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Address all business communications to Jack Thompson, 5 Wembly Drive, Gr. 1393.
Asst. Sec'y M. Dunham, 43 Norway Ave., Ho. 7806

Church of St. John the Baptist, Norway, Kingston Road and Woodbine Ave.



Services:

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

HOLY BAPTISM:—Every Sunday at 4 p.m.

CHURCHING:—After Baptism or by appoint-
ment.

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

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

SUNDAY SCHOOL:—Every Sunday at 3 p.m.

The church is open daily for private prayer,
rest and meditation.

CANON W. L. BAYNES-REED, D.S.O., V.D., L.Th., Rector, 156 Kingston Road. Howard 1405.

REV. T. P. CROSTHWAIT, M.A., Assistant, 500 Kingston Road, Apt. 4. Ho. 4174.

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St. John's Parish Monthly

Editor—THE RECTOR

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

Volume 11

SEPTEMBER, 1933

No. 131

Rector's Letter

The Rectory,
September, 1933.

Dear Brethren:

September always sees an awakening in our parochial life. Holidays are over and school re-opens—what an event for so many in beginning of school life—what a shock to mother to find their child of school age and starting out into the world. Then the Exhibition is on—which marks the beginning of the fall season. And what an Exhibition! Perhaps there is nothing so truly Canadian as the fall fairs which find their culmination and apex in the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto each year. This is a triumph to Toronto and reflects the greatest possible tribute to the citizen managers. It is a community affair in which everyone feels a pride and sense of ownership and is an index of the prosperity of the country. We who live in Toronto fail to realize to the full the great advantages which the "Ex." means to us from every point of view. It has made Toronto's name known all over the world.

With the fall as we have said there is a renewal of church activity and the re-opening of parochial organizations.

Consequent on summer vacation—the going up to the cottages on the lake—the growing habit of going away over Sundays on motor trips, the excuse of warm weather—church attendance naturally lags and consequently church finances get behind. People who have been away must not forget that church expenses go on just the same whether they are at church or not. That's where the advantage of the envelope system comes in. We might well double our envelope subscriptions and make the Church Warden's task easier.

A recent editorial in a city newspaper commenting on the fact of the decline of church attendance in summer consequent on all these causes urges the importance of over emphasizing the responsibility of the clergy to take greater advantage of the presence of larger congregations during the other parts of the year to drive home their message.

Now, while there is a truth in that, that we should, as St. Paul says, "buy up the opportunity," yet on the other hand we must remember that

Christianity is a life to be lived and that too in summer as well as in winter. Christianity is not merely listening to sermons but living a life fed through the sacramental life of the church.

Men used to talk of people "Putting off their Sunday clothes," and now they would modernise it by making it read "Putting off their religion with their winter clothes." A religion which is only seasonable is not worth much. There are opportunities of church going in summer as well as in winter. We need God then as well as during the winter. Our spiritual life needs feeding in summer as well as winter.

But the active corporate life of the church through its organization begins with the fall. As the various organizations revive they extend through their Rector an invitation to everyone to membership. The church is social in its fullest meaning and everyone can gain and give help through the church's social activities. It will surely kindle your interest in your church life by a closer knowledge of your fellow worshippers. They need your help and you need them, too.

Choose your organization to which you wish to belong—and they are legion—Join up with them and add your ounce of energy to forwarding the work of the church in our midst, extending the Kingdom of Christ and helping to build up our national life by creating good citizenship.

Ever your friend and Rector,

W. L. BAYNES-REED.

THE GOD TO WHOM WE PRAY

The Christian who addresses his prayer to a God thought of as despotic, or vengeful, or capricious, or weakly good-natured, or anything other than the God of Jesus Christ, misses the mark just as badly as the heathen with his incantations or the Buddhist with his prayerwheel. The conception of God that lies beneath your praying is of crucial importance. You cannot pray effectively unless you are sure of God's character. But what God is and wills and plans, what He is doing and wants us to do, how through prayer we may co-operate with Him—these are things that demand all the thought of which our minds are capable, and thought that concentrates on the picture of God we see in Christ.—E. S. Woods.

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A.Y.P.A. OPEN FALL SEASON WITH CORPORATE COMMUNION AND BREAKFAST



September 10th is the date for the opening of the fall season for the Young People's Association of the Church as they get under way with a programme that promises a year of interesting events.

The first official function is Corporate Communion on Sunday, September 10th, to be followed by one of the famous A.Y.P.A. breakfasts in the Parish Hall. Following the evening service of the same day, the installation ceremony will be conducted by Canon Baynes-Reed for the incoming executive.

Tuesday, September 12th, is reserved for the Opening Social which, according to advance reports, will be a night of fun and frolic with the added attraction of free refreshments. The entertainment convener for this evening is none other than "Bill" Kenderdine who refuses to disclose specific details of the night's programme but mysteriously assures us that there will be "lots doing." We hope to see all our old friends back again and also a host of new ones at this opening social. There will be plenty of opportunities to get acquainted.

The membership committee tell us that there will be several innovations this year, including a new system of keeping track of attendance with name badges for all members. They also inform us that every member will be known, not by his or her name—but by a "nickname" to be bestowed at the discretion of the present members. This idea will not only take considerable detail from the heavy-laden shoulders of the membership committee, but will also provide much merriment.

Altogether, indications point to an exceedingly active and interesting season for our Young People's Association. All young people of the Church are cordially invited to attend any meeting and discover how easy it is to become a "regular member" of St. John's A.Y.P.A.

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

As announced in the August issue of the Magazine, our class will resume its weekly meetings (in the Church) on Sunday afternoon, September 17th, at 3 p.m.

Although our Class has been closed since May 28th, the leader has been busily engaged in selecting and preparing lessons for the fall term. Following is a list of topics with the corresponding passages of Scripture in the order in which they will be delivered:

"God's Majority," 17th chap., 1st Samuel; "Yes and No," 18th chap., 1st Samuel; "An Ulterior

Motive," pts. 11th and 12th chaps., 2nd Samuel; "Genuine Reflection," 3rd chap., 1st Kings; "With and Without Hands," pts. 4th and 5th chaps., 1st Kings; "The Sins of the Fathers," 11th chap., 1st Kings; "Evidence of the Impossible," 17th chap., 1st Kings; "Broken Altars," 18th chap., 1st Kings; "Greater and Lesser Things," 19th chap., 1st Kings.

A very earnest appeal is made to ALL class members to support the class by regular attendance from the beginning of the season. Let it be known by your attendance each Sunday that you are indeed associated with us and that you appreciate the efforts put forth by those in charge to give that which, is hoped, will prove interesting and instructive.

While you perchance have had the summer Sundays off to be enjoyed at various pleasure resorts this work has been under process, and your earnest support is very sincerely requested by your executive and leaders.

CHURCH SCHOOL NOTES

The Church School reopens on September 17th. After this date the school will begin at Three o'clock.

This year we hope to make some necessary adjustments to our organization, which, we feel, will increase the efficiency of the Church School in every department. The first and important change will be to make the classes in the Church School correspond more closely to the classes in the public schools. By doing this we hope to classify the children by their mental, rather than physical, age.

There are other problems also which must be faced by the officials of the Church School, not the least of which is that of accommodation. We are quickly out-growing our quarters. Last year we were very uncomfortably crowded. This year there are indications that we will be faced with the unpleasant but necessary duty of turning away children from our doors, unless a solution can be found. The committee working upon this problem feel that a solution can and will be found provided that each and every department give their wholehearted support to their recommendations.

PARISH ASSOCIATION

The Parish Association will hold its opening meeting on Tuesday evening, the 12th of September. All members are earnestly requested to attend as there is a lot of work to do before the bazaar.

On Friday evening, October 6th, the doll booth, under the convenership of Mrs. Taylor, are putting on an entertainment in the Parish Hall. Harold Rich, the versatile entertainer, and his Happy Harmony Boys, are going to give us an evening's entertainment. The admission will be 25 cents. You have all heard them on the radio so all come prepared for a good night's fun.

We hope everyone is feeling better for the beautiful summer we have had. We need new members in our Association, so come along to our opening meeting on September 12th and you will be made very welcome.

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.

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THE MOTHERS' UNION

We would remind the members that we resume our meetings on Thursday, September 28th, and again remind them of the "Call to Renewal."

The "Renewal" is to be of our ways of thought and prayer, so that these may be more fit for our Father to use, through His beloved Son, for the doing of His will and of His service everywhere.

The growth of the Mothers' Union has been extraordinary, especially when one remembers that there is no inducement to join it unless one really cares about the work it tries to do. No one gains any worldly advantage by belonging to it, and yet in spite of this its numbers increase daily, and from being a little band of Mothers living in one place it has become a huge body of women of all ranks and all ages, both in the United Kingdom and Overseas, including many who do not understand our language—heathen Mothers converted to Christianity, who have joyfully adopted it that it may help them to bring up their children in the Christian religion.

ST. JOHN'S, NORWAY, CHOIR

Coming events cast their shadow before, and having heard notices read at recent services of the different organizations resuming their activities impels one to realize that the wonderful summer we have been enjoying is on the wane, and that shortly we will have returned to us that extra hour for sleep when the clocks go back to normal and we gradually settle down to fall and winter work. Notwithstanding the extraordinary hot weather we have had, the attendance of choir members has been particularly satisfactory throughout the summer season despite the temptation to go bathing and stay by the lake, where the temperature was cooler.

Shortly we shall be celebrating our Harvest Festival and, with this in view, choir practice will be resumed Friday, September 15th, and an invitation is heartily given to those interested to make application to Mr. Mould to join us in our musical service. Vacancies waiting to be filled by youthful talent occur for boys as Father Time, inexorable old man that he is, causes the transmutation of the youthful treble to that intermediate stage when both the singing and speaking voice cause speculation, whether the sound to be emitted will be a shrill falsetto or of gruff tone.

Then there is the Male Voice Glee Party, inaugurated last year, which will be meeting on Wednesdays at the Parish Hall. The evenings we had then were very enjoyable, and an opportunity offers itself for a continuation of those bath tub exercises that are so prevalent in most households, with the advantage of providing a change of

music for those who may be waiting their turn to that ablutionary department, and, as music is well known to sooth the savage beast, undoubtedly this invitation should not be lightly regarded, and though unfortunately I cannot reproduce the intonation of voice I will use the expression of a friend with regard to this invitation not being lightly treated, "I'm telling you!" So bear this in mind and come and enjoy yourself with us.

ST. JOHN'S LAWN BOWLING CLUB



A red letter day was held on the green on August 23rd in the form of a Masquerade Costume Tournament. Any one missing this missed a very enjoyable night.

First of all we had Browns' Bread broadcasting station on wheels which gave out very good marches and dance tunes, etc., and was a great attraction. The next addition to this year's feature was a staff of male and

female nurses from the headquarters of St. John Ambulance Corps, in uniform, for which we are very grateful.

The tournament was in aid of the East General Hospital, and sponsored by Mel. Dunham with the valuable help of our good Alderman and his better-half, Ald. and Mrs. G. E. Elgie. Mr. and Mrs. Turff, Mr. and Mrs. Mathias, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Conner, and the Rev. T. P. Crosthwait, who acted as judges and also gave prizes for the different costumes.

The costumes this year were excellent and took a long time judging, but to all was very satisfactory.

The winners for the ladies were: Mrs. Fenton (Minnie Mouse); Mrs. Rumley (old-fashioned lady cyclist of the year 1800). Mrs. Fenton filling the roll of Minnie Mouse extremely well; Mrs. Rumley was a scream, especially with her miniature bicycle.

