoms, waking with the sun,

Sweet anthems raise;

And long before the world has work begun

The garden's praise

Is wafted up to join the joyous bird

Whose daily hymn to God the morning heard.

Mildred G. Pyer.

## Mannerliness.

By the Rev. A. H. Howe Browne, Vicar of S. John the Divine, Kennington;  
Canon Residentiary of Southwark.

"Charity . . . is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly."



Elliott & Fry.  
THE REV.  
A. H. HOWE BROWNE.

LOVE which is to be at all worthy of the name can never remain merely a feeling or just a word; it must always be finding expression in action towards other people. This is one of the great truths that S. John teaches; love of GOD is necessarily expressed in love to one's brother. Sometimes love will be moved to do or suffer things of great difficulty, and under very important conditions; the supreme example of this is to be found in our Blessed LORD'S love in coming amongst us at the Incarnation, and in giving His life for us on the Cross. And He Himself has taught us the truth, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." So it has been not infrequently; from time to time our hearts are stirred and thrilled by some wonderful act of self-sacrifice; we read about it in the newspapers, or sometimes come in contact with it ourselves, and realize the tremendous heroism of it. But chances of this sort of thing do not come the way of every one; indeed in a way one is thankful they do not in one's own case, for fear one should be found wanting.

### LOVE IS ACTION.

But such are not by any means the only ways in which the reality of love can be tested, or can express itself. Love can be displayed in a thousand little ways, and not infrequently these are more difficult than a single act of heroism. It is such smaller, but none the less real and important, ways of displaying love that S. Paul is referring to in the words that stand at the head of this article. For this great chapter is addressed, not to possible heroes, but to very ordinary folk like ourselves, just fathers and mothers, boys and girls, and even slaves in families; and however much conditions may have changed since S. Paul's day, and of course they have immensely—for one thing we don't keep slaves in England now!—yet human beings remain much the same. So let us try to put his words in very simple English. They would come to something like this, I think—if you really love, you do not think about your superiority to other people, let alone show it; if you really love, you are careful about the little details of behaviour, especially when they affect other people. Generally speaking, we find ourselves in agreement with both these statements; we dislike almost instinctively people who "swank," and we feel that good manners are a very desirable quality in everybody, not least in the young. But what we do not always realize is that both these virtues are a direct outcome of love, and cannot be expected apart from love, which is a definitely Christian characteristic; "the more excellent way" must needs lie behind them.

Now this article is appearing when the holiday season is upon us, and so it may not be out of place to give these general considerations about love, as it were, a holiday setting.

### LOVE AND GOOD MANNERS.

It is when English people go abroad—though probably the majority of people are content with spending their holiday in their native country—that they are specially tempted to exhibitions of that sense of superiority of which S. Paul speaks, and at the expense of those whom we call "foreigners." Those of us who have been at all frequently to the Continent will have been fortunate if they have not come across, in the course of their travels, compatriots of their own who do not hesitate to despise and condemn wellnigh everything they come across—conditions of service, travel, food, the behaviour of the natives of the country, and so on. How ashamed we have been of them! Hardly anything makes an Englishman so hated abroad as this kind of attitude. I hope it is becoming less marked and less general, but it is by no means extinct; and there can be little doubt that it had, at any rate in days when it was more usual, a really bad effect, and has tended to embitter relationships more perhaps than we can readily guess. We know how we should be up in arms if one of these "foreigners" were to come to England, and adopt the same attitude, and how we should be utterly repelled by it. And that is one reason why we should all be careful not to give offence ourselves. But S. Paul would put it higher than that, and tell us that any one in whom there was love could not possibly be guilty of such conduct.

### KINDLY CONSIDERATION.

It has been truly said that "Politeness is love in trifles, courtesy is love in little things." This saying, I think, expresses very well the thought of S. Paul's "Love doth not behave itself unseemly." But once again, this consideration for others which spells good manners is not a thing we always find in holiday-makers. For instance, we often hear on the wireless before a Bank Holiday an appeal to people about litter. It may seem a very small thing in itself to throw away, wherever we happen to be, a paper bag from which we have eaten cakes or sweets, but it betokens a carelessness of mind which expresses itself, or at least is apt to do so, in similar acts which show a lack of that consideration for others which springs from love. Of course it goes without saying that people should enjoy themselves to the full on a holiday, but not in ways which may go far to mar the enjoyment of others. Noisiness, untidiness, unpunctuality, disregard of the comfort or convenience of others—all these may be cited as illustrations of "unseemliness."

So, finally, we must not forget that it is the business of Church people, who have realized at least something of the love which GOD has shown us in CHRIST JESUS, and who have received the gift of the HOLY SPIRIT, to set an example in all such practical ways as we have alluded to above. "The sins which we condemn in others are often laughing at us within ourselves"—so it has been well said. It is easy enough to criticize those whose habits do not commend themselves to us; it is not always easy to see how ours give offence to others. At least let Church people set a high standard in both the ways we have been considering.



# THE STORY of SPALDINGS

by  
**FEDDEN TINDALL**

## SYNOPSIS.

On the death of his father, TOM SPALDING finds that the affairs of "Spalding's Restaurants" are not so prosperous as they were supposed to be. The rival firm of "Marriot's" has captured much of their business, and Tom resolves to restore his own firm to prosperity. His sister APRIL and his friend GERRY FIELDING are ready to help him. He takes over the management of a branch shop under the assumed name of "Mr. Wilson." Here an unfortunate incident arises when a pretty waitress, called ELIZABETH FOSTER, is accused of stealing a brooch. When Elizabeth returns to work after attending her uncle who is ill, Tom's suspicions are partly removed, and he accepts her offer to help in investigating the mystery. She soon discovers that CARRIE MASTERS, another waitress, is implicated, and that her motive is jealousy.

The story continues—

## CHAPTER XV.

### SOME "FURTHER INQUIRIES."

**P**UBLIC opinion, Elizabeth saw, would be on the side of the supposed under-dog. After all, Amy had to go on living and working amongst these girls, while their victim would soon be out of it all and happily back amidst her own natural surroundings. But now the time had come to see things through.

"Amy has told me nothing," she said at length, "but your own anxiety proves that there is a good deal she could say, which you are frightened of her letting out. I have a question to ask you. I meant to wait until morning, but we had better get it over."

"Indeed, Princess Carrots, and who are you to take that high and mighty tone?"

"I am a girl whom you have treated pretty meanly and rottenly, as you know well enough. I am the one who, if I chose, could get you sacked, as you also know if you stop to think about it for a minute."

Masters sneered in a way which Amy, and not Elizabeth, understood.

"But I want to be decent to you, if you will only be square with me. Look here, Carrie, I know quite well that you are at the bottom of all this. The others have only followed your lead. You hated me and wanted to get me into a row. You picked up that brooch and saw your chance. You stuck it on to me, when you were skylarking, and I was silly idiot enough not to notice it. Then, when there was a bigger row than you expected, you held your tongue and let me walk into the trap. You wanted me to be sacked. Own up; isn't that what happened?"

"That beast Amy! I'll wring her neck," Carrie muttered.

"It was you yourself who gave yourself away. Be sensible and don't beat about the bush any longer. Tell the truth and acknowledge that you fastened that brooch on my shoulder, and I won't ask you any more questions, and I will simply tell Mr. Wilson that you

have owned up to playing a stupid trick on me, and that the others all know it. Of course, I can't promise, but I will try to make things right for you all."

