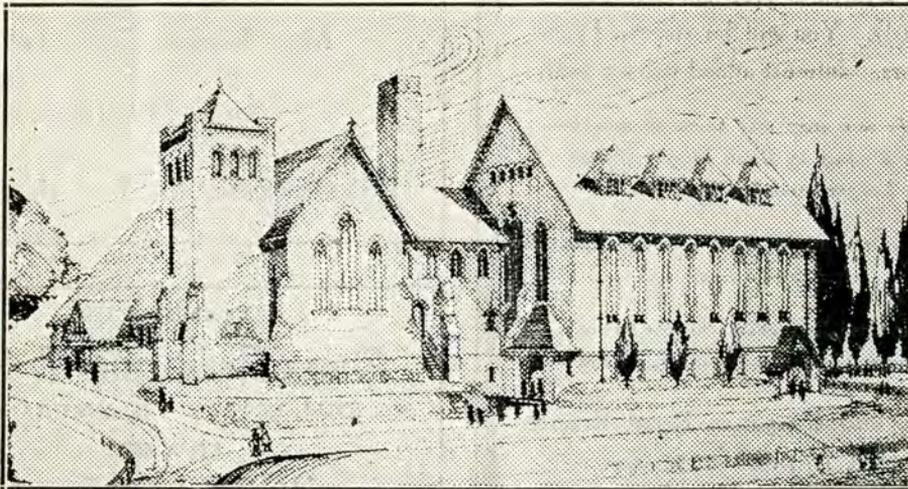


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Address all business communications to Jack Thompson, 5 Wembley Drive, Gr. 1393.  
Asst. Sec'y M. Dunham, 43 Norway Ave., Ho. 7806

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,  
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# St. John's Parish Monthly

Editor—THE RECTOR

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

Volume 12

DECEMBER, 1933

No. 134

## Rector's Letter

The Rectory,  
December, 1933.

Dear Brethren:

Christmas once again is in the air and we are made well aware of it and the consequent preparation for its annual observance. The stores are thronged with shoppers, and busy housewives have even now begun to get ready. We hear Christmas Carols on the radio and the choir at work on Christmas Anthems and the Church School teachers making preparation for Christmas treats, and the Deaconess getting lists ready for Christmas baskets.

There is an expectancy in everyone's mind and the Spirit of Christmas is being awakened in everyone's heart. For at Christmas there are very few old "Scrooges" and everyone seems to be actuated by a spirit which, alas, in many, is absent for most of the rest of the year. Is it the remembrance of happy childhood years? Is it the desire to give to others that same happiness which we once enjoyed? Is it that the story of God's love for man in giving us the child Jesus to be the Saviour of the world, and Christ's love for man in coming, does make such an appeal to the best that is in everyone that men can't help responding? In any case the Christmas spirit does make for a happier world.

We are happier when we give to others, and others are happier because of what we have done for them. And surely if we stop for a moment and think of the significance of Christmas day we cannot help being thoughtful and thankful. Take Christ out of Christmas and the season would lose its significance. Take Christ out of the world and what a different world it would be. For He is the Hope of the world, the Light of the world, the fulfilment of God's plan through the ages. That little Infant lying in the manger stall was just like any other infant, but it was also God become man, for us men and for our salvation.

The angels' message promised Peace on Earth to men of good-will. If we are to have peace with God our hearts must be attuned to the will of

God; we must live Christian lives. "There is no peace," says God, "to the wicked."

"Though Christ in Bethlehem town  
A thousand times be born,  
Except he's born in thee  
Thy heart is all forlorn."

And we cannot have peace with God, the peace of God cannot rule in our hearts, except we are at peace with our brother man. "If thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way. First be reconciled to thy brother and then come and offer thy gift."

Christmas is a time for reconciliation. Let us make God happy by settling difficulties that have separated us one from the other and so bring happiness to ourselves, and make the Christmas gift a reality to ourselves.

For if we hope to bring peace to the world and make war to end between nations, we must have peace between individuals. And we cannot have the peace that comes at Christmas to Christian people if we have not tried to make amends to those who seem to be at odds with us.

The solemn thoughts of the Second Advent—Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, which the season naturally brings before us will lose their awful significance if the Peace which comes with Christmas and the Christian life really rules and actuates our life.

May God give us all the thankful heart which must exist in us if we really realize His Gift to us and may we manifest that thankfulness by doing His will and ministering to others not so fortunate as ourselves. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye did it unto Me."

And may our thankfulness to God lead us to His altar throne to greet Him on Christmas day when He comes in the Sacrament of His love.

That God may bless you all and give you a realization of the happiness of Christmas is the sincere wish of

Your friend and Rector,  
W. L. BAYNES-REED.

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congregation that this attempt is being launched, and from past experience, when the good-will of the congregation to the Choir has been sought, as an organization we have yet to be disappointed with the result. Our object, I am sure, will be agreed is a good one and deserving of the assistance asked.

A good tale is always worth repeating, and his one pertaining to Cherubim and Seraphim will not be out of place here. Joining a choir at an early age I originally imagined that Cherubim and Seraphim were angles in the infant state, and I think my conclusion of this arose from the verse in the Te Deum which reads, "To thee Cherubim and Seraphim, continually do cry." But to return to my story:

An elderly lady of an inquiring turn of mind, asked Canon —, can you tell me the difference between Cherubim and Seraphim? Canon — thought deeply for a moment then replied, eh, well, Madam, they had a difference but have since made it up.

I find I have gone beyond my usual length of writing, judging by the third sheet of paper now being used, but the Editor (our Canon)—not the one referred to in my story—told me he had plenty of room, so perhaps he will let this go through without eliminating any of the foregoing.

#### ST. JOHN'S CHURCH SCHOOL

Christmas, 1933

We will keep Sunday, December 17th, as our White Gift Sunday on which our scholars are asked to bring contributions of fruit, vegetables, groceries or canned foods to fill up our Christmas baskets. We will have a large number of baskets to send out this year and want the scholars to feel that they have a share in making Christmas happier for some one.

#### PARISH MONTHLY To Our Subscribers

As you are aware the subscriptions for the Parish Monthly are now due for 1934, our year commencing November 1st, 1933, and ending October 31st, 1934.

To those who did not pay for last year and the previous years will they try to pay, as we are faced with a large debt of \$160, and if this is not paid before December 30th I am not in a position to say what will become of our widely-read Parish Monthly; also will you try and get a few more new subscribers, or speak to your butcher or grocer for an advertisement.

M. DUNHAM,  
Asst. Secretary-Treasurer.

HowARD 2345

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#### CHRISTMAS BASKETS

Dear Friends:

Once again the call comes to make Christmas time a little happier for our less fortunate friends. We will be holding our White Gift Sunday in the Church School on Sunday, December 17th, when the children bring what they can to fill our Christmas baskets. What comes in on that Sunday is a very great help, but we always have to spend a great deal of money on roasts, tea, butter, etc., and if we could supply some warm clothing or under-garments they are badly needed. I have been hoping for years that we might have enough Christmas puddings to put one in each basket (we have never been able to yet), but I am still hopeful, I do want to make our baskets complete. There was such a generous response to our appeal last year in spite of the hard times, we were able to care for over eighty families, and I am afraid there will be more to care for this year, so if we all give what we can we will make Christmas day happy for some one else, and as we try to help others we will be happier ourselves, and when we come to Church on Christmas day to thank God for His Perfect Gift to us in Jesus Christ we will feel happier to know that we have made His birthday happier for some of His needy ones. With every good wish for a Happy Blessed Christmas to each member in our Parish.

Your friend and Deaconess,

MARY SHOTTER.

#### SOMEBODY CARES

Somebody knows when your heart aches,

And everything seems to go wrong;

Somebody knows when the shadows

Need chasing away with a song;

Somebody knows when you're lonely,

Tired, discouraged and blue.

Somebody wants you to know Him,

And know that He dearly loves you.

Somebody cares when you're tempted,

And the world grows dizzy and dim;

Somebody cares when you're weakest,

And farthest away from Him;

Somebody grieves when you're fallen,

Though you are not lost from His sight;

Somebody waits for your coming,

Taking the gloom from your night.

Somebody loves you when weary:

Somebody loves you when strong;

Always is waiting to help you,

Watches you—one of the throng

Needing His friendship so holy,

Needing His watch-care so true,

His name? We call His name Jesus,

He'll be a true Friend to you.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Pro. 18: 24.

The Christmas treat for the Church School will be held on the following dates: Kindergarten, Wednesday, December 27th, at 4 p.m.; Main School, Friday, January 5th; Primary, Monday, January 8th.

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



## That Which Abideth ✿ A Message for Advent

By the Bishop of Kingston (The Right Rev. F. O. T. Hawkes)



Russell  
THE RIGHT REV.  
F. O. T. HAWKES

**A**S we read the New Testament we are sometimes startled by the list of coarse sins against which those early Christians were warned and into which, we may presume, they were in danger of falling (cf. *Gal. v. 19-21*).

But we have little cause for self-complacency. The temptations which assail Christians to-day may not generally take the same form as in primitive days, but we are tempted to sin in ways just as destructive of the Christian life and character and in ways which are perhaps more insidious.

The love of ease; the pursuit of wealth; the undue stress upon amusements; the seeking for prominence; these are temptations which beset us to-day and constitute a formidable attack upon the Christian life.

