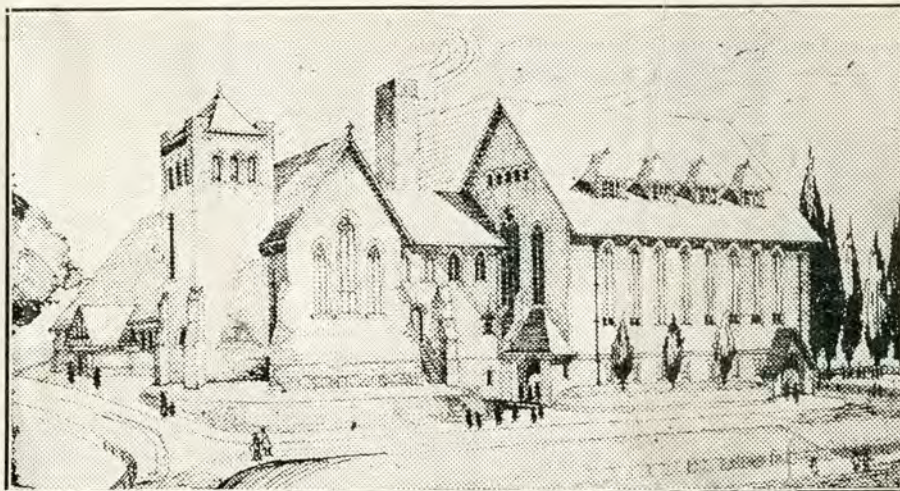


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1st and 3rd Sundays in each month at 11 a.m.
Every Thursday (with special intercessions for the sick) at 10.30 a.m.

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:—Sunday at 3 p.m.

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

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St. John's Parish Monthly

Editor—THE RECTOR

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

Volume 13

MAY, 1935

No. 151

Rector's Letter

The Rectory,
May, 1935.

Dear Brethren:

Easter has come and gone and been celebrated with all the customary usage which the great Festival, with all its human and eternal implications, involves.

God grant that we may rise to newness of life, otherwise the keeping of the Festival may have been meaningless to us.

The great event of this month is the Silver Jubilee of King George the Fifth and his gracious consort, Queen Mary. Before this is in print we shall have celebrated that event with all the pomp and ceremony that is befitting to the occasion. Of course, the great centre of the celebration will be in London, but in every quarter of the world due observance will be made.

We doubt if ever there was a king who performed his kingly duties with more ability, and certainly there never was one who filled a greater place in the hearts of his peoples.

The kingly office is not one to be desired—at least the responsibilities are so great as to make one hesitate to assume the office. To live ever in the public gaze, to be the servant of the public, to realize the importance of every movement made, every decision given, to try to crystalize every public movement for good, to lead in overcoming all the obstacles which impede human progress, to support the right and to redress the wrongs; these are some of the kingly duties which the office implies. And certainly one must agree that our beloved Sovereign has manfully endeavoured to uphold and fulfill them all. And in this he has been ably supported by his gracious wife, Queen Mary. If one only knew how much public men are influenced by their wives we would be much surprised, and the Queen has certainly filled her part and filled it well.

If the motto of the Prince of Wales is, "I serve", then surely it is good training for the office of King, for service must surely be the duty of a King.

While the Monarch is supposed to be outside all political parties, yet his influence must be felt

by all, and though political parties come and go, yet the Kingly office goes on just the same.

We think King George has endeared himself to the people by his intense application to duty, by his absolute strictness of life and conduct, by his devotion to his family, by his sincere sympathy with the people in all their sorrowings and by his desire to share with the public in everything that concerns the common good.

It is not without notice that in these days of transition, while other nations have changed their form of government—and some 24 monarchs have given place to elected representatives of the people—yet the throne of Great Britain stands secure. Recently a great public statesman, Stanley Baldwin, said that it was the throne that kept our Empire intact and that if monarchy were overthrown our Great Empire would soon disintegrate and disappear.