"So you think you can do what you like with Wilson?"

Amy, who was sitting quietly in a corner of the room, came to the rescue.

"Foster means just what she says and nothing else; if you clear her, she'll drop it."

"I say that I can promise nothing, but I will do my best," pursued Elizabeth. "If I do drop it, if I can drop it, as I hope, try not to be such a pig to the girl who takes my place."

"Oh, you are leaving, are you? I always knew you were a spy, or something hateful like that. We thought that you came to write about us in the papers, with a picture, 'How the Duchess sewed Spalding's sausages!'"

"I don't write for the papers, so I shan't ask for your photograph. I am not a journalist, nor a Duchess, and it is my own business and nothing whatever to do with you why I had to earn my own living and happened to come to Spalding's New Hall. I'll shake hands if you will."

But Carrie remained silent.

When Elizabeth had gained entrance to the Manager's office next morning, she announced:

"I think I have solved the mystery, sir."

"Have you? I am very glad to hear it. Well?"

"There was a lot of stupid skylarking going on, and a waitress, who had picked up that brooch the day before, pinned it on my shoulder. In the general scrimmage, which I didn't much appreciate, I foolishly never noticed what she was doing."

"What did she mean by keeping the brooch and not handing it in immediately at the office?" Tom said in stern tones. "You all know the rules."

"But she evidently did not mean to try to keep it, did she? That is proved by the silly way she behaved?"

"I am afraid that there is a great deal more underneath this story than you seem to realize."

Tom's voice was grave and troubled.

"I think there is a proverb about letting sleeping dogs lie," Elizabeth said demurely.

"Which ought not to apply in this case."

"You will excuse me, sir, if I venture to say that I think this is one of the very cases where waking up the dogs would only cause a horrible noise and confusion and serve no useful purpose."

"You are a very cocksure young woman."

A smile was playing round Tom's mouth, and the stern gravity of his face had relaxed. Somehow he seemed no longer the manager lecturing a waitress, but a man who exchanged parry and thrust with a maid. Elizabeth pressed what she believed to be her advantage.

"What good purpose would be served by upsetting all the waitresses? I intended to clear my name, and I think I have done it, except that the girl should acknowledge that what I say is true. The customer has got back her brooch and has said no more about it. The staff has had a good fright and won't be likely to behave so foolishly again in a hurry."

"You must leave me to decide what is best to do. What is the name and number of the girl who picked up the brooch?"

Elizabeth calmly shook her head.

"Not until you promise me that she shall not suffer for her idiocy."

"You try to make terms very coolly."

"I know I do. As I told one of the girls, I was well educated by a school-boy cousin concerning the iniquity of peaching."

"The public school code," Tom said drily.

"Exactly."

"We will strike a bargain. Explain the mystery of yourself and why you are working at Spalding's, then I will not go further into the mystery of the brooch, except to give that girl a fright for the good of her soul."

The young man and woman looked at each other; somehow things had changed for them both.

"Aren't you a bit curious? Is it quite official?"

"This conversation has hardly been conducted on suitable official lines."

"You are a jolly good sort," Elizabeth said impulsively. "I congratulate you on the many lessons you are learning so quickly, Mr. Spalding."

Tom jumped.

"So you know who I am, do you? Well, it is a marvel to me that all the staff have not made the same discovery."

"They have not all had equal facilities," Elizabeth said calmly. "I have told them nothing, and of course I shall not give you away now."

"Thank you," Tom said more gravely. "You are a sport. Now, can't we meet—no, part—on equal terms? Won't you now tell me who you are?"

"Foster is my real name."

"But why this masquerade?"

"That I must decline to answer at present." She spoke with mock seriousness, and her eyes were dancing with mischief. "Without any returning on my part, will you do what I ask about the brooch mystery?"

"Yes, I suppose so. You exasperate me," Tom said almost boyishly.

"Then, sir, you must allow me to beg your pardon," Elizabeth said with mock solemnity, "and to give you the name you require in confidence, understanding that it will not be used against its owner."

"How is—Bingo, was it?" asked Tom.

"He was quite well, thank you, when I saw him last. And your ferocious animal? I have not such a good memory for names as you seem to possess?"

"Paddy also flourishes, and I am afraid he is more consistent than his master. His friends and enemies are sorted out clearly in his mind. But, if Bingo will give his address, Paddy might be persuaded to apologize, by my sister."

"Some day, Mr. Spalding. May I go now? As things are, I suppose you only require to be sure that there is no thief on the staff of Spalding's New Hall?"

"I think I shall have to make some further inquiries," he said, as he opened the door for her, noticing that she took the courtesy as a matter of course.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A REFUSAL.

EVERYBODY had dropped the matter of the brooch, as Elizabeth duly told Gerry, when she sat beside him in the car on Monday evening.

"I am so thankful that your troubles seem to be ending," he remarked as they drove through Richmond on their way back to Miss Deborah's supper table.

"Yes, I shall be out of it all, in a few days now; I have given in my week's notice."

Elizabeth could guess the expression of Gerry's face from the tone of his voice, as he said flatly, "Oh, will you? The Club, or only Spalding's?"

"I am not abandoning my principles. I shall keep on working and probably work harder than ever, but it will not be at Spalding's."

"Don't you think," Gerry hazarded nervously, "that it might be worth while to live the whole thing down and make the girls like you, as you know you could if you made up your mind to it?"

She smiled in the darkness. Did he actually believe that she was running away to some other similar work simply because she had had an uncomfortable time at Spalding's New Hall. He took literally every statement she made about herself, while Tom, keener witted, saw through her mischief and camouflage. What a good fellow Gerry was, and how heartily he would bore her if she saw too much of him. She felt rather guilty at the thought that she had won such loyalty from the man who had been a mere useful detail in her own life; and yet she decided quickly that it might be better not to explain herself too fully. Perhaps he believed that she had really quarrelled with her one rich relation, although she had rushed to him when he was thought to be dying. He pitied her maybe as an unaccustomed worker. She certainly did not want his pity, which is



"I think I shall have to make some further inquiries," he said, as he opened the door for her."

said to be akin to something which she wanted still less. She must try to kill that feeling, without revealing too much of the truth.

"Perhaps you are right, but I am afraid that I am too lazy to attempt such an awkward task, when I have the chance of very good interesting work elsewhere," she said deliberately.

"Of course I have no right to offer my opinion, and I cannot possibly judge as I know so little of your affairs, but it seems to me a pity that when you are so wide-minded, you can't be even more wide-minded. You are plucky, and girls like Amy and her friends admire pluck. You could do so much to help them if you once won their confidence."

"You look at everything from your own standpoint, your love of human nature with capital letters. I lack your enthusiasm," she said.

"You pretend that you do. I fancy that you have a great deal of enthusiasm really. You are just waking up," Gerry said boldly.

This shot was nearer the truth, and it made her laugh.

"You think me much better than I am," she said carelessly.

"I know that the real you is ten thousand times finer than you pretend to be," he said with a strange glow in those deep-set eyes of his.

Elizabeth felt the warmth, though she only half understood its cause.

"You are pleased to glorify me," she said rashly, "to invent an ideal me, which doesn't exist."