The next was a gent's class. Mr. Lorne Wilcocks was an easy first dressed as a Scare-crow, and there was no mistake in his outfit. Next came our old friend Jack Ogilvie, representing King George Whiskey, and Jack had left nothing out, everything that goes with the advertisement was there.

Then came the most difficult task, judging the girls. Anyway, after about half an hour's confab and turning the contestants round, the judge's

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verdict was: Dorothy Robertson, dressed as a comic paper. I understand Mrs. Robertson made this costume, and I can assure you it was made in a proper fashion (why buy cloth for dresses?). I also heard there were no comic papers left in the Beaches district. Then came Betty Dunham dressed as a Hobo, unbeknown to her parents. "Why do mothers turn grey?" this was her front advertisement. Then came the class for boys. Our friends, the Rumleys, were in this class with young Douglas as Felix the Cat. The next prize-winner was, I think, Good-night, a boy dressed in his night shirt, with a lighted candle. This contestant did not have a name, at least I cannot find one for him. Other outstanding costumes were Charlie Rumley dressed as a bear—the children had a great time chasing Charlie and his tail; T. Altars (Ghandi); J. McAdams (Pig-skin Peters); Fred Nichols (Lady); Mrs. Sid Short (Paint Pot, but she forgot the pot); Mrs. Underhill (Gent.); Mrs. Collins (Jap); Miss E. Wilcocks (Jap); Tom Jameson (Costermonger); Jim White (no one could give it a name). Other persons in costume were: Pat Coultart (Clock); Mr. and Mrs. Withercombe, F. Mattingby, Miss Nichols, Miss Robertson, Miss Sargent.

Little Miss Sargent should have special mention dressed as a June Bride with a lovely bouquet of roses to match her bridal veil.

Mel Dunham looked extremely good in his costume with his hurdy gurdy and his Pekinese dog representing a monkey.

For those who were in costume who did, and did not, receive a prize Mel wishes to thank them very much indeed for turning out. Mel also wishes to thank the judges for their valuable time and donations; without them success could not be forthcoming, and the East General Hospital would not receive much. A nice little sum was collected and will be turned over to the Hospital at the time of our annual banquet.

The bowling tournament was won by W. Argyle's team, and Mr. Turff's team was runner-up, losing by only one point.

All the prizes were the front and hind end of pigs. Twelve hams in all, and they were good; I tasted one.

The evening came to a close about 11.30 p.m., everyone, including the crowd outside, enjoying themselves.

A TREE TOAD VETOED

Tongue twisters are always interesting, and if used as speech exercises they will aid one's pronunciation. Here is a dandy twister with a bit of modernism in it:

A tree toad loved a she toad that lived up in a tree.

She was a three-toed tree toad, but a two-toed toad was he.

The two-toed tree toad tried to win the she toad's friendly nod,

For the two-toed tree toad loved the ground that the three-toed tree toad trod.

But vainly the two-toed tree toad tried; he couldn't please her whim.

In her tree toad bower, with her veto power, the she toad vetoed him.

THE OLD BIBLE IN ITS MODERN SURROUNDINGS

II.—THE BIBLE AND MODERN SCIENCE

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

The discoveries of Modern Science have not merely given a fresh cast to the thoughts of men's minds; they have opened up a new world of facts. The modern surroundings of the Bible shew us that the men who wrote it were not even acquainted with their own surroundings. The question may be asked, then, Are the writers of the Bible, who lived in entire ignorance of the laws which govern the physical universe, entitled to be our instructors?

The answer is, that the Bible was not intended to be a text-book of Science, but to shew the human spirit the way to God. God's revelation of His will and His providence to men was not bound up with accurate information on the laws of the physical universe. This was not God's mode of educating the race. There were some things far more important which had to be told first. There is one great truth which is the Genesis of all education, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." We do not begin with text-books of geology and astronomy and the other sciences. These details, wonderful as they are, can wait. The first essential is to enforce the truth that it is to this God men owe all the light and beauty of this world in which they live, that they are responsible to God for all their actions, and that in Him they will find everlasting life.

This was the method on which our Lord Himself proceeded. He gave no hint of other worlds which are under His Father's care. He did not consider the lilies of the field with the eye of the botanist. He said nothing of the fierce struggle for existence among all forms of creature life. The lilies of the field were clothed by God's own hand in glorious apparel; the birds of heaven were under His constant care.

Yet the revelation of Science contains the same spiritual truth at the core of it, as the revelation of God in Jesus Christ. God is the God of order and of peace, the God who never slumbers nor sleeps in His watchful care and His tender mercy over all His works, the Father who worketh hitherto and the Son who must also work,—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day and for ever."—Church Messenger.

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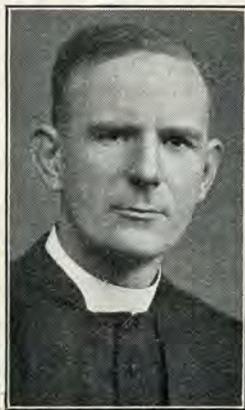
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Self-Losing and Self-Finding.

By the Rev. Hugh E. Worledge, Vicar of S. Barnabas's, Pimlico.

"Love seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked."



REV. HUGH E. WORLEDGE.
(Wykeham Studios Ltd.)

anti-social and therefore came to render At-one-ment not only between man and his Maker but between man and man, to restore peace and harmony among men which self-seeking must always tend to destroy. Many professedly good works are done with a self-seeking motive by those who "love the praise of men"; and God Who "trieth the heart" judges of our works by the motive which prompts them. S. Paul sets us an example in this matter when he writes to the Philippians to the effect that whereas some preached CHRIST of envy, strife, and contention, "supposing to add affliction to my bonds," nevertheless he was satisfied to know that others besides himself were preaching CHRIST; he could even welcome such as colleagues. A similar attitude is shown by our LORD Who, when told that others were casting out devils in His Name, i.e. under false pretences, replied, "He that is not against Me is with Me." In another place S. Paul bids us "consider Him Who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself," and thereby to realize that just because the servant is not greater than his Master we are bound to incur the malice and ill-nature of other people just in so far as we are true to Him Who has called us.

Our LORD's promise is a definite one that "he who saveth his life shall lose it." He who saveth his life

JUST as all sin is self-assertion in one form or another, and all sin hinders the consummation of CHRIST's redemptive work, so we, who take our Christian calling seriously, ought to be on our guard against sins of self-seeking and self-indulgence by which others are hurt and saddened. With all our professed allegiance to our LORD we are very apt to take a narrow view of life, and to ascribe an undue importance to things that do not really matter.

To seek our own, i.e. to seek to advance our own immediate interest at the price of some one else's, is anti-Christian, for CHRIST

is precisely he who seeks his own, who considers his own interests without thought for others, and in so doing is preparing the way for constant longing and discontent. "Love seeketh not her own" because love sees that there is no sort of satisfaction to be found that way. Made as we are in the image of God, our happiness is bound up in the extent to which we seek to conform to that image. The self-seeker is as pitiable as the typical "square peg in a round hole," the unfortunate man who doggedly pursues a course for which he is totally unfitted. Because we are made in the image of God it follows that we can find no lasting happiness save in the exercise of love.

"Love seeketh not her own" and in consequence "is not easily provoked." The self-seeker is constantly being provoked to anger by reason of his failure to achieve his selfish desires, and because others do not accept him at the valuation he sets upon himself. We read in the Bible that God can be provoked, but if we compare the things which provoke God with those which commonly we allow to provoke us we see the difference; for while GOD is provoked in defence of holiness we are rather provoked in defence of our own dignity, comfort, or convenience. It is perfectly possible to be angry and sin not. We can picture the fierce anger which possessed our LORD when He drove the dealers from the precincts of the Temple, the burning words in which He sought to vindicate His heavenly FATHER'S honour. But this is the more impressive because we know that only a few days later "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb so He opened not His mouth." Love can be provoked but not "easily provoked"; nor provoked by personal grievances, by the petty trials of daily life.

What can be less edifying than the spectacle of a professed follower of CHRIST ignoring those whom he styles his social inferiors, or being impatient with the noise of healthy children at play, or making himself unpleasant in a crowded train, or whining at an unexpected disappointment, or grumbling at his food, or taking advantage in any way of those who are weaker than himself? What we need above all else to help us through life's trials is a sense of proportion, which shall enable us to see things in the right perspective. What do nine-tenths of the things over which we lose our tempers, or in any other way fail to manifest a Christian spirit, matter? What matters the ignoring of us by others or even their insults when CHRIST is ignored by so many of God's children? If we are really wedded to our vocation it becomes of such absorbing interest that nothing of the provocations of the world

are worthy of our notice. We can only be provoked in matters which affect our real interest; therefore it is only in so far as we are self-seeking that personal trials can serve to provoke us.

Then too as we think of the vocation wherewith we have been called, to be associated with our LORD in the work of redemption, to seek to manifest Him to the world, that by our light shining men may find their way to GOD, can we not see that by being "easily provoked" we give our whole case away? We profess to pin our faith upon the promises of God, we sing

hymns about the joy of our fellowship with Him, of the hope which inspires our life, and if in spite of this we can be "easily provoked" by trifles, the world laughs at our pretensions. But if our devotion to GOD is so real, and our absorption in His business so evident, then by the very fact of our remaining unaffected and unprovoked by the things that so easily rouse the unconverted heart to self-assertion and self-pity, then indeed we shall impress the world, and men taking note of us that we have been with JESUS will seek to learn from us the secret of our life and happiness.



Spare-Time Service.

I.

AM I WANTED?

THERE are many organizations which bind together like-minded members for some kind of service to the community. Among such forms of service particular prominence is naturally given in these days to schemes for assisting in some measure to relieve the distress of mind, body, or estate of those affected by the great problem of unemployment. It must not be forgotten, however, that besides the special needs in this direction there is an enormous amount of spare time voluntary service of very varied kinds waiting to be done. Much of this work can be undertaken by people who are perhaps unattached to any special society, of men or women, boys or girls, making help for others its definite aim, but who wish to give such help as they can individually.

While a large number of aspects of social service are covered by specifically Church organizations, a great deal of the most valuable work is, and must be, carried on nowadays through "secular" channels. All of these need more and more voluntary help, and because the Church itself is a great uniting society of service its members should participate in such efforts for the health, happiness, and holiness of mankind. As Christians they may bring to all they attempt, whether individually or as companions in some association, that spirit of true selfless service through which alone the highest good can be rendered and the fullest reward reaped.

Why do so many still hold back? Two reasons in particular seem to account for the fact that many who "would like to do something" do not offer themselves for any form of spare time service.

The first reason is that they do not fully realize that they are wanted. The second is the plea of having no spare time.

The question "Am I wanted?" comes into the mind of each from time to time. The answer comes most clearly to those who profess and call themselves Christians: "Yes, *you* are wanted, to fill your own place in the service of humanity in the Name of CHRIST."

You are wanted *as yourself*, be it noted, not as anybody else. It is therefore best, generally speaking, to offer your help on the lines of what you *can* do and enjoy doing, rather than what you cannot do or dislike intensely. Things you are perhaps "rather good at," or in which you are really interested, may happen to be the very activities over which some other voluntary worker is in despair because, though greatly needed, they are outside his or her scope.

