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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 intercessions for the sick) at 10.30 a.m.

HOLY BAPTISM:—Every Sunday at 4 p.m.

CHURCHING:—After Baptism or by appointment.

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

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

SUNDAY SCHOOL:—Every Sunday at 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.
ARCHDEACON J. B. FOTHERINGHAM, Assistant, 95 Walker Avenue, Kl. 7670.
REV. F. E. FARNCOMB, B.A., Cemetery Chaplain, 16 Beachview Cres. Gr. 6955.
MISS MARY SHOTTER, Deaconess, 500 Kingston Road, Grover 1236.

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MOTHERS' UNION	Sec., Mrs. F. Walker, 2058 Gerrard St. E., Ho. 2966.
NORWAY BEAVER CLASS	Leader, Dr. E. A. Cummings, 2453 Danforth Avenue, Gr. 0857.
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WOMEN'S AUXILIARY	Mrs. Rex Punchard, 405 Kingston Road, Phone HO. 5343.
YOUNG MEN'S BIBLE CLASS	Leader, H. Bedford Beerman, 19 Keystone Ave, Grover 6357.



A.Y.P.A. NOTES

"The Melody Parade" January 25-26.

This month the A.Y.P.A. present their own musical show—"The Melody Parade"—which brings to St. John's a night of entertainment variety, including songs, dancing, comedy skits, and a humorous one-act play. An interesting feature of "The Melody Parade" (January 25th and 26th) is the fact that it has been written, directed and produced entirely by the members of St. John's A.Y.P.A., under the leadership of the versatile Mr. "Pat" Bailey.

Judging from the quality of the rehearsals and the very beautiful scenic and lighting effects that have been planned, the audience is in for a delightful surprise when they discover the talent of many of the A.Y.P.A. members. The program includes the more popular of current song hits, and presents some favorites that everyone will be glad to hear again.

The cast of approximately 30 A.Y.P.A. members has been augmented by several talented performers and we are sure that the A.Y.P.A. Melody Parade will be the forerunner of many more evenings of this type of entertainment. Don't forget the date—January 25-26, and be sure to come out and have a night of musical fun with the young people.

PARISH ASSOCIATION

The Parish Association held its final meeting of the year 1933 on Tuesday, December 5th, with a large attendance of members present. Reports were given by the various conveners of the bazaar—"Tulip Time in Holland." The following is a full report of the bazaar:

Donations	\$ 6.00
Donations, Mothers' Society	50.00
Men's Club, Bowling and Bingo	40.00
A.Y.P.A. Mystery Booth	34.25
Mr. Dunham, Draw on ton of Coal	50.15
A.Y.P.A., Dancing	5.50
Evening Branch W.A., Glassware	39.33
Ecclesia Girls' Bible Class, Gift Shoppe..	52.32
W.A. Booth, Mrs. Turff, Miscellaneous	202.00
Ticket Money, Mrs. Williams	65.99
Tea Room, Mrs. Weaver	108.00
Perfume Booth, Mrs. Stratton	204.40
Candy Booth, Mrs. Liddiard	95.08
Fish Pond, Mrs. Flowers	82.50
Christmas Decorations, Mrs. Wren	104.76
Check Room, Mrs. Wood	9.00
Doll Booth, Mrs. Taylor	56.88
Fancy Work, Mrs. Brickenden	146.40
Fortune Telling, Mrs. Lennox	66.00
Ice Cream, Mrs. Pollard	61.41
Home Cooking, Mrs. W. Thompson	102.21
Decorations, Mrs. Dengate	1.73
Total	\$1,583.91

The sum of \$2,000.00 was voted by the members to be given to the Churchwardens towards the debt on the Parish Hall.

The yearly reports were given by the secretaries and treasurer, after which our president gave us a most inspiring message.

Canon Baynes-Reed came in and, on behalf of the members, presented Mrs. Pim with a leather hand-bag in appreciation of her services as treasurer, Mrs. Pim feeling she would like to take a rest from such active work.

The election of officers then took place, Canon Baynes-Reed occupying the chair. The following are the officers for the year 1934: Hon. president, Canon W. L. Baynes-Reed; president, Mrs. R. Conner; 1st vice-president, Mrs. F. Croft; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. P. E. Huxtable; treasurer, Mrs. W. Thompson; secretary, Mrs. T. H. Warrington; cor. secretary, Mrs. J. Williams; counsellors—Mrs. A. Liddiard, Mrs. C. A. Uren and Mrs. E. Dengate; advisory committee of past presidents—Mrs. T. Turff, Mrs. A. Fisher, Mrs. Rutherford and Mrs. W. Stratton.

We wish to thank everyone who came out to the pantomime "Aladdin" on December 28th, on such a bitter cold night. We had a good crowd and when the returns all come in we will have a nice sum towards our funds.

The officers and members of the Parish Association wish one and all a very Happy New Year.

THE CHRISTMAS BASKETS

Dear Friends,—We want to thank you again for a very generous response to our appeal before Christmas. We sent out 92 large baskets and about 15 small ones, which all meant a great deal of work, but I had five young girls helping me the first part of the week, which made the work much lighter. The gifts of the children on White Gift Sunday were greater than ever before and 52 plum puddings were made by kind friends in the congregation and it was a great joy to have some nice new toys and beautiful dolls, also some nice new sweaters to send to children. The gifts of money were from ten cents up; I would like to send a letter of thanks to all who helped, but in the rush it was impossible to note down things when one would like to, so have not an accurate record, so hope all our friends will accept this letter in the Parish Monthly.

We also acknowledge again a donation of bread from the Brandon Bread Co., and potatoes, etc., from Beacom's Market; Mr. Davis of the Norway Meat Market, who gave a pound of sausage with every roast we bought from him, and other friends who gave us bags of potatoes, carrots, etc.; the Beaver Boys' Bible Class for a generous donation of butter and money; the A.Y.P. Bible Class for their very generous cheque of \$25.00; some members of the A.Y.P.A. for money and clothing; the Maple Leaf Bible Class and the Ecclesia Girls' Bible Class, 35th Troop Boy Scouts,

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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and all who helped with cars and good wishes, as far as we know no one was forgotten, and many grateful letters have been received from the people who received the baskets. Some \$117.71 was received in money, and disbursements were \$149.37. Again we thank you for all your help and hope it will be a happy and a much more prosperous year to all our people. — MARY SHOTTER, Deaconess.

ST. JOHN'S (NORWAY) CHOIR

Looking back over the past twelve months affords me much pleasure in recalling the happy association with the members of the choir; their loyalty, unvarying record of attendance, and the knowledge of having rendered a service in sustaining the musical portion of our religious observances undoubtedly will, to all, give happiness in remembering these pleasant associations, and that the year in front of us may hold similar pleasure is all that is desired.

Having but recently passed, the weather conditions of the evening of December 31st, 1933, will be easily remembered; rain washing away what little foothold there was, leaving both street and pavement a sheet of ice, even this did not deter either congregation or choirsters, St. John's being well filled and thirty-five taking their seats as usual in the choir stalls, and it is on occasions like this that gives practical demonstration of the loyalty, to which is referred above.

Having regard to the draw briefly referred to in this column last month, these tickets are now on sale and, as intimated, the proceeds are to be used in partially defraying the debt on the organ: we leave this now in the hands of choir members to utilize their selling ability and the sportive instinct of those approached by them, and last but not least the object for which the fund is being raised. The draw will take place on Wednesday, January 31st, at St. John's Church House. The name of the winner will be announced in the next issue of the magazine.

The ushering in of the New Year was minus the usual watch-night service owing to the 31st coming on a Sunday, which incidentally gave 1933 fifty-three Sundays, and it is to be hoped this generosity derived through the calendar was duly appreciated by the Churchwardens as helpful to their financial efforts; then the evening of January 1st found us a very happy party, as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mould, who entertained us and gave us a thoroughly enjoyable time.

Several members are still wanted for the choir, and remembering the Centennial celebration of Toronto takes place this year, joining the choir

will afford an opportunity of taking part in the musical service that is being arranged in connection with this event.

THE MOTHERS' UNION

The Mothers' Union held no meeting in December. January 25th will be the annual meeting and election of officers and it is hoped every member will make an effort to attend.

Greetings were sent to our three links—Copnor and Stratfieldsaye, England, and Port Antonio, Jamaica. That these are appreciated will be seen by an extract which was taken from the Jamaica Diocesan magazine last year, as follows: "We received at Christmas time a packet of beautiful cards from the members of the Mothers' Union at St. John's, Norway. This branch was one of those which was visited by our enrolling member during her stay in Canada. We do appreciate their apparent appreciation of her visit, which they have shown in so practical a way, by their thought of us during the season of good-will." Such incidents as these bring home very forcibly to us the world-wide bond of sisterhood, which the Mothers' Union stands for, and we can never cease to thank God for this, which is a source of joy to all who are members of this great Union.

THE MOTHERS' SOCIETY

Two meetings were held, on December 7th and 14th, and on the 21st a euchre was held at Mrs. Collins' home, a very enjoyable time was enjoyed by all. The proceeds were in aid of our fund for the Church. Ven. Archdeacon Fotheringham addressed the meeting December 7th on "Hands About Our Children."

December 14th was our election of officers and Christmas closing social. \$135.00 was voted to Church fund. Canon Baynes-Reed spoke briefly on our Christmas obligations and gave a Christmas greeting to each member. A very enjoyable happy year meeting was ended and a new one started by the election of the following officers for 1934: President, Mrs. Smallwood; vice-president, Mrs. Reynolds; recording secretary, Mrs. Whittington; financial secretary, Mrs. Collins; treasurer, Mrs. Smith; caterer, Mrs. Bradley, Sr.; visiting committee—Mrs. Collins, Powell, Whitmore and Craven; Mrs. Larraway and Reynolds, euchre conveners.

Early in February we finish 25 years of service to the Church and each other we hope to fittingly celebrate our silver anniversary by a re-union and banquet.

January 4th the first meeting of 1934.

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ST. JOHN'S LAWN BOWLING CLUB



St. John's (Norway) Lawn Bowling Club brought one of its most successful seasons to a happy close with the usual banquet and presentations in the Parish Hall, President Paul Huxtable in the chair. Following an hour's entertainment by a group of talented artists, over a hundred bowlers sat down to supper, after which Rev. Canon W. L. Baynes-Reed, Ald. G. C. and Mrs. Elgie, Mrs.

Connor, T. W. and Mrs. Turff, Vice-president E. J. Thompson and Mrs. R. Ball, president of the ladies' section, made the presentations as follows:

A. E. Ames Trophy (mixed rinks)—Mrs. J. Underhill, Mrs. A. Paskin, I. G. McPhayden, A. Graham.

Hospital Trophy—Mrs. J. Underhill, J. Underhill, G. Withecombe, W. H. Hall.

