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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.

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Editor—THE RECTOR

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

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APRIL, 1934

No. 138

Rector's Letter

The Rectory'
April, 1934

Dear Brethren:

The Queen of Festivals, Easter Day, marked the first day of the present month. We observed it with all the honour with which the Church keeps the remembrances of the great events in the life of her Lord and in human redemption.

What a great volume of prayer and praise and chant must ring in the Courts of Heaven as the Chorus of Adoration and Thanksgiving goes up right round the world. From great Cathedrals, whose spires tower high towards Heaven; from lesser Churches in town and country where people gather together on this day to give thanks. From Mission Churches in heathen lands, where Christian influence has spread and where the light of the gospel has transformed men's lives and brought them out of darkness to the light and fellowship of Christian Service. From the Churches in our own land among the Indian and Eskimo races in the far North. From Churches among the lonely settlers in our own great West. From Churches in India, Africa and the islands of the seas. Everywhere in every clime, men of every race and colour and of many shades of Christian faith unite on this day in commemorating the fact that on "the third day He rose again from the dead". "Jesus Christ is risen today."

And if we add to this great chorus of song from people on earth the myriad voices of those who have passed on and who keep Easter in Paradise—men who have realized the fact of Christian redemption, the countless throngs of those who have lived their life and died in the faith of Jesus Christ—if we try to realize this we can indeed but feebly picture the great volume of rejoicing that rings through Heaven's courts.

For Easter is our pledge and assurance, that because Christ rose from the dead we too shall rise if we die in the faith of that name at peace with God.

Rob us of our belief in the Resurrection and you take away man's greatest consolation in life. As St. Paul rules it "if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

Right and fitting it is that we should keep the Festival with all the splendour and dignity that we can. And equally right and fitting is it too that the Church should require that every Communicant shall receive the Holy Communion on that day. If Easter has a message for everyone it is right that everyone should hear it. If we are all to share in the blessings which Easter commemorates, it is only right that everyone should bear witness to his faith by his presence at the Holy Communion.

If for no other reason than the fact of bearing witness to our faith, everyone should be at Church at Easter.

What Easter is to each year, Sunday is to each week. We have a priceless heritage in our Canadian Sunday. In the reaction against Puritanism we are in danger of losing it. It is a day for worship, a duty demanded of everyone, again the fact of bearing witness to our Christian faith. The motor car, the good roads, the day in the country and the attraction of the excursion and the lake shore, all threaten to rob us of Sunday as the day of worship. Let us sanctify the day and ourselves by a visit to the House of God, and let nothing keep us from it.

One thing that has made us the race and nation that we are is the faithful observance of Sunday. It is a trust handed down to us and it is ours to hold and hand on to future generations.

Let us see to it that there is no weakening on our part.

Ever your friend and Rector,

W. L. BAYNES-REED.

The visiting clergy during the month of March included Rev. A. Briarly Brown of St. James Cathedral, Rev. H. R. Ben Oliel, Rector of St. Dunstan's Church and Rev. J. A. Robinson, Rector of St. Phillip's. During Holy week we had splendid addresses at evensong from Rev. H. P. Charters, Rector of St. Cyprian's Church and a former curate in the Parish, Rev. N. Clark Wallace of St. Nicholas Church, Birchcliff, Rev. Canon Hartley, Rural Dean of Toronto, Rev. John Bushell, Director of the Chaplain Service and Rev. F. J. Nicholson of Nathanael Institute.

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THE A.Y.P.A.

Ho hum... this beautiful Spring weather inclines your A.Y.P.A. reporter to lean back and muse lightly on many subjects... "The Clean-up" was a sweeping success and Wes Lennox and the cast are to be congratulated on producing a truly entertaining play, well cast and well acted... Betty Morgan who took the leading part, especially deserves commendation and proved her versatility as an able actress... This certainly has been a bang-up A.Y.P.A. year and so many interesting evenings have been enjoyed it is difficult to select the highlights among a galaxy of educational, dramatic, and social evenings... A large number of new members have joined forces with the branch this season and there seems to be much promising material among the newcomers... The nomination Committee are secretly lining up the slate for the proposed next year's executive... We expect to see several new faces in this group of higher-ups next season... One thing we think has been accomplished this season is the preservation of the friendly spirit of our branch... One member told us that the welcome she received when joining our association was the friendliest sort (advt.)... Ahead of us there is the closing banquet which promises to be a gala affair with several outstanding speakers under consideration as the guest of honor... Common gossip indicates that there will be many Saturday afternoon hikes and such if the Spring Robin continues to chortle in his present sunny manner... And, finally, may we express a cordial invitation to all young people to "come up and see us" at our next meeting.

ST. JOHN'S NORWAY CHOIR

Although we are yet in the season of Easter, that great and glorious Festival, Easter Sunday has passed, but the enjoyment of the memories it recalls, still remain. Music at all times is invigorating, and in referring to music as being invigorating I mean in the majority of cases and not the minor-ity, but particularly Easter music is essentially bright, written with a marked rhythm and the celebration of the momentous occasion, which is the fundamental of our religion immediately gives a brightness and hopefulness, which comes naturally to those who accept the privilege of giving their talent, and is reflected in the rendering of the Service. Then there was a material cause for enthusiasm, this being created by the vast congregation we had. I use the word vast advisedly in the sense that the edifice was filled to capacity in the seating arrangement, with extra chairs being placed in the aisles, the wardens giving up their seats, chairs placed under the belfry tower and still a number willing to stand in the porch, throughout the Service, entitles the use of referring to the assembly as a vast one.

The music rendered for the Festival included Maunder's Communion Service, an anthem by the Boy Choristers, followed immediately by the whole choir rendering "Sing Ye to the Lord" by Lloyd and in the evening Berthold Tours "Mag-

nificat" and "Nunc Dimittis"; the anthem being "The Strife is O'er", the melody of which was written in the year 1609, and when realizing that since then 335 Easter celebrations have come and gone the unusual name of the writer of the melody will not cause great surprise, in that he enjoyed the cognomen of Vulpius, who probably held his parents responsible for prefixing this with Melchior, which though sounding strange to present day ear, no fault can be found with the euphonics of the name combination. The final triumphant features were the Hallelujah Chorus (Handel) followed by that most militant hymn, "militant in the words" by Bishop Walsham Howe, and "martial in its strain", composed by Sir Joseph Barnby, "For all the Saints"; and so concluded our Easter Sunday of 1934, looked forward to, enjoyed during its brief stay, and recalled during the writing of this reminiscence with happy, yes, very happy thoughts.

THE EVENING BRANCH OF THE W.A.

The Evening Branch of the W.A. met every week after the Evening Service in Lent for an hour. We were not able to do much work, but finished one of our quilts. Now we are meeting at 8 p.m. every Wednesday in the Ladies parlor, working on our outfit for our Indian girl. We would be pleased to welcome any member of the congregation who is not busy during the day to come and join us and enjoy a cup of tea. If any member in the congregation has any odds and ends of wool they can spare, we would be very glad to receive the same, to help in making Afghans, to send out to needy people in the North West. If you can help us please give to the Deaconess, or any member of the Evening Branch, who will be very grateful for any help in this way.

W.A. REPORT FOR MARCH

The monthly Business and Devotional meeting was held on Wednesday, March 7th, when Archdeacon Fotheringham gave us a wonderful interpretation of our Study Book "Craftsmen All." Tea was served at the close of this address.

We are looking forward to a Centennial Supper, under the auspices of the W.A. on May 10th, at 6.30 p.m. in the Parish House. A musical program, under the direction of our Choir Master, Mr. Mould, will be given in the evening and we hope that the congregation will attend this supper and evening entertainment. 50 cents is the price set for the same, and we feel sure that it will be well worth it. Fuller notice of this event will be given later, but please keep this date open—Thursday, May 10th at 6.30 p.m.

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.

It has been decided that the W.A. will have a booth at the bazaar, once more, with Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Down as co-conveners.

The Annual Meetings of the W.A. will commence on April 30th and continue on during the first week in May. Programs will be given to those who wish to have them, and we hope more of our members will attend these meetings, held mostly in St. Anne's Parish Hall, Dufferin Street.

PARISH ASSOCIATION

Our chief event for April will be the Annual Court Whist to be held on Friday, April 20th. Mrs. Huxtable is convening it and we are looking forward to a good time. The tickets are 35 cents each, and there will be lovely prizes and refreshments. Mrs. Roberts (one of the old maids of Lynn, from the Birthday party) is putting on a little entertainment, so come along and you will be assured of a good time.

Mrs. Turff is getting up a party to go to the Toronto Wet Wash Laundry, 175 Ossington Ave., on April 17th and 18th. If we can get 100 ladies to go we will receive \$25. So please try and come and bring a friend. Meet us there at 2 o'clock, either the 17th or 18th of April. Mrs. Liddiard is holding a home cooking sale on Saturday, May 5th, at the home of Mrs. Hull, 146 Elmer Ave, the proceeds are for the candy booth.

Our Annual Luncheon will be held on Tuesday, May 22nd. Mrs. Dengate is going to convene it, and Mrs. Huxtable is putting on one of her famous entertainments.. Please keep this date open, and there will be more about it in next month's magazine.

At our last meeting on behalf of the members, Mrs. Conner presented Mrs. Williams, our Past Corresponding Secretary with a handsome bag in appreciation of her services. Mrs. Williams replied in a suitable manner.