Many people, particularly young people, are apt to

adopt the mistaken notion that to undertake anything of the nature of what they describe as "good works" implies necessarily something distasteful and irksome. Others feel convinced that their ignorance and inexperience debar them from playing any useful part, because so much stress is laid nowadays upon the need for trained workers both in the various social services of the country and in what may be called more definitely Church work.

That is true, but only up to a point. For while much of the expert work must naturally be done by trained workers, and much of the less evidently vital tasks must be supervised by those of experience and knowledge, there yet remain countless gaps to fill and odd jobs to do, for which the untrained voluntary worker with tact and intelligence may be well suited. Moreover, the work as a whole is often delayed or hampered because of the neglect of odd jobs by people who might well undertake them in spare time, though equipped only with the valuable gifts of goodwill and common sense.

This is no unsubstantial general statement. It rests upon experience, observation, and inquiry, concerning very divers types of organization, whose needs in this respect may be summed up in the words of a full-time worker with whom the question was being discussed: "An unlimited number of voluntary helpers are wanted. They need not be very clever or *very anything*."

There must be hundreds of readers of THE SIGN who can claim as qualifications a real desire to help in some way or other, a willingness to be shown how, and a capacity to try, to persevere, and to be reliable. Many such would lay no claim to being "very clever," very skilled, very experienced, or "very anything." Their spare time is perhaps so small that they have not hitherto felt it possible to undertake anything outside their own immediate work and home interests.

To them, as to hundreds of others—be they factory girls, teachers, business men and women, domestic workers, cripples, athletes, musicians, men retired from one of the "services," mothers of families, girls at home without work-hour obligations, or just some of the many who are "not very clever"—the answer is the same: "*You* are wanted." None need plead that they may be cut off from their friends if they "go in for good works," for their friends too are wanted, and there is nothing like fellowship in service for cementing friendships. However small your talent, however scarce your spare time, some little piece of service is waiting to be done by *you*.

A wise and good man once wrote: "*It is the greatest of all mistakes to do nothing because you can do so little.*"

V. M. C.

(To be continued.)

Going to Sea. By P. Hoole Jackson.



*(E. Staniland Pugh.
A LOWESTOFT TRAWLER.*

A HANDFUL of gravel on the window-pane, then the sound of retreating boots. The clock strikes and the notes seem to fall in an echoing emptiness. The water stretches away to a mist, grey and cold looking; a faint hue of rose is just discernible low in the east. Down in the cottages you know the men will be stirring, pulling on their thick woollen underclothing, stockings, sea-trousers, and jerseys. The sea-god may roast you by noon but he always chills

you by night. Good clothing, plenty of homely rations, these are the needs of those who go to sea.

Not a thing stirs as you go down the little lane. You may meet a badger slinking back into the copse that abuts the village, or a hedgehog or so ambling back to his brier-bush of which he is as fond as Brer Rabbit; a sleepy-eyed woman comes out of her house to draw water from the pump. The boats seem like dreams on misty, ethereal sea; the harbour-lights glimmer with a sickly light.

On the quay one or two men are smoking, their sea-bundles by their side; cheese, bread, a horn of butter, tea, and sugar, unless their boat provides tea and sugar victualling. Enough to spin out for three or four days is taken in case of the boats being driven into shelter if the weather turns bad. Two days is the average time of our boats at sea for line-fishing, but they may be from three days to a week away if they encounter a nasty change of weather.

The boat lies ready against the steps; she seems small, not as big as a tug, with a tiny companionway that the fattest member of the crew has to force himself down. A whiff of stale oil comes up from the engine. Amidships is the fish-well where the catch is stored and sometimes ice is carried—much depends on the weather forecast. The lines, each with hundreds of hooks, are neatly coiled up in deep baskets with the hooks ranged all round the basket-rim ready for baiting.

The engineer comes aboard, pauses for a word, and then disappears below to start the engine (sometimes paraffin, sometimes crude oil); the exhaust-chimney begins to pour out fumes, the crew slip aboard, carry their victuals below and appear on deck. Another boat is just casting off, owned by five brothers. Their mother stands just at the bottom of the little steep



SAIL AND STEAM IN THE NORTH SEA. (E. Staniland Pugh.

street shading her hand to watch them go, in an attitude that has become almost nationally familiar so often has it been painted by artists. When the stern disappears through the harbour-entrance she goes back to the home and her work.

Our skipper enters the wheel-house; the screw revolves and we back away from the pier. The sun has risen and flings a golden pathway athwart the grey water; the houses ashore are beginning to shimmer in the gathering light, more men are about and women begin to show at doorways. We slip away towards the bigger harbour where bait is to be bought. One word you must never mention aboard—"rabbits"; a fishing-boat has turned her nose home more than once because some unwitting stranger has come out with that word of ill-luck.

The bigger harbour is swarming with craft; Glasgow boats tower above the small craft, the Lowestoft trawlers are against the quay with their decks piled



TOWING OUT A SMACK. (E. Staniland Pugh.

with boxes of mackerel, the bait used for "line-fishing." Our skipper leans out of his wheel-house and hails one as if he did not care whether he could buy bait or not; an equally careless reply comes back. We take a turn in the harbour, watching the decks of other Lowestoft boats, and return to the first; our skipper goes aboard and there is a little comedy of barter quietly carried out. Baskets are flung on to the trawler's deck and come back filled with mackerel. The bait for the trip may cost five pounds or even eight, and if the weather breaks before the lines have been shot, the bait may go bad and be dead loss.

Once the bait is aboard we are off. We go out with a stream of craft all pouring out on the forty to sixty mile trip. The sea seems to have become alive; there are Lowestoft boats, French "crabbers" with their broad beam and strong brown sails, Belgian motor-engined trawlers with heavy humming engines, and in the bay a beautiful sailing ship, clipper rigged, has set all sail and is moving like a poem over the smooth water. Men settle in their places, mugs of steaming tea appear, the sun is up and the weather looks like holding. Perhaps here is a chance at last after a bad season to make up a bit with a good catch. We pass our own harbour at full speed, the old man who is collecting his crab pots waves his pipe and then we are away. Tomorrow there may be a teeming fish-hold and good prices in the market. Who knows?

The Teaching of Scripture in Secondary Schools.

By B. K. Rattey, S.Th.,

Divinity Lecturer at Bishop Otter College, Chichester.

IN recent years many changes have taken place in our educational system, but none has been more remarkable or more full of possibilities than the development of the whole system of Secondary education. At the beginning of the century only a small proportion of boys and girls in the Elementary Schools passed on to a Secondary School; to-day a large proportion do so, and in future a Secondary education will be available for the majority.

The Church has always recognized the importance of the religious atmosphere in which the education of the child takes place and the necessity of a Christian foundation, if the highest faculties of those who are called to be citizens of the kingdom of heaven are to be fully trained and developed. Nevertheless, there has been a tendency for Churchmen to concentrate their attention upon the elementary side of education and to overlook the significant position which the Secondary School holds in the system of national education.

The result is that the majority of the Secondary Schools in this country are undenominational and, although Scripture finds a place on almost every timetable, its position is not by any means as satisfactory as it might be. The scientific view of life now plays an important part in all education and, for good or ill, its influence is felt in every part of the curriculum. A boy or girl can leave a Secondary School and enter a University well grounded in scientific principles and carefully trained on the most modern lines in more than one department of knowledge, yet there are few who would venture to assert that the Biblical knowledge of that same student was of an equally high order, or that his religious understanding had been trained with anything like the same regard to the changed outlook which the historical and literary criticism of the Bible has brought about even in our own generation. Far from being able to give to every man a reason for the faith that is in him, he has more often than not very little faith left and he is entirely unfamiliar with the atmosphere of worship. He has long since thrown over that miscellaneous collection of disconnected, contradictory, and hopelessly irrational scraps of Bible knowledge presented to him at home or at school, and he has neither the leisure nor the inclination to undertake that patient study of the Scriptures, without which they can never regain for him their lost authority.

It is easy to blame the Secondary Schools, yet their difficulties are not inconsiderable, nor can they be lightly set aside. The pressure of subjects, each demanding its due share of the time-table, makes it almost inevitable that a very small proportion of the time available should be given to Scripture. As a rule one period per week varying from thirty to forty minutes is all that can be allowed in the lower and middle school. In the upper fifth, where the school certificate examination fills the horizon, it not infrequently happens that the Scripture lesson is omitted altogether and the time appropriated for some subject of supreme examination importance. The pity is that boys and girls who at this stage of their education receive the impression, either directly or indirectly, that Scripture is of little or no importance in the eyes of their teachers, will with difficulty realize its significance later in their own lives. There are, however, a number of schools in which the Scripture lesson is

never omitted, where the subject is taught reverently, intelligently, and sympathetically, and where, their interest and enthusiasm having been aroused, the pupils are ready to make any sacrifice rather than give up a lesson which they have learnt to love and value.

But what happens to those boys and girls who, after matriculation, begin specialized work in the subject of their choice and who spend two or more years in the sixth form? They are accustomed to a very high standard of specialized knowledge from those who teach them, their own minds are developing rapidly, and they are eager and alert, keenly interested in a variety of subjects. Sometimes the pressure of examination work is so great that no time can be allowed for a Scripture lesson; sometimes the one period available is utilized for the discussion of social or political questions or of that favourite topic, comparative religion. Constructive work of a standard not inferior to that to which the pupils are accustomed in subjects such as science, classics, or history is rarely attempted, chiefly because teachers sufficiently well equipped to undertake the work are not to be found in every school. The intellectual aspect of religion is by no means the most important, nevertheless the Bible and religion itself must inevitably suffer, unless the teacher of Scripture is as well equipped intellectually as any other member of the school staff. Nor is it likely that deeper spiritual influences can be brought to bear, unless the teaching given is of a sufficiently high level to command the respect and attention of the pupils. It is especially in the last years of school life that a valuable opportunity is afforded to the teacher to show not only that the Bible has not lost its authority but that it is still a light to lighten our path, if we read it in the spirit which animated its writers, as well as with the best knowledge of our own times.

The Secondary School cannot be expected to do more than teach the first principles of the revelation given to man by God through His servants as it is recorded in the pages of both the Old and the New Testaments. If this is to be done satisfactorily the teaching should be carefully graded from the lowest to the highest form, in order that nothing learnt in the lower forms may be contradicted or unlearned at a later stage and that the more advanced teaching necessary in the last years of school life may follow naturally upon the lines of the great religious principles which have been emphasized from the first. This, however, cannot be achieved unless this important subject is entrusted from the first to teachers whose special knowledge and sincere religious conviction will enable them to teach with authority. They must be themselves learned in the Scriptures, reverent in their treatment of sacred subjects, and courageous in dealing with the difficult questions in regard to inspiration, the composite authorship of certain books, and the authority of the Scriptures, all of which must be faced with older pupils.

The teaching of Scripture in our Secondary Schools will never exercise the influence that it should, until the subject is placed in the hands of those who, by virtue of their knowledge and their sincere religious conviction, are qualified to teach it, for it is on the basis of sound learning that the appeal must be made to-day, if the Christian attitude in the realm of faith and morals is to regain its authority in the life of the individual as well as in that of the nation.

Think and Thank.

Stories Suggested by the General Thanksgiving. ✻ By Florence Player.

IV. NOT ONLY WITH OUR LIPS.

"MARY Gresley wishes to return thanks to Almighty God for a great mercy." All the congregation of S. Matthew's had heard something of the story behind that brief sentence. Mrs. Gresley herself was in church with her tall, handsome son beside her. One or two people wondered if the young man felt nervous or self-conscious. Englishmen so disliked any public parade of feeling. But every one knew that it seemed little short of a miracle that he should be kneeling at the altar rails unscathed, when his friend and companion in a serious motor accident lay between life and death in a London hospital.