Surely our prayers have been heard and the Church must keep on praying for the Royal Family and the people fervently singing, "God Save The King."

Think of all the quarters of the world where people of all classes and creeds and colours unite in this thanksgiving to God for the preservation of the King and earnestly pray for a blessing on him. He is King of Great Britain and that greatness comes because the Kingdom is founded on righteousness.

We have our part to play in upholding that Kingdom in running our part in the great relay race of life and handing on the torch to others. It is our life, our character, our conduct that will call down God's blessings and preserve the Empire.

The twenty-five years that his Majesty has reigned have been the most important twenty-five years in history. It embraces the period of the Great War, the most momentous time in history. It is the greatest period of invention that ever has been, if we stop to think of the great advances in scientific knowledge, in machine, in surgery, of the great discoveries of radio, wireless telegraphy and telephony, of air ships, of submarines, of machinery, of the great advances made for material comfort for all classes. Indeed, may we not feel thankful for being alive at this present time.

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Despite the period of depression through which we are passing, which will ultimately lead to great good and to a better world, we can all heartily echo the words of the National Anthem, "Send him victorious, happy and glorious, long to reign over us, God save the King."

Ever your friend and Rector,
W. L. BAYNES-REED.

EASTER DAY

The Services on Easter Day were well attended and while we did not reach the 1500 Communicant mark estimated by the Rector, yet we passed all records when we recorded 1384 people who made their Communion.

Easter was late this year and the day a glorious one. All nature seemed attuned with the Festival. The Choir were in good form and the music well rendered. The Archdeacon preached at both Services and his message was a powerful one on each occasion. Canon Baynes-Reed celebrated the Holy Communion five times and baptized five children in the afternoon. Rev. F. E. Farncomb and Archdeacon Fotheringham assisted at the Communion Services.

The attendance at all Services was as follows:

6 a.m. Communicants	113
7 a.m. Communicants	395
8 a.m. Communicants	423
9 a.m. Communicants	166
11 a.m. Communicants	287

Total Communicants	1384
11 a.m. Congregation	857
3 p.m. Children's Service in Church	526
3 p.m. Children's Service in Parish Hall	400
4 p.m. Children Baptized	5
7 p.m. Evening Congregation	526

This represents a large number of people who listened to the story of the Resurrection and all that it involves in human life.

A number of people were not able to be accommodated at the Morning Service.

Bishop Beverley, our new Suffragan Bishop, will be with us for Confirmation on Sunday evening, May 26th.

The Synod of the Diocese will open the session at St. James' Parish House on Tuesday, May 14th.

The visiting clergy for the month of April were: Rev. H. A. Ben Ollie, Rev. H. P. Charters, Rev. N. Clarke Wallace, Rev. T. P. Crosthwait, Rev. Rural Dean Hartley, Rev. John Bushell, Rev. F. J. Nicholson and Rev. C. R. Tyner, of Kansas City, Missouri.



A.Y.P.A. NOTES

Once a year, the A.Y.P.A. hold an Oratorical Contest. April the 9th was the date set for this year, and we had six speakers appear in the Parish Hall Auditorium. The subjects were well chosen and the speakers made excellent delivery

on their various topics.

Strange as it may seem, the girls of the A.Y.P.A. seem more inclined to public speaking than the boys. Five out of the six speakers were girls, and a girl won the contest which automatically elected her to speak for St. John's (Norway) A.Y.P.A. at the Local Council Oratorical Contest on the following evening.

On Tuesday in Holy Week, the A.Y.P.A. attended Church in a body and the members made a good showing marching in together to the front rows of the Church.

The executive body, on behalf of the A.Y.P.A., extend their thanks and appreciation to the congregation for their support of the Spring play, "Yours Truly Willie."

The A.Y.P.A. is entering into the last month of their activities for this season, and look back with the assurance that the A.Y.P.A. has fulfilled its aims in every respect in the past eight months.