Howell Trophy (doubles)—R. Clegg, E. Thompson; runners-up, L. Wilcox, H. Spindloe.

Ald. Elgie Trophy (novices)—1, S. Atlass; 2, R. Clegg.

Nichol Shield (singles elimination)—J. Smellie.

Holman Trophy (rinks)—J. Tucker, J. McAdam, S. Jamieson, W. Argyle; runners-up—A. Graham, A. J. Thompson, R. Clegg, H. Spindloe.

Geo. Shields Trophy (Irish doubles)—S. Atlass, L. Wilcox, A. Graham; runners-up, I. G. McPhayden, J. Ogilvie, Art Thompson.

T. W. Turff Trophy (singles)—F. Mattingly; runner-up, J. Smellie.

Howell Trebles Trophy—Mrs. J. Graham, Mrs. F. Counter, Mrs. "Billy" Fenton.

Shields Doubles Trophy—Mrs. A. Rumley, Mrs. A. Underhill; runners-up—Mrs. "Billy" Fenton, Mrs. Graham.

Muir Challenge Cup—Mrs. F. Counter.

Turiff Challenge Trophy (rinks)—Mrs. J. Ball, Mrs. Paskin, Mrs. A. Underhill, Mrs. F. Counter; runners-up, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Graham, Miss Parker, Mrs. Withycombe.

Ladies' singles—Mrs. G. Counter, Mrs. C. Rumley.

Mr. Joe Millar Points Trophy—Mrs. C. Rumley, J. Smellie.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. J. McAdam, our secretary, for the excellent concert he put before us; also our greatest thanks go out to our good ladies who provided the excellent supper, which was enjoyed by one and all.

I notice, looking over the prize list this year, several of our good bowlers of years gone by are in the ditch, including Bob Ball, Mel Dunham, Frankie Abbott (with his lucky last bowl), not even did Paul Huxtable, our president, cash in.

Jim White was an also ran, along with Charlie Rumley and Charlie Dowling. Anyway, we all enjoyed the summer bowling and at the time of writing it is better than snow shovelling.

The newly-formed Lawn Bowlers Five Pin Club is progressing fine, a good number turning out Monday and Tuesday evenings to knock down the skittles.

I understand at the time of writing our good friend Art. Thompson had the misfortune to slip on the ice covered sidewalk and brake several ribs; we trust he will soon be well again and able to bowl. The sidewalks I have never seen so slippery for years.

The bowling green now would make a lovely hockey rink.

CONFIRMATION

The Bishop of Toronto visited this parish on the Tuesday before Christmas and confirmed a large class presented by the Rector.

The class was made up of 56 males and 26 females and the average age was 20 years.

This is the second class to be presented for confirmation this year as there were 93 confirmed in June, making a total of 175 confirmed in a year.

The newly confirmed made their first communion on Christmas Day.

This is the 47th confirmation in 36 years, and during that time no less than 2,575 persons have been confirmed.

July 24th, 1898.....	19	Dec. 31st, 1922.....	32
June 17th, 1900.....	21	May 31st, 1923.....	106
June 3rd, 1902.....	47	Dec. 28th, 1923.....	27
July 8th, 1903.....	26	June 20th, 1924.....	117
June 5th, 1904.....	24	Dec. 20th, 1924.....	54
Dec. 3rd, 1905.....	24	June 19th, 1925.....	89
Oct. 21st, 1906.....	29	Dec. 21st, 1925.....	31
Nov. 3rd, 1907.....	25	June 20th, 1926.....	81
June 13th, 1908.....	35	Dec. 20th, 1926.....	33
June 13th, 1909.....	63	May 31st, 1927.....	68
May 31st, 1910.....	35	Dec. 21st, 1927.....	64
May 29th, 1911.....	55	June 14th, 1928.....	107
May 27th, 1912.....	24	Dec. 20th, 1928.....	44
May 22nd, 1913.....	44	June 6th, 1929.....	95
May 27th, 1914.....	44	Dec. 11th, 1929.....	60
May 26th, 1915.....	49	May 30th, 1930.....	77
May 25th, 1916.....	49	Dec. 21st, 1930.....	59
May 20th, 1917.....	49	May 31st, 1931.....	100
May 12th, 1918.....	40	May 27th, 1932.....	106
May 18th, 1919.....	55	Dec. 29th, 1932.....	55
June 4th, 1920.....	40	June 3rd, 1933.....	93
May 10th, 1921.....	61	Dec. 19th, 1933.....	82
Dec. 19th, 1921.....	22		
June 11th, 1922.....	61	Total	2,575

The visiting clergy for the month of December were: Rev. Dr. Cotton of St. Aidan's, who addressed the monthly board meeting of the W.A.; the Bishop of Toronto at the Confirmation service, and the Provost of Trinity, who spoke on the last Sunday in the year.

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One God and Father

By the Archbishop of York
(The Most Rev. William Temple, D.D.)

A FEW years ago a leading man in one of the great scientific professions declared that "the man of science believes in God; but his God is too great to fit into any of the creeds." He was (as men of science do with strange frequency) using words inaccurately. By "creeds" he meant theological systems. Even so it is doubtful whether what he said is sensible. When we remember what the creeds of Christendom are, it was quite meaningless. "The Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible": that is what the creed of widest use and highest authority says of the One God. Not even God Himself can be too great for it. The phrase claims by anticipation every new discovery of science as an addition to our knowledge of the activity of God.

We need perpetually to recall to our minds the Majesty of God. The very nerve of all real religion is the awe of man, so small, so transient, so mean, before the Infinite, the Eternal, the Holy. Sometimes we have spoken so much and so glibly about the love of God that, having in mind our own poor and often foolish love, we have lost all sense of the deep mystery of the Love Divine. Only when we begin with recollection of the transcendent Majesty of God, the Creator of the stars, do we understand the full glory of S. John's declarations: "Our fellowship is with the FATHER"; "God is Love."

We have no excuse for leaving out of our thought the infinite Majesty. Our modern knowledge increases, and in no way diminishes, the sense which came to the Psalmist of the gulf between God and Man:

When I consider Thy heavens, even the work of Thy fingers,
The moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained;
What is man that Thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man that Thou visitest him?

All about us on every hand is the evidence of God's greatness. We forget it because our minds cannot contain the thought of it; but we should let our senses remind us of it.

Part of the meaning and force of the ancient creed is obscured by the fact that misleading associations have gathered about the great word Almighty. People suppose that it represents a claim that God can do even impossible things, such as construct a square circle. But we all know that there is one thing which God cannot do; "He cannot deny Himself." And the laws of the universe are His laws. He can modify their action when His purpose requires this; but to do so perpetually would come near to that denial of Himself which is made impossible to Him by the constancy of His own nature. The Greek word represented by Almighty means All-Ruler; what it affirms is no mere capacity to do any manner of thing, but an actual control of



THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK
(Lafayette)

all that happens, so that it falls within God's purpose and is guided to the fulfilment of His purpose. When we serve Him we accept that purpose as our own; but when we defy Him, we do not escape it. Still through our obstinacy and the fruits which by God's law result from it, He uses us to fulfil His purpose. Knowledge of this was the strength of the old Stoic philosophers; but there is no assertion of it so impressive as that given by the Old Testament prophets when they combined condemnation of the wickedness of Assyria or Babylon with a clear recognition that these nations were instruments of the LORD, as when Isaiah cries, "Ho Assyrian, the rod of mine anger!"

What is our right and only response to the unutterable Majesty of the Most High, the One God, Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth and of all things visible and invisible? Is it not just this?—"O come let us worship, and fall down,

and kneel before the LORD our Maker." And it is then, as we kneel in adoration, that we are able to hear in all its tingling wonder the assurance that He, "the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, Whose Name is Holy" is also "our FATHER."

We find devout men in the Old Testament using the word FATHER in addressing prayer to GOD. But the Apostles plainly felt that there was something new and very wonderful in the Fatherhood of GOD as our LORD understood it and taught them to understand it. That is the only way of accounting for their retention of His own Aramaic word "Abba" in their Greek narratives and letters. "The SPIRIT whereby we cry Abba, FATHER," means the SPIRIT whereby we know GOD as our FATHER in the sense that JESUS CHRIST first disclosed. But this new tenderness and intimacy does not obliterate the thought of GOD's all-ruling power. On the contrary—the very instances that our LORD chooses to illustrate GOD's fatherly care are instances also of His all-embracing sovereignty.

He knows the number of the hairs of our heads; no sparrow falls to the ground without Him.

Moreover, whereas others had seen GOD chiefly in what was rare and astonishing—the earthquake and the storm—our LORD teaches us to trace His working chiefly in what is regular, dependable, homely: the rising of the sun, the falling of the rain, the beauty of spring flowers, the ripening harvest. If we had learnt this from Him, what trouble would have been saved when science began to show the natural causes of what had been regarded as due to divine action alone! The laws of nature are GOD's laws, and in them we read His mind and will. It is because He rules all that He directs the detail of our lives. In being FATHER, He does not cease to be King; He rules over heaven and earth; but He rules as a FATHER. We bow before His power; we trust His love. It is in the union of these two that the strength and joy of Christian faith is found.

William Ebor.

Our Churches Overseas

XIV. THE COWLEY WANTAGE AND ALL SAINTS' MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION IN INDIA

By the Rev. F. S. Payne, S.S.J.E.

IN the year 1874 Bishop Douglas of Bombay invited the Founder of the Society of S. John the Evangelist to send a priest to take up work in the City of Bombay. Father Page was the priest chosen, and his particular task was to look after the poorer classes of Anglo-Indians. He was, in due time, made Vicar of S. Peter's, Mazagon; and, as the work developed, he summoned to his aid the Sisters of All Saints' Community to help him in the women's work. He acquired for the Sisters the compound at

Beneath the hill we shall see the dome of S. Peter's Church and the compound around which are built the various institutions under the care of the Fathers, the Mission House, Day School, Boarding House for boys, S. Peter's Hostel for young men at work, and S. Paul's for Indian lads. This is not the church in which Father Page ministered, for in 1905 the site was acquired for the Port Trust Railway, and the whole Mission premises had to be rebuilt on another site in 1907. Not far from the church we shall see another block of buildings which are the scene of the Sisters' activities, All Saints' Home. Here we shall find a busy hive of women and girls occupied with needlework of various kinds, Church embroidery, weaving, and wafer-making; and a happy home of smaller children who go to school.

If we cast our glance amongst the masses of tenement buildings further afield we may pick out a pinnacle surmounted by the symbol of our faith, marking the Church of the Holy Cross, Umarchadi, where our Marathi-speaking Christians worship, and you will be told that there are three Indian priests working with the Fathers in the Bombay area.