After the service, Mrs. Johnson, one of the congregation, supplied the details to a friend.

"Why, my dear, it was the most marvellous thing. He had no bones broken, only a few scratches and bruises. He seems to have strong nerves too, for he has suffered no ill effects from shock, so his mother tells me. Yet his friend, who was driving the car, was terribly knocked about, a broken leg, bad scalp wounds, and concussion."

"How anxious that poor man's mother must be feeling, if he has one."

"She lives right away from here, somewhere up in London. Yes, when Mrs. Gresley thinks of her feelings, she must be thankful that her own boy is safe and sound. It seemed only right that she should return thanks for such a wonderful deliverance."

That was all S. Matthew's congregation knew of Mrs. Gresley's feelings. Yet that very afternoon she was talking to her husband, one of the busiest doctors in the little town of Graysmere, in a way that might, or might not, have surprised some of her acquaintances.

"Why couldn't Rob tell me himself of this ridiculous idea?" she asked heatedly.

"He wanted to do it; but I begged him to let me speak to you first. You see, I was afraid you might take this news as you have done."

"It is just foolish emotionalism," she protested.

"I thought myself there might be something of that kind behind it, especially as he is so anxious about his friend. I fancied it might be the same idea that made you want to give thanks publicly," the doctor said with his characteristic slow smile.

"You surely feel that was right, the only decent thing to do?"

"I am not criticizing you in the least, Mamie. I know it was real gratitude which you wanted to express. Don't you think I felt thankful too, although I couldn't manage the eight o'clock with you and Rob, but went by myself at seven?"



"O Rob, and I never guessed."

"Yes, I know that." His wife laid an affectionate hand on his arm. "Don't misunderstand me; but saying Thank-you and meaning it is rather a different thing from wanting to see one's son's whole life sacrificed to a quixotic notion."

"Is it so quixotic, do you think? Medical missionaries are very much needed we all know. The boy is young and healthy and unmarried. It seems to me that there can be no real bar to his offering himself for the work."

"You have more to fill your time," the mother flashed with pathetic vehemence. "You will not miss him at home as keenly as I shall."

"Mamie dear, no one else could guess as I do what this must mean to you; but I can't think that either of us have the right to stand in the boy's way. He has thought it all out so carefully, it is no impulsive decision. He tells me that he has been considering it for months, ever since he qualified in fact; but he

hated to disappoint our ambitions for him. Then this wonderful escape brought everything to a head. He felt he had been spared because he had special work to do, and he could not help believing that that work was what he had felt called to do for so long."

"Of course we can't prevent him. He must go his own way, I know; but I shan't pretend that I welcome the idea, and he must know that I only give in grudgingly."

"I am afraid that is what will make him so unhappy. He wants us to see eye to eye with him. Shall I tell you what he said?"

Mary Gresley nodded, biting her lip fiercely.

"He said 'You know I'm no good at words, Dad, and I'm not what you'd call pious, am I? But I'd give a lot to know that you and Mother understood what I can't express, and gave me willingly.'"

"It is too much to ask of me," Mrs. Gresley said slowly.

While their parents were talking Rob was laughing with his sister, Winifred, who was ten years younger than himself.

"What on earth is that badge thing you are wearing?"

"This? Only King's Messengers."

"That missionary stunt?"

"Yes, the junior branch of the S.P.G. Do you remember how you chaffed me long ago when you asked if I knew what S.P.G. meant?"

"I believe you said something funny, but I forget what it was."

"We had been having a missionary talk at the children's service about being grateful for our own blessings and things like that, so I made a shot and said Society for Proving Gratitude. How you did laugh at me!"

"It wasn't such a bad notion for a kid either. What do you do as a King's Messenger?"

"We make things to send out to a special mission station, and for the summer sale, and we have talks and sort of take an interest in missions."

"How would you like it if I took an interest in missions too?"

"It would be awfully jolly, but, Rob, you're only rotting. You are so busy at the hospital and get down here so seldom and—"

"And what else, eh, Pussie?" he asked, using an old nickname, which seldom slipped out nowadays.

"I don't know. What's up, Rob? You look quite solemn."

He laughed then at Winnie's puzzled expression.

"I was wondering if I should tell you something, kiddie. I intended to speak to Mother about it first, but the Dad wanted to do that."

"Tell me," Winnie said quickly.

"I want to go and do mission work myself, if only the parents won't mind too badly."

"O Rob, and I never guessed." Winnie took a deep breath. "We shall miss you horribly, it will be

simply beastly without you; but—it's going to be rather splendid."

It happened that Mrs. Gresley came into the room at that minute and heard what Winnie said. She made no comment, but turned on the wireless rather quickly.

After Rob had gone out, she managed to say naturally, "So your brother has told you his plans. You took the news very well."

"I knew—all in a flash—that I'd got to take it like that, Mummie. It wasn't a bit easy," Winnie said, with something very like tears in her eyes. "You see—" She hesitated. "The bit of him that's mine to give, 'cos I'm his sister, mustn't be given grudgingly, must it?"

That night they all went to Evensong together, and as they joined with the congregation in repeating the glorious words of the General Thanksgiving, there was a big lump in Mrs. Gresley's throat. "Not only with our lips, but in our lives." She had given thanks readily enough with her lips that morning, but she had wanted to withhold the proof of her sincerity. As Winnie said, it "wasn't a bit easy," but she had begun to realize that she must rise to the fuller thanksgiving.

On Preservation.



By S. H. E. Langmaid.

ONE of the most beautiful prayers I know of is to be found in the English Church Litany. It pleads with God to "give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them."

Yes. God gives, and gives very bountifully sometimes; but it seems to me that we have to do our share in the "preserving." The fruit or vegetables have to be picked just at the right time, and have to be canned, or bottled or made into jam. It is not easy—this work which comes at the hottest time of the year perhaps, when the call of the sun, the sea, or the country lanes is strong

to make us neglect our duty. We cannot expect God to pick up the fruit once it has dropped to the ground. We must help Him by preserving what He has so generously given.

Then there are other things besides fruit and vegetables which need preservation, and every child born into this world should be taught the art. God gives all of us life; but we have to preserve it. Every mother is the helper of God in this matter. She has to preserve the life of her child; to keep it fresh and pure as possible in body and mind, until it is old enough to carry on the good work itself. There is the inventor who turns out an intricate machine, perfect in every detail; but without constant care and preservation on the part of those into whose hands it is given much trouble may be caused, much damage done, perhaps loss of valuable lives may ensue.

Nearly everything we have has to be preserved or cared for—houses, gardens, books, clothes, furniture—and it is the woman we must look to for most of the preserving. And, as with the fruit, it sometimes is

really hard work. Take the ordinary room full of furniture—eight to ten pieces, without counting carpet, clock, or ornaments. All of them have to be gone over constantly if we wish them to keep their pristine beauty and be free of the corruptions of moth and rust. It goes by the name of "cleaning" and "polishing," but it really is "preserving." Books too. How many people are taught that books are precious things, and must be preserved? Not one in a hundred. We see them used with dirty hands, thrown about, leaves turned down, sat on: until they are fit only for the fire or the ash-heap. One of the first things to teach a child in school or out of it is the preservation of books.

"So as in due time we may enjoy them." "In due time"; we do not quite enjoy the work of preserving; but in due time, when the supply of fresh fruit fails, then we shall enjoy what we have preserved. We may not enjoy the troublesome process of trying to preserve our goods; but a little trouble saves a greater, and a day will come when we shall be very glad that we made the effort. We often hear people speak of a "well-preserved" man or woman. It means that they have taken care of themselves. They have realized their responsibility to themselves and their Maker.

So let us teach our children to preserve everything given into their hands. Their bodies, their books, their boots, their clothes; the crockery from which they eat or drink, the houses in which they live, the beds on which they lie. Then, when they are grown up they will enjoy life all the more, for the spirit of preservation will have entered into it.



Over the Teacups.

Competitions.

We offer prizes as follows :

A. Describe a holiday experience that has actually happened within the last five years. Limit, three hundred words.

B. Photograph : Children at play.

First Prize in each of the above, 10s. Second Prize, 5s. 2s. 6d. will be paid for any entry (not a prize-winner) printed in THE SIGN.

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

September ends at Michaelmas, when goose is the traditional English dish. As we cannot all, for various reasons, have the real thing, perhaps the following recipe may be useful.

Mock Goose.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sausages or sausage meat, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooked potatoes, 2 onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, dessert-spoonful gravy, teaspoon sage, salt and pepper to taste.

Method: Chop onions and fry in butter till brown. Add sausage meat, sage, seasoning, and gravy. Cook for a few minutes, turn into piedish, cover with mashed potatoes, and bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes. (Mrs. E. L. Crouch, 3 Worsham Cottages, Bexhill-on-Sea.)

Apples are again in our gardens, and this way of cooking them is good and not common.

Dunfallen pudding.—Stew some apples, sweeten to taste and allow to become quite cold. Beat 2 oz. margarine and 3 oz. sugar to a cream, add 2 eggs, one at a time, then add gradually 4 oz. flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk. Mix thoroughly, pour over the stewed apple and bake about half an hour in a moderate oven.

Round-the-corner Recipes.—The increase in the number of small greenhouses strikes us all if we go about the country, and many are used to grow tomatoes. Try this method of preserving your tomatoes for winter use.

Tomato butter.—2 lbs. tomatoes, 1 lb. apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, 1 pint sweet cider, a little ginger or spice.

Cut up the fruit, but do not peel them; put into a preserving pan with the cider and cook till it is a soft pulp. Pass through a sieve fine enough to keep back the seeds. Return the pulp to a clean pan with the sugar, add spice to taste, and stir over the fire until the mixture thickens and leaves the sides of the pan. Put into pots and cover as for jam.

This butter can be used for sandwiches or savoury toast.

French beans with tomatoes.—String the beans, but do not cut them. Put them into cold water, lift out with a skimmer, and place them wet in a stewpan with salt, pepper, 2 table-spoonfuls olive oil, and some chopped parsley. Cover and cook very slowly. When they are softening add a table-spoonful tomato pulp, stir well, but do not break the beans. Continue the slow cooking till they are quite soft, and have absorbed the oil and tomato. Serve very hot.

Recipes and Hints.

Haddock à la Portugaise. Seasonable any time.

Ingredients.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. smoked haddock, 1 lb. tomatoes, 1 lb. Spanish onions, 2 table-spoons salad oil, 1 table-spoon vinegar, 1 dessert-spoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint hot stock, salt and pepper.

Method.—Slice the onions thinly and boil them for fifteen minutes. Strain them and place them in a deep fireproof dish with the oil and vinegar. Lay the fish on top so that it becomes moistened with the oil and vinegar. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Lay sliced tomatoes on top and sprinkle them with parsley. Pour in the hot stock, cover the dish with a well greased paper, bake in a fairly hot oven for fifty minutes. (Sufficient for four or five persons.)

(Miss M. Austin, Lansalewys, Polperro.)



BODIAM CASTLE. [Photograph, B. Nash.]

Fish Pancakes. Seasonable at all times.

Ingredients.— $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. hake, cod, or any boneless fillets, 1 oz. butter, 1 oz. flour, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ gill water, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of marmite or bovine, 1 dessert-spoon vinegar. **For the batter.**— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 1 large egg, 2 oz. lard, 2 oz. grated cheese.