MEN'S CLUB

During the month of March we were entertained by Archdeacon Fotheringham and Mr. M. A. Sorsoliel.

March 12th the Archdeacon gave a splendid address on "Fascism", pointing out many of its good qualities and speaking very highly of the sincerity of the purpose of Premier Mussolini.

The members showing a keen interest in the subject, many questions were asked, and altogether we had a very enjoyable evening.

March 26 Mr. M. A. Sorsoliel, Deputy Minister of Welfare spoke on "Child Welfare". Owing to the weather conditions the attendance was very small. The members attended Church service

first, welcoming our old friend and Past President of the Club, Rev. H. P. Charters.

Mr. Sorsoliel gave a talk that will be long remembered by those present, describing the "Home in Bowmanville" and their methods of treatment of the boys. The members were invited to make a trip down and see the work being carried on.

April 30th is our next Ladies' Night. You will no doubt remember our last Ladies' Night when we had such a wonderful time. We plan such a night for the 30th, but have an added attraction in the person of Baroness De Huick, who will speak on Russia.

The Ladies will as usual provide refreshments. This will be the last meeting of the season, so help make this night a banner one.

We would ask that the fees for 1934 may be paid as soon as possible, \$1.00 per year

THE MOTHERS SOCIETY

Four meetings were held during March, with an average attendance of forty. We had the pleasure of hearing addresses from the following ladies. Miss Greta Clark from China, Miss D. Shee from the Deaconess House, Miss F. C. Kingstone of the W.A. On the 29th, we had the Mothers' Union from the following Branches, St. Aidans, the Deaconess House and the Church of the Resurrection, when Miss Shotter showed some beautiful lantern slides on the Passion. It was a wonderful gathering of mothers, over 150, and a never to be forgotten afternoon of this society. We are always glad to see new members come along and join us every Thursday afternoon at 2.30 in the Parish House.

MOTHERS' UNION

The Mothers' Union held their monthly meeting in the ladies Parlor on March 22nd, with the President and 45 members present.

It was indeed a great pleasure to have so many of our members attend the meeting and greet our guest speaker, Mrs. R. A. Robinson (Diocesan President). Mrs. Robinson gave us a most inspiring message on the "Call to Renewal" and its meaning and the aim of the Mothers' Union, to make "Jesus Christ a living reality in every home."

The Mothers' Union is out for the things that really matter. "The sacredness of Motherhood, the power of home influence extending far beyond the bounds of the individual home; the need of arousing in those who will be the citizens of tomorrow a deeper sense of moral and social responsibility, duty and purpose of helping them to realize that with the change of time "the old Commandments stand." (

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Easter greetings were received from our Link, (Copnor, England.)

LAWN BOWLERS FIVE PIN LEAGUE

It is with great pleasure I present the winners of the Five Pin League, this is the first Winter the Lawn Bowlers have been held together, and we have had a very enjoyable Winter's sport, having occupied the Bowling Allies one and a half nights per week. We have a little over fifty dollars in prize money to be distributed in a few days time, when we will have a sing song along with weiners and coffee.

We have secured several new Lawn Bowlers for May 24th, when we hope to be in full swing on the Green, we shall only be too pleased to see you. This is the best recreation one can possibly indulge in, so come along and forget the repression.

First Section

High three (flat) R. Clegg
 High three (with handicap) A. Graham.
 High single (flat) L. Mort.
 High single (with handicap) S. Jameson.
 High Team—R. Clegg, J. McAdam, P. Huxtable,
 A. Graham, S. Short, T. Walker.
 Second Team—W. R. Falls, W. E. Falls, L. Mort,
 J. Ogilvie, A. Mitchell, W. Shier.

Second Section

High Three—W. Cotter
 High Two—R. Clegg
 High Single—P. Huxtable

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

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

As the national Church of England has shown itself fitted to expand into an imperial Church because, with the genius of the British Empire itself, it has entered into the national feeling of all the countries and races over which it has spread with the growth of the Empire it only rises to the height of its own genius when it becomes a Church of world-wide outlook. The Church of England formed by the two streams of early British Christianity and the mission from Rome under St. Augustine of Canterbury, was itself a Christian mission. Its true foundation had been laid in Jesus Christ, and in His command that He should be preached to all nations, and that all nations should be baptized in His name.

There is no incongruity between a national Church and a world-wide Church. God has divided the world into nations, and so has made it a world of richer blood through its diversities of mind and character. It is a "necessity in the nature of things", as Bishop Butler would say, that religion itself should be cast in national moulds. It is through the differences of nationality that it makes its universal appeal. God revealed himself to Israel, that through Israel all families of the earth should be blessed. His progressive revelation to Israel culminated in the mission of the greater Israel of the Christian Church; and as the Church itself advances, its message adapts itself to people of all races and colours and tongue.

The spirit of nationality is one of the master influences of the human race. But we are realizing more and more every day that all nations are bound together, and the national spirit is worth preserving only as it contributes to the welfare of mankind as a whole. The term, "Foreign Missions" is probably itself destined to become obsolete. St. Paul forecast both the statesmanship and the Christianity of the future when he gave out as his manifesto that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth".

Therefore we may justly be proud of the glories of our Church of England as a missionary Church, but must view them as leading up to its true ideals as world-wide. The historic Church of England is more than national and imperial; it is a world-wide Church of God.

Church Messenger

DEATHS IN THE PARISH

There have been several deaths during March. Mrs. Annie Mueller of Sammon Avenue, a long time resident of this district, died aged 80 years. Mr. John Ernest Sherwood of the T. Eaton Co., died very suddenly of heart trouble. He resided on Chisholm Avenue. Miss Elsie Atkins died in the Home for Incurables. Mrs. Alice A. Craven, mother of Mr. Craven of Coxwell Avenue, died in St. Michael's Hospital after suffering a stroke.

Miss Charlotte Grand, sister-in-law of Godfrey Hambly, died after a long illness. Mrs. Adelaide Hayhurst, a regular attendant at St. John's, died after a brief illness and Mrs. Beatrice Elizabeth Lane, another regular worshipper, was called home after a short illness too. Mr. Charles Harvey, who had served in the Great War, died in Christie Street Hospital after an illness of several years.

To all who mourn the loss of dear ones, we extend our sincerest sympathy.

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The Easter Victory

By the Right Rev. H. L. Paget, D.D.
Formerly Bishop of Chester

HIS Victory : our Victory : my Victory ;
three great thoughts for Eastertide, set
in their right order ; and first and fore-
most *His* !

I

The battle was fought to a finish on the Cross. The victory was revealed and proclaimed before the rising of the sun, while it was yet dark on Easter morning ; when the grave was found to be empty ; and S. Mary Magdalene was the first to see and recognize the risen LORD. It was re-asserted and confirmed by the wonder and beauty and variety of those successive appearances, the infallible proofs, which are the glory of the great Forty Days.

The Cross was critical ; it was the final assault of the powers of darkness ; the great attack, long prepared, of the massed battalions of evil ; the powers of hell had done their worst. Unmitigated, unhindered, unscrupulous hatred had at last encountered perfectly pure love ; and love, just by dying, had proved itself the stronger.

S. Paul speaks wonderfully about this in the Epistle to the Colossians. His words are not easy to understand, but there is nothing in the Bible quite like them. They picture our Saviour on the Cross hemmed in, encompassed, surrounded by the mysterious powers of evil, the principalities and powers, the rulers, as S. Paul calls them elsewhere, of the darkness of this world. The very air seems to be alive with cruelty and hatred, with suggestions of distrust and despair.

And He puts them all off ; He strips Himself of them. He is like one fighting for his life. He thrusts them away ; not with the strength of His mighty arm, for hard and fast He is nailed to His Cross ; but with the invincible loyalty of His heart

of trust in GOD and love of man. " They kept me in on every side, they kept me in, I say, on every side : but in the Name of the LORD will I destroy them. They came about me like bees, and are extinct even as the fire among the thorns : for in the Name of the LORD I will destroy them."

And on Easter morning the victory is proclaimed, the bonds are loosed by which it was not possible

that He should be holden. Not possible ! S. Peter when he used those words in his first speech after the Resurrection may have had chiefly in mind the old prophecy of David, " Thou shalt not suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption " ; but there are other forms of impossibility. We speak sometimes of things as impossible in a decently ordered world ; and there are things which we may venture to believe are impossible in a world over which GOD is supreme. " GOD is a righteous Judge, strong and patient, and GOD is pro-

voked every day " ; but there are bounds to the patience of GOD. Hatred must learn its limits. It can kill ; but it cannot destroy. Love is stronger than hate. Truth is stronger than falsehood. Right is stronger than wrong. Satan, we take it, is past learning ; but the world must learn. CHRIST must be raised, if (dare we say it ?) for no other reason, " to the glory of GOD the FATHER." It was a bad day for Evil when with wicked hands it took and crucified the Prince of Life and the King of Love.

Look at that poor old stone ; look at those solemn and eminently official seals ; and those soldiers (did any of them assist at the Crucifixion ?) set to guard His sepulchre. Set them all against that immortal love which they are trying to confine within the narrow limits of the tomb. No wonder that the stone is rolled away, the seals are broken and the chain hangs loose. I am reminded of a dear little postcard which Dr. Bright, who wrote

EASTER

THE Seasons, LORD, in circuit move
According to Thy will ;
And by their ministrations prove
Thy word abideth still.

The Winter's passing brings forth Spring
And Thou createst then
A joy more pure than any thing
Conceived in hearts of men.