Close to Umarchadi an enormous block of buildings will be pointed out to you as the Jamshedji and allied



CHURCH OF THE HOLY NAME, POONA

compound at Umarchadi, which is now the site of Holy Cross Church. In 1877 the Poona City Mission was founded by Bishop Mylne, and the Wantage Sisters were invited to help in the venture, and to superintend the Diocesan Girls' High School.

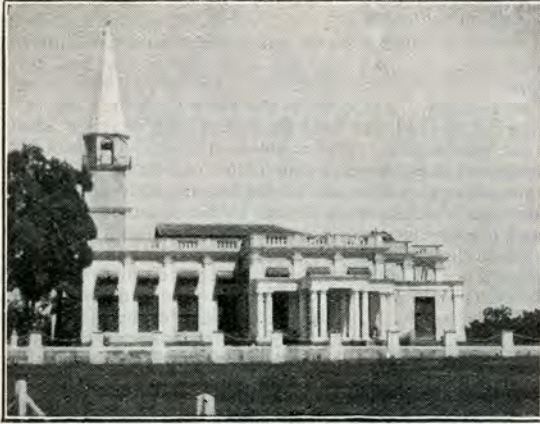
We must pass over the various phases and developments of half a century, and try to visualize the work as it is to-day. For this purpose we will take you to Mazagon Hill, one of Bombay's "lungs," whence you will get a panorama of the whole island. Southward, a vista of towers and pinnacles as you look over the business quarters and public buildings of the "Fort" down to Colaba Point, and a little westward to Malabar Hill with its Hanging Gardens, Tower of Silence, and Government House. Eastward, the line of the docks with funnels and masts, and the harbour beyond, and mountains of the mainland. Northward, the chimney-stacks of Bombay's mills.



A STREET IN BOMBAY

[W. F. Taylor

hospitals, where the All Saints' Sisters have for years had charge of the nursing organization. Eastwards across the harbour you will be shown the entrance to



S. MARY'S, POONA

Panvel Creek. On the outskirts of the town a devoted English nurse with a small band of helpers is doing a wonderful work of women's welfare and general dispensary under superintendence of the Sisters.

Poona is about a hundred miles south of Bombay. Making the journey by train we climb up the Ghats through twenty-four tunnels from the sea level to nearly two thousand feet above it, and at the top come to Khandalla, where the All Saints' Sisters have a European Girls' High School and a Nursery for small children. The school chapel, dedicated to the Holy Guardian Angels, is a solid stone structure on the side of a hill. The marble altar is a memorial to Father Page, who died in Poona in 1912.

On arriving at Poona, instead of going the most direct way to Panch Howd, the Mission headquarters, through the native bazaar, we make a detour through the Cantonment, and adjoining the Church of S. Mary, consecrated by Bishop Heber in 1824, is the Girls' High School which has been supervised by the Wantage Sisters for more than fifty years, and brought to a high standard of efficiency. Some ten years ago a Training College for Teachers was established in connection with it, the second only in India connected with the Anglican Church. There are plans for its further extension.

The Indian Mission is two miles further, on the edge

of the great Hindu city formerly the capital of the Maratha kings. It is dominated by the campanile of the Holy Name, one hundred and twenty feet high, a witness to the Christian Faith in all the surrounding district. The foundation of the church was laid in 1883, the campanile was finished in 1897, and an extension, with apsidal baptistery, and marble immersion font in memory of Father Goreh, the ex-Brahmin Pandit, was added at the beginning of the century.

If we climb the tower we shall see the whole of Poona City and Cantonment spread out before us with a rampart of hills west and south; below us on one side are the buildings under the Fathers' charge, the boys' school and hostels, the Mission House and workshops; and on the other side S. Mary's Convent, surrounded by the girls' school and hostels and fronted by the buildings devoted to the women's industries, embroidery of various kinds; while S. John's Hospital and Dispensary provides accommodation for fifty in-patients, and deals with numbers of out-patients of every creed daily. The men's department of the hospital is housed in the old bungalow acquired by Bishop Mylne as the headquarters of the Mission and adjoins the church.

On entering the church we notice how cool it seems with its greyish marble floor, white-washed walls and Corinthian pillars, and its majestic proportions, and noble altar of Devonshire marbles.

One Indian priest lives in the Church Compound and is responsible for the oversight of the congregation, mostly living in the immediate neighbourhood of the Mission; while another shepherds a congregation in another part of the city where is the Church of the Angels, and a group of Christians living at Kirkee four miles away. The senior Indian priest, who was a schoolboy in the very early days of the Mission, preaches in the villages round. In connection with the medical work the Indian Sisterhood of the Holy Name look after convalescent women and children in a sanatorium at Nanded, eight miles out in the country, as well as doing evangelistic work in the surrounding villages.



S. PETER'S, MAZAGON



BOMBAY HARBOUR

[W. F. Taylor

Marks and Scars Personal Sketches from Recent Church History

"My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles Who now will be my rewarder."—*The Pilgrim's Progress*

I. HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND

By the Rev. Canon S. L. Ollard

THE most brilliant genius among the English clergy of his day: few, I presume, would dispute that judgement on Henry Scott Holland. His biographer, Mr. Stephen Paget, conjectured that in days to come he will be re-discovered, and "Holland Societies" formed to study his works. If so they will have a delightful task, for Dr. Holland was a deep thinker, a very great preacher, an orator, and a writer whose short sketches made him a prince of journalists. His sense of humour was so irrepresible that it sometimes got him into trouble, and he had a hatred of cruelty and injustice which made him the passionate champion of the poor and the oppressed. And this array of gifts and graces was welded together by complete devotion to our LORD JESUS CHRIST. You could not be with him long without seeing that behind his charm and his brilliance lay a complete consecration; he was not only a great Christian, he was a great Christian priest.

He was already a great name in my undergraduate days at Oxford; my tutor spoke of his sermons with enthusiasm, and soon after it began, in 1896, I came across the *Commonwealth*, the brilliant magazine he edited and into which put so much of his best work. But in those days Holland's work was chiefly in London, where he had been Canon of S. Paul's since 1885.

At last I heard him preach: an experience not to be forgotten. You saw his large figure pass with quick short steps to the pulpit, and you marked the fine dome-shaped head. Then you heard his voice, beautiful and clear, adapting itself like a delicate musical instrument to the changes of his theme. He spoke very quickly but very distinctly, and big as he was he was very graceful, with swift movements as he flung himself into his argument. And his thought poured itself out in rich vivid language. How vivid you can see at its best in some of the sermons in *God's City*, when he describes the countryman at his work, or when he makes you see the fish in the net wondering at the faint and delicate thing which encloses them and draws them whether they will or no. As he continued there were brilliant flashes of humour and phrases which arrested you, but the strong plan of his argument went on, urged with passionate earnestness as he reached its close. I have been fortunate in hearing many great preachers: I have never heard one who surpassed him.

Preaching was but part of his work, he excelled also as a speaker. He could rise to the height of a great occasion and he could also be gay and delightfully amusing as at the annual evening meeting of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa in the Holborn Town Hall. Year by year his speech there was an event to be looked forward to. For missionary work had a large place in his heart; he had helped to found the Oxford Mission to Calcutta in 1879.

In the popular mind Dr. Holland was known chiefly for his championship of Social Reform. He was labelled

a Socialist, but his social zeal sprang from his Churchmanship. He had grasped very firmly the half forgotten article of the Creed which the Oxford Movement had rescued, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," and he worked out both in theory and practice what that belief meant. Slums, sweated labour, overcrowded houses: these were as much the concern of a Churchman as foreign missions or the beauty of worship. So through the Christian Social Union founded in 1889, and the *Commonwealth*, and by speaking and preaching up and down England he strove to awaken the national conscience to hideous injustices in our civilization. He brought thus into the Oxford Movement much of the teaching of F. D. Maurice and the earlier Christian Socialists. In his zeal for social righteousness Holland was like an Old Testament prophet, and he received a share of that scorn and contempt which is part of a prophet's reward.



[Elliott & Fry]
DR. HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND

He was not only a prophet. He was a thinker and a theologian. He knew intimately well the intellectual problems of the day, and he was convinced that the Catholic Faith was the answer to all the needs of men. He accepted frankly what seemed true in modern methods of thought, the Higher Criticism of the Bible for instance, and he was one of the leaders in the group which brought out *Lux Mundi* in 1889. Dr. Holland's strong and clear Catholic theology is to be found in his sermons and in scattered essays; it is his greatest contribution to the cause of our LORD JESUS CHRIST. Excepting perhaps his life. Yet that was known to comparatively few, for after an attack of typhoid fever in 1874 his health swung on a delicate balance, and he refused all merely social engagements. But he was the life and soul of any gathering in which he was. His wit,

his chaff, his charm were irresistible, yet at any turn of the talk he was ready to face the gravest problem. I have met few men to whom spiritual religion seemed so perfectly natural.

That impression was confirmed by an accidental experience. Staying in a country house, I met a B.A. of my own college, who had been for seven months Dr. Holland's secretary, a clever, critical young man. When we were alone he broke out about his life with Dr. Holland. I can see the scene as I write. "I have lived with Canon Holland for seven months, now," he said. "I read all his letters, I keep all his accounts, I am with him at every meal. At first I doubted whether any one could be as good as he seemed to be, but I can tell you that living with him has been to me a revelation. I have never heard him say a thing, I have never seen him do a thing, of which I could think 'I wish you hadn't said, or hadn't done, that.' I never saw before what Christianity really means." I have never heard a more spontaneous witness.

The formal details of Dr. Holland's career can be put shortly. The son of a Worcestershire squire, he was educated at Eton and Balliol. He won a brilliant First in "Greats" in 1869, was elected Student of Christ Church next year and became a most popular "don." He was ordained deacon in 1872, priest in 1874. He remained at Christ Church fifteen years, until, in 1885, he became Canon of S. Paul's. For twenty-six years he lived and worked in London; then, in 1911, Mr. Asquith

persuaded him to return to Oxford as Regius Professor of Divinity and Canon of Christ Church. The younger teachers in Oxford had begun to feel the inspiration of his leadership when, in 1914, the War broke out. He died, on March 17, 1918, before it ended. Few men have left such a mark on Oxford as he. Years after he had gone to London I heard a Head of a House, of opinions very different from Dr. Holland's, recall that Holland

as a Student of Christ Church had raised the whole standard of purity in the University. It is a record worth preserving, for it was remembered of him at Eton that he was a boy in whose presence evil could not be named. The Church in England has been served by many great priests. I wonder whether any has been greater in his array of gifts, and in their complete consecration, than Henry Scott Holland.

Sanctuary Rights

By Gertrude Hollis
Author of *That Land and This, etc.*

"ONCE in sanctuary he was safe; no one could take him from the Church's protection." Mr. Glyn, the teacher in the Junction Road School, had been explaining the mediaeval custom of "sanctuary" to the class of which Ian Gordon was one. The fact that their own village Church of the Holy Cross had possessed the right of sheltering those who claimed protection had interested the class, keeping the boys unusually quiet until the bell released them.