Method.—Wash the fish and cut it in small pieces. Fry the flour in the butter to a rich brown, stirring it all the time. Add the marmite, vinegar, and water and stir until it boils. Add salt and pepper; put in the fish and let it simmer very gently while making the pancakes.

Make batter the usual way, pour into a jug; heat a piece of lard the size of a cherry and when it smokes take it off the gas and pour in just enough batter to cover the bottom of the pan. Fry quickly until set, then turn it over. When cooked turn on to a paper sprinkled with grated cheese. Fill with a little fish and some sauce and fold the pancake in half. Keep hot while doing the others. Serve on a hot dish with lemon. (Enough for four persons.)

(Miss M. Austin, Lansalewys, Polperro.)

Lemon Creams.—Half pint water, the juice of two lemons and grated peel of one, three eggs well beaten, six ounces loaf sugar. Put the water and peel with the sugar in a saucepan over the fire, and stir till the sugar is dissolved. Strain through a fine strainer, and add to the eggs and lemon juice; return to the pan and stir over the fire until the mixture thickens. Continue stirring off the fire until cool, and pour into custard glasses.

Orange Trifle.—Make 1 pint orange jelly and allow to cool slightly. Place some sponge fingers or halved sponge cakes (stale) in the bottom of the basin or mould, then a layer of orange, carefully peeled and quartered and the pips removed,

and another layer of sponge cake, alternating the fruit and the cake until the mould is two-thirds full. Pour over the jelly and put in a cool place to set. Turn out carefully on to a glass dish, and surround with either small pieces of jelly or sections of orange. If liked, pour cream over the whole just before serving. Tinned cream with a little castor sugar stirred in is excellent for this purpose.

Harvest Thanksgiving.

ONCE more the FATHER'S children come,
With toil-worn, laden hands,
To lay upon the altar steps
The fruits of fertile lands.

How patiently the seed was sown,
How oft the toil seemed vain,
But when the fields looked hard and bare
There fell refreshing rain.

Sun-kissed, rain-washed, earth blesses those
Who plough and plant her sod,
And so the grateful children bring
Their harvest gifts to GOD. M. G. PYER.

An Old Seaport and Its Historic Churches.

By the Rev. John S. D. Hughes. ✻ With photographs by the author.

IF you would enjoy a feeling of exhilaration, obtain the vicar's permission and mount the tower of the church of S. Mary de Haura, Shoreham, Sussex. You will forget all about the steps when you push back the heavy trap-door at the top, and emerge a perspiring but triumphant king of the castle on the



S. MARY'S, SHOREHAM.

square platform, where the flag flaps merrily in the breeze. Go when the sun is sparkling on the Channel, and the cliffs of Beachy Head show brightly white more than twenty miles away to the east. Look where you will you will find nothing but attraction. Do you like downs? Turn round with your back to the sea and take your fill. Do our great public schools interest you? Lancing College, with its lofty chapel, lies over there to the north-west, barely two miles away. Are you fond of the river? Not only can you trace the winding course of the Adur some distance up-stream, but you can also see where it empties its waters into the English Channel. Old ship-yards and bridges lie at your feet, and over there is an aerodrome, which the experts say is to become one of the chief air-ports in the south of England.

Years ago, before the Adur changed its course to flow into the sea some few miles to the east, Shoreham was one of the important seaports and shipbuilding places of England. In the reign of Edward III Shoreham supplied twenty-six ships to the Navy. It also returned two Members to Parliament. To-day it has lost much of its importance, but still retains its charm. The airplanes overhead, the gaily-hued beach pyjamas in the holiday season no more ruffle its dignity than flies or butterflies.

The long, narrow strip of land now lying between

the Adur and the sea is occupied by some six hundred bungalows, hence its name Bungalow Town. It has its own shops and church and is, to all intents and purposes, a separate town. When people say Shoreham they generally mean New Shoreham. The name clings, though the tower up which you have climbed was built some eight centuries ago, and many of those roofs below are far from modern. Ecclesiastically, then, there are the three parishes, Old Shoreham, New Shoreham, and Shoreham Bungalow Town. The first two have for some years shared the same vicar.

Take your fill of the view, breathe deeply the pure sweet air, and then, unless you can spare the time for a sunset, which if you choose the right evening may inspire your memory ever after, climb carefully down the winding steps and inspect the interior of the church.

S. Mary de Haura means S. Mary of the Harbour. In the days of Shoreham's greatness the structure was even more magnificent than it is to-day, as is hinted by the ruins of the old west wall lurking amid the grave-stones outside. Only one bay of the nave, the tower, and the transepts remain. Nevertheless, the church seats over five hundred and has on special occasions held considerably more. It was built towards the end of the twelfth century on the site of a chapel erected after the Norman Conquest by the monks of the Priory of Sele (the modern Beeding). Thus the earlier parts are late Norman and the remainder belongs to the Transitional period. Interesting details are to be found in a small booklet by the present vicar, the Rev. J. F. G. Glossop. "The south transept," he writes, "once had a floor below the upper windows, and a staircase leading up to the room, which was used as a school. The transepts were also used as polling stations at parliamentary elections."

The font, which is made of Sussex marble, is believed to be about seven hundred years old; a copy of it is to be found in Chichester Cathedral. The church is ornamented on all sides by the most exquisite stone carving, which is in no way marred, but rather improved



S. MARY'S: THE FONT.



VIEW FROM S. MARY'S TOWER.
(Showing River Adur and a portion of Bungalow Town.)

by its spontaneity and lack of uniformity. Even the columns show this striking difference of design.

Considerable damage was done to the church on December 6, 1929, when it was struck by lightning in the middle of the night. Fortunately adequate insurance enabled necessary repairs to be undertaken, and it is perhaps in better condition to-day than it has been for some centuries past.

Old Shoreham Church, less than a mile away, is dedicated in honour of S. Nicholas, the patron saint, amongst others, of sailors. Cruciform in shape, this church is older and also smaller than S. Mary's. Like S. Mary's, it is surrounded by a particularly well-kept graveyard. A pleasing view of the exterior is obtained from the old wooden toll-bridge over the Adur, itself an object of great interest. In connection with this bridge an interesting story is recounted in *High Ways and By Ways in Sussex*: "William IV and his Queen chanced to be passing through Shoreham, coming from

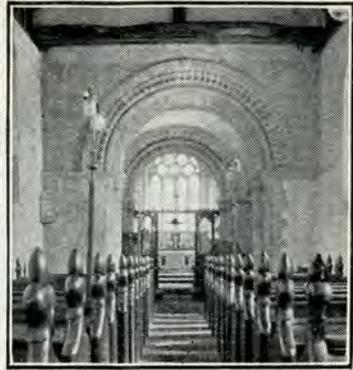


S. NICHOLAS', OLD SHOREHAM.

Chichester to Lewes, one Sunday morning. The clerk of Old Shoreham church caught sight through the window of the approaching cavalcade, and leaping to his feet, stopped the sermon by announcing: 'It is my solemn duty to inform you that their Majesties the King and Queen are just now crossing the bridge.' Thereupon the whole congregation jumped up and ran out to show their loyalty."

¹ Quoted by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.

a complete Saxon church, but the present tower, transepts, and chancel were added in the late thirteenth century. The four magnificent Norman arches enclosing the square space beneath the tower are undoubtedly the chief pride of the interior. They are richly decorated after the fashion of the period. The registers go back to 1566, and the list of vicars (and before 1403, rectors) to 1150, when one Anfred became "Priest of Sorham."



S. NICHOLAS': INTERIOR.

Owing to the length of the chancel, which is separated from the transepts by a thirteenth-century oak screen, it can be used as a separate chapel for celebrations of the Holy Communion. At other services it is found advisable from the point of view of sound for the choir and officiating clergyman to be seated on the west side of the screen, underneath the tower.

Until recent years the narrow, winding lane outside the church porch carried the ever-increasing traffic between Brighton and the road to the north-west through Bramber and Steyning. A by-pass has now been opened, and Old Shoreham Church can receive visitors, and better still worshippers, with a quiet serenity reminiscent of earlier days.

Small wonder that painters and poets in large numbers seek inspiration in Shoreham. Swinburne, in particular, showed his appreciation in lines, from which the following are an extract:

Rose-red eve on the seas that heave sinks fair as dawn
when the first ray peers;
Winds are glancing from sunbright Lancing to Shoreham,
crowned with the grace of years;
Shoreham, clad with the sunset, glad and grave with glory
that death reveres.

A NEW SERIES OF PENNY BOOKS.

THERE may still be some—we hope there are many—readers of THE SIGN who remember that vigorous offshoot of our magazine in its early days, *The Churchman's Penny Library*. In all some forty of these little books were published, and their total sales amounted to nearly a million and a half copies. These facts are sufficient evidence that the *Library* in its original form was successful in achieving the declared object of its promoters "to do something to build up the faith, increase the knowledge, and foster the Church-life of English Churchmen."

These tasks are, to say the least, not less urgent to-day than they were in 1907. But, though the ultimate objects are the same, different methods of approaching them are required in the changed circumstances of 1933. Therefore in the *Churchman's Penny Library, New Series*, of which the first twenty numbers are now on sale, the special needs of to-day have been carefully kept in mind.

The titles include, for example, such "live" questions as *Why Go to Church? Is Gambling Wrong? Confirmation: Is it any use? Sunday: Why and How we should keep it; and Difficulties in Prayer*. There are

also plain and simple explanations of *What We See in Church and Some Catholic Customs*; while those who have advanced somewhat further in the spiritual life will find devotional help in, among others, the booklets on *How to Meditate, Intercession, and Spiritual Communion*.

As in the former series, the authors include some of the leading writers on Church subjects. We need only mention such popular authors as Dr. Walter Carey (lately Bishop of Bloemfontein), Father Andrew, S.D.C., the Dean of Rochester (Dr. Francis Underhill), Canon F. G. Belton, and Miss Gertrude Hollis.

New occasions teach new methods as well as new duties, and of recent years the Church has been discovering, perhaps more than before, the value of the Tract Case and the Bookstall in the conflict against sin and unbelief, ignorance and indifference. For such purposes, as well as for the individual Churchman or inquirer, we recommend with the utmost confidence this miniature library of really good and well-written books at the lowest possible price.

[The *Library* is published by Messrs. Mowbray, 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1, who will be happy to send a full list of titles on application.]



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 manages a branch shop under the name of "Mr. Wilson." Here an unfortunate incident arises when a pretty waitress, called ELIZABETH FOSTER, is accused of stealing a brooch. Elizabeth determines to investigate the mystery for herself. She discovers that CARRIE MASTERS, another waitress, is the culprit, and further that "Mr. Wilson's" real name is Tom Spalding. Then Gerry proposes marriage to Elizabeth, but she refuses him—there is "some one else."

The story continues—

CHAPTER XVII.

A TESTIMONIAL.

IT was Elizabeth's last day at Spalding's. The atmosphere was less aggressively hostile than it had been; for the staff of waitresses had suddenly begun to realize that this stranger was not such a bad sort after all. They could not help feeling that they had been treated more considerately than they deserved. Carrie still held sulkily aloof; but she had had her lesson, for the time at any rate, and she no longer tried to stir up the others to active enmity. Amy had taken an opportunity of saying "Thank you."

"Joe says you have behaved just as he would expect Mr. Fielding's friend would do, and we are both no end grateful to you," she said shyly. "I hope you won't think all workers are mean cats."

"No, I won't do that," smiled Elizabeth.