She realized her foolish mistake a minute later. Gerry had lost his head.

"I don't glorify you, I love you," he said earnestly.

"But you mustn't. That's silly. You don't really know me at all."

"I know the real you, the you who is capable of sharing my work, of helping me to achieve so much that is worth while, which I could never hope to do alone. Elizabeth, I know it is awful cheek on my part. I have so little to offer you; but, if you have really decided to go your own way and live the life of a worker, couldn't you do it with me, instead of struggling on alone?"

She caught her breath. She ought to have avoided this. She had played with fire, and now she must face the result.

"I am sorry, but I am afraid I couldn't."

"I haven't a great deal to offer; but I could promise you quite a cosy home. Couldn't you try to care for a dull chap like me, who—who just worships you?"

Elizabeth felt a choking sensation. This was such simple, honest love, a love of which she was sincere enough to know that she was not worthy. For the right girl he would be a wonderful husband.

"I am sorry. I do respect you sincerely, but I don't love you."

"I have never presumed to think you did; but won't you let me try to teach you?"

"No; because love can't be learned like that. Surely you must know it. It just comes. It is like a flash of lightning, often unexpected and not even welcome, but there it is. You can't coax it and arrange it and train it, as if, as if," she laughed uneasily, "it could be laid on by experts like gas or water."

"You are laughing at me, you don't take me seriously," Gerry said reproachfully.

"If you only knew, I am taking you much more seriously than ever I have taken anything in my life before."

"Other men have told you that they loved you. I know I am not likely to be the first. A girl like you—" The intensity of Gerry's feeling was making him incoherent.

"There have been other men, of course. I laughed at them or edged away from danger. I am taking you seriously, because I know you are serious. I believe in you and respect you too much to hold out hope, when I know there isn't any."

"How do you know? You say love can't be learnt. If there is no one else—is there no one else?"

"I didn't say so," Elizabeth answered gravely.

"No." A new thought seemed to strike Gerry. "You spoke of love as coming like a flash of lightning, unexpected, even unwelcome. Do you mean that you care for some one else?"

Elizabeth had not been sure of it till that minute. She had laughed through life and never before faced feelings in the straightforward way that she generally faced facts.

Gerry's faithfulness compelled her to be true. "Forgive me, if I have no right to ask; but is there some one else?" he repeated.

"Yes."

She barely whispered the one word; but it was enough for Gerry.

"Then I won't plague you any more," he said quietly.

"Thank you for trusting me just once again. I am grateful."

He drove on for a minute or two in silence. Elizabeth was struggling with an hysterical wish to laugh or cry. She hardly knew herself in this new serious character, and yet she had told Gerry the truth, as she had suddenly known it.

"Will you come on and see my aunt, or would you rather I drove you back to Spalding's?" he asked suddenly.

"I think it would be better to go back."

She tried to make a few remarks on indifferent topics and Gerry tried to reply; but the greater part of the short drive was accomplished in silence. She held out her hand at the minute of parting,



"Good-bye. Thank you for all your kindness," she said.

when he set her down near the door of Spalding's New Hall.

" Good-bye. Thank you for all your kindness," she said.

" Good-bye; God bless you."

He sat watching her go in, straining his eyes to catch the last glimpse of her. Then he drove off quickly, not in the direction of home, but towards the country.

He was never very clear as to where he did go or

(To be continued.)



## The Holy Communion Service.

Simple Instructions by Celia Atkinson, Author of *The Gospel of Suffering*.

### IV.

#### The 5th Step. Sursum Corda, The Sanctus, and Prayer of Humble Access.

**Y**OU have, I expect, at some time or other climbed a mountain, and found the higher you climbed the more you saw, and that there was always another ridge that you felt you must see over. The higher you got, the more beautiful the view, the more rarified the air, and the greater the exhilaration. It is just so with the spiritual life, and the same kind of experience comes with the Communion Service.

As you go Step by Step to the altar, your expectation becomes greater, your longing for our LORD'S Presence becomes more intense, and you only have one thought, to get to Him and be with Him. So after preparatory, confession and absolution, you are prepared to lift up your heart in praise and thanksgiving. Let your whole desire be that CHRIST may take you up into His life and fill you with Himself. Here, as on the mountain top, everything is quiet, awe-inspiring, and beautiful. CHRIST has said, " I will draw all men unto Me," and here we lift up our hearts, reaching out to Him, forgetting self, leaving all our desires with GOD. Let us give thanks for this love, beauty, joy, and peace. Here we now join with a vast unseen host, in a great Act of Worship. At the *Sanctus* we join with " angels and archangels and all the company of heaven," with all the others in the church, with those in all churches in all lands, with those who have " passed on," with all your loved ones; there is no distance when we say this glorious hymn of praise and thanksgiving, " Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD GOD of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory: Glory be to Thee, O LORD most High." We are all one big family, united in the act of lifting up our hearts to the one All-loving FATHER.

As we draw nearer to Him, we cannot help feeling the wonder, awe, and holiness of His Presence, and it is only natural that we should kneel in great humility and acknowledge our unworthiness. So still nearer to Him we take the next Step, the Prayer of Humble Access.

" I am not worthy, holy LORD,  
That Thou shouldst come to me;  
Speak but the word, one gracious word  
Can set the sinner free."

He has spoken that word, in the Absolution, and though we shall never be worthy, yet He has bidden us come, and we dare not refuse. There are many who say, " I dare not come often to Communion, I am not good enough." Are any of us good enough? " They who fain would serve Him best are conscious most of wrong within." CHRIST never meant the Holy Com-

what happened that night. He only knew that he turned back towards Surrey and fresher, purer air than that of the town, that he drove on for some hours, mechanically, but as he believed carefully. Then in a narrow lane there came a car in the opposite direction, driving at a great speed. He tried to avoid it, swerved, then seeing inevitable disaster ahead, put on the brakes rapidly. There was a crash, darkness, and then oblivion.

munion to be regarded as a Sacrament for saints, but rather as a Sacrifice for sinners, and all that He requires is that we should feel our need of Him. It is in order to make ourselves more worthy that we come; if we keep away we deliberately reject the help freely offered, the strength so willingly supplied. It is wrong, I am sure, to keep away. Do not let the devil tempt you with subtle temptations, such as your unworthiness. We can hear the Voice calling, over and over again, " Come unto Me." If we really want to love and serve Him, then we must come and learn of Him, trust Him, and give ourselves to Him. He has promised, " I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

The Prayer of Humble Access is worth thinking over very carefully. " We do not presume to come . . . trusting in our own righteousness, but in Thy manifold and great mercies." There are so many mercies He shows us. One of the biggest perhaps is that He acknowledges us His children. Let us then treat Him as a Father. A child is so dependent on its father; a child is weak and mistrusts itself. So we, as His children, must be conscious of our weaknesses, and rely on GOD'S protection, and when we hear His voice we must be ready to undertake all things, in spite of times of trouble and affliction.

" Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring,  
For His grace and love is such  
None need fear to ask too much."

Do we ask, that in eating His Flesh and drinking His Blood we may be made clean, that He may dwell in us and we in Him? It is the CHRIST within us that gives us the strength and power to conquer all the temptations that come to us. Try always to remember that indwelling CHRIST, for in moments of resentment, temper, hardness, or irritation we can rely on His presence and protection.