Then what mattered mediaeval history to them? It was freezing sharply and making the level pavements "topping" for slides. Soon they were going down the glistening one in front of old Benson's hardware shop, shouting and whistling and chaffing old Benson whenever he rushed out angrily ordering them off.

Times were hard now, as hard as the weather, Ian Gordon's mother thought. Her husband, a gardener, was out of work, and she was sewing from morning to night in a constant struggle to make both ends meet and keep the home together. There was only some bread and dripping for tea when Ian reached his home, but he and the mongrel dog who was his dearest companion and friend ate it together on the worn rag mat in front of the small fire, while he chattered about the school and listened to his father's account of a fruitless tramp out into the country in search of a job of hedging and ditching.



THE COLSTON TOMB

...n sleepy. He and
that valiant (so good at runs)
made to at (ious of everything).
lect of the (le chap about the
Whatever can't pay for the
said about it."
there can be Jock," said Mrs.
S. Mary Recubled. "Look at
finest parish
land. Leyk
in 1541, said
beautiful c
Queen Eigh
struck by i
the year of
granted bac
confiscated
miserably, looking
thin arms clasped
high head nestled
to breaking mine
money on a dog
wife and son."
?" his wife asked.
ught to have been

taken out on the first. We shall be having the police round about it soon."

"There's nothing more we can sell?" Mrs. Gordon said, looking round the bare room. "But must Sutcliffe be destroyed? Can't you give him away to some one and maybe we could get him back when times are better?"

"Give him away! Who'd have him? He's the most awful mongrel, you know. No one would be fool enough to take out a licence for such an animal or be seen going out with him."

Mrs. Gordon sighed. There was no doubt Jock was right—Sutcliffe was a mongrel, mud-coloured, with rough hair and a long tail and ears which didn't match, one standing erect and the other drooping. The dog had followed them home one night from the common some two miles from the village. They had always believed that he had been left behind by gipsies, for no one had ever recognized him. Mongrel as he was, though, Sutcliffe possessed the most faithful loving heart that ever dwelt in a little dog's body.



"A small boy sobbing his heart out."

The world seemed to have come to an end for Ian Gordon. Almost exhausted with

crying he had rushed out of the house with Sutcliffe gripped tight in his arms, hardly knowing what he was doing or where he was going. His mother had broken the dire tidings to him. The sight of his small face when he had taken in the sense of her words was almost too much for her; it was a relief when he snatched up the dog and ran out of the house.

All the morning he wandered about the fields and lanes outside the village, stopping every now and then to sob piteously as he watched Sutcliffe racing about on the frosty ground, sniffing excitedly at rabbit holes and scratching vigorously in the heaps of leaves that lay under the hedges. The trouble seemed almost incredible; he could not realize it.

Tired out, at last he turned back to go home. As he passed the noble old cruciform church that was the glory of Halford village, what Mr. Glyn had said the day before about the ancient rights of sanctuary it had possessed came into his mind. "Once inside he was safe; no one could take him out of the Church's protection."

Hardly conscious of what he was thinking, Ian picked up Sutcliffe and carried him inside the church.

So it came about that the Rector, coming quietly

All Saints', Corn Street, has the tomb of Edward Colston, the philanthropist, who died in 1721, after spending over £70,000 on schools, almshouses, and



ALL SAINTS', CLIFTON

religious benefactions. It is also the only church in Bristol which is said to be haunted. The story is that when the priest in charge of the church in the reign of Edward VI was ordered to make an inventory of its treasures with a view to their confiscation, he and the treasures both disappeared, and were never seen again. But the priest's ghost appeared from time to time, as though trying to show where he had hidden the treasures. Its last appearance was about 1830 when it was seen by the vicar and a church cleaner to come down the church and disappear through a wall, where there was once a door leading into the priest's house.

The Temple Church, dedicated in honour of the Holy Cross, has, among other objects of interest, a brass candelabra, which was presented to the church about 1350, and has hung in the same place in the chancel ever since.

The Church of S. John the Baptist is also interesting, chiefly on account of its site. It is built on the old city wall, with its tower directly over S. John's Gate, through which Queen Elizabeth once entered the city.

Of the modern churches S. Agnes has the distinction of being the first church to be built by a school or college mission. Consecrated in 1886, it was built as the church of the Clifton College Mission, which first began to work in what is now S. Agnes's Parish in 1878.

Several churches have an early connection with the Oxford Movement, as Dr. Pusey frequently visited Clifton, where his daughters were at school, between 1839 and 1845, and preached there and in Bristol. It is surprising to find that he preached at Clifton Parish Church, a great Protestant stronghold, on

Christmas Day, 1846, soon after Newman's secession to Rome, but less surprising to learn that the moment he entered the pulpit two or three persons walked out, "with marked and significant stampings."

S. Raphael's, which was built in 1859, under the inspiration of the Movement, to be a Seamen's Church, has the distinction of having been closed by the Bishop from 1877 to 1894 because its incumbent refused to obey the ruling of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the Ridsdale case.

All Saints', Clifton, consecrated in 1868, was for many years an outpost of Anglo-Catholic teaching and ceremonial. Its first vicar, Richard William Randall, possessed remarkable force of character and was a man of torrential and awe-inspiring eloquence. He built a church seating thirteen hundred, but it was often found too small for the enthusiastic congregations that gathered under its roof. He also had trouble with Bishop Ellicott, who from 1873 until 1889 would neither confirm at All Saints' nor license curates to the vicar. The present vicar is Canon M. P. Gillson, who was instituted in 1912.

A remarkable feature of this church is the narthex added in 1909, in which were inserted windows containing representations of nine sub-Tractarian worthies. Three of the subjects were still living when the windows were made. The portrayal of the living, however eminent, in a church is unusual. A faculty was obtained for the narthex but not for the windows, on the ground that they depicted post-Reformation clergymen wearing illegal vestments.

Since the War, in Bristol as in other dioceses, strenuous efforts have been made to provide churches for a rapidly extending population. No less than sixteen new parishes have been formed. Some of the new churches are of considerable architectural interest. Mr. Hartland Thomas, for instance, has in S. Mary's, Shirehampton, and S. Cuthbert's, Brislington, given striking examples of new ideas in architecture.



THE TEMPLE CHURCH

AN EPIPHANY CAROL

THE Wise Men came, and they journeyed far,
Because in the East they had seen His star.
And each one brought some precious thing
To lay at the feet of the Infant King.
Hail holy light ! Hail blessed night !
When JESUS was born in Bethlehem.

He slept on the straw in His manger bed,
Above Him the roof of a poor cattle-shed ;
But the Wise Men found Him ; they found Him there,
For the star stood over that stable bare.
Hail holy light ! Hail blessed night !
When JESUS was born in Bethlehem

When they saw the Babe, though the light was dim,
They knew Him at once, and they worshipped Him ;
Then opened their treasures, and laid at His feet
Their gifts, myrrh and gold, and the frankincense sweet.
Hail holy light ! Hail blessed night !
When JESUS was born in Bethlehem.

The Wise Men came from lands afar,
Led on their way by the CHRIST-Child's Star
And still it guideth ever the same,
Then come let us follow with souls aflame,
And bring the best gift to lay at His feet,
A pure loving heart in surrender complete.
Hail holy light ! Hail blessed night !
When JESUS was born in Bethlehem.

Lena A. T. Roth



A Giant's Strength

By J. Aiton Cowdroy

*"Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."—MILTON FOR MEASURE*

CHAPTER I

EYOT ST. MARY

THE irregular High Street of Eyot St. Mary lay bathed in the sunshine of a May afternoon that evoked vivid hues in the ancient tiling of high-peaked roofs and gables, and caught white reflections from sunblinds and modern plate glass of shop windows beneath. Dick Tremayne, fresh from the South American newness of the Avenida of Rio, gazed at the old-world street with a sense of profound content.

Rio was a splendid city, set in gorgeous, semi-tropical scenery, its palatial buildings and offices striking the last note in modern invention and improvement, all admirably progressive and luxurious, of course, yet how glad he had been to return that morning to his desk in the town office of the Eyot Engineering Works in this very High Street, and to gaze out, in intervals of active business, on the fifteenth-century Gothic of the Haymarket opposite.

In the great Engineering Works a couple of miles down the river, the internal arrangements were as up to date as anything Rio could boast, but in the town office, once the stately Georgian home of the founder, the original character of the house was proudly preserved, and the directors refused to tamper with the fine, carved panelling even for the installation of a lift.

He had chuckled afresh over the anomaly this morning when he walked up the wide, oaken staircase to his private room, after eighteen months' absence during which he seemed practically to have lived in elevators. Change crept so slowly in Eyot St. Mary that the only difference he could so far discern was the fresh coat of paint that Ponders had given to his Drapery Emporium across the way.

"Hullo, Dick! Glad to see you back at last." It was Mr. Wainwright, the burly Mayor, wealthy builder and contractor, who genially accosted him. "Noticing the changes here? Ponders done himself proud over his frontage, hasn't he?"

"He has. But it's odd you should say that. I was just thinking that in this good old town nothing ever changes."

"Humph! Children grow up!"

"Oh well, human life can't stand still. I must congratulate you on your own fresh honours, sir. As for children, it would be jolly unnatural if they didn't grow up to take on the world's work in their turn. How are Julia and Mary, and the rest of your youngsters, Mr. Wainwright?"

"Julia has just presented us with a second grandchild, another girl. Her mother is stopping with her, at Leeds, at present. Very happy marriage that has turned out, I'm glad to say. Percy Blake is a good, steady, sensible fellow, and a rising man. My lads are

at school—doing well, too—and Mary's housekeeping for her old Dad. I tell her she must choose a sound husband like her sister's choice, before she dreams of getting married."

"What! Mary? Why, she is still a mere child. She was a schoolgirl when I saw her last—with round cheeks and long pig-tails."

"So she is. A child I mean, though she left school last summer. And cut off the pig-tails. She's a good little girl, but at eighteen little lasses imagine they are independent nowadays, get romantic fancies into their heads, or have them put there by foolish—" He checked himself abruptly. "Seen that young step-brother of yours yet?"

"Harry? I returned so late last night I had only time to see that he has shot up into manhood. A regular young giant. He is turned twenty-one, you know, and so he is out of my guardianship, but I was sorry to hear he'd left your office, Mr. Wainwright. I thought he was comfortably settled with you when I left. I understand you had a difference of opinion."

Since the death of his father, Colonel Tremayne, many years before, Dick had made himself responsible for the welfare of his step-mother and her boy, a high-spirited, wilful, yet attractive youngster. When Harry left school he firmly refused to enter the works as Dick wished, preferring an independent business career.