She went to the office to draw her final pay with a comical expression on her face. The large mouth was twitching humorously at the thought of the Gilbertian situation; but those tell-tale grey eyes looked almost sad for the moment.

"Do you want a reference?" Tom asked in level tones, but his eyes were mischievous.

"Not at present, as I have secured a new job, thank you, sir."

Elizabeth's demure manner was a perfect match to his.

"If you want one later on, would this meet the case, do you think?" He handed her a large sheet of paper on which he had written in a small, clear handwriting:

"Miss E. Foster is a good fighter. She hits hard, but plays fair, excepting when she fancies that it is incumbent on her to protect the weakling or the underdog, when she is capable of taking any advantage of her adversary.—T. W. S."

"I say, I didn't mean you to take it away."

For Elizabeth had folded it in her bag, saying:—

"Thank you, sir. I shall value that testimonial, as I am not coming back like a bad penny this time."

"It is good-bye to Spalding's New Hall maybe, but it is good-bye to T. W. S. himself?"

"I suppose so." She spoke with studied coolness.

"Suppositions be hanged. I want facts. At the risk of being told once more that I am inquisitive (for that was what you insinuated the other day), perhaps that I am impertinent too, I want the answers to three questions. First—let me see, how shall I put it? Where do we forward your letters?"

"c/o S. Simon's Girls' Club," Elizabeth answered promptly, pleased with her ingenuity at the moment.

"Are you connected with S. Simon's?" Tom said. "Ever met my friend, Gerry Fielding?"

"Yes."

She had put her foot into it.

"Then you will be sorry to hear the poor old chap had a nasty motor smash on Monday night. As you know, he is a personality at S. Simon's, and there will be no end of an upset when they know how bad he is. His aunt has kept it quiet so far, and his boys think he is away or something. She told me at once, for we are old friends."

The laughter died out of Elizabeth's eyes. She remembered Gerry's passionate pleading. Was she in any way to blame for his accident? Surely he was not such a weakling.

"I am sorry," she said gravely. "He is such a good sort. Well, question number two?" with an attempt to return to her former manner.

"What do you propose to do now?" Tom inquired coolly.

"Mind my own business," came the pert retort, her self-control recovered.

"And let me mind mine, eh?" Tom responded with imperturbable good humour. "Final question: when shall I see you again?"

"I don't know the answer to that."

"But I want to find it out. Listen. You are now no longer a waitress from this minute; but you are a young lady formally introduced to me in Kensington Gardens by Bingo Terrier, Esq. Will you do me the honour of dining with me to-night, not at a Spalding's restaurant? Supposing we run up to the Beacon at Hindhead?"

Elizabeth plunged.

"I shall be happy to accept that invitation, on condition that you let me disappear when the clock strikes and don't attempt to trace me till I give permission."

"Are you going to give me permission?"

"Perhaps," she said, "when I have made further inquiries."

CHAPTER XVIII.

PROMISES.

ELIZABETH booked a room at quite another kind of club than S. Simon's for that evening, for she was not going to return to Portland Square until she had enjoyed this one outing. She telephoned to her home and learned that her uncle was making excellent progress, and she sent him a message to say that she would return on the following morning. Then she went up to the club bedroom and exchanged the remains of her business garb for the contents of a smart suitcase that had waited her arrival.

Tom enjoyed every minute of that evening; the run down through the clear, crisp air, the meal in company with the pretty girl in saxe-blue, the run back in the moonlight. He had enjoyed nothing like it since the tragedy of his father's death. Elizabeth was gay and serious by turns, though mostly in merry mood. She teased, laughed, fenced with him, but of herself she still told him absolutely nothing; he told her a good deal that he had never brought to the surface before that drive, and as they passed out of Guildford on the way home he asked a personal question.

"The other day you congratulated me on all that I had learnt lately; what did you mean?"

"Just what I said. Don't you feel that you have a better grip on things than you had a few months ago?"

Tom thought a moment. "Yes, I suppose I do, though I loathe the whole show as heartily as I always did."

"Business doesn't appeal to you?"

"Is it likely? My father gave me the wrong education if he meant me to follow in his footsteps. You know the story, I suppose?" he asked hesitatingly.

Elizabeth nodded.

"I have sworn to carry on Spalding's successfully, and to try to down Marriot's, who killed the old man."

"Killed him? What on earth do you mean?"

He told her of the catastrophe and of his own remorse, concluding,—

"That contract for the Exhibition was the last straw. I have got to fight to a finish and beat Marriot's for that. I say they killed him."

"Do you suggest that they didn't play fair? Did they do anything underhand?"

The dangerous quietness of her tone was lost on Tom. The whole of the circumstances of his father's death rose up in his mind; his resentment was always smouldering. Still he answered honestly,—

"No, I can't say that. They beat us in fair competition, but that doesn't alter the result. The disappointment killed the old man, and I mean to make them pay for it."

"I think you are foolish to be so intense," said Elizabeth. "Don't get a bee in your bonnet about

anything. Once you lose your balance, it is bound to spoil your judgement."

Had April or Gerry been present it would have astonished them that Tom showed no indignation at this plain speaking.

"Perhaps you would say I lost my judgement yesterday. I refused an offer from Marriot's to take us over lock, stock, and barrel. It would have been a good deal financially. They offered a big figure and fine terms for the staff."

"I am not such a fool as to give an opinion on that without knowing more about it."

"Well, I think it would have been worth while in many ways, especially considering my distaste for the business; but because it was Marriot's offer I felt bound to turn it down."

"If you only did it on that score you were silly."

Again he showed no resentment of her criticism.

"I wonder," was all he said after a pause. Then he went on discussing other topics.



"It is good-bye to Spalding's New Hall maybe, but is it good-bye to T. W. S. himself?"

if you want it, when I can offer it."

"You will tell me your proper address?"

"S. Simon's Club is a very proper address."

With that he had to be content.

When Elizabeth walked into her uncle's room next morning, he was up and dressed and well on the way to recovery.

"Hullo, Uncle Jim. Here I am, I want you badly. Have I kept my word?"

"I dunno yet. You have turned up certainly; but I can't tell if you are free from all matrimonial and financial complications. Where is *he*?" said the old man, ending his chuckle with a dig of his elbow. Elizabeth felt furious with herself, because she fancied that her cheeks were burning with tell-tale colour.

"So far as I know, I don't want any *him* just now, except the *him* that is here. I'm just your own Lazy Lizzie again."

"Then sit down and tell me what you have been up to all these weeks. Remember it was in the bargain that you should tell me everything now."

"I was not disputing it, my dear. First of all, though, I want to remind you of a conversation which took place, let me see, about three months ago."

When the time came for saying good-bye, he asked abruptly, "And when shall I see you again?"

"I can only repeat that I don't yet know the answer to that question."

"We went up to Hind-head to find it. I don't want you to vanish again, you will-o'-the-wisp. Won't you fix another evening to come out with me?"

"I can't," she said, suddenly serious. "We may meet again some day. I hope we shall; but I am going back to a life of responsibility and a good deal of worry. I can't make engagements in the immediate future. But I promise you shall have another appointment,

"Go ahead," he said, with a cross between a laugh and a grunt.

"I told you that I was sick of doing nothing but enjoy myself, and I asked you to forget that I was 'only a lass' and to give me some of your work to do."

"I remember. A fine lot you would know about work."

"So you said then. I suggested that it was possible, as I was your niece, I was not an utter fool, and that at least you might train me. I wanted to take dear old Guy's place so far as it was possible."

Her tone had changed, as she mentioned his dead son's name.

The old man blew his nose lustily.

"It was a decent wish on your part, Liz, but I couldn't see you in the part; you who had never done a hand's turn of work or thought of anything but having a good time."

"You fancied you had put me off once and for all when you told me that you would give me my chance when I could prove that I had earned my own living independently for even one week, didn't you?"

"That's so." The old man was interested.

"Well, I did it for several weeks. I have carried out my part of the bargain. Now I want you to do yours."

"You little monkey! What have you been up to?"

"This is the laugh I promised you, the best joke of your life. I have picked up plenty of useful knowledge and experience. I have been a waitress in a Spalding's restaurant, their New Hall. It's quite well run on the whole; but how I could improve it!"

The old man gave a queer grunt, half angry, half amused.

"Well, I'm blessed. A nice position for my niece, I must say, a waitress at Spalding's of all places. I never credited even you with anything quite so crazy." Suddenly he burst into a fit of noisy laughter. "How I would like to have caught you at it! You, with all your cool cheek and high and mighty notions, taking orders from some bossy woman or other, and getting hauled over the coals more than once, I'll be positive."

"I am not quite such a fool as you think, my dear," Elizabeth retorted coolly. "When I was a waitress I had sense enough to behave like one. I confess that my job wasn't all roses, but I gained quite a lot of useful experience."

"Would you like me to give you more experience in the same line?"

"If you think it necessary."

There was a comical expression on the old man's face, which was not lost on quick-witted Elizabeth.

"I think it has always been a pet theory of yours that the heads of a business should work their way up gradually, that the ladder is better climbed rung by rung than taken with a flying leap. I seem to have heard you say something like that more than once. I am all willingness to let you carry it out in my case if you think it practical."

"It mightn't be a bad idea. Would you suggest proclaiming yourself as my niece, and trying to get engaged in my business?"

"If you wish that. I mean it," she added decidedly.

Her remark was followed by another noisy burst of laughter.

"You beggar! You know I can't do without you here and I am not likely to take you at your word."

"Then what do you propose instead?" came the demure inquiry. "I am not going to retire into private life, so don't think it."

"Hoity-toity! So you fancy you can dictate to me, do you?"

"I don't fancy, I know. You are not going to back out of a distinct promise. I have carried out my part of your scheme, and you won't let me down. What use you make of me in the business is for you to decide."

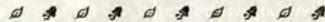
"H'm. 'Under her thumb went Jim.' You know you have won your game, Liz, and you wouldn't be a woman if you didn't press your own advantage. What do you want?"

"Responsible work, a chance of putting some of my ideas into practice," she answered promptly. "I am full

of ideas, I can tell you. I have been the under-dog for a bit myself, so I understand his point of view better than I used to do. But I am all for efficiency with a capital E too. Try me."

"I suppose I must. We will consider what will satisfy your ladyship. You shall have your chance, and I won't say I am altogether sorry that you are so eager to take it."

(To be continued.)

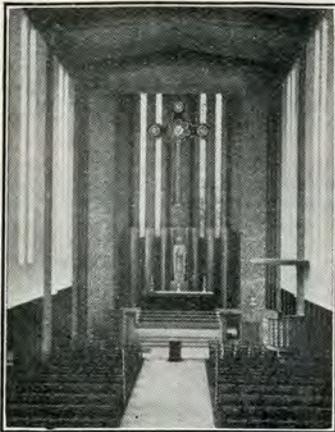


SOME hearts are taught by Nature's Parables,
A gracious, CHRIST-like Teaching, which demands
Eyes that perceive, and hearts that understand,
And ears that listen through the outward sound
To catch the inward Sacramental sense,
Until they learn, in all things beautiful
To see a vision of the Love Divine,
And bear in every harmony of earth
A whisper coming from the lips of GOD. A. R. G.



"'Hullo, Uncle Jim. Here I am, I want you badly. Have I kept my word?'"

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



S. SAVIOUR'S, ELTHAM.

THE new church of **S. Saviour, Eltham**, which was recently consecrated by the Bishop of Southwark, is considered in architectural circles to be one of the finest examples of modern parish church architecture in the country.