A more abundant life canst Thou
From seeming death upraise ;
And immortality bestow
Which knows not length of days.

W. GREENWOOD

those lovely hymns, "Once, only once" and "And now, O FATHER," sent to my brother, the Bishop of Oxford, one Easter Eve :

"Make it as sure as you can" (*S. Matt. xxvii. 65*).
Very sure they made it!"

That is quite in the spirit of the old writers and the old hymns. There is a real touch of grave ridicule in them when they speak of these things.

"The proud are robbed; they have slept their sleep; and all the men whose hands were mighty have found nothing!"

II

It is His victory; and through Him and in Him it is *ours*. Remember that verse in the sixteenth Psalm. How does it run?—"Kings with their armies did flee, and were discomfited; and they of the household divided the spoil."

It is curious to remember that those words were once used rather scornfully after a war in which it seemed to some as though the rewards and decorations were bestowed too generously on those who had had least to do with it! But they are true of that household of God which is called the Church. The Church is His Body and it shares the glory of His Risen Life. There are many things to be ashamed of, many things to be sorry for. Many things to be set right. Perhaps we know some dismal places where Church life is at a low ebb. We are not going to forget that; but these are not the thoughts for Easter Day. Think rather of what has already been done; of heathen lands (our own included) which have become Christian; of the splendours of missionary enterprise, of the lives and triumphs of God's saints in every age. Think how again and again when things seemed dead revival has come. Think of our own happiness one with another in His presence and at His altar this very Easter.

I remember how some years ago I stood in springtime among the trees of a beautiful wood. Everywhere around me were the signs of life: the trees beginning to bud; the aconites and crocuses and snowdrops breaking through the soil, and beginning to brighten the face of the earth. "It is so wonderful to think that behind all this," said a friend to me, "there lies the whole force, immeasurably great, of the power of the spring."

The whole world cannot have its Easter in springtime; we must remember that fact; our friends in Australia will have theirs in the autumn.

But we are glad that our Easter is in the spring. It reminds us of the power of CHRIST'S Resurrection in the life of the Church. Even when things seem dead they are not, it may be, so dead as they look. The possibilities of revival are not exhausted. There is power in the Gospel message. There is power in the sacramental grace. The Church is not what people call an "organization," an arrangement for doing (or not doing) something on which a certain number of energetic people have set their hearts—it is very easy to be over-organized. The Church is an organism, and that means a body with a real life; and the life of the Church is neither more nor less than the life of the Risen CHRIST. "Because I live ye shall live also." His victory is *ours*.

III

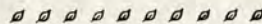
Yes! but *mine*?
 "That *I* may know Him and the power of His Resurrection!" It is one thing to know a fact; it is another thing to experience a power. A good Christian is not simply one who accepts the evidence of CHRIST'S rising; he is one who in his own life experiences and helps to manifest the power of the Resurrection.

It is not enough to be what is commonly known as a sound or good Churchman; to have been christened, confirmed, communicant. We know, and we should know better, if we fully understood, what gifts and graces are ours in the Holy Sacraments.

But a real and living faith must grasp them, a heart surrendered to CHRIST must welcome them. We must let Him in, not keep Him out. He must live and work in us if we are to know the power of His Resurrection!

"Easter triumph, Easter joy,
 Sin alone can this destroy;
 From sin's power do Thou set free
 Souls new-born, O LORD, in Thee."

His, ours, mine! Make an "Easter Offering" of yourself; body, soul, and spirit; heart and will; in simple honest loyalty to the Risen LORD.



In the May number of THE SIGN we hope to have the pleasure of printing a new **Whitsuntide Processional Hymn** by the Rev. S. J. Wallis, S.S.J.E., together with the tune "Bournemouth" which has been specially composed for it by Dr. Basil Harwood. We also hope to be able to supply copies of the words and music to incumbents, organists, or choirmasters desiring to use them at Whitsuntide.



Tenants of the Old Tithe Barn

An April Sketch

By Ivy Scott Rogers

ALL the year round the Old Tithe Barn has its tenants; and in summer their numbers are greatly increased by the arrival of the younger generation.

Early in April the swallows arrive. Each year the same pair take possession of an ancient beam spanning the dim interior of the barn, and on this stout foundation they build their nest. The nest-building is a labour of love accomplished to those soft twittering notes so characteristic of the swallow tribe, and so pleasing to the human ear. When the nursery walls have been plastered and the cradle lined with soft feathers and grasses, the little lady settles down to brood over the six tiny eggs, while her mate visits her constantly with offerings of insects which he catches on the wing, or he cheers her with his presence and his song.

By the time the swallows have settled down the bats, who all through the winter have hung motionless from dusky corners of the barn, wake up and begin to take an interest in the outside world. As soon as the shadows, the purple pilots of the twilight, steal across the Barn, they are off and away to chase those insects on which they depend for food. When baby bats come to swell the tenantry, they accompany their mothers on her expeditions, and they must feel very dizzy sometimes as mother bat dives and somersaults

and spins after the more elusive insects. But however dizzy baby bat may feel, he never loses his grip on his mother, and rides safely till, her hunting over, he may snuggle down for a nap.

Just under the roof there is a hole big enough to admit an owl. This is the entrance and exit used by Mother Barn Owl, one of the Tithe Barn's oldest tenants, and the mother of several doughty sons. This year she had but one, which was a good thing from her point of view, for his appetite was unappeasable. Each night she spent flying backwards and forwards to her home under the roof, bearing tempting gifts which she thrust into his absurdly gaping mouth. Her nest is always a rude affair consisting of wood chips and shavings, but Master Barn Owl does not require elaborate furnishings; all he demands of life is a good square meal as often as possible!



Barn; but in winter it seems strangely silent and hushed. Yet if you go in and look quietly, you will see Old Mother Barn Owl snoozing peacefully in her turret chamber, and bats hidden away behind grey curtains which are the cobwebs that festoon dusky corners. And at night you might hear the scuffling of many rats tunnelling through to the grain bins.

Over the Teacups

Just now most of us are trying to renovate our homes, either by redecorating or by new furnishings. It is best to choose rather quiet, low-toned colours to cover the furniture, remembering that nowadays people wear clothes of bright shades, often with a good deal of pattern. For a room which is much lived in, a good effect may be got by having cigar-brown covers, and many cushions of red—real red, without any yellow in it. You will find that all sorts of flowers, except some pink ones, will look well. Pink is a difficult colour, and must be used with discretion; the two types, that which borders on flame, and the "old-fashioned" real pinks, do not agree at all. Cushions are very valuable to give any desired colour, and can be varied and remade easily. Blue ones in all shades give a sense of atmosphere to a room; many golds and warm-brown help a room to look more sunny than it is; while purple, discreetly chosen, does well. Cushions with silk fronts and backs of cheap cotton are not seen now, there are so many lovely materials at all prices to choose from. Shot materials, or those with a self-patterned surface, keep their looks better than those which are quite smooth. The edge of our cushions may be finished with a narrow gathered fold of the stuff, or be corded, or a fringe, about an inch wide, looks well, or gimp, either matching or of dull metal, may be placed close to the edge. Another way is to take a square of material and fold it envelope fashion; this is specially charming in striped materials, as the stripes will run diagonally. Do not have all your cushions square, pillow-shaped ones are comfortable, indeed surplus pillows may be converted into cushions. It is well to avoid ruched or gathered silk, it collects so much dust.

Some Seasonable Recipes

Stuffed joints are very welcome at this time, when the supply of fresh vegetables is at its lowest, for the stuffing

can have various herbs in it, and give a piquancy to the meat. The standard mixture for stuffing is six ounces breadcrumbs, three ounces chopped suet, the grated rind of half a lemon, a dessertspoonful chopped parsley, salt, pepper, an egg to bind and a little milk to moisten.

Though veal is dear, the breast is inexpensive. The butcher will bone it, but be sure to use the bones for stock, for which they are unsurpassed. Lay the meat on a board, and spread the stuffing, to which a little minced cooked ham should be added, all over it. Roll up, and bind with narrow half-inch tape (this is much better than string, and the piece can be used again if well rinsed). Flour the roll, and bake in the oven, basting it well. When done, remove the tape, and serve with gravy and rolls of fried bacon.

A shoulder or loin of mutton may be done the same way, but omit the minced ham; you can add minced onion or chives to the stuffing, and onion sauce should accompany the dish.

If you have no chives in your garden, beg, borrow, or buy a root or two. Their flavour in salads has no substitute, or in omelettes either. Do not chop them, but gather a bunch of the narrow "leaves" tightly in your hand, and cut off tiny bits with a pair of scissors.

Cambridge Cream.—Dissolve quarter ounce gelatine in a pint of milk. Beat the yolks of three eggs and pour the boiling milk over them, adding sugar to taste. Put aside to cool. When just setting whip up a quarter pint of cream, add most of it to the custard and whip all together, flavouring if liked with vanilla. Have a *soufflé* dish with a layer of strawberry or apricot jam at the bottom, and put the mixture in it. The rest of the whipped cream must be piled roughly on the top, and a little grated chocolate sifted over it.

The Whistle

A Story

By P. Hoole Jackson

MOLLIE tossed feverishly in her bed. Her lips poured out swift volleys of words between incoherent babbling. Now and then, the nurse rose and drew over her patient the bed-clothes that the hot, pretty hands tried to fling away. She was a little quieter after a dose of medicine, but her thoughts still whirled round the same point as in her feverish rambling. It was all her fault. Even this illness was through her fault. If only she had listened to Jim! Her Jim then; but now she could call him that no longer. Two hot tears crept down cheeks that were hotter than the tears.