Dick realized from the frown on the Mayor's face that the quarrel which had caused Harry to quit his office in the winter (he was now a clerk at Simpson's, the chief Estate Agents in the town) had left a rankling and highly disagreeable memory.

"Difference of opinion! That's a mild way to put it," he snorted. "Harry hasn't the smallest idea how to behave himself in an office, Dick. Lost his temper and showed resentment of any correction—flared up even at me! It strikes me you are in for trouble in that direction unless you can persuade him to correct that ungoverned temper of his before it's too late. The truth is, you fairly spoiled him by giving in to him when he was a nipper. You were too easy-going, coaxed him round out of his tantrums most likely, when what he wanted was a sound spanking to teach him to control himself and respect his elders. His home folk may regard it as high-spirited to see him flare up, but outsiders are more likely to take him for a hot-tempered, arrogant young fool. You know as well as I do that to fly out at your boss is not the best way to keep a job. He's a likeable lad in some ways, quick in the uptake, and absolutely straight, but he reached the limit of my endurance when he flew out at me in front of the staff. And they say he's had more than one row with Black, the manager at Simpson's, already, and next thing—he'll be getting the sack from there unless he mends his ways."

"But Mr. Wainwright—"

"I'm warning you for your own sake, Dick. If he goes on as he's doing he'll end by making the town too hot to hold him. Turn out a regular young waster on your hands. I'd give him a pretty straight dressing down if I were you, and while you are about it you might mention I won't have him hanging round my little girl, either. Putting it into her head to look askance at her parents' wishes. I'm not a domestic tyrant, far from it, but it's a father's plain duty to look after his children. Well, well. Come up to supper at Cedar Lodge one night when the wife comes home, Dick, and let's hear all about your travels."

He marched off, and Dick, enlightened by that last hint, thought:

"Great Scott! So that's the way the wind blows! Harry and little Molly Wainwright! But they are simply a couple of children—just playmates. The Mayor's absurd to take them seriously. Besides, the boy hasn't a sou to bless himself with but what he earns. Harry seems to have been behaving like an ass in some respects but I can't believe he's such a complete ass as to contemplate proposing to an heiress like Molly."

The pleasure of his home-coming slightly dimmed, he returned home. Greeting his young brother in Mrs. Tremayne's pretty drawing-room, he felt reassured by his junior's affectionate manner.

"Now, old man, let's have a look at you in daylight." The young fellow seized Dick by the shoulders and grinned down at him from his superior three inches of height. "What's happened to you? You seem to have shrunk. Is this the painful effect of sea-voyaging? Or old age creeping on?"

"It's you who have impudently gone up in the world," Dick retorted. "If you shoot up much further, my boy, you'll be getting yourself mistaken for a maypole, and find yourself crowned with garlands. Hullo, Will, you still going strong?"

"Oh, just trailing along," chuckled Will Norman, a freckled youth, and a devoted satellite of Harry's, whom he had brought in with him. Where Will was chatter never failed, and dinner was a lively meal. Dick asked with keen interest after family friends, and Mrs. Tremayne and Will gave him all the news, while Harry, his buoyant mood quenched, sat in abstracted silence, or woke up to make a spasmodic remark.

He had certainly grown into a fine specimen of manhood, Dick reflected, with the figure of an athlete, though his grace of movement was still slightly touched with the awkwardness of immaturity. His hair was thick and black, unlike Dick's smooth fairness, and thick black brows met over a pair of uncommonly fine dark eyes; eyes that could flash with passionate temper, or equally passionate tenderness. But his mouth was a good one, sensitive, strong, firmly set.

The observer noticed a sudden tightening of his lips when Mrs. Tremayne casually mentioned the Wainwrights.

"I met the Mayor for a minute this afternoon," Dick remarked. "He seemed much cheered about his new grandchild. Mrs. Wainwright is staying with the Blakes, I gathered."

"According to Mary she can't tear herself away from the babies." Mrs. Tremayne smiled. "Harry, surely you're not going out—your brother's first night," she added as they all rose from table.

"Dick won't melt, Mother," impatiently. "Besides, I expect he's going to the Mannings himself, aren't you?"

"Right first time," Dick laughed. "I thought I'd stroll up, Mater, and see old Bob and Evadne and the young fry. What about coming along with me?" he added kindly, as the boys unceremoniously vanished. "There's no hurry in any case. Do you know, Mater, you look ridiculously young and pretty to be the mother of a great fellow like that?"

"Flatterer! But I do feel as if Harry had grown altogether beyond me sometimes, Dick." There was an undefined suggestion of anxiety in her tone that Dick caught, and he patted her shoulder comfortingly.

"Don't worry, dear. Boys never really grow beyond their mother's love, and that's the one thing that matters. But young colts want a long rein and gentle handling while they are testing their full-grown powers for themselves, you know. And Harry's got an uncommonly strong nature to contend with unless I'm much mistaken."

"Well, now you're home again I feel safe," she said.

Evadne Manning kept house for her father, brothers, and a miscellaneous tribe of young cousins who seemed to regard the Manning dwelling as their natural holiday resort. The rambling garden was full of the scent of roses and alive with gay young voices when Dick reached it.

"Dick! How good to see you again." Her serene voice fell like music, long missed, on his ears. "Father is writing, but the others are at tennis."

"So I hear," as cries of "Love All" reached them. "But I'd be perfectly content with a word with yourself, Evadne, if you can pity a worn traveller."

CHAPTER II

AN UNEXPECTED BLOW

MEANTIME, while Dick soothed his step-mother's worries, and Harry, abruptly dismissing Will at the gate, sped across the town to the Mayor's imposing residence, Mary Wainwright sat, a slim, childish figure, curled up in the corner of a big Chesterfield, facing the first really serious problem of her young life.

Her father had gone out to a Council Meeting; she was alone in the house save for the maids, and never had she longed more desperately for her mother's presence.



"Now, old man, let's have a look at you in the daylight." The young fellow seized Dick by the shoulders and grinned down at him.

For some months she had been troubled by mute evidence of her father's growing disapproval of her friendship with Harry Tremayne, but serene in the knowledge that it was he and her mother who had first encouraged him to run in and out of the house as he pleased, she had not spoken of it to Harry.

But to-day, without the slightest warning, Mr. Wainwright had suddenly issued definite orders that their friendship was to cease, and had said harsh, unkind things about Harry when, deeply distressed, she had ventured to protest against his injustice.

"But Daddy, why have you taken such a sudden dislike to Harry? We are *friends*," she had cried. "I simply can't throw him over without any reason. It would hurt him most dreadfully . . ."

"My orders give you reason enough, child. Understand, I won't have him coming here any more, so you'd best make that plain to him, or I shall."

Mary had been brought up to regard her father's wishes as law, and hitherto had given him a child's unquestioning affection and obedience, but now, she pondered miserably, could she obey him now when it meant such dreadful hurting of Harry, her friend?

As a tall figure darkened the French windows she sprang up, a brilliant colour flooding her pale cheeks.

"Harry! I thought you'd be spending the evening with Dick."

"Plenty of time for good old Dick in the future," he said easily. "What about coming for a stroll, Molly? It's far too perfect an evening to waste stuffing indoors."

She hesitated.

"I'm not sure . . . Daddy's out. Have you guessed that he thinks we, I mean—"

"That I drop in too often? I've noticed that he's not been too effusively cordial, lately. But naturally I'm bound to be a bit unpopular with the Mayor after that blazing row we had in the winter. I own I completely lost my temper and saw red that day. I quite see his point. But that isn't going to affect our being pals, Molly. Come to that, it was your mother and he who started it when they asked me to that jolly birthday dance of yours in October, and I spotted you in that frilly white frock of yours. I hate dances as a rule, but that evening stands out as the greatest I've ever spent. Do run and get your hat."

"All right, but only for half an hour then."

"Isn't your mother coming home soon?" he asked, when they were strolling past the Abbey grounds in the direction of the river. "You seem a bit silent to-night. Are you missing her?"

"Oh, I do wish she were at home," she sighed. "One simply can't write things in letters. But she does so adore having a nurseryful of babies again, and she wants to stay for the christening naturally. That won't happen for three weeks yet, to give old Mr. Blake time to get back from his visit to Canada. Julia simply loves having her, and Mummie knows there's no real reason for her to hurry home, too, for the maids are so trustworthy that they really run the house though we pretend I'm housekeeping."

"Oh well, it would be a pity for her to cut short her visit if she's enjoying herself so much. Cheer up, Molly, she's certain to come home when the blessed child is christened, at any rate. Are you going up for it?"

"I don't think so. The house will be full. Daddy wants to."

They strolled along the broad, paved walk that bordered the river, the old town piled on one side, and, across the wide, flowing stream, beyond the woody islet from which it derived its quaint name, green meadows stretching away to the far horizon.

When they reached a moss-grown, ruined bastion that had once formed part of the town walls, where the path turned inland, they paused for a moment to lean over the fence of a small house the lawns of which sloped right down to the river, to watch the sunset flame across the tangled beauty of the gardens.

"What a topping little cottage that would be to live in, Molly! Shall we pretend it's ours? That's the sitting-room, through that jolly verandah. Three rooms above, or perhaps four, and the kitchen round the corner. Big enough for us, do you think?"

"Quite," she responded gravely. "We'd have breakfast on the verandah, of course, under that mauve haze of wisteria. Harry, that garden is perfectly lovely. I do feel so out of sympathy with our grounds at the Lodge, all uninteresting turf and geraniums."

"And beyond that yew hedge there's an orchard and kitchen gardens, where we grow our own vegetables and keepfowls. I feel I've got a natural flair for fowls. Molly, do let's climb over and explore."

"No, no, we must not. It's too late. Do

you know whom it belongs to?"

"Rich London people who used it as a summer cottage, I believe. But this year they've gone abroad, and won't be down, I've heard. Let's come to-morrow. It's Saturday. There'll be loads of time after tennis."

"Harry, I'm dreadfully sorry." Her voice trembled, for the moment of explanation had come at last. "I can't come out to-morrow, for the Simpsons are coming, Olga, and her father, and—please don't be hurt—but I think you had best not come."

"Not come!" He halted, utterly dismayed. "Why, Molly, do you mean you don't want me?"

"Oh, you know I could never not want you," she murmured piteously, for his face looked unnaturally white in the sunset glow. "But it's Daddy. You see, Harry, it's true what you said, that he has looked cross when he's come home on Saturdays and seen you there, but I thought he was just remembering about that miserable quarrel you had at the office. You know it was an awful pity you defied him then, Harry. After all, it was his office, and he is so much older than you—it wasn't respectful—even if he was provoking."

"I don't see what any of that ancient history has to do with us—you and me," he broke in with angry impatience. "He was beastly unreasonable to me, and when he came up and barked at me for absolutely nothing



"Here they stood for a minute leaning on the fence to watch the sunset."

it roused the devil in me as that sort of bullying and bossing always does. As to its being disrespectful, young men have just as much right to respectful treatment as old ones, in my opinion. Do get back to the main point. Why can't I come as usual to-morrow?"