The church has many unusual features. Woodwork is almost entirely absent. The pulpit, the lectern, and the seats in the chancel are all of brick, corresponding to the walls. The church is illuminated by floodlights from the back. Curves have been eliminated from the interior; the pillars are like a number of straight lines. The roof of the nave is quite unlike any other church roof. It is constructed of glass, on to which concrete has been poured. The roof of the sanctuary, placed under a low tower, is fifty feet high, and narrow windows, stretching to the ceilings, increase this effect of height.

Another unusual effect is afforded by the sanctuary. Instead of drapery behind the altar there is a reredos made of concrete to represent folded curtains. In the centre of this, so that it can be seen of all, is a tall figure—about ten feet high—of the Risen **CHRIST**, also in concrete. The font is a solid block of concrete. Solid strength, indeed, is shown everywhere, and the local clergy have named the new church "The Rock of Gibraltar."



DR. T. A. CHAPMAN.

DURING the coming autumn two suffragan bishops in the Province of Canterbury will resign their bishoprics—Dr. T. A. Chapman, **Bishop of Colchester**, and Dr. C. H. Boutflower, **Bishop of Southampton**. Bishop Boutflower was consecrated in 1905 as suf-

fragan to the Bishop of Winchester, with the title of Bishop of Dorking, and four years later was elected to the See of South Tokyo, Japan. He returned to England, and to the Diocese of Winchester, in 1921.

THE **Right Rev. Wilfrid Parker**, who has been consecrated Bishop of Pretoria in succession to Dr. Neville Talbot, has been Archdeacon of Pretoria since 1931. He was educated at Radley and Christ Church, Oxford, and was ordained to a curacy at S. Frideswide's, Poplar, in 1908. He was domestic chaplain to the present Archbishop of Canterbury both as Bishop of Stepney and Archbishop of York, and was subsequently on the staff of S. Martin-in-the-Fields. Since 1919 he has worked in South Africa.

Bishop Parker is a grandson of Archbishop Longley, and his mother, the archbishop's daughter, has reached her ninetieth year. "Last year," says the *Church Times*, "she motored to the Parish of Tytherley, and electrified the verger by telling him that her father, the archbishop, had been rector of the parish more than one hundred years ago!"

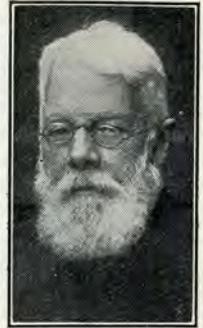
THE **Dean of S. Paul's** (the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D.) has announced his intention of resigning the deanery in the summer of next year, on the score of a **advancing** years. Dr. Inge is seventy-three years of age, and has been at S. Paul's since 1911. He has held only one parochial charge during his long ministry—the living of All Saints', Ennismore Gardens, of which he was vicar for two years. From 1907 until his appointment to S. Paul's he was Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. Previously he had been an assistant-master at Eton College, and Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College, Oxford.



VERY REV. DEAN INGE. (Elliott & Fry.)

ON the thirty-seventh anniversary of his consecration as bishop, **Dr. J. E. Hine**, Assistant-Bishop of Lincoln, was presented with a cheque for £163 and an album containing the names of four hundred and fifty-

three subscribers, from all parts of the diocese, to mark his retirement from the Archdeaconry of Lincoln and from the residentiary canonry in the cathedral which he has held for nine years. Dr. Hine, who is a Doctor of Medicine as well as of Divinity, spent over twenty-five years of his life as priest and bishop in various dioceses of Central Africa.



DR. J. E. HINE.

Canon Hubert Larken, Sacrist of the cathedral and domestic chaplain to the bishop, will succeed Dr. Hine in his archdeaconry and canonry.

AN interesting fact in connection with the patronal festival at **S. Columba's, Haggerston**, this year is that at the Solemn Eucharist the veteran sacristan, Robert John Lewis, who has completed nearly sixty years' continuous service at this church, was assisted in the sanctuary by his son, Robert John, and his grandson, Robert John Aaron.

Archdeacon Tims of Calgary, Alberta, has just celebrated his ministerial jubilee, having been ordained deacon in S. Paul's Cathedral in 1883. Mr. Tims, who is connected with the well-known boat-builders at Oxford, was trained at the C.M.S. College, Islington, and was sent out as a missionary to the Indians of North America.

Western Canada of those days was still the haunt of the Indian and the buffalo, with here and there a small trading fort of the Hudson Bay Company and a few ranches in the foothills. The Canadian Pacific Railway did not reach the far West until two years later.



S. SAVIOUR'S, ELTHAM: FROM THE NORTH-EAST.



When Nerves are Strained

IF your nerves are strained and worn, make "Ovaltine" your daily beverage. It is specially rich in nerve-building nourishment, and taken regularly, will restore health to the entire nervous system.

"Ovaltine" is scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs. Unlike imitations, it does not contain household sugar to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. Nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa. Reject substitutes.

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NOW "MATTAMAC" WAS
17/6 (REGD. TRADE MARK) **21/-**
19 OUNCE FEATHERWEIGHT STORMPROOF

The 'Mattamac' was sold through Retailers in 1922 at 42/-, in 1925 at 35/-, and in 1928 at 29/6. DIRECT SELLING from-MAKER-to-WEARER saved the Retailer's profit and brought down the price from 29/6 to 21/- Vastly increased demand brings about further savings which we pass on to the Customer.

Each year some improvement or refinement has been added, yet to-day's price for this, the same standard Coat, and the World's best and best-value Featherweight Stormproof, is 17/6. There is no better lightweight Stormproof made to-day, whatever its selling price.

For Ladies and Men

Unbelted,
17/6
Belted,
19/6



Shades:
Fawn, Light Stone,
Putty, Powder Blue,
Olive, Copper Beech,
Wine, Light Navy,
Red, Havana Brown,
Cinnamon, Dk. Navy,
Gunmetal Grey,
Mid Green, Bottle Green,
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CENTENARY OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

(Continued from last month)

And thirdly, side by side with the Oxford Movement, but with a difference, commencing with Frederic Denison Maurice, carried on by Westcott and Lightfoot, and in our own day by Bishop Barnes of Birmingham, and Canon Barry was the Broad Church School, of late developed into Modernists. It is less of a definite, clearly marked type, than either of the others, just because intellect the side of man appealed to by it, cannot be organized; its conclusions in different men vary too much. It is even difficult to label a man as belonging to it. Maurice, for instance, on at least one occasion objected to being called a Broad Churchman; yet I remain of the opinion that to him our Broad Church School owes its ancestry. It stresses the intellectual side of man's threefold nature, just as the Evangelical emphasizes the feelings, and the High Churchman the will. God and the world, the Spirit working everywhere in every department of life, is its watchword, just as God and the individual, and God and the Church, are of the other two schools. Like the other two, it also is one-sided. Intellect alone cannot see God. There is deep truth in Pascal's words, "Love first, knowledge afterwards." And as for the extremist in the Oxford Movement, there lies in wait, the attraction of Rome, and for the extremist in the Evangelical School, the pull of dissent, so the danger which menaces the extreme Modernist is sheer unbelief. But the Broad Church Movement has helped us much, to understand, for instance, the real value of the Old Testament, as a partial and gradual manifestation of God; and to see how our acceptance of scientific theories, such as evolution, can be reconciled with a firm belief in the creation and guidance of the world of God. It is noticeable that it has not, like the other two schools, enriched our Hymnal. Perhaps the intellect is too dry for poetry—Plato thought it was too high for it. I may be wrong easily, but I cannot recall a single hymn written by a prominent Broad Churchman. But in its way of looking at God and the world, it is, I believe, right. Instead of claiming, as Keble did, that the nation should be bound by the laws of the Church—making the Church more or less of a dictator imposing laws—the Broad Church would adopt the position of Euckem and Barry, that "religion should be a motive so all-embracing as to make men respect the laws immanent in all departments of life, yet inspire them with a new attitude to all of them": and that "the Church must learn how to divorce itself from the moral temper of its age, while it tries to accommodate itself to the intellectual needs of the generation." Strange,

is it not, how the Spirit works, bringing out, often amid conflict and apparent contradiction, different aspects of the truth which is really one? But this is a strange world. "The wind bloweth . . . and thou can'st not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." And Christianity is, as has been said, "A strange religion for a strange world."

And lastly, what tests should we each of us apply, by what should our attitude be determined? First, our attitude to others. We are not to question their sincerity. "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged" is the lesson of the Gospel for to-day. But in judging the truth of their teaching, St. John gives us the test: "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God." The God-Man is the heart of Christianity; everything that denies Him, is outside the limits of comprehensiveness. Then our own attitude, How shall we gain insight? How shall we be guided? There it is St. Paul who gives us our rule; "If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit." And our Lord: "He that willeth to do the will of My Father . . . he shall know." "The article by which the Church stands or falls," writes F. D. Maurice, "is that God has claimed us all in Christ as His own sons." And as Westcott put it, "The offspring must have the essential nature of the parent." "So is everyone that is born of the Spirit." "The believer shows by deed and word that an invisible influence has moved and inspired him. He is himself a continual sign of the action of the Spirit." If we set ourselves to find and do the Will of God, for us, we shall find that in Dante's words, "In His Will is our peace." And whether that Will finds us, as individuals, best through the teaching of Simeon, or Pusey or Maurice, or through a mixture of all of them, the wind of the Spirit will fan our fevered cheeks in hours of trouble, and will bear up aloft on its wings towards the day we long for, the day when we shall know no more "in part," but even as we have all along been known; when we, who by our lives have shown, however imperfectly that we have "the first fruits of the Spirit," shall, by the grace of God, attain to "the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body," of which St. Paul speaks in the Epistle for this Sunday, gain that is to say deliverance from all limitations of our earthly life in time; and shall, by the road of Him who is the Way, by the power of Him who is the Life, worship at the feet of Him, who is the Truth.—Canadian Churchman.

THE STILLNESS OF THE SOUL

Wandering thoughts are only the echoes of the world made more noticeable by the quiet in which you find yourself. If you do not worry they will die down and a healing stillness will reign in your soul. And as for a temporary inability to pray, it may be met by practicing the art of remaining silent. If you cannot speak to God, it may be God's opportunity to speak to you. Thousands of Christian mystics have loved the words, "Be still, and know that I am God," because they have learned how when a man's eyes are averted from worldly things and directed in silence into his own heart, the presence of God in the soul becomes a realized and experienced fact.—Peter Green.

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NOBODY'S DOG

It was a dog fight. On the lawn below the Rectory window was a heap of tearing, yelping dogdom seizing a stick. I rushed out. A crowd encircled the fighters. It was a fiercer battle than usual; police-dog, airedale, bull-dog, terrier, with mouths open and teeth gleaming, were interlocked in combat. It was a difficult task to separate dog from dog, but eventually it was done. I handed each one to an owner who stood in the circle of spectators. I secured my own, rather proud of how he could take care of himself in a scramble. But at the bottom of the heap was a mongrel—a poor, dirty, white specimen, bleeding and battered, with an ear badly chewed. I looked round for someone to claim him as all the others had been claimed, but evidently he was a stray; in fact he was nobody's dog.