And these temptations are peculiarly dangerous because, in themselves, they are not altogether evil.

Comfort has a place in life and is something for which we can thank God. Wealth gives opportunities to serve God and man and may be used to advance the kingdom. Those people take a false view of religion who would banish gaiety and amusements from life and drape the world in grey.

But these things, and others akin to them, quickly become evil. And they become evil when they lead Christians to put God in the second place or to leave Him out entirely. Bishop Westcott, in commenting upon the expression "the world," used so frequently in the Fourth Gospel, defined it as "Life organized apart from God." This is the great besetting sin of Christians to-day. As a whole they are not tempted to doubt God or to deny Him. They are tempted to give Him the second place or to leave Him out altogether. And the consequences of doing this are inevitable. Those who set their hearts entirely upon the things of this world must in the long run be declared bankrupts.

They have staked their all on things which are bound to fail them. This is absolutely certain. The Parable of the Rich Fool is not only the story of a

tragedy that once may have happened in history, it is the story of an experience which has been happening all down the world's history, and will be repeated in countless lives until the end of time.

Now all through the ages moralists have dwelt upon the folly of those who have tried to find the meaning of, and the satisfaction for, life in the things of this world alone. But it has been left to the Christian Church with its clarion Advent call to startle the heart of the world out of its complacency and to awaken it to face reality. Let us listen to some of the forms which that call has taken in the pages of the New Testament.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away" (*S. Luke xxi. 33*).

"The fashion of this world passeth away" (*1 Cor. vii. 31*).

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand" (*Rom. xiii. 12*).

"The day of the LORD cometh as a thief" (*2 S. Pet. iii. 10*).

"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh" (*S. Matt. xxv. 6*).

"They shall see the Son of Man coming on the clouds of heaven" (*S. Matt. xxiv. 30*).

The trumpet gives no uncertain sound. Beyond all doubt it tells of the transiency of all earthly things and points to the coming of a dispensation which is eternal. Christians cannot be deaf to such tremendous calls. They startle them. They awaken them. They make them realize the unutterable folly of losing their life in this world. They must ask the question, What must we do?

And the answer is twofold. A story is related of good Bishop King of Lincoln whilst still at Oxford. He was preparing to give his usual mid-week address to undergraduates and was puzzled as to what to speak to them about. In his perplexity his eyes fell upon a match-box on which was printed the legend, "Rub Lightly." He had found his text. That night he told his young men that they must "rub lightly" with the world. They had to live in it, to use it, to try and make it good. But they must never become entirely absorbed in it. They must never entangle themselves too deeply in it, for in the end "the fashion of this world passeth away." That is the first answer to the Christian's question. Christians must regard the world as a place in which they have to learn to live. This lesson involves constant endeavour to make the world as they believe God wants it to be. This constant endeavour may never be rewarded by seeing the world become the kingdom, but it will result in making those

who strive to make it so fit for the kingdom when it comes from on high. So in their endeavours Christians must remember their life is not here but in the kingdom which is to be. All this is what Advent means and what it says to us each year. This constitutes the Advent call.

But the Christian must find something, here and now, which is lasting and abiding. Where is he to find this? "But now abideth faith, hope, love." This is the answer of the New Testament. These are the things which will never pass away and in which the Christian can find his true life now.

Faith will abide because it is centred in a Living CHRIST—that CHRIST Who once lived and died for men but lives for evermore. Faith, then, is eternal.

Hope will abide for it is the looking for the fulfilment of God's promises. And He never fails us.

Love is eternal because love is of God and God is Love.

"And the greatest of these is love." It is therefore above all things necessary we should know the meaning of love and possess it.

"Love is a word born in the bosom of revealed religion: it is hard to define. Charity is too narrow: love is too wide." But if it is hard to define we can know what it is because God has revealed it to us in

the Incarnation of His Son and in the life and death of that Incarnate One.

The Christmas festival each year calls Christians afresh to contemplate the life of the Incarnate LORD as the manifestation of Divine Love. And as we do contemplate it there comes home to us the truth that Love as shown forth in CHRIST is the giving of oneself for the service of GOD and of others. From cradle to Calvary the story of JESUS CHRIST is the story of a great giving and therefore of a great Love.

Advent. We are in it now. It calls us to self-examination. Are we making the world our end in life? Are we becoming entangled in it? Are we losing our life in it? It calls us to readjust our own lives—to put first the things that matter and that are eternal.

Christmas. It is there beyond the Advent season. Once again it is giving its messages. It bids us not only to think of the story of Bethlehem—though it is the loveliest story in the world with its shepherds, its wise men, its stable, its Mother, its Child. It calls us to remember that He is not only One Who was but One Who is. It calls us to give ourselves entirely to that LORD JESUS CHRIST Who in His Incarnation manifested forth the meaning of eternal Love, and giving ourselves to Him to find for ourselves that which is the greatest of the three things that abide for ever.



## Christmas Waits in India By Sister Mary Carter

**W**E do things properly in India. No bawling of Christmas carols through the key-hole there. The day before Christmas Eve we received a polite intimation that some of the members of the Indian Christian congregation of Deolali would come and sing carols to us on the following evening.

We had a dinner party that evening for the remnant of the British exiles in India left over from the holiday flight to Bombay and elsewhere; and we were just finishing when our carol singers arrived. They carried a shield bordered with artistically snowy cotton wool, as a delicate compliment to us Northerners, and gay with red and tinsel paper, the centre of the shield wishing us, in English, "A Happy Xmas." A tom-tom and the little brass cymbals so much used in Indian sing-songs accompanied the singing, which was first rendered at the foot of the veranda steps. A hymn in Marathi; then, led by an ambitious member of the choir, a carol in English. This resulted practically in a solo on the part of the leader, the rest chiming in where they remembered a word or two, the Nowells coming out very strong at the end of the verses.

Our table being now cleared, the party was invited into the dining-room, where, after a little pause of diffidence and polite conversation, the singers let themselves go; and lusty Indian voices, and brass clappers enthusiastically wielded, made the room, if not the welkin, ring.

After about an hour or so of this, hot coffee and mince pies put new vigour into some of our waits, who fell to singing again before the others were ready. These, however, were not to be outdone. They handed round fireworks to the company, little sticks that, when lighted, dropped stars, and also copious drops of some hot molten material on our carpets, of which they bear the marks to this day. Another hour thus pleasantly passed. Some of our dinner guests were obliged to leave; but they said it was the happiest Christmas Eve they had ever spent. Still our carol singers had not exhausted their repertory. Suddenly, when at our wits' end, we remembered that Indian etiquette bids the visitor to stay until he is politely given leave to go. We courteously gave our waits this permission, and with much hand-shaking and mutual compliments of the season they departed to the village, where they sang Christmas hymns almost until daybreak; and day breaks at half-past six on



"The carol singers arrive."

Christmas Day in India.



AMID the hundred and one things that occupy us in the name of religion to-day, there is just one thing of paramount importance, and that is usually taken for granted without any self-inquiry: the need of personal intercourse with JESUS our LORD.

THOMAS J. HARDY

## Searching for Scratch Dials By W. Oliver

**M**ANY people who are in the habit of visiting old churches have probably never seen a scratch dial—and yet there are hundreds of these curious vertical sun-dials to be found on churches all over the country. Yet although so many have already been found and recorded (some by expert archaeologists, others by ordinary visitors to the churches), there are probably hundreds more waiting to be discovered, and searching for these scratch dials is a pastime which adds zest to one's rambles in the country.

Scratch dials, as their name implies, consist simply of markings scratched, cut, or bored directly into the actual stonework of the building. Moreover, they are of an essentially simple and primitive type, very different from the comparatively modern sun-dials designed on scientific principles. The markings are usually found on the south wall of the building, and are frequently carved on stones close beside a south doorway. They are sometimes quite low down or, occasionally, as high as fifteen or twenty feet from the ground; but normally they are at or about eye-level.

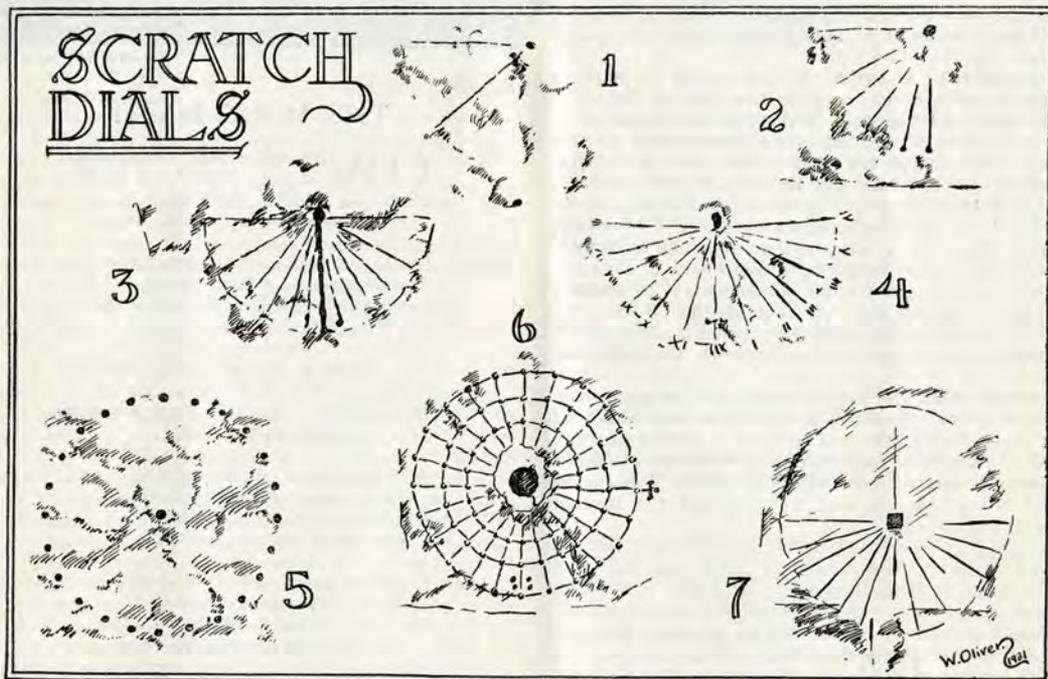
Although a wall facing south is naturally the most usual place to find scratch dials, one may also come across them on other parts of a church. Often in the course of building alterations, stones bearing these markings have been removed and re-inserted elsewhere in the structure, sometimes in places where the sun's rays can never fall on them. In some instances the marks on the stone are quite clear and easily visible, while in others they have become nearly obliterated by exposure to the weather, or are more or less concealed by lichen, ivy, or creepers. It will be realized, therefore, that a keen and systematic search is sometimes necessary in order to discover a scratch dial.