The nurse lighted the lamp. Evening was drawing over the pleasant countryside beyond Mollie's window. The nurse was about to draw the curtains when Mollie cried out, "No, no, don't, nurse. I want to see—"

She relapsed into her feverish talk again, and the nurse did not learn what she wanted to see; but Mollie knew. Jim was due to return to his old route to-night. She could see the lights of the train as it flashed along the high embankment half a mile away.

Why had she ruined both their lives by her stubbornness? When she had defied Jim and gone out with Peter Haddon she knew that she was cutting the happy tie that had bound her and Jim. It wasn't as if he hadn't given her a chance! He had. "Look here, Mollie," he had said, "I'm not silly enough to expect you to stop talking to another man just because we're engaged. It isn't that, but Haddon's

no good. We'll forget that you went to the dance with him while I was away. That's nothing. But if you go with him again you won't be my girl. I shall know then that you prefer him."

She had been foolish to get angry, to say, "I'll go with whom I like. You never take me anywhere. You're always away, and when you're here, you'd rather take me for a walk than spend money on me. You're mean, Jim. Peter did take me to a concert, and I think it was good of him. Why shouldn't I have a bit of happiness?"

That had brought the colour to his face. "I'm not saying any more, Mollie," he had answered. "I don't want you to shut yourself up when I'm forced to be away, but if you go out with fellows like Haddon people will talk."

"Scandalmongers!" she flashed, angrily.

"Maybe," he said, gently, "but it's best not to give even scandalmongers a handle."

She knew, now, that Jim was right. She had gone with Peter out of defiance, and people had talked, and Jim had written to ask her, and instead of confessing that she was at fault, she had listened to Peter's flattery—Peter who wasn't a patch on Jim—and she had sent Jim his ring back rather than confess her fault.

Three nights after that she had run from Haddon, shaking off his passionate arms and dashing into the night. Anywhere out of his way, out of hearing of his voice, wandering about long after it came on to rain; only driven home, almost automatically, by her numbed and failing limbs. After that, darkness and pain.

Through the soft dusk the five-forty "Limited" was tearing towards Renner Junction. On the foot-plate, Jim Massey scanned the constellation of signals with clear, keen eyes. He had been working the big new express on the Company's south route, and now he was coming home to the old route where he was to have charge of one of those same big engines instead of the old Mercedes whose every mood he knew as well, or better, than he knew his own.

He and Mollie would have been able to get married if she hadn't spoiled it all. Jim's heart was bitter against fate. Ten miles beyond Renner Junction was a little house, standing on the fringe of a lovely wood. He had bought it as a surprise for her with the hard-saved money that she had reproached him with being mean about. Now those dreams of seeing her meet him at the little green gate would never come true.

A mile beyond the dream-cottage was Mollie's home, and Jim had always given one sharp blast on the whistle as he neared it on the home run. There was a small cutting and bridge that just gave him a genuine excuse to do so. On light evenings, Mollie would be at the upper

window, ready to wave to him. In winter, she put a light there. There would be no light to-night, he thought, and the loneliness of his home-coming was heightened.

He put a greasy hand against his breast-pocket and felt the letter crinkle there. Her last letter. If it had been for any other fellow but Haddon, Jim felt that he could have borne it better. He wondered if Mollie would find the fellow out in time. But Peter was crafty, and Mollie had a little money coming to her. Not much but enough to tempt a wastrel like Haddon.

The Mercedes rushed into her home stride along the level length of metal that ended the run to Riverport, but there was no answering leap of joy in Jim's heart to that joyous surge of power.

"Quiet to-night, Jim!" said his fireman. "Anythin' the matter?"

"No," said Jim, forcing a smile. "Got thinking, that's all. We're on time, anyway. Soon be in, now, with luck."

The wood came into view; the dream-cottage, and then were whisked away into the shadowy night. Another minute or so and Mollie's home would rise up against the sky-line. Jim felt tired. It was going to be hard to pass that place every night of his life. Once it had been happiness; now it was torture.



"The white little face looked up at him"

Should he whistle as he had always done? Better not. Haddon might be with her. They would only mock him, perhaps laugh, or sneer. No, Mollie wouldn't sneer. She wasn't like that. Foolish, but not cruel. He smiled. Just this once. Let Haddon laugh if he wanted to.

The whistle shrieked across the night, and only as its clear call pierced the air did Jim see the light in the upper window. What could it mean after her letter? Most likely an accident. Perhaps she was getting her hat on to go out with Haddon. Jim bit his lips and slowed his engine down. Well, he had shown that he bore no malice.

He went through his duties at the terminus automatically. As he was turning to leave the station a woman hurried up to him. He took in her nurse's uniform and breathless state in a glance.

"Yes, I'm Jim Massey," he answered her query. "Anything wrong at home?"

"No," she said, regaining her breath. "It's Mollie. She's asked to see you."

"Asked to see me?" The light! Then she was ill! He took hold of himself and said quietly,

"She's been ill; is she —?"

"Out of danger now, Mr. Massey," said the nurse in a kindly voice, as he followed her into the waiting car and they were driven away. "She's had pneumonia," she explained. "We expected the crisis to-night. There didn't seem much hope. She wouldn't try to fight. Didn't seem to care whether she lived or died, and you can't fight pneumonia unless the patient helps, even if only subconsciously."

Jim sat straining his big hands between his knees. "Yes," he said. "Please go on, Miss."

The nurse smiled. "Nothing to worry about now. We gathered from her feverish ramblings that she'd had a lovers' quarrel with you, but even her father didn't know anything definite. She rallied just before the crisis and asked me not to draw the curtains. Her father said your train was due and thought she must be conscious enough to have realized that."

"Then she sank again, and the doctor thought she would never pass the crisis, but just as everything seemed at its worst she suddenly said, almost in a whisper, 'The whistle . . . nurse . . . the whistle . . . O Jim!'"

Jim bowed his head to hide the moisture in his eyes. And some people said there wasn't a God!

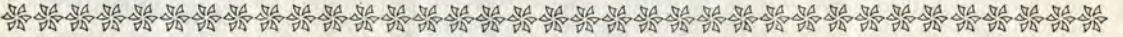
The nurse was still speaking. "We heard you, of course, and her father sent me off in the car to meet you. You can go up for a minute or two but no more. She's very weak. Don't excite her."

Jim crept up the stairs to where the white little face looked up at him from the nest of pillows, framed by her dark hair.

"O Jim, you whistled . . . so I . . . I waited. I thought you wanted me. Did you, dear, after all?"

"For ever, Moll," he said, kissing her gently.

It was long after that before they told each other all there was to tell; but the little dream-cottage has lights now and a curl of smoke from its proud little chimney, and if Mollie cannot wave to Jim it is because her arms are occupied in holding up a fat, chubby little Jim to watch "for daddy's train."



Easter Sepulchres

By Frank R. Williams

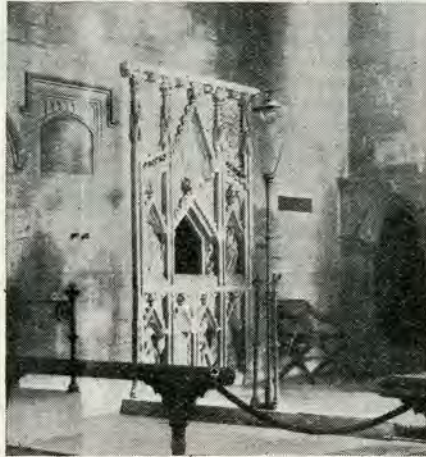
MANY of the ancient parish churches of England still possess, on the north side of the chancel, what is known as an Easter Sepulchre. As these niches have not been used for their original purpose since the end of the sixteenth century, there are many churchgoers who are not aware of the ceremonies of which they were the scene in the Middle Ages. In those days the average parishioner had very few books, even if he were able to read them, so that instruction in the facts of Christianity was often given in a dramatic or pictorial form. One of the most important of these representations was that contained in the ceremonies of the Easter Sepulchre.

These ceremonies are of great antiquity. There is clear evidence that in their earliest form they were in existence in England about a hundred years before the Norman Conquest. The details of the ceremony itself vary slightly in different churches, but the main outline is the same in all. Briefly, the usual practice was as follows.

On Maundy Thursday three Hosts were consecrated at the Holy Eucharist. One was for the priest's Communion that day, one was reserved for Communion on Good Friday—"the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified"—and the third was placed in the pyx or tabernacle until required for the Sepulchre ceremonies. At Vespers on

Good Friday this consecrated Host, together with the cross from the high altar, was solemnly carried to the Sepulchre on the north side of the altar, and reverently placed inside it, thus symbolizing the burial of our

LORD on the first Good Friday night. In some churches, as for instance Durham Cathedral and Lincoln Minster, the Host was enclosed in a specially prepared image of the Saviour which had a hollow place in the breast to receive it. The doors of the Sepulchre were then closed and usually sealed in memory of the sealing of the tomb in the Garden by the Jews and Pilate's guard. In order to reproduce as faithfully as possible the events as set out in the Gospels, a watch, representing the Roman soldiers, was set before the tomb. Lights were lit and placed before it, and the Sepulchre was watched constantly, day and night, until early on Easter Day. These watchers were sometimes voluntary, sometimes paid, there being frequent references to them in



EASTER SEPULCHRE, HECKINGTON, LINC.

churchwardens' accounts which show payments for "watching of the sepulchre."