**H**E that endured the tyranny of heat,  
The morning sorrows, and the midday sweat,  
The evening toil, and burden of the day,  
Had but his promised penny for his pay.  
Others, that loitered all the morning, stood  
In the idle market; whose unpractised blood  
Scarce felt the warmth of labour, nor could show  
A blush of action, had his penny too.  
What wages can we merit as our own?  
Slaves that are bought with price can challenge none  
But only stripes. Alas, if servants could  
Do more than bid, they do but what they should:  
When man endeavours, and where heaven engages  
Himself by promise, they are gifts, not wages.

Francis Quarles (1592-1644).

# A Scouts' Camp.

By the Rev. R. B. Ravenscroft, Rector of Calverton, Bucks.

"CAMP," says the Chief Scout, "is what the boy looks forward to, and is the Scout-master's great opportunity." It is one of the steps, and a very important one, towards the great aim of Scouting, that is, the building up of happy, healthy citizens. Camp is the great event of the year, full of thrills and adventure. It is very strenuous, but if properly conducted it can be the best of all holidays for boys.

For the success of a camp, however, long preparation is essential, and every detail must be carefully arranged in advance. Indeed, the whole year's work of a troop, including the second and first-class tests, is really a preparation for camp.

It is the great opportunity the Scouter has of seeing how his training bears fruit, and for him and his boys to put the Scout Law into action. The rules should be few and simple, and should be decided on beforehand, by the court of honour. A Scout understands

that he has an individual share in the arrangements, and that he himself is to a certain extent responsible for the success of the camp.

Wherever a camp is held it should be a complete change for the

boys and should always have in it elements of romance and adventure. The seaside camp is perhaps the most attractive, especially for town or country boys, but it is often difficult to obtain a suitable site near a popular resort. A riverside camp is almost as delightful if a site can be found which is fairly high and out of the way of possible floods and mists. In selecting a site it is of course most important that plenty of good water should be available close at hand and a good supply of wood. Not only must there be ample wood for the cooking fire but also good logs for the council fire.

This is a

special fire which is only lighted for the sing-song each night. To assemble nightly round the council fire is something to which all Scouts look forward. They love to sit round the blazing logs. Very often local residents like to be invited to the sing-song, and this creates a friendly feeling and stimulates the Scouting principle of good comradeship.

The Scout's day in camp is a full one—at 7 a.m., after hoisting the flag, there follow prayers, breakfast, inspection, and if possible a bathe. Then there is the preparation for dinner, the principal meal of the day, after which all Scouts have one hour's complete rest.

The meals are either prepared by the patrol on duty for the day or each patrol does its own cooking. The latter arrangement is more in accordance with Scouting ideals and promotes self-reliance. It also

makes it possible for patrols to compete with one another. In a large camp, however, it is more convenient for each patrol in turn to be on duty for the day, and this method is also more economical. The officers should always have their meals with the boys, and should have precisely the same food. They should never sit alone, consuming specially tasty morsels, while the boys take pot luck from the dixey, for this would utterly destroy the whole spirit of comradeship. A Scouter should have so trained his boys that they can produce a meal fit for any one.

Efforts should be made to prevent the routine work of the camp from taking up too much of the day, and expeditions to places of interest, Scouting games, the study of nature and wild life, should fill up the time.

Some people talk about "roughing it" in camp, but the old Scout knows better than that; he is a backwoodsman, and he knows how to make himself very comfortable, and can rig up many a convenient gadget.



STARTING TO CAMP: OUTSIDE THE STATION.



COOKING SAUSAGES.



DINNER TIME.



KIT INSPECTION.



CAMP COOKS: PREPARING THE DINNER.



AFTER A BATHE.

Religion is the basis of all real Scouting, and surrounded by all the beauty of nature the mind turns readily to Almighty God, and the close comradeship of camp life gives the Scouter a unique opportunity of helping his boys. He will no doubt be able in course of time to compile his own prayers for morning and evening use, though excellent forms are obtainable; in any case the prayers should be short and to the point. As regards Sunday worship I have never found the least difficulty. In my early Scouting days (twenty-three years ago) I used to provide myself with a portable altar, and with the consent of the local incumbent I celebrated Holy Communion in camp.

My experience is, however, that it is better to take advantage of what the local parish church has to offer. Very often the parish priest has asked me to celebrate, and I have of course been grateful for the privilege. I tell those who are confirmed that I am going to Holy Communion in the morning and we join together in a little service of preparation. In the evening we all attend the service in the parish church. Thus on Sundays and weekdays the Scout Promise is our guide: "I promise on my honour to do my best to be loyal to God and the King, to help other people at all times, and to obey the Scout Law."

Some New Features in Old Peking. By A. G. Bowden-Smith.

It is always interesting to see a familiar place from a new angle. I have just had an entirely new view of the old capital of China from the isolation ward of the great Rockefeller Hospital. From a south window I could see into a great paved court, shaded by the famous green-tiled roofs modelled on the best Chinese architecture, little squatting beasts, great dragon's heads and all complete. From the west window I looked over tree-embowered groups of buildings, broken by the soaring yellow roofs of the Imperial Palace, away to the beautiful crested line of the Western Hills. But it was none of these that drew my attention.

Sitting up, I could see down into a somewhat circumscribed basket-ball ground, skilfully fitted in between the hospital buildings; and here, regularly every



A CAMEL CARAVAN PASSING THROUGH A STREET OF PEKING. (Will F. Taylor.)



A STREET IN PEKING. (Will F. Taylor.)

efficient these young women were. There was a slight hitch when two incisions failed to produce any material. "And yet it's a very good vein," she remarked to the little group of students round her. A third and sharper instrument was inserted, and the laboratory demands were soon satisfied.

In the course of a week I passed under the hands of several nurses, all so young and dainty and small that I felt a Gulliver amongst Lilliputians, but each and all so competent and so gentle. Every one of them has had two years at the Union Christian University, after passing a stiffer entrance examination than is required by any nursing school in England or America. These girls are all trained to be teachers and organizers

afternoon, men employees from various departments gathered for practice, playing on by electric light till duty called them back. Twenty years ago who would have imagined Chinese wasting time knocking a ball about when they might have been gambling over fan tan or the fighting of a couple of crickets?

Still more interesting was it to be entirely in Chinese hands. The American head of my department had taken a glance at me the morning after my arrival, but the various inoculations, vaccinations, and tests which marked my admission were all administered by a young Chinese woman. Another playfully asked me to select a finger for a blood test, and later pursued me to my bed to start operations on a vein on behalf of the bacteriological laboratory. How self-possessed and



MAKING BANDAGES.

in Public Health and Welfare Work, and the most promising are sent to the United States for intensive courses in teaching methods and administration.

I thought of the difficulty the hospitals had only twenty years ago in getting educated girls to work in the wards. Here were highly educated girls from comfortable homes not only paying for their training but ready to be sent off to serve in emergency mat-shed hospitals in flooded areas, or in field hospitals with the troops in Jehol.

Most, if not all, of my nurses were Christians. Originally, only the girls from mission schools had the necessary grounding for the severe nursing course, and it was naturally only Christians who could rise to the ideal of service. My favourite nurse, a sunny creature, who went about her work singing hymns under her breath, was herself the daughter of a trained nurse. We have been moving quickly these last few years.