The illustrations to this article show typical examples of scratch dials which are actually in existence on English churches. Dial No. 1 is the simplest form, and consists of a hole for the gnomon or style, with two or three fairly straight lines radiating from it. This type of dial was probably used to mark the time of a service, usually the Mass. Hence the name "Mass clocks" which is frequently applied to these dials. The principal line in Dial No. 1, at about thirty-eight degrees from horizontal, is probably intended to mark a service about nine o'clock in the morning.

In a slightly more elaborate type of scratch dial, the lines are more numerous, and form a complete quadrant, usually a left-hand or western quadrant, as in Dial No. 2. The right-hand or eastern quadrant seems to be of much rarer occurrence. These forms are described as "quarter-wheel dials," from their likeness to a quarter of a cartwheel, especially when the outer extremities of the radiating lines are contained within part of a circle, as is sometimes the case. No. 3 is a typical half-wheel dial, and this arrangement, or some modification of it, seems to be the commonest form for the dials to take.

Some scratch dials consist of a complete "cart-wheel" pattern of lines radiating from the central style-hole, as in Dial No. 6. At least one expert on the subject, however, maintains that the upper halves of all such dials were added, probably at a later date than that at which the lower half was carved, for the sake of symmetry.

Although the majority of scratch dials are composed mainly of lines, there are some which consist of a combination of lines and holes, or of holes only. No. 5 is a typical example of a "hole dial," consisting of a ring of equi-distant holes ranged around the central



style-hole. Some scratch dials have holes at the extremity of each line, while on some others, again, only the noon line terminates in a hole.

The size of scratch dials varies considerably with different specimens. Some are only a couple of inches or so in diameter, while others are quite large, a foot, or even more, across. Again, the length of individual lines in the same dial often varies greatly. As a rule, the angles formed by the lines radiating from the style-hole are about fifteen degrees or, sometimes, a fraction or multiple of that figure.

The depth and diameter of the central hole for the style or gnomon of a scratch dial also varies considerably with individual examples. As a rule style-holes are roughly circular in form, but occasionally they are square. Dial No. 7 is an example of a dial with a square hole. On some dials the gnomon-hole appears at first glance to be absent, having been filled up with cement or plaster.

This brings us to the question of the gnomon itself, and on that point there is considerable controversy. Unfortunately, no complete styles exist, although small portions of broken styles have been found in the gnomon-holes of one or two scratch dials. Therefore the problem of what kinds of style were used must remain a matter of conjecture at present.

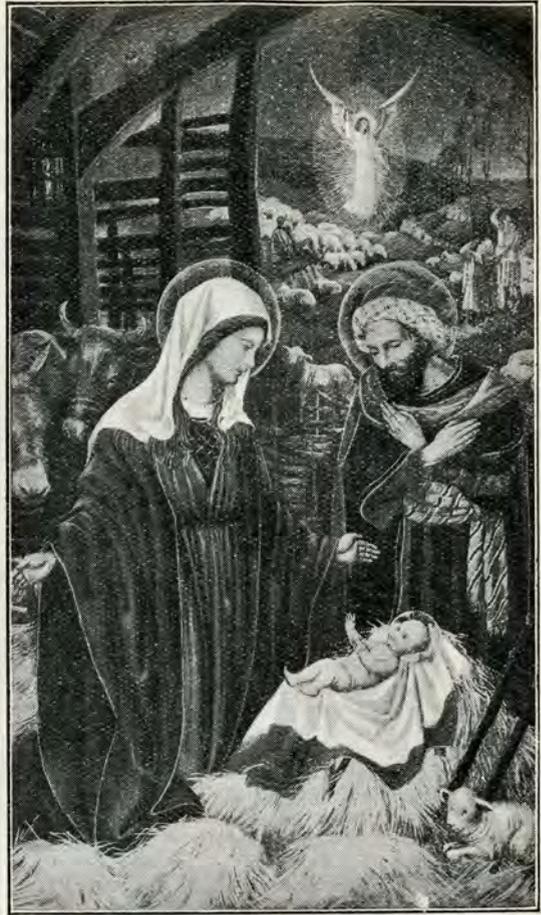
A typical scratch dial on a wall facing south will indicate the hour of noon correctly on any day of the year if a straight gnomon is thrust into the style-hole so that it projects at right angles to the face of the stone. But an error, which sometimes amounts to a serious discrepancy, creeps in at other times of the day during the greater part of the year, as the shadow cast by the sun at any given hour, other than noon, falls at considerably differing angles during different months of the year.

This raises some interesting problems, the chief of which are whether the users of the dials were aware of the error introduced by the use of a straight gnomon; whether they cared sufficiently about accurate time-keeping in those days (especially in country districts) to trouble about whether an error occurred or not; and, if so, whether they had any method of correcting the error.

If the users of the dials did try to get as near as possible to uniform accuracy of time-keeping throughout the year, the necessary correction would probably take the form of making some adjustment to the gnomon. One expert (Dr. A. R. Green) has discovered that many scratch dials can be made to tell the time fairly accurately by bending the style downwards at the point where it emerges from the hole. The extent to which the gnomon must be bent in order to correct the error has to be found by experiment, and varies with the season. It would be necessary, therefore, to alter the angle of the style several times during the course of a year, or alternatively, to use a set of interchangeable, removable styles bent to the different angles.

There are relatively few scratch dials on which the hours are actually marked in figures, as in Dial No. 4, which is obviously intended to serve a similar purpose to that of an ordinary sun-dial, and not merely to mark the times of one or two church services. The carver of Dial No. 4, by the way, cut some of the Roman numerals backwards.

The majority of scratch dials found on churches are believed to have been carved at times varying from the eleventh to the thirteenth or early fourteenth century. In other words, they filled in the gap between the Saxon sun-dials, which are of rather a different type, and may still be seen on some old Saxon churches, and the coming of clocks.



[Christopher Webb

## THE HOLY BIRTH

**O** THERE was born in Bethlehem  
A Child Who was God's SON!  
Born of a Maid in Bethlehem,  
By Whom God's will was done.

Shepherds and sages from afar,  
Worship and gifts to bring,  
Came thither, led by song and star,  
To hail the new-born King.

The gentle creatures standing round  
Adored Him as He lay,  
Not with His heavenly glory crowned,  
But cradled in the hay.

And Cherubim and Seraphim,  
From glowing heights above,  
Glorified, in the stable dim,  
The little LORD of Love.

O praise, my soul! O sing, my heart!  
For to His earthly home,  
His lowly home in Bethlehem,  
The King of heaven has come.

Phyllis E. Noble

## Where Beauty Grows A Christmas Story ❁ By Peter Morton

IT was the happy time of Christmas holidays, and having finished tea, we were sitting idly in the flickering firelight, which served the purpose for playing at a game of shadow pictures on the wall behind our backs. Mary, in the superiority of having just reached her teens, was gazing dreamily into the embers. Keith, two years younger, sat cross-legged in exact imitation of Daddy, who was lolling back in the depths of his easy chair. Allen was flopping on the floor. It was his turn to describe something for us to guess, but at seven years of age descriptions need a lot of thinking out, and even then are short and very much to the point. We lazily waited his time.

"I know," said Allen at last, "something that grows out of mud, and is white."

"Grows out of mud and is white!" echoed Keith in scorn. "How could it be white if it grew out of mud? I suppose you're thinking of a hippo, or something like that."

"A hippo's not white," replied Allen angrily. "I saw one when I went to the Zoo. I mean something real white."

I guessed what Allen was thinking of, for I remembered the previous spring how he had remarked on the snowdrops being so clean when the snow was melting and making the ground round them "like mud."

"How many things can you children think of," I asked, "that are beautiful and yet grow out of filth or mud?"

There was a deep silence for a few minutes, and then—

"Do you mean things like water lilies which grow out of dirty water, and yet are clean and beautiful themselves?" asked Mary.

"I can only think of those cotton plants that Dad showed us last summer on holiday," said Keith. "Those white things that grew out of that filthy bog."