Early on Easter morning clergy and people assembled in the church. A procession was then formed of the priests, clerks, and choir. Proceeding to the Sepulchre, which had previously been opened, they removed the Host and the cross therefrom, and bore them joyfully back to the high altar. The bells then rang out a

merry peal, and the first Eucharist of Easter was begun by the signing of an anthem: "CHRIST is risen from the dead."



EASTER SEPULCHRE, HECKINGTON, Lincs.
(From an old engraving)

The scene of this symbolical ritual was usually set in the north wall of the chancel, the sepulchre itself being either a recess, somewhat similar to an aumbry, or a flat-topped tomb on which was placed a temporary structure of wood elaborately carved. Unfortunately there are not many of these Easter Sepulchres left in our ancient churches now. One cannot always be certain, either, whether all those recesses that have been so named by ecclesiologists were actually used for that purpose, or whether they were merely aumbries. In view of the known age of the ceremonies, it is remarkable that one seldom finds an example of one of these fittings of earlier date than the fourteenth century. It is possible that, in earlier times, some of the plain aumbries may themselves have been used for the ceremony, having wooden or metal caskets placed within them for the occasion. The large square opening to be found in the north wall of the sanctuary at Southsease, Sussex, may be an instance of this use. But by far the commonest form used was that of the table-top tomb. These tombs exist in comparatively large numbers on the north side of altars, and it has become the habit of guides and guide-books to describe the whole structure as an Easter Sepulchre, whereas they are merely stands upon which the actual wooden sepulchre rested.

Interesting examples of these tombs can be seen, within easy reach of London, at Broadwater, Herstmonceux, Berwick, Denton, and Eastbourne in Sussex. The one at Broadwater, Worthing, is the magnificent canopied tomb of Lord de la Warr, who died in 1524, and we are told that it was once richly painted and gilt. At Berwick the tomb is believed to be that of the founder of the church, which was quite a normal custom. Frequently bequests were made in wills for the testator's tomb to be so constructed and used. At Rolvenden, Kent, in 1533, John Asten left £6 "to the making at my proper cost an honest Sepulchre for the Blessed Body of our LORD to be laid in at Easter in the church"; and at Herstmonceux, in 1531, Lord Dacre says in his will, "My body to be buried in the church . . . on the north side of the high altar. I will that a tomb be there made for placing the Sepulchre of our LORD." Another example of this class will be found at Stratford-on-Avon, just below the well-known Shakespeare memorial.

We have observed that aumbries were sometimes

As stated above the photographs of the Sepulchre at Heckington are reproduced by courtesy of Mr. F. M. Chapman. That of S. Mary's, Eastbourne, is by the writer of the article.

used for these dramatic representations of the Easter message, and also that table-top tombs were very commonly employed. There is, however, no doubt that, in some churches, permanent stone structures were specially built for the purpose. The one at Rolvenden, already referred to, may possibly have been of this kind. In any case, there can be no shadow of doubt that at least five of those now existing in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire were intended for use as Easter Sepulchres and for nothing else. Their symbolism shows this clearly. The most famous one of this class is the beautifully carved specimen at Heckington, Lincs. Though sadly mutilated by later iconoclasts, it is still a splendid example of the sculptor's art. Through the courtesy of Mr. F. M. Chapman, of the Lindsey Society, I am able to reproduce here his excellent photograph of this beautiful Sepulchre, which shows the figures of the sleeping Roman soldiers carved at the foot. At West Dean, in the Cuckmere valley, Sussex, there are two recesses in the north wall of the chancel, one is plain and is obviously an aumbry, the other is decorated with an ornamental canopy, and was the Easter Sepulchre.

Easter Sepulchres were used in English churches from Saxon times until the reign of Edward VI without interruption. They did not go out of use at once with the advent of the Reformation. In fact, in 1538, when the list of "superstitious lights" which were to be discontinued was drawn up, the light which was placed before the Sepulchre from Good Friday to Easter was purposely omitted from the list. In the churchwardens' accounts of the parish of West Tarring, Sussex, there is an entry dated 1545 giving details of money spent in connection with the watching of the Sepulchre. It would appear, however, that their general use ceased during the latter part of Edward's reign, only to be revived during the days of Queen Mary. They were finally done away with under Elizabeth.

The last entry regarding the Easter Sepulchre to be found in the West Tarring accounts is under date 1558 (*8d.* for watching, *7d.* for repairs). Where the Easter Sepulchre was made of stone or cut into the wall, it was either blocked up or used as a form of aumbry. This explains why so many of these interesting fittings survived the onslaught of the Puritans and still remain in our old churches as links with the past. But the fate of the wooden ones or of the portable "caskets" was very different. So far as I can ascertain, there are only two of these left in the country, both of them in the Midlands, and both in private hands. The rest were broken up, burnt, or put to baser uses. The report of the Commissioners for Lincolnshire states that some were given to the poor for firewood, others being made into cupboards, biers, hen-coops, or steps.



EASTER SEPULCHRE AT S. MARY'S,
EASTBOURNE
(Late Fourteenth Century)



[Specially drawn for THE SIGN by D. I. Adamson

Peeps into Church Five Hundred Years Ago

I. STREWING THE RUSHES

The floors of churches in olden days were commonly strewn with rushes, there being no pews, and these rushes were cleared away and renewed from time to time. The picture shows the "Rush-Raker" at work and the children bringing in bundles of fresh rushes and strewing them on the floor for the congregation to sit upon during the sermon on Sunday.



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."—MEASURE FOR MEASURE

SYNOPSIS

WHEN the story opens DICK TREMAYNE, a young engineer, has just returned to Eyot St. Mary, after spending some time in South America on business for his firm. He finds his juniors much more "grown up" than he had expected. HARRY, his step-brother, is now quite a man; and is very much in love with MOLLY WAINWRIGHT, a charming girl of eighteen. Molly's father strongly objects to Harry as a suitor; but the young couple decide to take matters into their own hands; and, after an exciting elopement, are married in London by special licence.

The story continues—

CHAPTER VII

A NEW BEGINNING

IT struck Harry for the first time, as he and Mary walked from the station through the familiar bustle of the town's life on Friday afternoon, how amazingly far the tremendous experiences crowded into one brief week of absence separated him in spirit from the Harry Tremayne who had last paced these streets.

Then he had been a mere hot-headed lad, fighting for his own hand. Now, a boy no longer, he was responsible for Mary's happiness, infinitely dearer to him than his own. The thought quickened his pulses. They spent one night at Mrs. Tremayne's house while they bought a few bare necessities for their own, and the next day moved into the Cottage which the agents had set in rough order for their new tenants. They both looked well and sunburnt, and Harry's manner to his mother was more manly and gentle than she had ever known it.

"I know you have the right to feel that I've treated you badly, mother," he acknowledged in the single intimate talk they had that first night. "But it seemed the only thing to do at the time, and I'm certain we shall never regret it, whatever happens. I can't begin to tell you what a wonderful girl Molly is. I—I worship her."

Molly certainly showed good sense in the quiet fashion in which she restrained Harry's natural tendency towards extravagance when they bought their simple furnishings together.

"It will be much more fun to get things by degrees," she urged. "At first we only want absolute necessities, a few chairs, and bedroom things, and a table for the kitchen, and one for the verandah. I can make curtains for the windows if we get some cretonne, and you can put up shelves."

"But look here, Molly, we must have carpets to cover those bare floors. Or"—his eyes sparkled with a householder's pride—"suppose I stain them all brown with that stuff—permanganate of potash—then we'd only need rugs, that would be easy to take up and shake! You don't want to spend your life in heavy sweeping."

"That's a splendid idea. But that reminds me, we must buy a broom, and a kettle—oh, and a tea-pot and cups."

The appointments of the cottage, especially in the kitchen, were excellent, for they had been provided to content the rather fastidious London servants whom the owner had always brought down with him, but probably he had never enjoyed his well-cooked dinner as much as the new housekeepers did the picnic-meals of that first week-end, when they had to make coffee in a jug, and boil their eggs in the solitary kettle because they had forgotten to purchase a sauce-pan.

Harry went back to the office on Monday, but every evening he worked energetically at staining and carpentering, while Mary, who had a natural talent for home-making, spent busy days with her needle, and in cleaning and arranging their simple possessions. At first her cookery accomplishments did not extend beyond cake-making, at which she had earned prizes in cooking classes at school, but with the help of Mrs. Braiceley, who had been employed to scrub down the place, and who lived next door, she learned each day some new dish with which to surprise Harry when he returned from the office.

Meantime, at the office, it began to dawn on him that all was not well. He had never felt at ease there. He heartily disliked Mr. Black, the manager, and felt profound contempt for his fellow-clerks, which he was at no pains to conceal. Yet he was wholly unprepared for the note of dismissal which the cashier handed to him with his week's pay on Friday, in silence, yet with a glance of malicious pleasure that caused Harry to tear open the note there and then.

The next instant, amidst the covert sniggers of the clerks furtively watching him while they pretended to tidy their desks, he dashed into the manager's private room.

"Mr. Black! What does this mean? Why have I been dismissed?"

"I advise you to question Mr. Simpson, and to mind your manners better while you're doing it, too."

"You know Simpson is away! This is simply a piece of intolerable injustice! You have no fault whatever to find with my work, and I've been here seven months."