Every day at noon the great auditorium of the hospital is packed with volunteers busy making medical supplies for the Jehol Defence Force. The local



COMFORT KITS.

National Defence League has desired that all householders shall contribute a month's rent, paying it over to the League instead of to the landlord. This sounds more like a forced levy on the unfortunate landlords—most of whom are already losing money on rents—than a voluntary contribution from the tenants; but it is not unusual in China to trust to assessments rather than to spontaneous generosity. Still, in all this quarter-century we have seen nothing like the energy and devotion shown in this work for the

PEKING: PART OF THE WALL.  
(Will F. Taylor.)

Defence Force. Last winter it was very hard to raise any money for porridge kitchens or to induce school-girls to put any heart into making wadded clothes for our freezing beggars, but there has been quick and generous response to appeals for comforts for the troops. Besides the activities of public bodies, Y.W.C.A., hospitals, and



PACKING "COMFORT KIT-BAGS" FOR THE WOUNDED.

schools, many private houses have become domestic factories, feverishly turning out huge piles of wadded coats, knitted helmets, and fur mittens and ear-caps. More than this: since cynical doubts as to the arrival of the goods had been confirmed by visitors to the Front, delegates of the Defence League have driven out in the lorries and have superintended the distribution of the "comforts."

The students of our far too numerous universities have been prime movers in all these patriotic activities. Unfortunately the Japanese occupation of Shan Hai Kwan coincided with the New Year examinations, and in several schools and colleges the students decided that it was their duty, in this supreme national crisis, to forsake their studies and rush to the first line of defence or tour the provinces in the interests of anti-Japanese propaganda. In some institutions there were picketing and threats of violence against any students who tried to take their examinations. One should not be harsh in one's judgement on these young people. It is maddening to look back at China's long and glorious past, to think of her vast potentialities and enormous man-power, and then to see her as she is—bleeding from self-inflicted wounds, an easy prey to an enemy she has formerly despised.

It is noteworthy how completely the disasters of the last two years have silenced all anti-Christian agitation. The attitude of Christian Japanese, both in China and in their own country, and the faith and fortitude



PEKING: A WATERWAY. (Will F. Taylor.)

of Chinese Christians, have shown quite plainly, as so often before, the difference between the Christian treasury of faith, hope, and love, and the utter bankruptcy of any non-Christian philosophy of life.

## The Consecration of Leisure.

Thoughts for the Holiday Season. ✻ By J. Shipton.

IT is probable that quite as large a number of people in all take their holiday at some time or other during the other eleven months of the year, as do those who make August the time of their annual outing. All the same, August is by common consent, considered almost synonymous with the word "holiday." That word "holiday," like many another word in our language, has lost its original meaning. That it should have done so for the very large number of semi-Christians and pagans who make up our population is regrettable but natural; but it is a sad fact that to many Church people too the word no longer means what it should.

Holiday means, quite simply, holy-day, as we at once realize when we stop to think about it. In the old days when holidays were fewer than they are now, it was natural and seemly that on the great Christian festivals, the saints' days and red-letter days, employers should give their employees a day's rest, and should themselves take part in the feasting and merrymaking. Some of that traditional merry-making still lingers in parts of England, such as May Day revels, or Hallowmas junketings. The holy-day in question was kept as a festival, and part of that festival was always a service at church in honour of the saint after which the day was named. Our forefathers looked on such a service as an integral part of the day's rejoicings. They went to the church in the spirit of high festival. They put on their gayest clothes, they had joyful processions, perhaps to the church, or round the churchyard as well as in the building itself. If by accident you had walked into the middle of such a festival you would have had no doubt what a holy-day or holiday meant to these people.

It is a good thing for Church people to remind themselves of the real meaning of the word "holiday" as they pack for their annual outing. So many quite sincere and earnest Christians give up their religion as well as their work at such a time. That they do so is a reflection not on Christianity, but on their conception of Christianity. Religion is, or should be, a joyful matter, not a dull, prosaic affair to be pushed into a corner when the "holiday spirit," as the newspapers love to call it, takes possession of us.

Why do we take a holiday? What good do we hope to get from it? Most of us want, quite rightly, to get away from everything that savours of every day, and to have a complete change spiritually, mentally, and

physically. So many people in these days of overcrowded city life, and over-absorption with the body, lay the stress on the last item; and forget that spiritual refreshment is as necessary as physical. We are ready enough to try to gain physical health by means of fresh air, sea-bathing, and sunshine. We forget that the same laws govern the spiritual as the physical world. Spiritual health depends on co-operation with our spiritual environment—co-operation with God. We cannot, we must not, and (if we believe in "the life of the world to come" as we profess to do) we should not dare to try and leave God out of our leisure.

If we consecrate ourselves to God body, soul, and spirit; if we consecrate to Him our lives and our work (as we do both in Baptism and again at our Confirmation) then our leisure, the time in which we can be ourselves, should be consecrated to Him over and above everything else. It is because we do not so consecrate our leisure that that leisure so often disappoints us.

How can we consecrate our leisure? A holiday, remember, is not so much cessation of work as change of occupation. We must not leave God behind us on holiday. But we can quite usefully, leave our usual "routine" of religion behind us. Let us take it that as a rule we say our morning and evening prayers conscientiously (though perhaps we know that work and business are apt to press them more to one side than we really intend), that we read our Bible regularly, and that we attend church on Sundays.

With regard to Sunday; when on holiday we shall try to give more rather than less time to God, not necessarily in church, though we shall of course attend the Lord's Own Service at least. Our holidays give us an opportunity for spending Sunday as it is meant to be spent. It is an invaluable opportunity for spending a quiet, leisurely, thoughtful day, such as the rush of modern life so rarely allows. It need not, however, be a dull day. As our forefathers have shown us, the spirit of "holiday" and "holy-day" are not incompatible.

A book of devotions, a good biography of some hero of the Church, or an exposition of the Faith might replace our Bible-reading for the time being. Leisure, in religion, as in other things, is not a matter of doing nothing, but of doing something which we do not ordinarily do.

Then prayers. In the morning let us spend a few minutes thinking of what we are going to do that



"You would have had no doubt what a holy-day or holiday meant to these people."

day, talking to God about it, lifting up our heart in praise that a day of rest and happiness is before us. In the evening let us recall one by one the pleasures of the day, thanking God for them, recalling all the new faces we have come in contact with, and asking God to bless this one and that. By so doing we shall gain a wider consciousness of other people, and learn to look outside ourselves.

Above all, let us remember God frequently through-

out the day, and try to increase our gratitude by simple ejaculations in our heart. This is the spirit of spontaneous gratitude which we want to carry about with us—remembering that nothing is too small for God to listen to, no pleasure too slight to go unthanked for. If we cultivate this spirit we shall learn to make a right use of our leisure, doing "everything"—swimming, lying on the beach, picnicking, listening to the pierrots, whatever it is—"to the glory of God."

## A Lovely Sunday.

By Sophia H. E. Langmaid.

"MUMMY, it is such a lovely day. Do let us go to the seaside to-day instead of to church." So said little Elsie Jones who was helping her mother to clear away the breakfast things.

"Yes, Elsie, it is a lovely day. All the more reason to go to church and thank God for giving it to us. We can go to the seaside afterwards."