PARISH ASSOCIATION

This will be our last call to the "Luncheon". Hope you haven't forgotten the date, Tuesday, May 14th. Mrs. Stratton, who has convened it so many times, is again taking charge and Mrs. Oetiker is looking after the entertainment. As usual, the ladies of the Parish Association are taking part in it, so we promise you a good laugh if nothing else. We are going to start at one o'clock sharp, so come along and bring your friends.

On Monday afternoon, May 27th, the girls of the Ecclesia Girls' Bible Class, who have taken over the Fancy Work Booth, are holding a demonstration in the Parish Hall. This demonstration is going to be put on by Brown's Bread. It is free, and a cup of tea will be served. Come and help the girls; if they get 150 people, they get a certain sum of money.

Mrs. Coultas, of 117 Hollywood Crescent, is holding a Home Cooking Sale on Saturday, June 1st, in aid of the Ice Cream Booth, and would like as many as possible to go. A Tea will be held at the home of Mrs. M. Dunham, 182 Kingston Road, on Thursday, June 6th, from 3.00 to 5.30, and 7.30 to 10.00 o'clock. A charge of 25 cents; proceeds are for the Chancel Guild and the Fancy Work Booth. A welcome is extended to everyone.

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AFTERNOON BRANCH W.A.

We offer our apologies for the omission of an important event which took place at the March Business Meeting. This was the presentation of a Bible by Canon Baynes-Reed, which will be used by some Mission Church to be chosen later. This is in honour of five of our members who have retired from office and whose names will be inscribed in the Bible. These members are: Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Turff, Mrs. Gascoigne, Mrs. Punchard and Mrs. Cartledge. Mrs. Jackes, from the Diocesan Board, was present and brought the Bible to show us.

The meetings of the Annual W.A. last week, held at St. Anne's Church, were well attended by our members. The Corporate Communion Service at St. James' Cathedral, on the Thursday morning was a most inspiring and impressive Service. If more of our women of the Church attended one of those Services, it would inspire them to join the W.A. group. Six of our ladies were in the special choir.

We were so pleased to notice that our loved President, Mrs. Southgate, was able to attend Communion, Easter morning.

It is with regret that we have to report Mrs. Chandler is giving up the flower convenership as she is moving from the district. Mrs. Gascoigne has kindly consented to fill this vacancy.

EVENING BRANCH W.A.

The Evening Branch of the W.A. are meeting again at their regular time, Wednesday, at 8 p.m. We will be glad to welcome new members.

We would like to thank all those members who so regularly attended the Wednesday evening services during Lent.

ST JOHN'S (NORWAY) CHOIR

Falling almost as late as it is possible for Easter Day to do, Sunday, April 21st saw a huge concourse of people throughout the day at St. John's. Viewing the crowd leaving the Church at 8 o'clock, mingling with an equal number awaiting admission, and this happening again at 9 o'clock, and for the 11 o'clock Service, all available accommodation being taken long beforehand, afforded an interesting sight and a most gratifying experience to everyone, recording, or, to be more vehement, avering the undoubted popularity of our Church. Bearing in mind the responsibility that the musical portion of our Festival Service should be commensurate with the dignity of the occasion, much work of a pleasant nature, however, had been gone through and for the first time in Canada the Communion Service, composed by W. T. Richards, was rendered in St. John's

(Norway). This Service was sent out to us by the composer, who is organist of St. Mary's, Burry Port, Wales, of whose choir Mr. Jones was a member before coming to Canada, and the setting was originally composed for a Festival held at All Saints, Llanelly. For the Evening Service, Walmsley's "Magnificat" and Nunc "Dimittis," a recent addition to our library of music, was given, whilst the anthems for the day were Wesley's "Blessed be the God and Father", and "O Give Thanks," by Goss.

As in all things that are worth while, attention and work are necessary to their accomplishment; so, with regard to our music, our usual practice evening and extra evenings were given over to the pleasant task of contributing our best endeavours to making our Easter-tide Service worthy of this happy and glorious Festival and sustain the traditions associated with St. John's and the Choir.