"And that's exactly seven months too long. I tell you, Tremayne, I won't stand another week of your tempers here—storming into my room like this and bellowing, without even troubling to knock at the door."

"I'll appeal over your head to Mr. Simpson!" Harry shouted, livid with anger.

"Do. And you'll get some pretty home truths about yourself you won't like. Mr. Simpson isn't the man to stand insolence from a graceless young scamp mixed up in a public scandal."

"Public scandal! What do you mean? This is a question of my work in this office."

"It's a question of your intolerable behaviour in this office." The answer came with cutting severity. "You are dismissed from here exactly as you were from your former employment, for your ungovernable temper, impertinence, and disrespect. I'll stand no more of it. Leave the room. And don't set foot inside this office again. You can draw a fortnight's pay in lieu of notice, and consider that a sheer act of grace on my part." Black walked into the side passage to terminate the interview effectually. And Harry, realizing the magnitude of his disaster even in his blinding passion, stalked through the outer office, snatched his hat from its peg, and reached the street.

He was quivering with anger, literally, physically, shaking as if with ague, and to escape inquisitive glances of passers by he turned into a side street, and paused in the bulky shadow of a chapel, clutching its railing in a desperate need to steady his feet before he faced Molly with this news.

He had been furious indeed at that former dismissal by Mr. Wainwright, yet jubilant too, fiercely pleased with the savage joy of fighting, quite unrepentant.

This was different. He felt yet no shadow of repentance for the blazing wrath that dominated his very body . . . but now there was Molly to consider. His hot eyes, fixed unseeingly on the poster in front of him, read the name of next Sunday's preacher, the text he was to preach on. Married for two weeks only, and already it had come to this. Molly, who had trusted her life so confidently to him.

He walked on, and carried with him a dawning comprehension of that text: "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

Molly was awaiting him at the gate, a dainty figure in her flowery voile frock, for her father had brusquely ordered the maid to pack Miss Mary's clothes and send them to the Cottage. She was not exactly a pretty girl, but with her sweet grey eyes, sunny hair, and softly rounded cheeks she made a very pleasing picture as she stood under the roses.

"Harry darling! tea is ready," she said gaily, then added in quick concern: "Why, dear! Has anything happened? Have you seen Daddy?"

"No. They're not coming back till next week, are they? Molly, it's worse than that. I didn't want to spring it on you at once, but your eyes are so sharp."

"Naturally, where you are concerned. Come and tell me, dear boy. Tea's on the verandah—Dick's lovely wedding present—the harlequin china, and I've made those special biscuits that you like. Has Mr. Black been horrid?"

With his arm round her they strolled through the house to the verandah that looked across the garden to the sunlit river.

"Molly, I'd better get it over at once. I've got the sack."

She stood stock still, then, with a swift, loving gesture, drew down his tall head for a kiss.

"Molly, how marvellous you are, to take it like this," he murmured huskily. "So pluckily."

"My dearest boy, of course we've got to take it pluckily. Have some tea first, then tell me what happened." She busied herself with the cups, and her calmness soothed his irritated nerves.

Soon she was in possession of the full story.

"I own I was a fool to lose my temper and dash in on him like that. It was exactly what he was waiting for—gave him just the pretext he wanted for ordering me to clear out instantly. There hasn't been a word between us these last few days, since I went back. But the brute must have had this up his sleeve the whole time—gloated over it."

CHAPTER VIII

OPPOSITE CAMPS

MARY looked at him with puzzled eyes.

"But if there was no fresh trouble, why did Mr. Black dismiss you?"

"He was vindictively glad of a chance to pay off old scores. We did have a lot of rows before, because I resented his petty fault-finding and stood up to him as none of the other fellows had the pluck to do. They'd curse him in vile language behind his back, but to his face they grovelled like the smug, servile cads they are, and swallowed anything to 'keep in with the boss.'"

"Was Mr. Simpson there?"

"No. But it wouldn't have helped if he had been. He must have arranged the whole show with Black last week, sacking me to put himself right with the Mayor."

"O Harry! Daddy has had no hand in this. He isn't like that. Truly he isn't."

"Molly, for goodness' sake don't let's start arguing about your father," he cried

impatiently, then seeing her quick flush, he instantly checked himself. "Sorry, sweetheart. But we've got to recognize that he and I are in opposite camps. And he's got most of the influential men—including Simpson—on his side."

"Mr. Simpson is his oldest friend. Perhaps he is angry on Daddy's account," she agreed reluctantly. "But do you mean it is going to make it difficult for you to get another job, because most of the business men are Daddy's friends? That does seem terribly unfair."

"It is, beastly unfair," he burst out fiercely. "Black couldn't find the smallest point to criticize in my work. In fact he often picked me out to do special jobs, like working over an architect's plans and making assessment of costs. It was because I was always keen on maths., figures of all sorts, and drawing that I applied for that job at Simpson's in the first place. I might have tried for the rival firm, Housman's. But it's a smaller concern, deals chiefly with country properties. And Mr. Housman was a friend of my father's, and still is a great pal of Dick's. I've known him ever since I was a small kid. But I wanted to



"Molly, I'd better get it over at once. I've got the sack!"

get a job on my own, not have people say I'd cadged one through influence, Dick's or any one else's."

"I don't see that what other people say or think of one matters much," she said with sober face. "It is what one thinks of oneself that really matters."

"Do you think so? By Jove, I believe when it comes to the point you've got a more independent spirit than I have, and pride too, Molly! I wonder if it would be any earthly good applying to Mr. Housman now. He probably hasn't a vacancy, and would only give me a slating after this trouble with Black. I remember he boxed my ears once for cheeking mother in front of him."

"Well, he isn't likely to box your ears now, is he?" she inquired demurely, and Harry grinned.

"Don't make it too obvious, Mrs. Tremayne, that you feel I jolly well deserve it. I say, darling"—he had set to work on her biscuits with renewed zest, and recovered spirits—"these cakes of yours are simply topping. If all else fails you might start a cake-making business, and I'll go round with a delivery cart."

Next morning, though without saying anything about it to Mary, he put his pride in his pocket and went to seek an interview with Mr. Housman.

Mr. Housman was a big, burly, red-faced man of independent views which he never hesitated to express loudly in any company, and as he and Richard Tremayne had dined together the night before, he knew more about the affairs of the young people than he chose to pretend while he listened to Harry's candid statement of his position.

"Look here, Harry. You have behaved like a hot-headed young fool in provoking Simpson's manager to sack you on the spot," he remarked with equal candour, when he finished. "Obviously no decent firm is going to employ you on the strength of the type of testimonial you've earned from Black added to the sort of reputation you've gained for yourself. By offending the Mayor you've set most of the influential men in the town against you."

"But look here, sir —"

"Don't interrupt! What I'm pointing out is, you have yourself to thank for the hole you're in. As it happens, the Mayor's private troubles don't worry me, and as we are working at high pressure just now there's a junior job going in the office, and I don't mind giving you a trial. The pay would be fifty shillings, probably quite as much as you're worth, but nothing like what you have been drawing at Simpson's. But I tell you straight, Harry, I'm not going to put up with any nonsense from you. You will come here as a junior clerk, and you will behave like one, take orders, and not answer back, see?"

"Honestly, sir. I do know a lot about the work."

"Quite so. But you don't know our methods here. And when Mr. Hedges, my managing clerk, who was running this show with me long before you were born, wants a job done in his way, and not the way you would prefer to do it, you will do it his way, or clear

out. Understand? Mr. Hedges is getting to be pretty frail in health, and the clerks are here to help him, not to worry him to death. Well, after all that, do you still want to come?"

He smiled good-humouredly, for his lecture, delivered with frank good humour, had not irritated Harry's perverse temper as Black's mildest rebuke had had power to do, and the flush that tinged his face merely enhanced its attractive qualities.

"Rather, sir, and thanks most awfully for giving me this chance. When shall I begin?"

"What's the matter with Monday? And if you're going to claim that fortnight's pay from Simpson's, I advise you to refrain from starting another riot there by mentioning the fact that I'm giving you a trial. They will hear soon enough. Monday, then, nine sharp."

For once Harry followed a piece of sound advice, and stalked into Simpson's and up to the cashier's desk in lofty silence.

"Mr. Black directed me to mention that you need not apply to him for a reference," said the cashier with a malicious grin as he handed over the notes.

"Thanks, I hadn't intended to."

He stalked out, walked quite soberly till he had turned into side streets, then fairly took to his heels and raced home.

"Molly, Molly! Quick!" he shouted as he dashed into the passage. "I've got it! What? Why a job, my precious girl. Good old Housman for ever! And here's eight perfectly good quid of Simpson's into the bargain!"

"Harry!"

She dropped the frying-pan that she was anxiously wielding on to the stove, flung herself into his arms, to be instantly caught up and waltzed round the kitchen till the odour of burning fat recalled them to attention.

The anxiety of that single night's crisis, swiftly as it was relieved, seemed to bind

them more closely together, revealing new depths of meaning in those sacred vows they had taken, "for better for worse."

With renewed ardour Harry flung himself into his carpentering work, while Mary went singing about her duties, relieved of the humiliating dread, that she had not whispered aloud, that on their return to the town her parents would hear that her husband was, in common parlance, "out of a job." Already she was learning a wife's loyal sensitiveness. But one evening, when he came to look for her after a couple of hours of vigorous digging in the vegetable garden, he found her sitting for once with idle fingers, gazing with thoughtful glance over the river, an open letter in her lap.