"Because," she burst out desperately with the bitter truth, "Daddy says you're not to come any more."

"Mary!" The anger in his voice made her shrink with fear, though she knew that it was not directed against herself. "Your father has dared to forbid me the house?" Then, as her quivering lips remained silent, he seized her hand in a grip that hurt, his ill-reined passions breaking the last shred of his control. "Molly, don't you realize I love you? I've loved you ever since that night when I saw you at the dance. I didn't intend to make love to you yet, but this is too much. I thought you loved me too, but if you don't—if you're ready to chuck me over because your father chooses to issue this idiotic, arbitrary order—"

"Harry, I do love you." She felt as if she were speaking in a dream, so miraculously had the veil been suddenly rent from her heart. "Truly, truly I do, though I didn't understand before." She was on the verge of tears, shaken to the depths of her being. "How can you believe I'd throw you over?"

"Then, darling, don't you see your father can't be permitted to treat us as if we were silly children? We've a right to arrange our own lives. If you love me as I love you—O Molly, Molly, I can scarcely believe anything so wonderful could come to me—even now, though you've owned it, my love, my own beloved girl!" He released her hands and stepped back, his head held stiff as a ramrod. "No, no"; his voice was dry and strangled. "We must get this straight first. The only thing to do is for me to go straight to your father and tell him we're engaged."

"Harry, you simply mustn't, yet. We must be patient. I can't bear to imagine the storm there would be."

"It's the only decent thing to do," he urged. "If I can't come to your home we can't meet at all. No

fellow with a spark of pride or decency could ask a girl like you to meet him in a rotten, underhand fashion."

"I'd no more consent to do anything underhanded than you would," she exclaimed, wounded. "But for you to go to Daddy in his present mood would only mean a dreadful quarrel. He doesn't intend to be harsh, Harry. Truly he doesn't. It's simply that he thinks I'm still a little girl to be guided and governed. But quarrelling never does any good, never, never. When people get angry with each other they say all sorts of bitter, cruel things that rankle like poison in the mind, and that they can never unsay after, however sorry they may be. You can't believe how terrified and shivery inside I feel when anger rises round me. It's not that I'm cowardly. Honestly, I'd stand to what I thought right. But when I feel people getting angry round me it's just as if a dreadful red mist of hatred were rising to shut one in and keep one separated from the love of God. Don't you see what I mean, dear?" with desperate pleading. "It's a sin against God to fight with people and be angry with them. And if you and Daddy meet now you're both certain to get hot and angry. Please, please, Harry, wait till we can find out what is the right thing to do, for Daddy and Mummie's side as well as ours. I owe them love too . . ." He caught the sob that choked further speech, and it stabbed at his heart, but so desperately was he wrestling with his own roused passions that he could not trust himself to answer.

Tragically unhappy at his silence, yet still clinging to the one gleam of right that she could discern in this stunning confusion of conflicting loyalties, Mary fought back her tears as they hurried through the darkening streets.

At the gate of Cedar Lodge Harry halted.

"All right, Mary. If that's how you feel we will wait a week. But at the end of a week we either own up and face the racket, or if you feel it's not worth it let me know you're through with me, and I'll never bother you again."

Before she could speak he was gone into the night.

(To be continued)

THE CHURCH'S PATHWAY NOTES FOR 1934

COMMEMORATIONS

The list of "Commemorations" may be regarded as historical notes, and a reminder of some great names among the earlier saints of the Church.

The following abbreviations are used: M., Martyr; C., Confessor, one who suffered for the Faith, but not unto death; D., Doctor, a great Teacher; Abp., Archbishop; Bp., Bishop; K., King; Q., Queen; Ab., Abbot; V., Virgin. The date given is usually that of death. Some of the dates are approximate only.

Jan. 13, Hilary, Bp. of Poitiers, D., 368; 17, Antony of Egypt, Ab., 356; 19, Wulfstan, Bp. of Worcester, 1095; 20, Fabian, Bp. of Rome, M., 250; [21, Agnes, Roman V. & M., c. 304.] 22, Vincent, Spanish Dn. & M., c. 304; 26, Polycarp, Bp. of Smyrna, M., c. 155; 27, John Chrysostom, Bp. of Constantinople, D., 407; [30, Charles I, K.M., where locally observed].

What doth the Lord thy God require of thee?

Lead me, Almighty Father, Spirit, Son, Whither Thou wilt, I follow, no delay.

Surely we, here and now, have no doubt or misgiving about Him. "Lord, we believe; help thou our unbelief." It is about ourselves that our doubts circle, and on our own faith that they concentrate. Give us the blessing, O Lord, of these who, having not seen, have yet believed; and, striving to believe, do their best to find the experience of faith in loving obedience.—Bp. Stubbs.

JANUARY, 1934

Date. THE GREATER FEASTS

1. M. The Circumcision. [New Year's Day.]
6. S. The Epiphany.
7. S. First after Epiphany.
14. S. Second after Epiphany.
21. S. Third after Epiphany.
25. Th. Conversion of S. Paul.
28. S. Septuagesima.

DAYS OF ABSTINENCE OR FASTING

Fridays, 5, 12, 19, 26.

NOTES FOR 1934

There are three Sundays after Epiphany. February 14th is ASH WEDNESDAY; March 30th, GOOD FRIDAY; April 1st, EASTER DAY; May 10th, ASCENSION DAY; May 20th, WHITSUNDAY. There are twenty-six Sundays after Trinity. Advent Sunday falls on December 2nd, and CHRISTMAS DAY is on Tuesday, December 25th.

Ember Days are on February 21, 23, 24; May 23, 25, 26; September 19, 21, 22; December 19, 21, 22.

Rogation Days, May 7, 8, 9.

Church Life To-day Some points of Current Interest



[Russell
DR. W. C. SADLIER

THE **Bishop of Nelson**, New Zealand (Dr. W. C. Sadlier), has announced his intention of resigning his see during 1934 as he feels unable to continue the necessary travelling. The Diocese of Nelson comprises an area of about 20,000 square miles in the northern portion of the South Island, with an estimated population of 77,000. Dr. Sadlier, who is sixty-six years of age, has spent the whole of his ministerial life in Australia and New Zealand. He has been Bishop of Nelson for twenty-one years.

THE Bishop of North-West Australia (the Right Rev. J. Frewer) gives an interesting description of a celebration of the Holy Communion at a church in the Australian bush. The congregation had had no opportunity of making their Communion for four months until the bishop arrived by aeroplane, and the church was filled with worshippers kneeling on the hard mud floor. James Noble, the deacon, who is himself an aboriginal Australian, administered the chalice. "A large cockatoo," says the bishop, "from an opening in the grass roof over the sanctuary, eyed me with curiosity throughout the service, and watched with interest some half-dozen altar boys, with an occasional interjection during the singing!"

Mr. **Stuart C. Knox** is resigning in April next the office of secretary and treasurer of the Missions to Seamen which he has held since 1904. The Mission will not, however, lose him entirely, as he has been appointed honorary treasurer, but the long voyage

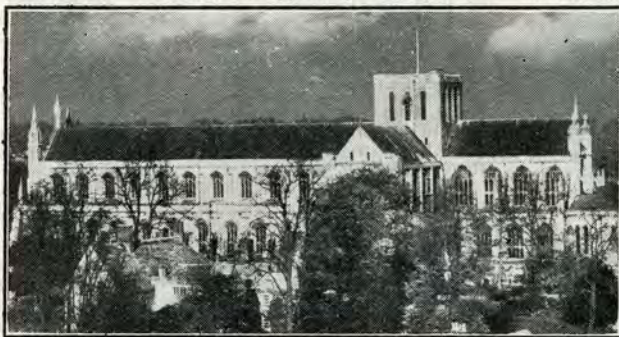
which, for reasons of health, he began in October last will not end until June. Mr. Knox, who was educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, joined the staff of the Missions to Seamen in 1894, as assistant secretary, becoming secretary ten years later.



MR. STUART C. KNOX

PLANS are being considered for the celebration this year of the thirteenth centenary of the arrival of **S. Birinus** in Hampshire, and the founding by him of the Church of the West Saxons, the predecessor of the present Diocese of Winchester. The bones of the saint were translated to Winchester by Bishop Haedda about twenty-five years after his death in A.D. 649, and into the Old Minster by Bishop Aethelwold some three hundred years later. They are probably among those in the mortuary chests at Winchester Cathedral to-day. In the tenth and eleventh centuries S. Birinus was widely commemorated, December 3rd being observed as the day of his burial and September 4th as that of his translation.

THE Dean and Chapter of **Winchester Cathedral** are appealing for £20,000 to



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

enable them to carry out a new heating and lighting scheme. At present the Cathedral is heated by coke stoves and lighted by gas, the effect of which is injurious to the metal of the Cathedral fittings and to the leather work of the organ. As Winchester Cathedral is the second longest Christian church in the world, the area to be warmed is very large, and the necessary pipes and cables must be of immense length.

THE ship's bell of **H.M.S. Canterbury**, which is being broken up at Chatham, has been presented to Canterbury Cathedral. The bell will hang in the nave, and it is possible that every day at 11 a.m. six bells will be struck by a sailor. This is the hour at which a recruit of The Buffs daily turns over a page of the regiment's "Book of Life" in the Cathedral.

THE Bishop of Kensington recently laid the foundation-stone of a new church on the Great West Road at **Osterley**, the cost of which has been defrayed anonymously by a lady now dead. The furniture from the disused church of S. Mary, Charing Cross Road, will be used for the completion of the interior. A church hall will be built with the aid of a private gift of

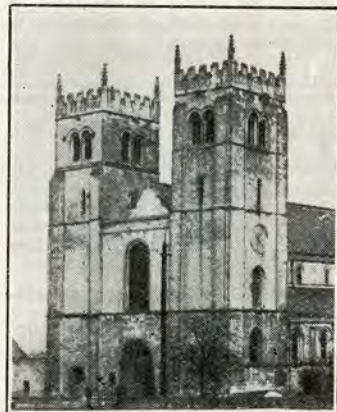
£1,250 to the Bishop of London's Forty-five Churches Fund, and the cost of a vicarage is provided by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and the London Diocesan Fund. The new church and parish will be dedicated, in accordance with the wish of the donor, in the name of S. Francis of Assisi.