"Its your turn now, Daddy," said Allen. And this is what Daddy said:

"You know what a cold, dirty place a stable often is, don't you? And I expect in olden days, when almost every one travelled about with a donkey, and people did not bother so much about cleanliness, stables were much worse places than they are now. The one I am particularly thinking of at the moment belonged to an inn, in a town where crowds of visitors were gathering. The inn became overcrowded, so the stable must have been full as well. I expect most of the poor beasts in the stable were tired out. Probably they were rather cold, and perhaps a little homesick, too, among so many strangers. Yet still more beasts were brought in from time to time, and left to huddle together on

the muddy floor, and get what bits of food they could manage to find amongst the dirt.

"But after a time the animals felt a warmth and sweetness stealing through the stable, and the light that shone around was greater than could be cast by the one creaking lantern, swinging above the door. Something was making them feel happy and good inside, and all the mud and cold was disappearing in this new brightness. A little donkey in the corner peeped round to see where this great beauty was coming from, and there he saw a little Baby just born, and all the light, and warmth, and loveliness was coming from a manger—where He lay. That stable would be about the dirtiest place one could think of, and the Beauty that was born there was so great that it is still growing and filling the world."

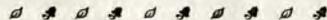
There was silence for a few minutes, and then Daddy added, "I like to think that the same Beauty can still be born within a soiled heart, and in being born can make the heart clean and wholesome."

Just before going to bed I peeped into the children's bedrooms. The two boys were sound asleep, but a rather tearful whisper greeted me from Mary's bed.

"Mummy," said the whisper, "you know what Daddy said to-night about JESUS being born in dark and dirty places? Do you think, just supposing, somebody you liked rather a lot was a bit unkind, and supposing it went on, and you weren't friends any more, do you think if you asked JESUS He would come and make everything clean and nice again?"

"Well," I answered, wishing very much that Daddy were there to help me, "you know, when JESUS was born in the stable, there were people there—His Mother and S. Joseph—to love Him and care for Him, so that He would live and grow up. I think He would be glad to come and make any dark place light and clean again if the people told Him they were sorry, and that they loved Him, and asked Him to come and help them."

"Oh!" said Mary, looking much happier. "Thank you"; and five minutes later she was asleep.



HAVING our LORD in our home puts other people into such a new light too. The unwanted visitor; the tiresome acquaintance who takes up so much time; the chronic invalid, deaf and fractious; . . . the plain-spoken sabbatarian who tells us it is deadly sin to knit a sock on Sunday; the friend who takes no interest in anything but his own "shop" talk,—now JESUS is in the house they do not seem at all the same as they did before He came.—G. HOLLIS



"We were sitting in the flickering firelight."

## The Guild Movement By Richard Marshall

**A**MONG the many activities which sprang to life through the Oxford Movement, the centenary of which we have been celebrating this year, there is one which should not be overlooked, though by its very nature it does not seek the light of publicity, namely, the Guild Movement, consisting of men and women dedicated to the service of God, and working under some definite rule, for the advancement of His kingdom. They devote themselves, according to their opportunities, to works of charity and mercy, and to assisting the clergy in their sometimes arduous work of bringing the influence of religion to bear upon the lives of their people.

The seed of this Movement had been sown during the Methodist Revival of the eighteenth century. It took the form of the class meeting, conducted by a leader, the function of which was to deepen the spiritual lives of its members by systematic acts of devotion and meditation, leading on to practical missionary work both at home and abroad, thus earning for the movement the title of "Methodist." In the early days of the Oxford Movement there were several such societies. In Lord Morley's *Life of Gladstone* we read that he, in company with others of like mind, among whom were Mr. Beresford Hope and one of the Wilberforce family, formed a small group in London.

But it was reserved for a Birmingham medical man, Shirley Fielding Palmer, to be the founder in 1851 of the pioneer Guild of S. Alban the Martyr. He was a great worker among the poor and distressed of that city, and it came to him as an inspiration that a body of men could be formed to undertake voluntarily the work of relieving the spiritual and bodily wants of the dwellers in the slums. This, he felt, could be best accomplished by an organization with fixed rules and regulations, presided over by an elected head. In consultation with some friends he formed the Guild, somewhat on the lines of the mediaeval guilds, giving first place to the development of the spiritual life of its members, and second, as arising out of the first, the practice of good works among those in distress and ignorance.

The membership of the Guild of S. Alban grew, and its branches spread so rapidly throughout the country that it became necessary after four or five years to move its headquarters to London, and to divide the Guild into provinces—Northern, Southern, East and West Midland, and Western, with centres at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Liverpool, Birmingham, Nottingham, and Exeter. At one time it comprised about thirty brotherhoods, sixteen sisterhoods, and a number of affiliated societies.

The Movement soon spread overseas, and branches were formed in South Africa, India, Australia, the United States, and Canada. In course of time these scattered branches developed into Church societies, with their separate organizations, but the pioneer work had come from the homeland. The same may be said of the many parochial and other guilds which came into being at this time. The society was formed as a general guild, embracing all kinds of undertakings from missionary effort and church building, to slum work, bell-ringing, and brass cleaning. The Medical Guild of S. Luke; the Missionary Guild of S. Augustine; the Guild of All Souls; the Guild of Church Musicians; the Guild of Servants of the Sanctuary; the Guild of the Love of God; Burial Guilds; and many others had their origin or took their inspiration from the Guild of S. Alban the Martyr. Among the early members was

Mr. A. R. Mowbray, founder of the well-known firm that bears his name, who organized a branch of the Guild in Oxford.

It was not intended that the Guild should be a training ground for the priesthood, but many of its members found their true vocation through its means. Among those who attained episcopal rank may be mentioned the late Bishop Kingdon of Fredericton, N.S., who had served his first curacy in London, and Bishop Edward Steere of the U.M.C.A., who began and completed the Cathedral of Zanzibar, on the site of the former slave market, working with his own hands, assisted entirely by native labour. He also composed an alphabet in the Swahili language, the natives hitherto having had no definite dialect and speaking only by signs. The revered Canon Woodward, recently called to his rest, was drawn to his life's work of fifty-seven years in Central and South Africa through the medium of the Guild. Two others, who have attained distinction may be mentioned, the late Prebendary Rudolf, founder of the Church of England Homes for Waifs and Strays, and Canon Paul Petit, who has recently retired from the active management of the Ordination Candidates Exhibition Fund.

In the early days the Sisters of the Guild had founded a small home for orphan boys in Birmingham, which they carried on for many years with success, till the death of the Sister Superior, when it was transferred to the Waifs and Strays Society.

The Guild has always insisted that its work should be sustained by prayer, and in the early days an office book was compiled, containing the Canonical Day Hours of the Church, which is still used by the members, either corporately, as opportunities occur, or individually, as part of their daily devotions. This constitutes a bond of union between the members, which is of the greatest value.

Two outstanding works of the Guild were: (a) the movement for opening the churches in the City of London for weekday services, private devotion, and special services during Advent and Lent; (b) the reform of usages in connection with funerals. It published a valuable book on *Christian Care for the Dying and Dead*, in which were set forth the ancient rites and ceremonies of the Church for such cases, thus leading the way towards the greatly improved methods of to-day, notably the use of the pall, the hand-bier, and the choral rendering of the service. Many Burial Guilds and Societies were founded in this way, and the poor were encouraged to become members, in order to provide against the necessity of being buried "by the parish."

The Guild was also responsible for the revival of the Office of Tenebrae, as part of the devotions of Holy Week. This Office commemorates the Hours of the Sacred Passion, with appropriate music and readings, a special feature being the gradual extinction of all the lights till the church is in complete darkness, a beautiful piece of symbolism, which has now become a custom in many of our churches. The Guild visited some well-known churches for several years in succession, to make this service familiar.

To-day the Guild's principal activities are carried on in London and Birmingham.

Now that the Guild Movement numbers in its ranks many thousands of men and women, it is surely fitting that we should accord to them a place in our prayers and thanksgivings for the blessings bestowed on our Church by the Oxford Movement, and not least by the pioneer Guild of S. Alban the Martyr.

# Llantwit Major (Llan Iltyd Fawr) A Centre of Christian Teaching

By the Rev. Canon J. A. Lewis, Precentor of Llandaff



THE BISHOP OF  
LLANDAFF  
(Western Mail)

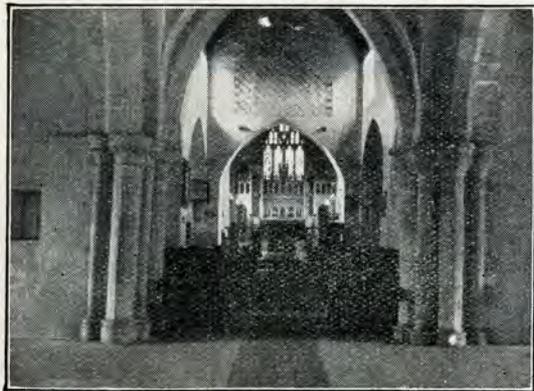
WELSH place-names are a constant source of interest, and of some amusement, to the many visitors to the hills and coasts of Wales, and many are the expedients to escape pronouncing the unpronounceable. The motorist, uncertain of his road, puts his finger on the place on the map which marks his destination, and asks, "Is this the way to that place?"; and one wonders what our Prince George tried to do, on his recent visit to Anglesey, when he saw the name of the railway station, where he alighted, set forth in full in a word of fifty-eight letters, in eighteen syllables, on a board thirty-five feet in length! Not all Welsh names are as long or as difficult, but to the English stranger the map of Wales seems crowded with place-names beginning with "Llan," and it is a fact that the *Church Year Book*

has fifteen pages, with forty names to a page, of parishes and ancient churches beginning with "Llan." This, in truth, is the "glory that was Wales," and still is today to those who have eyes to see, for the word "Llan" means a sacred enclosure—a church: and, often, it also stands for the religious community that centred round the church and the holy man who lived there.