At lunch that day the telephone rang. (It always does at lunch-time in a rectory.) "Can you take a funeral?" "When?" "Now." "All right." It was an undertaker and he drove me to his "parlours." There lay the body of a little girl with fair, fair hair, thin, thin face in a cheap coffin. "Where are the relatives?" "There are no relatives." "What! no relatives?" and then the explanation came. The child of ten had died at the San, where her mother had died two years before. It was the old story—a girl in trouble in England—sought refuge in Canada,—was overtaken, in her fight to come back, by tuberculosis and died. And there lay the child, who had quickly contracted her mother's disease and died. A Victorian Order nurse and the matron of the San, responded in the Service. "The Lord is my Shepherd": "I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." And I went to the cemetery alone with the little coffin and laid her in the ground—nobody's child—just an immigrant from England.

Next morning, I had to go to Toronto with the early train. I got to the station at half-past six. "Don't go into the baggage room, Sir," said the ticket-seller. (It had been my custom to slip in there to escape the morning chill.) "Why?" "Oh, there's been an accident." But, of course, I went in and there on a stretcher, cut to pieces, with part of a leg missing, was the body of a man. "What happened?" "It was a wild, wintry morning and he didn't see the train coming when he started to cross the tracks." "Who was he? I must go and tell his people." "His people! why, he hasn't any; I know him, he is one of these foreigners who lives in that barracks up the hill." He was nobody's dog!

There is a page of an actual happening out of a parish diary. It is not for the pathos in it that the story is told but rather to ask: What of the immigrant in our midst, especially the foreigner

who cannot speak our tongue? In spite of every agency, in spite of all the humaneness and kindness shown by individuals, the immigrant presents a continual problem. He tends to be nobody's dog, and in the fight for existence he is often found at the bottom of the heap.

"One law," said the Mosaic code, "shall be unto him that is home-born and unto the stranger." And St. Paul in one of his letters appealed to a community of Christians in these words, "Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens in the household of God." And a greater than either—our blessed Lord and Master—said, "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd calleth his own by name and they follow him."

In the dominion of Canada there are many nobody's dogs: in the Kingdom of heaven there is none.—Church Messenger.

BURDENS

To bear a burden is the lot of each of us. Scripture gives us a rule of life with regard to burdens and it is well to obey it. Not only is it backed by the wisdom of experience but without it it is impossible to fulfill the law of Christ.

This rule is a trinity and the first member of the trinity is that "each shall bear his own burden." It was said of a king of old that he had sackcloth within, upon his flesh, and the discovery of this fact astounded his people. It would astound us more if a single grown man or woman was without a secret burden. It may be a private sorrow that eats the heart like a canker; it may be an unknown battle being waged with a physical ill or a moral temptation; each heart knows its own bitterness, but the first thing to do is to face it quietly and resolutely. "Do not expose thy wound except to thy physician," was advice given by a wise philosopher. To discuss a weakness tends to magnify it. A sorrow that becomes voluble often lessens resistance. It is a sure mark of something being seriously amiss if the burden which is within is advertised. Reticence may not always be a great virtue nor repression a method of cure of ills, but there is something divine about it. "Son of Man, stand upon thy feet"; square your shoulders to life; the burden is first of all thine; carry it like a man. To-day when burdens are many and hard to be borne the noblest of our race are suffering in silence; there is a wound within but it is kept within.

But that is not a particularly Christian virtue. The Stoic preached and practised it. So Scripture goes on to give us the second member of the three-fold rule: "Bear ye one another's burdens," which is to say that, to rid ourselves of the overweight of our own burden, we must be on the outlook for the burdened about us and help them carry the load. There is advice worth while. Our own sorrow can be assuaged, our own despair lessened, our own temptation mastered if we would go out and find the tears and gloom and wounds of others. Does thy heart ache? Find another aching heart and pour into it the balm of thy sympathy and thy heart will be healed. That is sound philosophy and true Christian practice. In ministering to others we minister to ourselves;

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our own burden miraculously disappears when we pick up another's load. Why increase the world's heap of misery by adding ours to the pile? Go out where others stagger and stumble and lend a hand and our own recovery will begin.

But the burdens of the world are so many and the woes so terrible that we cannot meet the calls for help. So we say, and it is true: there are burdens that we cannot carry, neither our own nor others, so Scripture gives us the final word: "Cast thy burden on the Lord." The wound that is within that we hide from all shew it to the Great Physician! Take the burden of our own lot and the burden of our neighbour's to Him who is infinite in compassion, in wisdom incomprehensible, whose love is eternal: He, who went without the camp bearing a world's sin, will ease our shoulders of the load. It matters not whether it is small or great; nothing is beyond the care of Him who careth for you: "Come unto Me all ye that travail and I will refresh you."—J. B. F.

THE INNER SPRINGS OF JOY

Joy is an achievement of the spirit. We often use the word loosely, as when we speak of "the joy of a good night's rest" or "the joy at finding a lost object"; but there can be joy in the true sense only when some strong, enduring sentiment has been formed which organizes our desires toward some ideal aim. Joy is not capricious, sporadic or accidental, like pleasure; it always involves inner organization. It is a spiritual creation. It is just as truly a creation as is a poem or a symphony or a drama, though the materials for it are within us rather than outside us.

A person can be sentimental on very slender inner capital, but no one can have what I have called "strong and enduring sentiments" without the personal work and effort of organizing impulses, instincts and emotions—those native, powerful, but often dangerous springs of life and action—around intelligent and constructive purposes that link us up in co-operation and teamwork with others or with some group. A sentiment is much like a loyalty. Love, for example, one of the most wonderful sentiments we ever achieve, is never pure and noble until loyalty to the loved one or the loved country is born in us and dominates us. Some of the greatest of the sentiments are: the aesthetic sentiment, which is appreciation of beauty in its multitudinous forms: the moral sentiment, which is appreciation of lofty and heroic action or sacrifice; the intellectual sentiment, which is appreciation of truth and loyalty to it; and the religious sentiment, which is appreciation of the Divine as it breaks through and reveals itself.

These sentiments are all springs of joy. Joy is the thrill of satisfaction that comes when we attain some desired goal in the sphere of any one of these sentiments. Keats tells us that a thing of beauty, a thing of real loveliness, is "a joy forever"; but only those can enjoy beauty for a moment, or forever, who have cultivated, developed and organized their appreciation of beauty. It is not something "shot in" from the outside. It is possible to live and die and never once feel the joy that springs from loveliness. As a child Wordsworth felt his heart "leap up" when he be-

held "a rainbow in the sky," and by the culture and organization of his imagination and sentiment of beauty he became able to have his whole being raised to a thrill of rapture over the ruins of Tintern Abbey:

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts."

—Rufus M. Jones.

KNOW ANY OLDER?

That the clock in the parish church at Rye, England, is the oldest working timepiece in the world, is the boast of the Kentish Express. This clock was started in 1515, was finished in 1560, and has been running ever since, except for the few times it was stopped for repairs. A well-known firm of clock-makers now has the contract to keep it going, and it seems capable of running indefinitely.

This is said to be the only clock in the world having a pendulum swinging through the roof and into the body of the church. For years its 1,500 pounds swung over the choir before it was discovered to be supported by only a two-inch rusty nail. The verger of the church kept the clock going for years by makeshift repairs.

In spite of the fact that it took 45 years to complete, the total cost was \$15, of which only \$1.65 went to the inventor. Although money was worth much more then than now, this extremely low cost is accounted for by the fact that most materials and labor were a gift to the church.

Canon Baynes-Reed was laid up for the months of July and August and returned to duty on September 3rd. The Rector wishes to return thanks for the many kindly enquiries for him during his illness and for gifts of fruit and flowers, etc., from a host of friends.

At the end of the school term prizes were awarded. When one of the pupils returned home his mother chanced to be entertaining some callers.

"Well, Charles," said Mrs. Billings, "did you get a prize?"

"I didn't exactly get a prize," responded Charles, "but I got a horrible mention."

"Young man," said his employer, "how is it that you are always the last one to arrive in the morning and the first one to leave at night?"

The young man explained: "Why, sir, you wouldn't want me to be late twice a day, would you?"

SPACE TO LET

Baptisms

August 6th—John Henry Wyatt, Elsie Jane Fowler, Audrey Vera Wyatt.
 August 13th—Donald Arthur Ladkin, Thomas Frank Dodd.
 August 20th—Margaret Patricia Osborne, Kenneth Bretby Mitchell, Robert Astley Mitchell.
 August 27th—Reginald William D'Alton, Douglas Paul Michel.
 August 29th—Arthur Garrett Clarke.

Marriages

August 3rd—Cecil John Engel and Kathleen Hilda Mitchell.
 August 5th—Frederick Wallace Golden and Dorothy Jean Smith.
 August 7th—Barney Roberts and Marjory Darmaga.
 August 15th—John Trow Blazey and Kathleen Mildred Fortescue.
 August 25th—Wilfred Reginald Harry Cude and Beulah Marguerite Allan.
 August 29th—John Wesley Byam and Kathleen Vera Bedson.

Burials

Aug. 9—Robert Swift 72 years
 Aug. 9—Amelia Richards 54 years
 Aug. 12—George Young 82 years
 Aug. 18—Ann Eliza Milner 64 years
 Aug. 30—Agnes Cole 60 years
 Total interments in cemetery for August72

Our esteemed Church Warden, Mr. F. M. Mathias, received news of the death of his mother, Mrs. Margaret Mathias, wife of J. Turnor Mathias, at Cardigan, Wales, on August 10th. She had reached the age of 76 years.

The sincerest sympathies of all the congregation are extended.

DEATH OF MRS. C. F. WAGNER

Many people will learn with regret of the passing of Mrs. Lucy Wagner, wife of Charles F. Wagner, Architect, and former Church Warden of this parish.

Mr. and Mrs. Wagner left us to go to the States several years ago, but have lived in the west end for a year, during which time Mrs. Wagner has been in a bad state of health, which culminated in her death in August.

Our sincerest sympathy is extended.

Confirmation Classes will start on Thursday, September 21st, at 8 o'clock in the Church. The Confirmation will take place shortly before Christmas.

WARDEN'S REPORT—31st AUGUST, 1933

Receipts

8 a.m. Communion	\$ 8.70
Envelopes	190 0
Open	130.97
Mission	72.00
	<hr/>
	\$402.62

Disbursements

Stipends and Salaries	\$484.99
Gas, Electric and Phone	35.95
Insurance	105.57
Repairs and Supplies	30.40
	<hr/>
	\$656.91

PARISH HOUSE BUILDING FUND

To Balance, July 31st	\$1,414.83
“ Rentals	22.50
“ Synod—Endowment Interest	10.00
By W. J. Stratton—New Heating, Covering Mains, etc., as per quotation	\$ 385.00
“ Balance	1,062.33
	<hr/>
	\$1,447.33 \$1,447.33

ORGAN FUND

To Balance, July 31st	\$26.58
“ Offertory	3.00
	<hr/>
Balance	\$29.58

The visiting preachers during August were: Rev. H. A. Jamieson, Curate of St. Aidan's; Rev. J. A. Robinson, Rector of St. Philip's; Rev. H. H. Clark, Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, and Rev. Walter Creswick of the Chaplain Service.

Miss T. A. Connell who has been head of the Deaconess House for some twenty-five years has resigned and will return to her home in Ireland in September.

Miss Connell has always taken an active interest in our Mothers' Society, where her visits have been gladly welcomed. The mothers will learn of her departure with regret and wish for her many happy years in the old land where she has two sisters and a brother.

According to the Christian Herald's annual report of church statistics the depression has caused people to go back to church. During 1932 churches and religions bodies gained more than 929,250 new members 13 years of age or over, representing one of the largest annual gains ever recorded and bringing the total church membership to 50,037,000.

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