THE MOTHER'S UNION

The Mother's Union held their monthly meeting in the Ladies' Parlour on Thursday, April 25th, with a large number of members and prospective members present. The meeting opened with the singing of Hymn No. 759, followed by the Litany.

The President gave a most inspiring address on the sixth word from the Cross, "It is Finished." Letters and Easter Greetings from our English links were read and distributed. The meeting closed with the singing of Hymn No. 521 and special prayers for our sick and absentee members.

Next month we are holding an admission service.

On Friday, some of us attended the Annual Meeting of the Diocese, held in St. James Parish Hall. Reports from all branches were given and officers returned by acclamation.

The final meeting will be held at St. James', on May 30th, when we are to be addressed by Archbishop Owen. It is hoped that the members will make a special effort to be present.

MOTHER'S SOCIETY

The Mother's Society held three well attended meetings in April.

On April 4th, Miss Shotter spoke to us of the first two words from the Cross, telling how, even in His great pain, Jesus was thinking of others.

On April 11th, the address was on the fifth and sixth words from the Cross, "I Thirst", and "Into Thy Hands," showing that Jesus knows what human suffering means, and also how to relieve it by leaving everything in God's Hands.

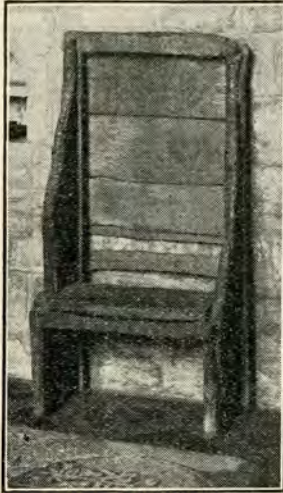
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BEDE'S CHAIR
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his own countrymen, whom Pope Gregory called "not Angles but angels," nor of the thane who compared our life to the flight of a sparrow through a lighted room, nor of the hero-king, St. Oswald, nor of our first martyr, St. Alban. All these and many other well-known incidents in the early history of our country we owe to Bede, so we do well to reverence his memory.

His last work was a translation of the Gospel of St. John, which he had to

dictate to his scholars because his health was failing him.

It was about a fortnight before Easter, 735, that he began to be troubled with shortness of breath; but from then until the day before Ascension Day he went on teaching and dictating, besides reading and singing psalms. One of his pupils, who later became Abbot, tells us how on that last day he said to them: "Make haste to learn; for I know not how long I shall hold out, and whether my Maker will not call me away." And they could not read without weeping.

One of them told him that chapter wanting, and asked if it seemed difficult for him to answer any more questions.

"It is easy," he replied. "Take thy pen, be quiet, and write quickly."

That afternoon he asked them to fetch a certain little box which contained his few treasures, that he might divide them between his brethren. Then the young scribe reminded him: "Dear Master, there yet remains one sentence not written."

"Write quickly," he answered, and the pen once more scratched its way across the page.

"It is finished," the boy announced at last.

"It is well; thou hast truly said 'it is finished.' Take my head in thy hands, for it delights me to sit opposite the holy place where I was wont to pray." Then, sitting on the floor of his little cell,

there was still one

he sang, "Glory be to the FATHER, and to the SON, and to the HOLY GHOST," and as he reached the last word he passed away.

Some time about the year 1022 a Durham priest called Alured or Elfrid, who came to Jarrow on pilgrimage with his brethren every year, went home by himself a day before the others. It was afterwards found that he had taken back with him the bones of Bede, which he secreted in the shrine of St. Cuthbert at Durham. Later they were placed in a magnificent shrine of gold, which was destroyed at the Reformation. Now a severely plain altar-tomb marks the resting-place of the saint, with the simple inscription:

"Hac sunt in Fossa,
Baedae Venerabilis Ossa."

"In this grave are the bones of the Venerable Bede."



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, JARROW (H. O. Thompson
(with ruins of the Monastery))

The present-day pilgrim to Jarrow may still find much to interest him.