Llantwit Major is the English-Latin rendering of Llan Iltyd Fawr, and it means the Great Church of Iltyd, one of the greatest of the saints of the ancient British Church, who gave his name to church and township.

It had an older name than this, for, when Iltyd came there in A.D. 476, he came to an earlier Christian church and community, destroyed by Irish marauders in A.D. 410. The earlier name, derived from a daughter of the British Prince Caradog, the Caractacus of early Roman history in Britain, links the place to the earliest century of the Christian era.

Here it was that Iltyd founded his school or college for the study of the seven sciences, and for community life and labour. Its fame spread rapidly, so that it



THE EASTERN CHURCH, FROM THE WESTERN CHURCH  
(W. A. Call)

became a renowned seat of learning, said to have had two thousand students, drawn from Gaul as well as from Britain, and most of the early Celtic saints were educated here. The church itself shared with Sarum and Glastonbury the distinction of maintaining *laus perennis*—"ceaseless worship." And Llan Iltyd was a centre not only of Christian worship

but of Christian teaching as well. It continued to flourish for several centuries, until, at the Norman Conquest, its revenues were seized by Robert Fitzhamon, for the founding of his great Abbey at Tewkesbury. Some of its work was carried on, as a school and a chantry, until the Reformation, when it was further despoiled and became just a parish church.

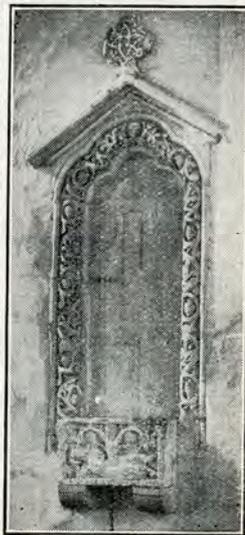
The church, in its present form, is composed of two churches, the western or parochial, built upon and partly incorporating a tenth-century church, and the eastern or monastic church, built in the thirteenth century. The older church fell into disuse, and later on the whole place suffered from neglect and decay until the restoration in the early years of the present century. The ancient Galilee Chapel with its two wide processional doors, and a gallery with an altar for the chantry priests, is still in ruins, and in the church itself, in the reredos over the high altar, the many empty niches call aloud for enrichment.

But it is still possible to speak of the Church of S. Iltyd as a noble church, with its long vista from the west end of the nave of the one church, to the distant high altar of the other church, and when the church is crowded with many clergy, drawn from all parts of the industrial Diocese of Llandaff, for the annual pilgrimage and School of Instruction, Llan Iltyd Fawr lives again in some of its ancient glory.

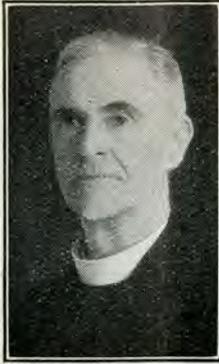
The great day always begins with a Solemn



THE GALILEE CHAPEL  
W. A. Call



AN EMPTY NICHE  
(W. A. Call)



CANON RICHARD DAVID  
(H. J. Whitlock & Sons)

Celebration of the Eucharist, with "Timothy our Bishop," come from his cathedral church at Llandaff, scarcely twenty miles away, as the celebrant, attended of course by other sacred ministers. "Merbecke" is sung by a choir of priests, and imagination tingles at the thought of the singing and worship that this holy place once had in the days of its glory. Canon Mozley this year, the Rev. Sir Edwyn Hoskyns last year, and the Rev. Percy Hartill the year before, have carried on the good work of instructing and inspiring the clergy at these gatherings: they stand in a noble succession, as followers of the great S. Illtyd. This splendid piece of work is due to the initiative of the present vicar, Canon Richard David, who more than twenty years ago, after over thirty years' strenuous work in mining parishes in the diocese, came down to this lovely spot, at the end of the Vale of Glamorgan, to "see visions and to dream dreams."

Who knows what may yet result from this new beginning in this historic and sacred spot? From the

<sup>1</sup> The Right Rev. Timothy Rees, Bishop of Llandaff.

Llan Illtyd of the early days went forth teachers and evangelists to all that was Britain, and beyond, to win converts for CHRIST. From the Llan Illtyd of to-morrow there may yet go forth bands of teachers and preachers, in a new crusade, to win their fellow-countrymen back to the fold of the ancient British Church. "Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers," and the urgent need of to-day and to-morrow must be teachers for our schools and colleges, who will have caught anew the vision of the need of the world for the CHRIST, and will carry Him in their hearts and lives, that others too may know Him as the Source of all light and life.



LLANTWIT MAJOR CHURCH [W. A. Call

## OVER THE TEACUPS

### Report on September Competitions

A. A holiday experience. This proved rather a difficult subject. Writers should remember that within the limit of three hundred words it is not possible to give all that happens in even a short holiday, also that there is not much space for description, and none for the feelings of the writer. The account of a stormy night in a Scouts' Camp is simply told, ending happily with a sing-song, and the incident of the cow and the motor-bus is a charming written snapshot. W. Dodd, Nadder Villa, Fovant, Salisbury, and Miss B. Martyn, c/o 9 Totteridge Avenue, High Wycombe, are awarded First and Second Prizes respectively for their two "experiences." "Driftwood," Mrs. Collins, Miss S. Evans, and Miss A. Norman are commended.

B. Photograph, Children at Play. This was naturally a popular subject. Some of the pictures gave the impression of too much posing, the aim should be to show children simply and naturally. In others one lonely child was amusing itself with toys. The First Prize photograph, "Oranges and Lemons," which we reproduce, is full of gaiety and movement, the Second Prize of two small urchins scampering on the moors makes one long to be young again. Others give jolly sand parties and games. First Prize, Mrs. Pollitt, Arncliffe, Column Road, West Kirby, Cheshire. Second, Miss Hart, Hudswell Vicarage, Richmond, Yorks. Commended, Mrs. Burt, Mrs. Eriksen, Mrs. Gillett, Mrs. Messinger, Mrs. Sands, Mr. A. West.

Most people entertain at Christmas time, and may be glad to know of a dish which looks and tastes good, without adding too much to the over-busy housewife's work. Try this:

**Chocolate Soufflé.**—4 eggs; 5 oz. castor sugar; 6 leaves gelatine; 4 oz. chocolate powder. Beat yolks and sugar for at least ten minutes; melt gelatine and chocolate in a little milk, not allowing it to get more than warm. Strain and

add yolks and sugar; lastly, the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Put into a soufflé dish and garnish with whipped cream and glacé cherries. Serve in the dish.

**Potted meat** is a great stand-by, and might oftener be made at home. The two essentials are that it should be smooth and moist. Therefore pass the meat twice or thrice through the mincer, and pound well with a wooden spoon, mixing in some rather highly-flavoured stock. Use a pinch of spice, and cayenne, unless you do not like that.

Beef is the best foundation, not mutton, and any sort of game gives flavour. Hare also makes very good potted meat, and rabbits' livers perhaps the best of all. If you cannot spare butter to run on the top, use melted mutton fat; margarine is not advisable.



"ORANGES AND LEMONS"  
(Photograph by M. T. Pollitt)

(Continued from opposite page)

to him that we owe the spray of mistletoe in our hall, since he sets the seeds of mistletoe on the branches of trees by wiping them from his beak, after feasting on the sticky berries.

Before the old year passes we see signs of Nature's stirring in her winter sleep. In quiet countrysides we hear the bark of the fox as he roams the woods in quest of a mate: Christmas is the foxes' courting time. We hear the mellow hooting of wood-owls, proclaiming that they too are courting. We see mallards on park ponds bowing before the ducks.

January is named from the two-headed god, Janus, who looked backward as well as forward. We all like to look back on New Year's Eve. But better than the way of the heathen god is the Christian ideal of looking forward, in the sure hope that "the best is yet to be."

# The Pageant of the Seasons

By Marcus Woodward

Decorations by Edgar Norfield

## IV WINTER



### THE CHRISTMAS BIRDS AND BEASTS

AN old legend relates how at Christmas the cock crows, "CHRIST is born!" The raven croaks the question, "When?" and the cow answers, "This night." The ox bellows, "Where?" A sheep bleats the answer, "Be-th-le-hem!" And the ass brays, "Let us go!"

Chanticleer, "the bird of dawning," leads the procession of the Christmas birds and beasts. It was written of the part he plays: "At the cock crowing He may come." We recall the lines:

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrate,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long.

And some say that on Christmas Eve the cattle kneel in their stalls.

Our noble Christmas turkey is descendant of the wild turkeys of Mexico, which were domesticated by the Red Indians. The Spaniards brought specimens to Europe in the sixteenth century. Our Christmas goose is descendant of the wild grey goose, the one wild goose which nests in England. The ancient Egyptians knew it as a farm-yard bird, and in one of the oldest pictures in the world, a fresco in the British Museum dating from the darkest ages before CHRIST, they are shown cramming a goose for sacrifice.