[Douglas Scott
DR. B. F. SIMPSON
Bishop of Kensington

A USEFUL as well as beautiful addition is being made to **Worksop Priory Church**, one

of the most interesting ecclesiastical monument in Nottinghamshire, by the rebuilding of the north transept which was destroyed at the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII. The Early English Lady Chapel of this beautiful church was restored in memory of the Worksop men who fell in the war, and the south transept was built in commemoration of the cessation of hostilities. The work now in progress is to commemorate the granting of a Royal Charter of Incorporation to the ancient town. It has been made possible by the gift from the Mayor and Corporation of the stone taken from the Priory after its suppression and used in the construction of a mill and farm buildings within a stone's throw of the church. It thus happens that after a lapse of nearly four hundred years the stones are being restored to what was, in many instances, their original position.



[W. H. Brown
WORKSOP PRIORY CHURCH

Our Query Corner

Hints for some of our Correspondents

*** * * RULES.**—(1) All anonymous correspondence is destroyed unanswered. (2) True names and addresses must be given. (3) No names are published. (4) Correspondents must give the name of the local *Parish Magazine* to which they subscribe. (5) As several months at least must elapse before a question can be answered in the magazine, correspondents desiring an answer by post should enclose a stamped addressed envelope. (6) Attempts will be made to answer all reasonable questions in such cases, and to deal as far as possible with others of the same class if sent for answer in these columns; but it must be recollected that *THE SIGN* goes to press **very much earlier** than the local magazine, and that it is **impossible to answer all questions here**. (7) Those who are answered—and others—are asked to recollect that many of the questions are such as can only be adequately answered in a large treatise: our notes are simply "rough charts" to serve till a larger map can be examined. (8) The pages marked *THE SIGN* are a general Church Magazine, and the local pages only are edited by or under the direction of the Incumbent of each Parish.* *

GREETING and good wishes for the New Year to all our friends: to old friends, to friends in the making, and to new acquaintances who we hope will soon become friends. Those who write in *THE SIGN*—and especially the experienced teachers who write our devotional articles—have a very particular message for all readers. "Come," they say, "to the help of the LORD against the mighty." Whatever 1934 may have in store for us we may be certain that if we Christians are to help our LORD we must prepare for temptation and testing. But we know that "Hitherto hath the LORD helped us."

2522. What is the correct order of services on Sunday?

If you study the Prayer Book we think you will find that the order of Sunday services intended was, in the morning Matins, Litany, and Holy Communion, during which latter service there should be a sermon and banns and notices should be published; in the afternoon (rather than the evening, in times when streets and roads were not lighted) Evensong, with Catechizing after the Second Lesson. Holy Baptism might be administered either at Morning or at Evening Prayer. Modern conditions have made it necessary that these arrangements should be modified for the sake of convenience, and these modifications are generally approved by authority.

2523. Is any information available for women who wish to undertake missionary work abroad?

You might write to the Secretary, Missionary Preparation Union (Women's Branch), S.P.G. House, Tufton Street, Westminster, S.W.1, giving particulars of your age, education, private means or prospects, special qualifications (if any), and asking for information as to examinations, places of training, etc. You might enclose a few stamps towards the expenses.

Nowadays special training is essential for whatever work is to be undertaken, and applicants for posts, whether paid or unpaid, are carefully selected. Not every one who has a desire to do missionary work would prove suitable. Probably the S.P.G. would be able to put you in touch with an experienced worker in your diocese who could give you personal advice in the matter.

2524. What is the correct arrangement of colours to be used in churches?

There is more than one "sequence" (i.e. arrangement) of liturgical colours

in use. The Roman sequence is probably the one that is given in the book to which you refer. There is also the English or Sarum sequence, which was formerly in use in England, and in modern times has been revived in a good many churches. This varies from the Roman sequence in a number of ways.

We may add that while most people appreciate variations in the appearance of churches according to the seasons, the experts would tell us that such things were never definitely ordered. In former times people and churches tried to obtain new clothing for festivals, and used up the rest as best they might. You will find information on the subject in Dr. Hermitage Day's *Sacristan's Handbook* (2s. 6d., post 24d.).

2525. Some seats always remain empty in our church, with "Reserved" upon them: we do not like to give offence by asking why.

It seems to us that as a parishioner you need not hesitate to ask your vicar or the churchwardens about the matter you mention.

The churchwardens are legally responsible for providing seats in church for the parishioners, and in carrying out this duty they sometimes find it desirable to reserve seats for certain people. But the usual practice is for such seats to be reserved only until the service begins, or in some churches until the organ voluntary begins, and this seems a reasonable arrangement. Seats occupied by the wardens themselves, or other officials such as sidesmen who have to be on duty in the aisle, should of course always be reserved.

We think that if you were to ask the churchwardens about it you might find that there was some reason for the practice, or they might be willing to vary it if their attention were called to the matter. We do not think that any offence could be caused by a friendly talk on the subject.

2526. Should a person be asked if he wishes his name to remain on the Electoral Roll?

Any person possessing the necessary qualifications (which, put briefly, are that he should be over eighteen and a member of the Church of England) is entitled to have his name entered either on the Roll of the parish in which he lives or of that in which he habitually attends church, but not on both. If any person who is on the Roll ceases

to possess these qualifications his name may be removed. But apart from this we do not think any one's name can be removed without his consent.

The Council is required to revise the Roll annually, when the names of any who have ceased to be qualified may be removed. When the time of this annual revision is approaching there can be no objection to persons (who perhaps have shown little evidence of taking interest in the life of the parish) being asked whether they wish their names to remain on the Roll.

2527. How can persons tied to working for their livings do what seems to be required in S. Matthew xxv. 31-46?

Two explanations should help you to apply the words of S. Matthew xxv. 31-46.

1. It is usually held that, though these words are to be applied to the Church people for whom the book is written, they chiefly mean that those nations and people who do not know our LORD and His teaching will be judged by the law of human kindness—good-heartedness—which in most cases any man or woman may know and may practise every day.

2. But this is not enough for us Christians who have to do everything in the Name of the LORD JESUS (see the hymn, "New every morning is the love"). Some are called to do and bear great things, but to work in prisons or hospitals, etc., is only one kind of work. Each bit of good work—and very specially that of household work—is Christian work if it is consecrated to our LORD. People in the poorest circumstances can offer up the day's work and behaviour to our LORD.

2528. Why are yew trees commonly found in old churchyards?

The custom of planting yew trees in churchyards may originally have been derived from the fact that the yew—an "evergreen"—was a sacred tree in pre-Christian religion and therefore—with different symbolism—its connection with the place of worship was continued after the introduction of Christianity. But its planting was certainly continued in England for the purposes of archery, for sport and defence. Practice with the bow was one of the lawful sports to be enjoyed by persons who had duly attended their parish church on Sundays. One of the largest surviving yew trees in England is to be seen at Dymock in Gloucestershire; it affords as much shelter as a large tent, which also was an advantageous quality.

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

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

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THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

I.—THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AS HISTORIC

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

The Church of England is not merely historic in the narrower sense that it is the historic church of the English nation. The true founder of the Church of England is not King Henry the Eighth, as in the popular Roman Catholic caricature, nor yet St. Augustine of Canterbury, but none other than the Founder of the Christian Church, Jesus Christ Himself.

As the Eternal God, whose nature and whose ways had been progressively revealed in the Old Testament of the Jewish Church, had been made Man in Jesus Christ, and had entered into history, the Christian Church gathered together the records of His appearance in the world and interpreted their meaning in the books which we know as the New Testament, and the same Church which produced the New Testament was later driven to give more definite and concise form to its teaching in the Creeds, which remain the classical expression of Christian belief.

In the Sacraments the Church of England sets forth the Christ of eternity and the Christ of history, especially in the Service of the Holy Communion, which unites her people with all Christ's faithful servants from the days of His chosen disciples to the present moment of time, and with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven.

The worship of the Church has also had its history, and we believe that no Church has received a fuller answer than our own, with its historic liturgy, to the request of the first disciple, "Lord, teach us how to pray."

It is a mistake to elevate Apostolic Succession into a doctrine. It is at best a theory, to be examined by the cool and unbiased methods of scholarship. But we claim that, whatsoever developments there may have been in the early days of the Christian ministry, the historic episcopate brings it into closest relation with the Apostles' time.

The Church of England has not added to the faith, like the Roman Church; she has not thrown any of it lightly aside, like other bodies of Christian name and, as we gladly acknowledge, of high Christian worth and achievement; she has not sunk into immobility of thought, like the Eastern Church of later days.

As the Christ of history and the Christ of eternity are one, it is the solemn privilege and trust of the Church of England to proclaim to

each generation, as history moves on, the eternal significance of all its thought and life.—Church Messenger.

SON AND FATHER

By Archdeacon J. B. Fotheringham

"But, daddy": it was the voice of a boy of twelve. In that "but" was condensed the attitude of the son and the problem of the father. If the problem of the father and son is difficult, that of the son and the father is no less difficult. The father is full of benignant good-will: the son is the query rampant with more questions than inches in his stature. The father may know what he wants his boy to be and to know, and his picture of the future is full of rosy-coloured light, but the son has his own ideas of what he is and what he wants to know and his picture does not necessarily correspond with daddy's.

"But, daddy"—insistent in his demand, as yet ignorant, so ignorant, but as cocksure as his father, the modern boy has his point of view, and woe be to the father who forgets or tries to forget it. And after that unpromising, introductory "but," there comes unabashed the child into the midst, and he may be nearer the heart of the eternal than the father with all his experience.

The conversation had begun about a man called "Jonah" and his expedition in a whale. The eyes shone with excitement for the story was worthy of a Stevenson of a Conrad. But the inevitable occurred: "Daddy, is it true? Did you know him? Did you ever see a whale?" And that succession of darts punctured the self-complacency of the father and the bubble was burst. The father tried to take refuge in a haven of superiority with a little anchor cast to leeward, but he was dragged out by a small hand and had to face gale after gale of boyish glee. Nothing pleases a son better than to dumbfound his father and the only thing left to do was to be silent, hoping that some wise Sunday School teacher might solve the difficulty and rescue father and son alike from the storm.

And then the father hit on a bright idea. "You'll learn all about it by and by: they will tell you about it in Church." "But, daddy": it was the impatient gesture of a child, but the father was not prepared for what followed. "You don't go to Church." "Oh, mother will take you."

Ay, there's the rub! The boy began by worshipping his father as the all-knowing: he ends by having his whole little world blown to pieces, and unfortunately it may not only be the world of material Jonahs and whales but the world of spirit. And it is a more difficult task to fit together the separate pieces of that shattered world than any picture puzzle ever devised.

The father, who is to be a true father, must recognize his own limitations and his son's independence. If the son is to be what the father wants him to be, he himself must be what the son imagines he is. Which is to say, the boy must not be sent to Church: he must be taken. The father must believe and live a real belief or a tragedy awaits both. "Which father of you?" says Christ.—Church Messenger.

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8. **EQUIPMENT** for Christian Service. Every church worker will find much in our church papers that will help him or her to do better work in Sunday School, Young People's Society, or other church organization.
—The Ansgar Lutheran.