"Harry, I have heard from Mother. They came home to-day."

"So a dozen people went out of their way to inform me," he said grimly.

"Mother wants me to go to tea at Cedar Lodge to-morrow."

Instantly his black brows drew together in a scowl.

(To be continued)



"You'll come here as a junior clerk, and you will behave like one, take orders and not answer back. See?"

Church Life To-day

Some points of
Current Interest



THE LATE
BISHOP E. S. TALBOT
(Elliott & Fry)

The late **Bishop E. S. Talbot** was the last survivor of the group in which Bishop Gore, Dr. Scott Holland, and Dr. Illingworth were other prominent figures—men who carried on and developed the Anglo-Catholic Revival after the first generation of its leaders. Born in 1844, he was educated at Charterhouse and Christ Church, Oxford, and in 1870 was appointed by Dr. Pusey first Warden of Keble College, the memorial to another leader of the Oxford Movement, Mr. Keble.

In 1885 he left Oxford to become Vicar of Leeds, and ten years later was consecrated Bishop of Rochester. There he carried through the division of the diocese and the foundation of the See of Southwark as a separate bishopric for South London. In 1905 he became its first bishop, and in 1911 was translated to Winchester. He retired from active work in 1923.

One of the Bishop's sons is Father E. K. Talbot, Superior of the Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield; and another, Dr. Neville Talbot, formerly Bishop of Pretoria, is now Vicar of Nottingham. The third, Gilbert Talbot, was killed in the war, and it was in memory of him that the original Talbot House at Poperinghe was founded which has grown into the world-wide organization of Toc H.

The late **Rev. W. H. Carey** was well known as a parish priest in Brighton, where he had worked for twenty-four years as Vicar successively of the Church of the Annunciation, and, since 1924, of S. Paul's. Mr. Carey was educated at Keble College, Oxford, and



THE LATE
REV. W. H. CAREY
(A. H. Fry)

was awarded his "Blue" for Rugby football. He was ordained in 1893 to a curacy at S. George's, Leicester, and two years later joined the staff of the Church of the Ascension, Lavender Hill, where his younger brother, Dr. W. J. Carey, who recently resigned the See of Bloemfontein, was for some years one of his fellow-curates. In 1902 Mr. Carey left Bat-

tersea to become Vicar of S. Michael's, Woolwich, where he remained until he went to Brighton in 1910.

A SHORT time ago a number of unemployed young men offered to clean up the churchyard of **S. Helen's, Carlisle, Yorkshire**. They reduced a wilderness of weeds and long grass to order; put four truck-loads of slag on the paths, and lined them with white slag bricks; laid out flower beds, and planted trees and shrubs. The slag was given to the church by the Skinningrove Iron and Steel Works, and the bricks by the Tees Scoriae Brick Company.

The late **Archdeacon of Dudley, the Ven. S. R. James**, was a brother of the distinguished antiquary and Provost of Eton, Dr. M. R. James. Ordained in 1883, his early life was spent in educational work, as an assistant-master at Eton, 1879-97, and notably as Head Master of Malvern, 1897-1914. He became a Residentiary Canon of Worcester in 1916, and in 1921 was appointed Archdeacon of Dudley.

IN recognition of all the work he has done for S. Paul's Cathedral during his twenty-five years' ministry as residentiary canon, **Canon S. A. Alexander** has been presented with a clock made in the Cathedral workshops by the staff from old oak timbers from the Cathedral roof. The design of the clock is taken from Wren's western towers. The movement has been designed to strike the quarters in the same way as the clock in the south-west tower, and was made by a firm of clockmakers who have been connected with the Cathedral for a hundred and thirty years. Everybody associated with the work and worship of the Cathedral subscribed, including the Trustees of the Cathedral—the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Lord Mayor.

AN experimental union of the **Dioceses of St. Helena and Damaraland** for twelve months has been arranged. The Bishop of St. Helena (the Right Rev. C. C. Watts) has been appointed Bishop of Damaraland, in succession to the late Bishop Fogarty, but will continue to administer the Diocese of St. Helena during this experimental year.

The two dioceses are separated by a wide tract of the South Atlantic Ocean. That of St. Helena, which includes Ascension and Tristan da Cunha, has a total area of only 125 square miles, with a population of 4,346, or more than 35 to the square mile. Damaraland, which comprises the Mandated Areas of South-West Africa (formerly German South-West Africa), has an area of 322,450 square miles, with an estimated population of only 232,422, or less than one to the square mile, the Church population being only about 2,000.

The late **Bishop of Swansea and Brecon** (the Right Rev. E. L. Bevan, D.D.), who died recently at the age of seventy-two, was the fourth son of Archdeacon W. L. Bevan, and was ordained in 1886 to the curacy of Holy Trinity, Weymouth. In 1891 he was appointed chaplain to the Gordon Boys' Home at Woking, and six years later became Vicar of Brecon, holding this benefice until 1921. In 1907 he also became Archdeacon of Brecon, and a Prebendary of St. Davids. In 1915 he was consecrated Bishop-Suffragan of Swansea in succession to the late Bishop Lloyd. When the new diocese of Swansea and Brecon was constituted in 1923 Dr. Bevan was elected its first bishop. He was keenly interested in the work of the Church of England Men's Society, of which he was appointed chairman, in succession to the late Bishop Watts-Ditchfield, in 1923. He was also Deputy Governor of the Church Lads' Brigade.

The **Rev. H. W. Blackburne**, who has been appointed Dean of Bristol in succession to the late Dr. de Candole, spent a large part of his ministerial career as an Army Chaplain. During the war he was mentioned in dispatches seven times and was awarded the M.C. in 1914 and the D.S.O. in 1917. He was Assistant Chaplain-General from 1916 to 1919. In 1924 he became Vicar of Ashford, Kent, and since 1931 he has been Canon of S. George's Chapel, Windsor.

IN succession to the present Bishop of Johannesburg, the **Rev. T. Dilworth-Harrison**, Vicar of S. Bartholomew's, Brighton, has been appointed Archdeacon and Vicar of Chesterfield. Mr. Dilworth-Harrison, who was ordained in 1911 to a curacy at Prestwich, was Vicar of Ringley, Lancs., from 1917 until his appointment to S. Bartholomew's in 1927. He is the author of several books, of which *Every Man's Story of the Oxford Movement* is the best known.



THE LATE RIGHT REV.
E. L. BEVAN, D.D.
(Russell)



THE REV.
T. DILWORTH-HARRISON
(Vawdrey)

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.*

2541. Please inform me on some points affecting the membership of Councils and Conferences.

1. Co-opted members of the Parochial Church Council are in all respects on a level with elected members and have the same rights.

2. According to Rule 14 (2) of the Rules for the Representation of the Laity, 1920, “lay representatives elected to the Ruridecanal Conference shall hold office for one year, or such longer period, not exceeding three years, as the Diocesan Conference shall from time to time appoint.”

3. The constitution of a Diocesan Conference is regulated largely by the Conference itself, and there are considerable variations in different dioceses. Information about this in any particular diocese may be obtained from the Secretary of the Conference.

2542. Must a churchwarden be a householder?

We always advise persons interested in such matters to obtain *A Handbook for Churchwardens and Parochial Church Councilors* (Mowbrays, 2s.), by Kenneth Macmorran, where a full answer to your question is to be found.

Briefly, any person who is eligible as a member of the Parochial Church Council is also eligible as churchwarden; that is to say, he must be an actual lay communicant member of the Church of England of twenty-one years of age or upwards. But besides this, any person who was eligible before the Parochial Church Councils came into existence is still eligible even though he does not possess the above-mentioned qualifications.

2543. Should a chairman adjourn a meeting to prevent a vote being taken?

We cannot express a definite view about a local difference of opinion, but speaking generally we should say that the chairman may well have acted judiciously in adjourning the consideration of the matter in order to give himself and the other members time to think over the question on which there appears to be a marked difference of opinion.

We presume that another meeting will be held shortly at which the matter will be further considered and decided.

2544. What are the boundaries of the chancel?

The word “chancel” is derived from the Latin *cancelli*, lattice work, and means, strictly speaking, that part of the church which is separated off by what we call the chancel screen. In an

ordinary church consisting simply of chancel and nave we should suppose that the chancel included all the space east of the screen; but if there were an ambulatory or chapels behind or at the sides of the sanctuary these would presumably not form part of the chancel.

powered to grant such licences. If the vicar of your parish is not himself a surrogate he will tell you where one is to be found in your neighbourhood, and the conditions on which the licence is obtainable. The cost varies according to the diocese, from, we believe, £1. 15s. to £2. 12s. 6d.

2546. Who disposes of the “Visitor’s Book” Fund?

According to Dale’s *Law of the Parish Church*, which we believe to be a trustworthy authority, the Parochial Church Council and the Incumbent acting jointly have together complete authority to determine the objects to which money placed by visitors in a box provided in the church shall be allocated. If this is correct, which we have no reason to doubt, it seems that it would apply to money given to the “Visitors’ Book” fund about which you ask.

2547. What are the duties of the parish clerk? Is he responsible for collecting the alms?

In former times the parish clerk led the congregation in the responses, and was responsible, under the incumbent, for the care of the church and churchyard, and for the arrangements for the services. He might also read the Epistle at Holy Communion, as we believe he still does in some places.