Robin Redbreast has a special niche of his own as a Christmas bird. Many of us would not think Christmas complete unless the postman brought us a Christmas card with a gay picture of a red-breast singing near a church, with frosted snow on the ground. A legend of the robin is that he earned his red breast through a drop of sacred blood falling upon it as he tried to draw the thorns from CHRIST'S brow. He has ever been held to be under the special protection of providence:

Robinets and Jenny Wrens  
Are God Almighty's cocks and hens.

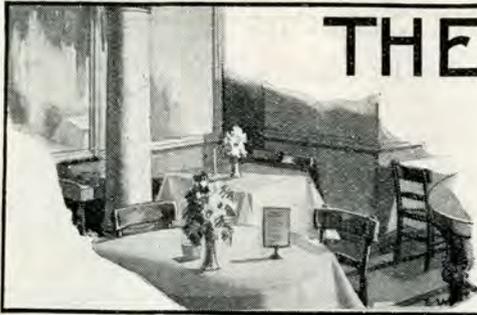
Curious, how robins and wrens are always associated! To this day country people will tell you Jenny Wren is Cock Robin's wife. Especially dear to us are these two little birds at Christmas, when "the wind and rain beat dark December," for they are almost alone in singing us a Christmas carol. The robin often attends the service on Christmas morning, for nearly every country churchyard harbours its own robin, which will follow the congregation into church. Bird-loving Bishop Stanley made a note of a robin which would hop upon his open Bible, while he read the lessons on Christmas Day, a bird which seemed quite aware how safe from peril it was at so gracious a time.

One Christmas morning I saw a pathetic sight as I entered a village church. Snow lay deep on the ground, and a hungry mistle-thrush was pecking at a wreath of artificial holly. All the churchyard holly-berries had been taken for the church decorations. Ivy and holly are almost the last berries left for the birds at Christmas. There's a moral here for Christmas decorators!

The fine mistle-thrush, which will be singing soon after the turn of the year, may rank in some degree as a Christmas bird. For it is

(Continued on opposite page)





# THE STORY of SPALDINGS

by

FEDDEN TINDALL

## CHAPTER XXIII

### ELIZABETH WINS THE GAME

"WELL, Liz," Mr. Marriot remarked abruptly when she rejoined him, "young Spalding isn't such a fool after all. You were quite right in your estimate of his capabilities. He has a good enough head, and I think he will be a useful man. But I can't say I think much of his manners, bolting off with never a decent word of leave-taking to any one. Is that what they teach at Oxford?"

Elizabeth laughed, rather ruefully it must be confessed; but still it was a natural and not a forced laugh. She had always seen the funny side of her troubles.

"Our dramatic curtain was a shade too childish and obvious, my dear. It has rattled him and I don't much wonder."

"I thought—is he sweet on you, Liz?" Uncle Jim inquired bluntly.

"I really don't know," she answered as plainly. "It is possible, without that, for a man to be wild with a woman who makes him feel a bit foolish, and to draw wrong conclusions and be unfair all round."

"What's he got to be unfair about?"

"His discovery of the junior partner would add to his bitterness and would not improve his manners."

"But what is the young fool thinking about? You have done him about the best turn any woman, or man either, could have done by persuading me to reopen those proposals just now, when he is in such a hole. If he guessed the truth, he ought to go down on his knees to you, even if he was wearing his best breeches!"

"Nonsense, my dear," Elizabeth said sweetly. "Surely you have not forgotten how you would have felt at his age, have you? Hurt pride, manly jealousy, and all that. Far from thanking me, he accused me of having been a spy and refused to shake hands with me."

"Spy? I won't stand his swollen-headed rubbish. Nothing's signed yet, and—"

"Keep quiet and drink your tea, Uncle Jim. This is my bit of the fun, not yours. You've been just a lamb so far, don't turn into an old turkeycock."

"I won't have you insulted by a young jackanapes. Refuse to shake hands with you indeed. I'll, I'll—"

"Let well alone, my dear; live up to your old motto," she coaxed.

It was some while before Elizabeth was by herself and able to think quietly. She had bungled matters, and nothing was going quite as she wanted. She was never slow in coming to a decision as to what her next move had better be. It was characteristic of her that, because she disliked the task, she did not delay five minutes in putting it into execution. The first step was to ring up the Spaldings' house.

"Can you tell me whether Mrs. and Miss Spalding are still away?" she inquired.

She learned that they had reached London unexpectedly that very afternoon. Her guess had been correct. She rang off without leaving any name, dashed into her little two-seater car, and drove direct to the house.

"Could I see Miss Spalding?" she asked the butler.

He hesitated. "Miss Spalding has only been home a short time."

"It is really urgent. I can't leave a message. Please ask her to see me."

Almond still hesitated.

"My name? Miss Foster; but I doubt if she will remember me."

She smiled her most bewitching smile on the impassive Almond, and he admitted her.

A very much puzzled April came to her a minute later.

"The butler told me that you wished to see me on urgent business. I think there must be some mistake," she said in frigid tones. Needless to say, she had recognized Gerry's red-haired siren the instant she came into the room.

"You would not be likely to remember me, Miss Spalding. We only met once at S. Simon's Club. After that I became one of your brother's waitresses."

April froze still more perceptibly.

"Yes?" was all she said. What could this girl want of her? She did not intend to help her out in what was probably an awkward explanation.

"I have come to you as one woman to another," Elizabeth rushed on, "to ask you to advise and perhaps to work with me. I know that you are thinking me indiscreet and impertinent. Will you let me explain?"

"Sit down and tell me what you want," April said, still speaking coldly.

"You don't know my name, but you will know my uncle's. I am James Marriot's niece."

April nodded. Her silence was not encouraging.

"Mr. Spalding and I were friends. He was kind to me when I was a waitress and a customer accused me unjustly of keeping a brooch which belonged to her. He did not know who I was then, and I thought it better not to explain to him. You see, my uncle did not believe I was serious when I told him that I wanted to work and help him in his business. I went to an agent to see how I could earn my living at once, and he told me that some beginners might be taken at Spalding's New Hall. Of course I was amused to find your brother also was there in disguise, and that I was in the enemy's country with a vengeance." Elizabeth flushed all over, and she hastened to cover her slip by an inquiry. "Had you heard of the proposed amalgamation?"

"I had a few words with my brother, but I am, of course, opposed to it, as he is really," answered April. "I think—"

"Oh please, set aside natural prejudices, and try to understand my point of view. Believe me, my uncle made a very fair offer and on its merits your brother did accept it. Then he met me. He was already on edge; I don't wonder! He accused me of having acted as a spy and refused to shake hands with me. His attitude naturally has enraged my uncle and is likely to upset the whole scheme of amalgamation."

"What is that to do with me?" April asked in dangerously quiet tones. "I should not think of meddling in my brother's affairs."

"Not if you knew that his happiness depended upon your actions? Believe me or not, if he throws over this scheme or offends my uncle so that he withdraws his surprisingly good offer, it will be a big disaster for every one. The failure of Spalding's will throw hundreds out of work. Your family will suffer. Naturally my personal point of view cannot appeal to you; but it happens that I have a very great respect for Mr. Spalding. This misunderstanding, for that is all it is, is most painful to me. I only ask you to help me to clear it up. Unless you will be on my side, he will probably refuse to see me."

"I have told you that I do not wish to interfere in my brother's business concerns," April persisted.

"Well then, take it as from one girl to another. It is my business. Would you like to be accused of being a spy, when your conscience was perfectly clear, and that by a man whose opinion you valued particularly?" Elizabeth asked desperately.

In their conflict of wills the girls were now standing facing each other—a pretty pair enough—with brilliant eyes and flushed cheeks, when Gerry entered the room.

"Hullo, April, I thought you were alone," he began. Then, "Miss Foster?" he said in surprised tones.

"I think you have met Mr. Fielding before. He and I are engaged," April said deliberately.

"Yes, many times, and I congratulate you both most sincerely," answered Elizabeth. "Now, Mr. Fielding, I am begging Miss Spalding to secure me five minutes alone with her brother. You know about my escapade at the restaurant, though I never told you my real motive, which was to show my uncle, James Marriot, that I could earn my own living. He kept his bargain and in consequence I am junior partner in Marriot's. We have offered to amalgamate with Spalding's. When Tom found out who I was, he called me a spy. You can guess how that hurts, and I want to make him believe that it isn't true."

Gerry's face was grave and a little white. He had noticed how that "Tom" slipped out unconsciously. He guessed a great deal of the truth and had his strong

suspensions as to his friend's feelings. He put his arm round April as he said,

"I think you must give Miss Foster the opportunity she wants, my dear. Shall we go and find Tom and send him to her?"

## CHAPTER XXIV

SPALDING AND MARRIOT

TOM'S face was unyielding as he confronted Elizabeth in April's den.

"I do not see what good purpose can be served by any further discussion between us," he said firmly. "I must accept your word that you came to the New Hall by an error of judgement, but—"

With one of her lightning

changes of expression, Elizabeth cast aside all the anxiety and real feeling that had crept into voice and manner as she talked to April and Gerry. A gleam of mischief dawned in her grey eyes and a smile played round her big, expressive mouth.