"But, Mother, we shan't have so much time there then; and John and Mary Evans are going quite early, and it would be nice for us all to go together."

"I can't help what John and Mary are going to do. Remember you have been taught to attend the LORD'S Service on the LORD'S Day, and you know you must set an example to others as well."

"I hadn't thought of it like that, Mother."

"It is just as well, Elsie, when you want to do something like this, to think of other people, and what effect your conduct will have on them. If it will have a bad effect, don't do it. Besides, church-going is a good habit, and I want my children to form all the good habits they can while they are young."

"So now, Elsie, you and Susie run along upstairs; tidy the rooms, and smooth up the beds, while Dad, Willie, and I pack all the food we shall want for dinner and tea. Then it will be ready to take with us when we come out of church."

So the little family trooped to church as usual that morning; and it did the vicar's heart good to see the row of happy faces in front of him. He put in a word for them, too. Told them a story which all children love to hear and which the grown-ups love to hear also; and by a quarter past twelve they were all out in the sunshine again.

Home was not very far off; and they were just going in, when little Mary Evans came running down the street.

"Why, Mary, I thought you had gone to the seaside."

"No, Mother's not well, and can't go." Mary's tears were not far off.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Jones, "you'll come along with us, and Johnnie, too, if your mother will trust him. I'll come and see her now."

So together they went up the street and found Mrs. Evans in bed with a bad sick headache. She was quite willing that her children should go with Mrs. Jones, if it wouldn't be too much for her. So, after packing up some

food and their spades and buckets, away they went. How lovely it was! The sea looked so blue under the blue sky; the sand was warm; and the rocks just right for sitting on.

Before long they were all very hungry and clamoured for their food which was neatly wrapped in grease-proof paper.

Presently down went Mary's wrapping-paper on the sand.

"O Mary, pick it up," said Elsie. "Mother always makes us take our empty papers home. She burns them in the kitchen grate next day."

"Fancy fagging all that rubbish home again," said Mary, but she picked it up, nevertheless, remarking as she put it into Elsie's bag, "It will make the bag all the heavier to carry."

"Not so heavy as when we brought it," commented Elsie.

Mrs. Jones heard the conversation, and was glad that her little daughter had remembered her words.

A jolly afternoon was passed; and then tea-time came, and a last look round to see that no litter remained to disgrace them. Then the bus home again, and tired though they were, Mr. and Mrs. Jones did not forget to thank the

driver for helping to give them such a happy time by the sea. They reminded the children too, that if it were not for the drivers and conductors being willing to sacrifice their Sunday rest, they would not have been able to go.

Then there were Mary and John to be taken home, each bringing some stones and shells for "Mummy" who was much better, and was waiting to put her children to bed. She thought it was so good of Mrs. Jones to take her two in addition to her own three, and she wondered where she got so much strength and energy.

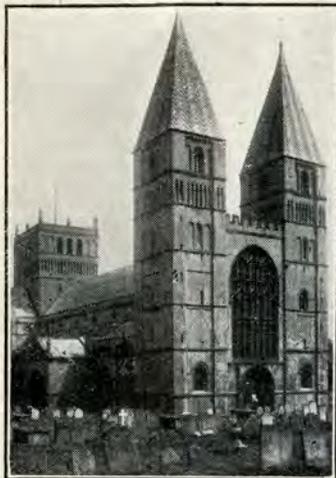
"As thy days, so shall thy strength be" quoted Mrs. Jones. "I have that text on my bedroom wall at home, and many a time it has kept me up when I felt a bit down. And I think that going to church helps one a bit too, you know."

"I see," said Mrs. Evans. "I've a mind to try your recipe myself. I seem to have let church-going drop lately; but for the children's sake I think I'll take it up again."



"I thought you had gone to the seaside."

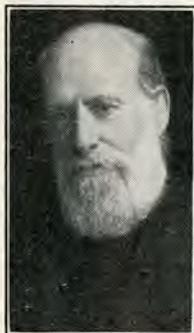
## Church Life To-day: Some points of Current Interest.



SOUTHWELL MINSTER: WEST FRONT.  
(F. Frith & Co. Ltd.)

An interesting altar has been secured for **Southwell Cathedral** by the Provost through the instrumentality of Mr. Nevil Truman, of Nottingham, who "discovered" it. Made of wood in the reign of Charles II, it is in traditional Gothic style and coloured in the mediaeval fashion which makes it uncommon among work of its period. It was originally in a church near Devizes, but later found its way into a farmer's house, where it was used as a cupboard, with the front panels made into doors and the whole covered with ugly brown paint. The altar is being placed in the Chapel of S. Thomas of Canterbury in the Cathedral.

The late **Prebendary E. de M. Rudolf**, who died recently in his eighty-second year, devoted the greater part of his long life to social and religious work among children, and his name will especially be remembered as a co-founder of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and as founder of the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society, which since 1881



THE LATE PREB. RUDOLF.  
(Elliott & Fry.)

has provided homes for some thirty-six thousand children.

As a young man Mr. Rudolf entered the Civil Service, and was for a time private secretary to the late Lord Rosebery. Keenly interested in work among children, he soon came into contact with the problem of the destitute child, and discovered that

there were no Church of England homes to which such children could be sent. Although an obscure layman with little influence, he determined to remedy this omission, and in 1881, with the blessing of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the first Home was opened at Dulwich. Enthusiastic supporters rallied round, and the work grew rapidly, so that in 1932 there were no fewer than 109 homes, sheltering 4,567 children. Late in life Mr. Rudolf was ordained, and in 1911 the Bishop of London made him a Prebendary of S. Paul's.

The **Ven. F. N. Thicknesse** has announced his intention of resigning the Archdeaconry of Middlesex and also the Rectory of the well-known London Church, S. George's, Hanover Square, which he has held since 1911. Mr. Thicknesse, who was ordained in 1882, was formerly Rector of Limehouse, and afterwards of Abington; Vicar of All Saints', Northampton, and Rector of Hornsey. He became a Prebendary of S. Paul's in 1915, and Archdeacon of Middlesex in 1930.

A MONUMENT has been dedicated in the old parish of S. Mary, Heacham, Norfolk, to the **Princess Pocahontas**, the daughter of a seventeenth-century Red Indian chief in Virginia. Pocahontas became a Christian, and married John Rolfe, a colonist from Norfolk. The memorial has been erected by living representatives of the Rolfe family in England and by Americans in Virginia.

With reference to our recent article on the history of the mitre an American correspondent kindly reminds us that although, as there stated, the mitre was not worn by any English bishop in the eighteenth century, it was worn by the first bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States—Samuel Seabury, who was Bishop of Connecticut, 1784-96—and also by Bishop Claggett of Maryland (1792-1816), the first bishop to be consecrated in the United States.

THE **Rev. F. A.**

**Iremonger**, Vicar of Verham Dean, Hants, has been appointed, in succession to the late Mr. J. C. Stobart, to take charge of the religious work of the British Broadcasting Corporation. Mr. Iremonger, who was ordained in 1905, worked for eleven years in the East-End of London, first at Poplar and Blackwall, then as Head of Oxford House, Bethnal Green, and finally as Vicar of S. James - the - Great, Bethnal Green. From 1923 until 1927 he was editor of the well-known Church newspaper, the *Guardian*. In 1927 he was appointed a chaplain to the King.