TRUE PRAYER

Every true prayer has its background and its foreground. The foreground of prayer is the intense, immediate desire for a certain blessing which seems to be absolutely necessary for the soul to have; the background of prayer is the quiet, earnest desire that the will of God, whatever it may be, should be done. What a picture is the perfect prayer of Jesus in Gethsemane! In front burns the strong desire to escape death and to live; but behind there stands, calm and strong,

the craving of the whole life for the doing of the will of God. . . . Leave out the foreground, let there be no expression of the will of him who prays, and there is left a pure submission which is almost fatalism. Leave out the background, let there be no acceptance of the will of God, and the prayer is only an expression of self-will, a petulant claiming of the uncorrected choice of him who prays. Only when the two, foreground and background, are there together, the special desire resting on the universal submission, the universal submission opening into the special desire, only then is the picture perfect and the prayer complete.—Phillips Brooks.

ANNUAL VESTRY MEETING

The annual vestry meeting for the presentation of the accounts of the Church Wardens and the election of officers for 1934 will take place on Monday, January 22nd, being the fourth Monday in the month.

Reports will be presented by all organizations.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

All subscriptions are now due for the new year and should be paid promptly. We want new subscribers too if we are to carry on.

CHURCH REGISTERS

A register is kept, of course, in every Church of each service with the signature of the preacher and the number present and the number of communicants when the Holy Communion is celebrated. In glancing over the present register, which was begun on October 12, 1924 and which will be filled up in a few months, we find that in a period of practically ten years there are the signatures of thirteen men who have been since called to their eternal rest. These include Rev. Canon MacNab, Rev. Canon Morley, Rev. R. B. Seaborn, Ven. Archdeacon Davidson, Rev. Canon R. J. Moore, Rev. E. A. McIntyre, Rev. Canon Garrett, Rev. Canon Brain, Rev. F. L. Barber, Rev. J. Russell McLean, Ven. Archdeacon Ingles, Rev. C. E. Sharp and Rev. Gore M. Barrow.

Their voices are silent but who can estimate the power to uplift of the messages given and their effect through the ages?

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DISCOVERING OUR VOCATION

In this life of companionship with Christ which we secure by discipline, we find also the surest promise that we shall discover, each of us, our own vocation. And here I turn once more to a theme I have already spoken of, that the duty of any one of us is—so far as we may—to find out what God requires of us and to do it as the work which God has given us. Whatever the work you do for your living, it must be a form of service, of some kind. . . . What makes all the difference is what you are thinking of first and foremost as you consider the spirit and temper in which you carry out your work. Is it your livelihood or is it God's service? The work in itself is both. But which do you think of first? Nothing would bring nearer the promised day of God than that all Christian people should enter on their profession in the spirit of those who regard it as their chief sphere of serving God. And if we are to attain to that, we come back to the thing I have spoken of so often that it must seem I have no other thought in my mind—the companionship of Christ, out of which springs that divine power in our hearts, which is our answer to it. . . . He calls not to comfort nor to power, as the world reckons power. He calls for heroic service. . . . To give no answer is to answer “No.” But you will answer “Yes” and so take your place in the great fellowship of worship and of service.—Temple.

GOD CALLS

The call of Christ is the call to a more vivid, earnest, strenuous life. It has been said of a great man that he passed through the dream of life as one awake; and that is what all Christians ought to do. Spiritual wakefulness means concentration of purpose. The world may be divided into those who have a purpose in life, and those who have none, or who fluctuate between several. Few things are more striking than the change which comes over even the outward appearance of a man or woman between youth and old age, according to whether he or she has or has not a fixed purpose which is being carried out day by day. The face of the man who has found his work shows increasing strength and dignity, and even beauty; while the man who lets himself drift shows in every line of his face that his will has been overpowered by disorderly impulses, or has simply abdicated. The portraits of good and great men at various ages, and the faces of those who are neither good nor great, are instructive in this way. For us concentration of purpose means, in St. Paul's words, bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ. This involves a steady watchfulness. It means that we are at all times to keep a check upon the thoughts that flow unbidden into our minds, not only vindictive, avaricious, impure thoughts—though he is a happy man who can say that none such ever knock loudly for admittance—but wasteful, idle thoughts which sometimes dig deep channels in our minds before we realize it, and depressing thoughts which only diminish our powers of good work.—From Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion by W. R. Inge.

WARDEN'S REPORT—DECEMBER 31st, 1933

Receipts	
8 a.m. Communion	\$ 18.98
Envelopes	289.95
Open	256.95
Missions	121.50
Missions—Sunday School	42.44
Ecclesia Girls' B.C.—Indian child	15.00
A.Y.P.A.—Indian child	30.00
Confirmation Class	35.90
Alms Box—Missions	9.00
Alms Box—Flowers	2.72
Alms Box—Poor Fund	9.96
Transfer from Building Fund	450.00
Transfer from Bowling account	225.96
	<hr/> \$1,508.36

Disbursements	
Stipends and Salaries	\$ 485.11
Gas, Electric and 'Phone	45.21
Coal	92.25
Printing, etc.	86.55
Alms Boxes—Poor Fund	9.96
Flowers—Altar	2.72
Christmas Decorations	21.00
Upper Canada Bible Society	5.00
Synod Allotments	474.61
Bank Interest	11.10
	<hr/> \$1,233.51

PARISH HOUSE BUILDING FUND

To Balance, November 30	\$1,318.33
To Rentals	266.50
To Parish Association—Contribution ...	2,000.00
To Mothers' Society	135.00
To Ladies' Bowling Club	10.00
To Alms Boxes	6.00
To Synod Endowment Interest	10.00
To Bank Interest	14.58
	<hr/> \$3,760.41
By Transfer to General	\$ 450.00
By Lumber re Bazaar	37.48
By London Life Ins. Co.	
Account Mortgage—Principle \$2,500.00	
Interest 720.00	
	<hr/> 3,220.00
Balance	<hr/> 52.93
	<hr/> \$3,760.41

ORGAN FUND

To Balance, November 30th	\$ 7.33
To Offertory	4.95
Balance	<hr/> \$12.28

BOWLING ACCOUNT

To Balance, November 30th	\$ 151.02
To Fees	74.94
By Transfer to General A/c. ...	\$225.96
	<hr/> \$225.96 \$225.96

UNEMPLOYMENT FUND—Nil

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Baptisms

- Dec. 4th—Howard George Heaton.
 Dec. 9th—Paul Winton Aggett.
 Dec. 10th—Evelyn Eleanor Everingham, Hilton Lloyd Everingham, Myrle Betty Barnes, Georgina Helen Violet Goodyear, Gary Douglas Coniam, Charles Henderson, Leslie Varden Bell, Thomas Percival Bell, Russell Parkinson, Emily Glenda Gough, William James Flynn, William Frederick Whitmore, Robert Gordon Ingram.
 Dec. 12th—William James Gibbison, George Gibbison, Alice Gibbison.
 Dec. 24th—James Fitzgerald Beatson, Elsie Campbell.
 Dec. 30th—Roy Henry Hoskins, Thomas Edward Hoskins, Kenneth Thomas Hoskins, Norman Donald Hoskins, Ronald Marker Hoskins, Ralph David Billing, Kathleen Marie Billing.
 Dec. 31st—William George Hyde, Elizabeth Annie Hyde, Phyllis Ann Warner Best, Ruth Jane Hanks.
 Total baptisms for year, 255.

CONFIRMED, DECEMBER 19TH

- Margaret Altass, Margaret Helen Ashbury.
 Robert Hamilton Bailey, Joyce Marie Baker, Norman Henry Ball, Richard William Barber, Lois Madeleine Barker, Allan Richmond Bayes, Leslie Varden Bell, Reginald George Bennett, Leo James Bradley, Jack Elliott Brown, Frederick Richard Browne, Jessie Irene Browning, Stewart Llewellyn Button.
 James Campbell, John Ernest Chapman, Clarence Roy Clegg, Frederick Robert Coates, Mary Frederica Cody, Gladys Ethel Collins, David Cecil Crichton.
 Emerson Charles Donnelly.
 Mildred Grace Ferguson, William James Flynn.
 Frank Goddard, Roy Edward Vimy Goodwin, Emily Glenda Gough, Patricia Gough.
 John Douglas Hanmer, Douglas Reekes Harvey, Dorothy Annie Hayes, Sarah May Heath, William Albert Hocking, Charles Henry Lee Hutchings, Florence Hutchings.
 Elizabeth Jane Iland, Robert Gordon Ingram.
 Marjorie Louise Kerr.
 Fred Alexander Marchant, Margaret Louise Josephine Moyse, James McAdam, Audrey Elizabeth McCallum, Robert Wesley McGregor, William Herbert Wright McIlveen, John Edward McNulty, George Newton Moore, Kenneth Humphrey Moore, Ellen Emily Morris, Harry Barker Morris, John Mowles.
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Celeste Taylor, Celina Taylor, Jessie Tomlinson.
 Donald Henry Veigel.

Charles Wyckham Walker, James Francis Walker, William Arthur Robert Westlake, Kenneth Frank Whitehouse, William Frederick Whitmore.

Total—Males, 56; females, 26. Grand total, 82.
 Total confirmed in year, 175.

Marriages

- Dec. 2nd—William Thomas Storton and Frances Louise Hegan.
 Dec. 26th—Clark Alexander Townley and Mildred Claire Halliday.
 Dec. 30th—Granville William McRoberts and Rita Alexandra Keith; Frank Rufus Smith and Marion Edith Paton.
 Total marriages for year, 87.

Burials

- Dec. 1—Thomas J. Babcock 51 years
 Dec. 5—Mary Jane Simpson 74 years
 Dec. 11—Frederick Matthew Bryant 59 years
 Dec. 13—Jane Holywell 89 years
 Dec. 19—Christina Harman 51 years
 Dec. 19—Ethel Maud Dobson 49 years
 Dec. 26—Joseph Jackson 59 years
 Dec. 26—Annie McDonald 56 years
 Dec. 26—Margaret Young 91 years
 Dec. 30—Joan Clark Thompson 29 years
 Total interments in cemetery for month 91
 Total interments in cemetery for year 1,176

CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICES

The services on Christmas day were well attended and the Communicants reached a higher mark numerically than any previous week day Christmas. There were just three short of 1,000 Communicants at the five celebrations.

The choir were in excellent form both at the carol service on Christmas eve and on Christmas day.

The decorations of the Church were simple but very effective. The Rector celebrated the Holy Communion five times and Archdeacon Fotheringham preached at the morning service.

The attendance was as follows:

6.00 a.m.	130 Communicants
7.00 a.m.	275 Communicants
8.00 a.m.	312 Communicants
9.00 a.m.	131 Communicants
10.30 a.m.	149 Communicants

At all services 997 Communicants

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