"I only wanted to show you a testimonial that I value, and to remind you of the circumstances in which it was given to me," she said, and from her hand-bag she drew the large sheet of paper which bore the initials "T. W. S."

"What has that got to do with the present circumstances?" Tom said gruffly. He was half-puzzled, half-indignant.

"She plays fair, excepting when she fancies that it is incumbent on her to protect the weakling or the under dog," she quoted. Then with sudden, intense

seriousness she added, "Does that description, sarcastic though it may be, suggest the most despicable creature, a spy? You believed in me once, when circumstances were all against me. Won't you try now, not even to believe in me, but to be fair enough to listen to my side of the story?"

"You could make a chap believe black was white if you tried hard enough," Tom conceded.

"But I don't want to do that now," Elizabeth flashed. "I want to tell the plain, unvarnished, rather dull truth. Will you listen to me?"

"Fire away."

Tom sat down beside her on the settee, and straightway Elizabeth told her whole story, simply and frankly.

"Was I a spy?" she asked coolly at the end.

"No," Tom said bluntly. "I have been a fool. I apologize."

"Hang the apologies," came the gay comment. "They are such prosy things. I only want one assurance. Are we friends again?"

"No; I can't be friends with you."



"I think you must give Miss Foster the opportunity she wants, my dear."

"Why not? Is it me? Or that silly old bugbear? You won't forgive me for being Uncle Jim's niece or Marriot's for wanting a place in the sun?"

"Not that at all. I can't be just friends, when I want so much more than friendship."

Elizabeth laid her hand on his arm, lightly, caressingly.

"Now isn't that like a man? A woman is so much more sensible. She believes that half a loaf is better than no bread. I came here anxious to secure even a single slice."

Her eyes said more than her words.

"Elizabeth, for pity's sake don't play with me. Do you mean—?"

"Of course I do, you old silly. I want the whole loaf as badly as you do. If I hadn't, should I have come here pleading with your very determined little sister? Since when has she been engaged to Gerry? I am so glad."

Mrs. Spalding was naturally hospitable, but since her husband's death she had given up all entertaining. Now she began to consider that she must bestir herself in honour of the two engagements.

"What do you think?" she asked Miss Deborah. "I thought a dinner party, just the families and perhaps one or two old friends, and a big At Home. Gerry does not know nearly all our friends, and of course I must introduce Elizabeth to every one."

"Not a bad idea," Miss Deborah assented, thinking that it was good for Mrs. Spalding to rouse herself, although she smiled grimly at the notion of how Gerry would hate the fuss, and how much happier he and April would be among their friends at S. Simon's.

"Elizabeth really seems a dear girl, so bright and natural," Mrs. Spalding continued. "Of course she is rather modern, but then I suppose one must expect that nowadays."

The dinner party came off first of all, and Elizabeth confided to Tom in a whisper,

"Uncle Jim is feeling as cross as two sticks, I know, because his new shoes hurt him, but you needn't be afraid. He'll play up."

Old Mr. Marriot did play up. He made himself agreeable to everybody, though, in answer to family congratulations, he would persist in saying over and over again,

"Tom's a jolly lucky fellow. I wouldn't give my little niece to most of the present-day young men. Though, bless me, she wouldn't wait for my consent if she wanted to marry a shoeblack."

"I am sure we all appreciate Elizabeth," Mrs. Spalding murmured nervously, "and you will find that Tom will make a very good husband."

"He'd better," Mr. Marriot declared, "or he'll have the old man to reckon with."

Only Miss Deborah dared to give the proud uncle a Roland for his Oliver.

"Though Tom isn't a shoeblack, evidently you expect him to black his wife's shoes," she said provocatively.

"Bless me, if you haven't put my own idea into words," the old man declared promptly, and henceforth he held a very high opinion of Miss Deborah as "an old woman with no nonsense about her."

When the ladies of the party were alone after dinner, the dauntless Miss Deb found herself beside Elizabeth.

"I haven't had much chance of speaking to you yet, my dear," she said, "but I do want to congratulate you on the very good sense you have shown in choosing a husband."

"Thank you so much," Elizabeth answered. "I think Tom and I understand each other."

She understood the hidden meaning behind the spoken words, and she and Miss Deborah were allies from that minute.

The old lady also had a word with April before the end of the evening. She had been keeping her eyes open.

"Don't be stand-offish, child," she said. "A monkey would never have suited Gerry, and she had the good sense to realize it. She was cut out for Tom, who wants a spice of the devil in his wife. She is full of mischief, but I can see that she is a good sort at bottom."

"I am frightened when she talks to Gerry," April faltered.

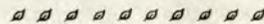
"You need not be. She has eyes only for Tom, and Gerry has given you his whole heart now, little girl. There is nothing so dead as a fire that has burnt itself out. You are too

young to realize the truth of that, but you will find that I am right."

Old Mr. Marriot was still going about telling every one what a lucky chap Tom was, but in reality he was learning to appreciate his future nephew-in-law more every day, and it was not many weeks before he was announcing with equal vigour that "he thought the world of young Spalding."

Nowadays he has a new object of devotion. He talks proudly of the future head of the firm, who at present cares nothing at all for business—Thomas Marriot Spalding, aged exactly a twelvemonth. But it is in his contemporary, John Gerald Fielding, that S. Simon's Club takes most interest.

THE END



ANOTHER year is dying; one less is before me. So much time to grow more pure and strong, to live and work for God, is mine no more. If wasted, it is lost for ever. Yet, let me look back, and with God's help find what may rouse to more careful use of time remaining.

T. B. POLLOCK



"Though Tom isn't a shoeblack, evidently you expect him to black his wife's shoes," she said provocatively.

# Church Life To-day Some points of Current Interest



DR. CARPENTER-GARNIER  
(Alexander Corbett)

At the Annual Meeting of the **Colombo Association** the Bishop (Dr. Carpenter-Garnier) said that the moment a bishop from overseas started to talk about his diocese he talked about money; but money represented effort and sacrifice in overcoming difficulties in the establishment of the kingdom of God.

THE Bishop of Southwark has appointed the **Rev. Duncan Armytage**, Warden of S. Anselm's Hall, Manchester, to be Canon-Missioner of Southwark Cathedral and Warden of the College of S. Saviour and of the Southwark Diocesan House, Carshalton, in succession to Canon F. A. Cockin, the new Vicar of S. Mary's, Oxford. Mr. Armytage, who was ordained in 1913, served curacies at Plymouth, Chislehurst, and Devonport, before his appointment in 1923 as Vice-Principal of Dorchester Missionary College. He became Warden of S. Anselm's Hall in 1927.

THE foundation-stone was recently laid by Lord Aldenham of **S. Andrew's Church, Kingsbury**, the stones of which have been transferred from Wells Street, near Oxford Circus. As much as possible of the original material is being used in the reconstructed building, which is near the little Anglo-Saxon church at Kingsbury, the only one of its period in the Diocese of London.



(Will F. Taylor)  
ANGLO-SAXON CHURCH, KINGSBURY

It is expected that the reconstructed church will hold five hundred persons when completed—which will probably be in about a year's time. The rebuilding is proving difficult, as the weight of the tower (seventy feet high) and spire (a hundred and fifty feet high) make it necessary to go through clay to a depth of fourteen feet to ensure a safe foundation on a concrete base.

THE architect of **Peterborough Cathedral** (Mr. L. T. Moore) has reported on the condition of the piers supporting the apse in the Eastern Chapel. It appears that the builders who erected the Eastern Chapel endangered the safety of the apse by cutting through the wall, and it would seem that in the early part of the nineteenth century the structure was further threatened by the digging of two graves in the foundations of the apse. While it was evident to



(F. Frith & Co.)  
PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL: WEST FRONT

him that the two central piers of the apse would have to be grouted, it seemed not unlikely that the unsoundness of the Norman walls of the choir might be found still more widespread.

THE new Church of **S. Francis, Dollis Hill**, is the fifth to be completed of London's "Forty-five Churches," the fund for which was started some years ago. It is also the first church in the Diocese of London to be dedicated in honour of S. Francis of Assisi.

It is probable that one of the forty-five churches which are being erected in new areas in the Diocese of London will be dedicated in the name of **King Charles I.** There are only five churches so dedicated in the British Isles, one of which is at Tunbridge Wells, one at Falmouth, and another at Plymouth. None has been dedicated during the last two hundred years. It is urged that such a church would be a splendid memorial to the King, who loved the Church and died to save it.



REV. C. L. DODGSON  
("Lewis Carroll")  
From a portrait in the Hall of Christ Church, Oxford, reproduced by permission of the Governing Body

It is proposed to erect a memorial to "**Lewis Carroll**" (the Rev. C. L. Dodgson), the famous author of *Alice in Wonderland*, in the parish church of Daresbury, Cheshire. It was in Daresbury that Lewis Carroll was born, his father being at the time vicar. The memorial will take the form of a stained-glass window, the design of which has been prepared by Mr. Geoffrey Webb. It shows the Nativity and the Adoration of the Shepherds, with representations of Lewis Carroll kneeling side by side with Alice, and of S. Francis of Assisi with the wolf of Gubbio. Underneath appear the five verses of Christmas greetings which occur at the end of *Alice in Wonderland*, and reproductions of some of Sir John Tenniel's well-known illustrations to the book.