REV. F. A. IREMONGER.  
(Elliott & Fry.)

An interesting discovery has been made in the thirteenth-century crypt of the City church of **S. Olave, Hart Street**. Excavations have been in progress to clear the crypt, which, since the rebuilding of part of the church in the fifteenth century, has been covered and filled in. To the surprise of those responsible, a well has been uncovered, the stone-work of which is in a fine state of preservation. The top is of ancient stone and the lining of brick.

It is intended to make a new staircase in the base of the church tower so that the crypt will be accessible again through the old doorway. The crypt will be cleaned and a floor made, care being taken to preserve the well. S. Olave's is well known because of its connection with the famous diarist, Samuel Pepys, who worshipped in the church and is buried in a vault near the altar.



S. OLAVE'S, HART STREET, E.C.

## 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) Correspondents must give the name of the local Parish Magazine to which they subscribe. (5) As several months at least must elapse before a question can be answered in the magazine, correspondents desiring an answer by post should enclose a stamped addressed envelope. (6) 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. (7) 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. (8) 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.\* \* \*

### 2488. Can an organist (paid) also be hon. secretary of the Parochial Church Council?

There is no objection in law to a paid organist being a member of the Parochial Church Council, and any member of the Council may be appointed its honorary secretary. As far as we can see, the fact that the organist is paid as organist would not debar him from accepting the office of honorary secretary. Whether it is desirable that the same person should hold both these offices is of course a matter which any Council must decide for itself according to local circumstances.

### 2489. What are the Church Buildings Acts?

Comparatively few new churches were built or parishes formed between 1604 and the beginning of the nineteenth century, as this could not then be done without a special Act of Parliament. Such Acts were passed from time to time; for instance, for the building of new churches in London after the Great Fire. At other times when the population of a parish grew too large for the church chapels-of-ease were sometimes built to avoid the trouble and expense of getting an Act of Parliament to authorize the formation of a new parish.

To cope with the great increase of population, especially in the large towns, during the early part of the nineteenth century a series of Church Building Acts were passed, beginning in 1818. Under these Acts it became possible for new parishes to be formed as required and churches built for them without the necessity of getting an Act of Parliament in each case. Schemes are prepared by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and carried into effect under Orders in Council.

### 2490. How can I hear of vacancies in the mission-field?

You might write to the Secretary, Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, 15 Tufton Street, Westminster, S.W. 1. You should state briefly your age, education, special qualifications (if any), private means (if any), present situation, and the names of persons who would be willing to give you a reference. You would then hear from the Secretary whether there was any likelihood of an opening suitable for a person of your capabilities, or what special training you would have to

undergo before you could be accepted. There are many kinds of work which need good men and women, and persons with good abilities and some private means would be welcomed in many a starved mission-field.

legislating for members of the Roman Catholic Church, pronounced that "the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the first instant of her conception, by a singular privilege and grace granted by God, in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the human race, was preserved exempt from all stain of original sin." From this it will be seen that the attempt to make the doctrine part of the Catholic Faith is essentially modern and Roman.

It has severely strained the consciences of many scholars in the Roman Communion. Some "accepted" it, treating as a "matter not to be discussed in public."

### 2492. Is not the fact clear that Holy Communion began in the evening? If so, what is the objection to Evening Communion?

We agree that the Institution of Holy Communion took place at a sacred meal which was held during the night. This, in fact, was the beginning of the Jewish day: "the evening and the morning" are taken together.

Some scholars think that the Fourth Gospel gives the best account of what really happened. It was not at the Passover meal but at a meal with solemn celebration in preparation for the high Sabbath of Passover week, and this preparation had to be taken on Thursday, whereas when the Passover hour came our Lord was already dead and His friends had been able to do just as much as was necessary for His body before the time came when all must return to their houses for the feast. If you want to study this subject further you might consult Dr. Oesterley's *Jewish Origins of the Christian Liturgy*.

Apparently, the way in which the Church carried out this act of the New Covenant was to celebrate on the first day of the week and early in the morning as in Acts xx, the only Scriptural account we have of a Church at this feast, though the Eucharist lies behind many allusions. It was not possible to talk about it to outsiders when persecution began. So long as reverence is ensured departures from normal practice are allowed in difficult times—as, for instance, during the late war. But, so far as we know, apart from necessity knowing no law, no Church celebrated it in the evening till about 1850, and then the innovation confessedly rested on the supposed convenience of the congregations, not on Holy Scripture nor on history.

## A CHURCHMAN'S NOTE BOOK.

*Practice for the month:*  
**Mannerliness in all things and places.**

*The more obvious and modest way of discountenancing evil is by silence, and by separating from it.*

### AUGUST, 1933.

#### Date. THE GREATER FEASTS.

6. S. The Transfiguration.  
Eighth after Trinity.  
13. S. *Pinch* after Trinity.  
20. S. Tenth after Trinity.  
24. Th. S. Bartholomew, B.M.  
27. S. Eleventh after Trinity.

+

#### DAYS OF FASTING OR ABSTINENCE.

Fridays, 4, 11, 18, 25.

+

#### COMMEMORATIONS.

- 1, [Lammas Day]; 5, Oswald, K. & M., 642; 7, Name of Jesus; 10, Laurence, Dn. & M., 258; 20, Bernard, Ab., 1153; 28, Augustine, Bp. of Hippo, D., 430; 29, Beheading of S. John Baptist; 31, Aidan, Bp. of Lindisfarne, 651.

### 2491. What does the Church teach regarding the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception?

The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary must not be confused with that of the Virgin Birth of our Lord. The former doctrine was held as "a pious opinion" by certain mediaeval theologians and rejected by others. The doctrine of the Virgin Birth is affirmed in the Nicene Creed, and has been accepted throughout Catholic Christendom.

On December 8, 1854, Pope Pius IX,

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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## TUTORS UNTO CHRIST

## I—Plato: Theory of Ideas

It is essential that every one of us have at least a bowing acquaintance with the Greek philosophers, Plato and Aristotle, and this for two reasons. In the first place because each of these philosophers represent two types of philosophy, Idealism and Realism, which are diametrically opposed to one another. Each of these philosophical systems had a profound influence upon every branch of learning in the Middle Ages; even to-day the quarrels between scientists may often have their source in the original quarrel between the Platonic and Aristotelian conception of reality. This we shall discuss at a later stage. The second reason why one ought to know a little about these two great men is because they, through their philosophical writings, influenced the Christian Church, more than any other men, except St. Paul and the Gospel authors. Indeed, so great was their influence upon the early Church that they came to be known as school-men or tutors, sent by God to prepare the world for the coming of Jesus Christ. This is a significant point of view, and worthy of deep and careful thought by every devout Christian. It enables us to realise that God has a purpose in view and is realising this purpose in history despite man's lack of co-operation with Him.

Plato was born in Athens 428 B.C., three years after the beginning of the Peloponnesian War. This war was the turning point in the history of Athens, which city was finally starved into submission. Plato's family was one of the oldest and most distinguished in Attica. They were of the "pre-war" generation and therefore more conservative in their thoughts. They still clung to the democratic idealism of Pericles, who had maintained that the pursuit of truth and beauty was man's chief end in life. When I say that Plato was brought up in a conservative family, I do not mean what this would imply to-day—that they had ceased to think for themselves, but that his family, as many pre-war families of to-day, endeavoured to conserve the finer things of life, that they might have the pleasure and privilege of handing them on to succeeding generations. Plato's family did very successfully, for Plato became so imbued with this desire for truth and beauty that he spent the whole of his life in its pursuit.