Nowadays the clerk is less important. Many of his duties have been transferred to the verger, and in a good many parishes the office no longer exists. Where there is now a parish clerk his duties depend on the customs of the place and on the arrangements made when he was appointed. He would probably still have the same responsibilities as before, the verger and sexton (where there is one) being under his supervision.

The churchwardens are responsible for the collection of the alms, but they might delegate the duty of making arrangements for this to the clerk, who would carry out these and other arrangements for the services under the control of the incumbent and wardens.

2548. May a Sunday school teacher smoke?

If smoking is carried to excess it becomes a vice, like other excesses; but there can be no objection to it as a legitimate pleasure to be used in moderation, and consequently there is no reason why a Sunday school teacher should not smoke. It would be fitting, however, to abstain in the precincts of the Sunday school.

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Come and see the Works of God

“We know Thy wounded Hands, and Thou didst know

Our praying hands, our hands that clasp and cling,

To hold Thee fast and not to let Thee go; . . .

Since it is Thou we dare not be afraid,

Our King of old, and still self-same our King.”

Thy saints shall bless Thee

APRIL, 1934

Date THE GREATER FESTIVALS

1. S. Easter Day.
- 2, 3. M., Tu., in Easter Week.
8. S. First after Easter.
10. Tu. The Annunciation of *St. V.M.* (transferred from March 25th.)
15. S. Second after Easter.
22. S. Third after Easter.
25. W. S. Mark, Evan.
29. S. Fourth after Easter.

+

DAYS OF ABSTINENCE

Fridays, 13, 20, 27.

+

COMMEMORATIONS

- [3, Richard, Bp. of Chichester, 1253; 4, Ambrose, Bp. of Milan, D., 397; 11, Leo the Great, Bp. of Rome, D., 461; 19, Alphege, Archbp. of Canterbury, M., 1012; 21, Anselm, Archbp. of Canterbury, D., 1109; 23, George, M., of England; 30, Catherine of Siena, V., 1380.

2545. Can I be married in church without publication of banns? Have I to get a special licence?

If you wish to be married in church without previous publication of banns you can get an ordinary licence from the surrogate for your district; there is no need to go to London for it. A surrogate is a clergyman who is em-

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.

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GOOD-BYE, GOD!

There is a story told of a boy on the eve of starting out for a summer vacation. Kneeling down, as his custom was, the night before, he ended his evening prayer with the ejaculation, "Good-bye, God!, we are off for our holidays." Whether the story is true or not, it is what many of our Church-people do on the approach of the summer season. They do not say "Good-bye" in as many words, but their place at the regular services of the Church is empty.

This custom, which seems to be growing, is prevalent probably more among members of the Anglican communion than in some of the others. A member of the Roman Catholic Church observes the rule of the Church to attend Mass every Sunday if at all possible and at holiday time it is amazing the number of worshippers found at Churches within reach of summer resorts. Ardent members of other communions will gather on the beach or in some convenient hall for the purpose of public worship. The Anglican, in many cases, exercising his freedom from rule and his desire for recreation on Sunday does without attendance at his Church. This does a wrong to the small Church near him or by the lake or river side and in the city the spending of the Sunday on the beach or in the park leaves the Church empty of many of its regular worshippers.

Looking forward, as we are now, to a season when the great out-doors will make its appeal, would it not be well for the members of the Church to face the question.

First of all it does a wrong to God. These are the great days when the necessity and desirability of going to Church appeal to us. Who would be absent from the services at Christmas when the carols are sung and we hail in adoration the birth of the Saviour of men? Or at Easter-time when death and life come together in conflict who would disobey the rule of the Church to receive the Lord risen from the tomb? Or who would not during the season of Lent, and above all during Holy week and Good Friday not make a special effort to be found with those who keep Holy-days? And during the Winter months it seems the right thing to do in spite of cold and storm to wend one's way to the Sanctuary. But in summer-time there is the temptation of the car and of the open and it is the easiest thing in the world to forget religious duties. Now God is God of all the days: "Summer and Winter, bless Ye the Lord" and it is paying God a poor compliment to act as if He were the God of the Holy-day and not God of the holiday. He showed to the rule of every believer to make an opportunity unless absolutely prevented, to attend every Sun-

day. It is dishonouring to the God who waits upon His worshipper to find the accustomed place vacant. "It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem" said the prophet of old, "is it too much for the modern member to go up to the Sanctuary and pay his vows"?

If it does a wrong to God it does a wrong also to the individual. We are creatures of habit. There is a tendency in us, with good habits as with evil, to become accustomed to doing the same thing instinctively. The habit of attending Church is one of the safe-guards of the individual life as it is of the national. But a break of a Sunday or two in the summer-time may land us in the bad habit of deserting the assembling of ourselves together. There is no definite intention to give up the Church; when a special need arises in sickness, or the arrival of a child, or the death of a friend, we shall find our way up the old road; but why break the old habit, well-established? Moreover the best rebuke we can give to those who in our own day tend more and more to break the national day of rest is to take our own way to the Church. Protest may avail little and does prevail less, especially with the younger generation than the regular unbroken attendance, Sunday by Sunday at the Church.

Moreover, a third point should not be forgotten. When the Summer is ended the good Anglican rejoices to find that the Church is in the same place, ready to greet him as he enters its portals. But what has the Church been doing during the time he has stayed away? It has maintained its services; it has functioned with clergymen, sidesmen and all the offices of the Church; it has continued to minister to all within its borders at a cost of labour and of expense. The honour of the faithful should compel the feet to the altar of God, there to offer vows unto Him, to maintain for themselves and for those who forget God, the public worship there celebrated, and to present themselves and their offerings as a duty to God, as a duty to themselves, and as a duty to the Parish.

"I GO TO PROVE MY SOUL"

We are the unfinished masters of an unfinished world. However else we may describe this earth on which we live it is also and at least an arena where man plays some part and in which he is shaped and disciplined. If in any sense we make our world, our world is also making us. We go to find our soul—if perchance we are, or can be, other than we seem. In the amazing story of adventure which we call the history of man it may be that the greatest adventure of all lies here. And so on through the whole pilgrimage

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Baptisms

March 4th—James Mander, Verna May Mander, Gary Allen Lumbers.
 March 11th—Joyce Lillian Haynes, Jean Isabella Kitchen, Ann Mary Fardella, June Hope Fardella.
 March 25th—Robert Gerald Guest, Helen Joan Williams, Irma Margaret Nicholson.

Marriages

March 2nd—John Thomas Morrison and Gladys Amelia Gyatt.
 March 7th—Walter Stewart Newton and Mary Fox.
 March 8—Francis Kenneth Warburton and Ruby Violet Gordon.
 March 21st—Donald Edward Orr and Ethel Fanny Carley.
 March 28th—Herbert Clifford Wilson and Lydia Rosella Chappell.
 March 29th—Tom Allison Kellington and Evelyn Frances Wareham.
 March 31st—Norman Victor Brooks Mander and Lillian Violet Jackson.

Burials

March 1—Anna Margaret Mueller 80 years
 March 1—John Ernest Sherwood 45 years
 March 6—Elsie Atkins 42 years
 March 10—Alice Ann Craven 82 years
 March 12—Horace Dunstan Walker 37 years
 March 16—Demain Graham 56 years
 March 17—Charlotte Grand 68 years
 March 20—Adelaide Hayhurst 64 years
 March 24—Beatrice Elizabeth Lane 67 years
 March 31—Charles Harvey 57 years
 Total interments in Cemetry for month 91

EASTER DAY

The services on Easter Day were well attended and while there were no records broken, yet the standards set by St. John's in the past years were well maintained.

The Church always looks well at any time, but on Festivals it is especially attractive and this year was no exception.

The choir has gained a reputation for good music and this year their music was very effective. The Hallelujah chorus at evening was splendidly done and brought an end to a perfect day.

The message of the preacher, Archdeacon Fotheringham, at both Services was a highly intellectual and eloquent one and brought comfort and

conviction. Canon Baynes-Reed celebrated the Communion five times and baptized 9 children in the afternoon.

The attendance at all Services was as follows:

6 a.m. Communicants	130
7 a.m. Communicants	308
8 a.m. Communicants	433
9 a.m. Communicants	158
11 a.m. Communicants	283
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Total Communicants	1312

11 a.m. Congregation	927
3 p.m. Children's Service in Church	745
3 p.m. Children's Service in Parish House	349
4 p.m. Children Baptized	9
7 p.m. Evening Congregation	718

A large number of people listened to the story of the Resurrection and its implications during the course of the day.

A large number had to be turned away at the morning service for lack of accommodation.

**WARDEN'S REPORT, MARCH 31, 1934
RECEIPTS**

8 a.m. Communion	\$ 14.15
Envelopes	205.52
Open	212.79
Missions	86.69
Alms Box:	
Missions	10.33
Flower Fund	3.00
Poor Fund	8.00
Boys Catechism Class:	
Indian Child	15.00
Maple Leaf Class	25.00
Tennis Club	15.00
Bowling Fund	46.14
Organ Fund	4.50
	<hr/>
	\$646.12

DISBURSEMENTS

Stipends and Salaries	\$484.99
Gas, Electric and Phone	40.79
Books, Printing, etc.	51.34
Insurance (Burglary)	13.13
Parish Monthly Loan	100.00
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	\$690.25

PARISH HOUSE BUILDING FUND

To Balance at February 28	\$174.43
“ Rentals	53.00
“ Alms Box	4.30
“ St. John's Cemetry Board—Contribution	1000.00
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	\$1231.73

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