OUR photograph shows the firemen at work on the roof of **Colyton Church, Devon**, during a fire which occurred there a few weeks ago. The nave was practically burnt out, but happily the famous lantern tower and the great west window were saved, and the old tombs, including one dated 1512, erected to a princess who was choked by a fish bone, were very little damaged. The church register, which dates from 1533, was rescued, as were the pewter flagons (1663) and the chained books.



(A. Hartley)  
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table where the family gathers around for their daily meals, He is the God that sits by man at his desk in the office, His is the lustre that lights the common highway with the light everlasting.

Here then is the voice of experience. The Psalmist out of the treasury of his life calls upon a God that is both a Shield and a Buckler. And Jesus who is God, manifest in the flesh, tells us the same story. He comes at Christmas when the bells ring in heaven and earth, He comes at Good Friday when sorrow's cup is full, He comes at Easter to light a candle in the darkness of the grave, but above all He comes when the common man or woman pursues the common way. Jesus will hear the call of the crisis when man is in the gutter forgotten by the world. The Christ is the Christ of the crises and the common hours and that is the glory of the religion that is man's in Christ; it will stand the strain when the night winds roar and the waves run high, when fear grips the soul and all seems lost, but He will also stand by us unfaltering in the light of common day and be the companion of the ordinary hour. Any man will answer the call of the emergency: it is Jesus Himself that is both Shield and Buckler, the God of the great day and the God of the common.—J. B. F.

#### THE ADVENTURE OF PRAYER

Prayer is being with God.

You can't choose at all about it, except just in choosing to be with Him.

Perhaps He will take you up on the mountain with Him.

Perhaps He will take you into the night with Him, or into the mist where you will not be able to see Him.

Perhaps you will be with Him in pain, or in exaltation, or in happiness, or in tiredness.

He just says: "Come to Me"; and you say: "I will," or "I will not."

You make no stipulations, that is not your part: you know that He wants you, and you know what kind of wanting that is by the Manger and the Cross.

You know that if you say you will not come He does not leave off wanting you, so you imagine what that means.

You know that if you come to Him He will ask you to help Him about the Kingdom, that He will in the end give you that work for it that no one else can do.

You know that He will bring you into the Fellowship of His friends, and that you will be allowed to bring Him into the Fellowship of your friends.

But of course you will also go with Him before His enemies; and the things that they say about Him will be said about you.

And you will also go among the people who don't care, whom He is trying to arouse to a sense of His Love.

Quite often He and you will be left desolate with the doors locked before you and the people on the other side scornful and amused.

You will find that He will ask you to do things which you can only do if you forget about yourself and the sort of person you thought you were, or

He may ask you to face death or complete shame as He does Himself.

And all the time you will fail Him so often that by and by you will have no self-confidence left, only a growing confidence in Him instead, because He does not fail you.

And prayer must be fearfully difficult, because it isn't easy to be with God, although it is simple.

It means that some things must go, like pride, unkindness, and self-indulgence, and self-importance.

But all the same it is a choice which the best part of you wants, so that the most glorious souls in all the ages do choose the Adventure of Prayer.—The Challenge.

#### ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE

We must face the fact that no one can live our lives for us, and no one can bear our burdens. The greatest help that any one can offer us is not to take our burdens from us, but to show us how we can bear them without bitterness or complaining. We should not desire to put upon others the responsibility of thinking, and believing, and making decisions for us. How then could we grow? How could we develop strong personalities? We must learn to respect ourselves, our powers of thinking and feeling and acting. Is it not God that works in and through us? Because of His indwelling, have we not high capacities and noble powers? We do not need to carry around any sense of inferiority. All things are possible if we do not limit God by our morbid fears and our weak expectations.

"Give me understanding, and I shall live" (Ps. 119: 144). Let us really know the truth about ourselves, comprehend the worth and meaning of life lived in and for God, and we shall have that fullness of life which Jesus shared with His disciples and with all since who have walked with Him. When we grasp the fact that . . . evil has no power over us except that which we allow, . . . we can dare to take up the burdens of life, and meet the emergencies of every day with a quiet mind and a serene spirit.—From "The Inner Chamber," by Franklyn Cole Sherman.

Our own Company of Girl Guides were present at Church on the Sunday next before Advent, when the Rector dedicated their new Guide flag for the possessing of which Mrs. Dunham and Mrs. Reeves are largely responsible. There were some other companies of Guides present and our own Scouts. In all a goodly crowd and the ceremonies in connection with the dedication well conceived and well carried out in every detail. Congratulations are due to Guider Betty Jameson.

#### NOTES

The only visiting preacher during November was Rev. Dr. Evans of Trinity College, who preached at both services on November 19th during the absence of the Archdeacon.

Our thanks to Mr. Beerman and the A.Y.P. Bible Class for six roller towels for the kitchen, with initials P.H. on them.

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**Baptisms**

- Nov. 5th—Joan Marjorie Dunn, Ruth Helen Wynne.  
 Nov. 12th—Yvonne Gloria Potter, Thomas Ramon McMullin, Douglas David Curry, John Swanton Moore Nixon, Stanley George French, Laura Almira Laverne Lock Ferguson, Patricia Johnston, Samuel James Johnston.  
 Nov. 19th—Patricia Ann Hughes, Gary Bruce McLean, Joan Margaret Frewing, Ronald Lloyd Coulter, William Ewen Phillip Carwardine, Kathleen Bernice Foster.  
 Nov. 26th—Arnold Pickles, Elinor Audrey Chapman, Donald Richard Newell, Mary Isobel Blackburn.

**Marriages**

- Nov. 4th—Ashmore Blues and Mabel Bessie Dowson.  
 Nov. 10th—Melrose Averil Somerville and Ada Elsie Smith; Donald Bruce Menzies and Muriel Catherine Moore.  
 Nov. 11th—Dick Goss and Mary Adair.  
 Nov. 16th—Kenneth Grant Waters and Merle Halleen Williams.  
 Nov. 25th—Charles Thomas Buckingham and Ada Evelyn Bailey.  
 Nov. 30th—Harold James Gray and Elizabeth Margaret Steepe.

**Burials**

- Nov. 1—William Rycroft ..... 72 years  
 Nov. 6—William L. Hewson ..... 71 years  
 Nov. 7—Betty Ann Andrews ..... 3 years  
 Nov. 11—Eva Jones Martin ..... 49 years  
 Nov. 13—Sarah Ann Vickers ..... 53 years  
 Nov. 14—David Craven ..... 52 years  
 Nov. 16—Frederick Batkin ..... 59 years  
 Nov. 30—Edith Windsor ..... 92 years  
 Total interments in cemetery for month ..... 97

**ADVENT SERMONS**

By Archdeacon J. B. Fotheringham, M.A.

**CONFESSIONS OF THE AVERAGE MAN OR WOMAN**

- Dec. 3rd, a.m.—About the Christian Year.  
 p.m.—About the Prayer Book.  
 Dec. 10th, a.m.—About the Bible.  
 p.m.—About Reading To-day.  
 Dec. 17th, a.m.—About Heaven.  
 p.m.—About Hell.  
 Dec. 24th, a.m.—About the Last Round-up.  
 p.m.—About Christmas.

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**WARDEN'S REPORT—30th NOV., 1933****Receipts**

8 a.m. Communion .....	\$ 17.67
Envelopes .....	170.90
Open .....	203.07
Missions .....	77.40
Missions—Special .....	30.58
Thanksgiving .....	10.25
Sale of House .....	408.00
	<hr/>
	\$917.87

**Disbursements**

Stipends and Salaries .....	\$484.99
Gas, Electric and 'Phone .....	39.19
Coal .....	69.47
Sundries .....	37.70
	<hr/>
	\$631.35

**PARISH HOUSE BUILDING FUND**

To Balance, 31st October .....	\$1,237.83
" Rentals .....	80.50
	<hr/>
Balance .....	\$1,318.33

**ORGAN FUND**

To Balance, 31st October .....	\$ 3.08
" Offertory .....	4.25
	<hr/>
Balance .....	\$7.33

**BOWLING FUND**

To Balance, 31st October .....	\$ 88.52
" Fees .....	62.50
	<hr/>
Balance .....	\$151.02

**UNEMPLOYMENT FUND—Nil.****PARISH MONTHLY**

We believe that in the Parish Monthly we have an excellent magazine which serves a very useful purpose. You seldom find a parish magazine which excels it.

When we started it the one condition was that it should be self supporting. There is no reason why it should not be. It has carried on for 11 years, as 10 bound volumes on our shelves testify, with this number completing the eleventh. But it is running behind this year for the first time. If all subscriptions and advertisements were paid we would be ahead. But there is an adverse balance of \$117.00. New subscriptions are now due and we appeal to those in arrear to pay up, so that we may be freed from financial worry. We need new subscribers, too. What better way of learning about all the parish activities than through the medium of the Parish Monthly.

It is an excellent history, too, of the growth of a progressive Church and of great value as a reference.

**CONFIRMATION**

Bishop Owen will be with us for Confirmation on Tuesday, December 19th at 8 p.m. This will be our second class this year. Ninety-three were confirmed in May and we hope to present over 80 candidates this time.

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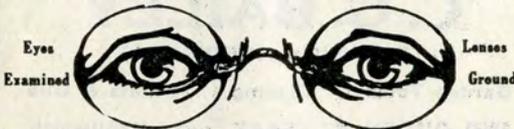
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