At some time in his youth, Plato met the most outstanding man of Athens, Socrates, the greatest of all philosophers. Socrates was famed for two reasons—his preeminence as a thinker and teacher, and his unusual ugliness. It was said that

if one met him for two minutes one remembered him for the rest of one's life. Socrates left no book behind him and it is difficult to know exactly what he taught. He is immortalised, however, by Plato who made him the hero of many of his philosophical treatises. These treatises or books became known as dialogues, because they retained the realism and dramatic method of the mimes or ancient comedies. Ancient comedy normally represented a contest between what was called an eiron and what was called an alazon. The later was the pretentious man who thought he knew everything; the former was the plain man who, in the quaint and somewhat dry humour, drew the impostor out and finally exposed him. (From eiron comes our word irony.) Plato used much the same plan. There was always the eiron or Socrates who was simple and unassuming and the alazon an impostor whose ignorance was finally exposed. In recent years Conan Doyle used much the same plan, playing off Sherlock Holmes with Scotland Yard.

It is beyond the scope of this short sketch to delve deeply into the many problems with which Plato concerns himself. One cannot, however, even mention the name of Plato without being reminded of his most important contribution to philosophy, namely, his theory of Ideas. This has been considered the very basis of his philosophy. This word "idea" is very misleading to the uninformed because it bears little resemblance to the modern meaning of this word. However, as no other word has been suggested to take its place, and as the "Ideas of Plato" is a phrase with so long and important a history, we must continue to use it.

The ancient Greek philosophers were interested in the answer to the question, "what is reality?" in much the same way as are scientists of to-day. This question brought with it another important question, "How far can we trust our senses?" Can our senses fathom reality or do they simply give us a surface knowledge? The latter alternative seems to be nearer the truth for often our senses deceive us; at one time an article appears green, while at another time it appears gray. Yet surely reality cannot change; it must always remain the same even though our conception of it may vary from time to time. For example a triangle may vary in millions of ways, it may be large or small, equilateral or isosceles, yet it remains a triangle so long as it remains a three-sided figure. Plato would say that each individual triangle is a triangle only because it partakes of an ideal triangle, or universal "triangularness," if we may be allowed to coin such a word. The only real triangle in this sense is the ideal triangle. In other words, it is only the intelligible that is, in

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the philosophical sense, real; the rest of existence is merely phenomenal—that is, only appears to the senses to be real. Besides the senses of touch, hearing, seeing and so on, we have another faculty, reason, which enables us to reach true conclusions about the realities which appear to the senses in one form or another. It is these realities which are the ideas. This theory does not deny all reality to the outward world but insists that the outward or sensuous world is real only in so far as it “participates in” or “imitates” the ideas.

—T. P. C.

### THE CENTENARY OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

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“The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.”—John 3: 8.

In the Georgian era, the English Church seemed well nigh dead. The Bishops, mostly appointed for political reasons, were often non-resident in their dioceses. The same was true in many cases of the clergy; they did not live in their parishes, and with more excuse. “In numberless parishes,” writes a church historian, “a ruinous cottage betokened the site of the ancient parsonage, and there were no means of procuring a better accommodation.” Pluralities abounded. Fifteen parishes in the Norwich diocese were served by three brothers, as late as 1837. Hannah More speaks of thirteen contiguous parishes without even a resident curate. I do not know of any passage, which sums up the wounds of the Church in that period, better than one taken from an article in the “Contemporary Review,” by Mr. Gladstone in 1874. Here it is. “Fifty and forty years ago, the actual state of things as to worship was bad beyond all parallel known to me in experience or reading. Taking together the expulsion of the poor and labouring classes, especially from the town churches” (this, of course, was due to the system of pew-rents), “the mutilation of the fabrics, the baldness of the service, the elaborate horrors of the so-called music, and, above all, the coldness and indifference of the lounging and sleeping congregations, our services were probably without a parallel in the world for debasement.” A strong comment, but, in the main, true.

Yet “this sickness was not unto death.” When we are disheartened by the apparent weakness of the organized forces of religion in influencing the life of the world of to-day, let us remember the past, and how the time of man's weakness has ever been the hour of God's opportunity. I believe that there is no better tonic for pessimism than a study of history. “Remember what great things God has done for you,” was the constant word to the Israelites. We know not how or when or where the power comes. “The wind bloweth where it listeth . . . thou knowest not whence it cometh, or whither it goeth”; but we see the re-

sults. Believe, hope, work, live; the power comes. “In the day when the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall raise up a standard against him.”

But the Spirit only “raises up” the standard. It is we who must grasp it and advance. God, whose ideal is that we, personal self-conscious beings, should freely learn to love and serve Him, works through us, imperfect as we are. And it is a psychological law of our nature, that the very men with the most intense and enthusiastic energy, the kind of men who can start movements, and carry them to success are the men who see one point clearly and only one, and are therefore likely to be one-sided. Those who see many sides of truth, are liable to sink into being mere critics, and doing nothing. So it has been in secular history; so also is it in the history of the Church. When revival comes; when “times of refreshing” come from God, through us men, they are apt to concentrate on one side of truth, and to ignore others. It is not that the Spirit is narrow—God forbid! it is we through whom the Spirit deigns to work, in whom the narrowness is; and God's way of working through us, is to take our service, imperfect as it may be, and to bless it, so long as we offer it with a true desire to glorify Him. And most clearly is the operation of this law seen in the Anglican Communion, the characteristic of which has always been “its capacity to satisfy minds of every type.” Neither surrendered to the guidance of infallible authority, like the Roman Church, where every minutest detail of theology and direction of conscience must, as it were, be swallowed as a whole; not concentrated on one side of truth as the Calvinists are on predestination, as the Methodists are on emotional piety: the Anglican Communion recognizes that God appeals to the three-sided nature of man, Intellect, Will, and Feeling, and welcomes diversity of gifts. God, we Anglicans feel, made people different, therefore He meant that they should be different. It is the widest and truest view; but it has, of course, its own difficulty. To those who crave for uniformity, or concentration, it makes the Anglican position seem vague, and even contradictory. We may perhaps defend it best by an illustration from the secular sphere. The British Empire is a commonwealth of free self-governing nations, each developing in its own special way, each contributing its peculiar gift to the service of the whole, yet all bound together by a tie of common sentiment. So in the Anglican Communion there is room for all three types. I say advisedly, “types,” not “parties.” In so far as the types become parties, like political parties, hostile to one another, they defeat so far as in them lies, God's purpose for them, that they should appeal to those who are like-minded, and live in friendly brotherhood with those who appeal more to others. And revivals of life in the Anglican Communion especially, just because of this wide comprehensiveness, have always come through a strong re-emphasis of one aspect of truth.

First came the great Evangelical Movement, associated with the names of Hervey, William Romaine, Newton of Obney (guide of Cowper), Thomas Scott of Aston—of whom Newman who started as an evangelical, wrote “that, humanly

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