For though the nave and porch are modern, the chancel is believed to be original, and, save for the later windows, very much as Benedict Biscop and Ceolfrid left it. There we may also see Bede's own chair, a heavy and primitive oaken seat, from which the arms have been nearly chipped away, having been credited in olden days with miraculous properties.

The tower is also of Saxon workmanship, though apparently later than the chancel; and over the arch of the nave is the dedication-stone mentioned above.

[Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* is published in Everyman's Library (Dent, 2s.) and a collection of his best stories with a sketch of his life in *The Candle of the North* by C. M. Duncan-Jones (Mowbrays, 2s. 6d.).]

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

We cannot be ashamed of the worship of God when we consider who GOD is.—R. M. BENSON

ASCENSION

O VEIL your faces, Angels bright,
Before the coming Light of light,
Your praises sing:
Behold the King of Glory waits,
O lift your heads, Eternal Gates,
Salute your King.

O men, sing anthems here below,
For He Who suffered keenest woe
Ascends the throne:
And He Who died upon the Cross
And turned to gain our utter loss,
Pleads for His own.

See all the hosts of heaven above
Give glory to the King of Love:
We too would praise:

LORD, purge us from ourselves that we
May learn to praise Thee perfectly
Through endless days.


O let the nations, cleansed from sin,
With songs of triumph enter in,
Fling wide the door!

That they who fought a valiant fight
May glorify the Light of light
For evermore.

M. B. K.



Praying and Rejoicing

Thoughts for Rogationtide 

By the Rev. S. N. Hyde Smith

ROGATIONTIDE! Oh, that's when they have those queer processions that go out into the fields, and the newspapers have pictures of choir boys being held upside down at the corners of the parish, isn't it?"

Yes, it is. But it is a great deal more than that. As the trees bud and the flowers shine again with happiness we gain a new vision of God's plan for the world that gives a fresh zest to life and prayers. "Behold I make all things new" is so obviously true in May that the infection steals into our spiritual life and we have to go out and see and share in the wonderful process of God's joy in creation. Does it sound strange to speak of God looking with eagerness and joy at the first crocus or to imagine Him as filled with pleasure at the notes of the nightingale or the flash of a kingfisher down the river? Is it strange that God should rejoice when the mist rises over the Thames embankment on a May morning early, or in the twilight when the street lamps and shop windows shine on the wet pavements? We can give to God a real joy by sharing with Him our delight in these lovely things and all the beauties of a world made new that we experience every day. To share with God our laughter and our tears and to taste part of His unbounded joy in creating is the most wonderful privilege of our humanity, and to do that is to pray.

To share in the joy that God has in His plan; to share in the labour of creation; to share in the exultation of its beauty; to share these things with Him Who conceived them and Who allows our co-operation in their execution; to be with God and with Him to rejoice at the wonder of His works: all these are prayer. We need set no limit of time or place to this activity and say, "This is no opportunity for prayer," for there can be no honest thing we do that does not bring a joy to God's heart. In train or office, on the sick bed or on the cricket field, there is nothing we do that cannot be the means of causing God to rejoice, and from which we cannot gain for ourselves a more intense happiness by sharing it with Him.

Health is a very much bigger thing than the glow that we feel after taking exercise; but if we wish to be healthy all the time we must give some regular time each day to exercise. Praying is a very much bigger thing than "saying prayers"; but if we are to pray we must learn the habit of being with God, and that we can only do by the daily exercise called "saying prayers." The man or woman who never gives a daily time to God for His exclusive service can never hope for the joy of sharing every interest with God in every moment of every day. We need a daily course of spiritual culture far more vitally than we need one of physical culture.

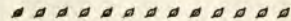
When very small children are learning to pray, sometimes they make scrap-books. On one page they paste pictures of all the things that they think

will interest God: trees and flowers and lambs and kittens and mountains and waterfalls and rain and sunshine and the church. In the middle they put a picture of Jesus. On another page they put their friends and the people they are fond of, or would like to be fond of; again with Jesus in the middle. On the last page they put everything that interests themselves, like school and dinner and games and chocolate and being an aeroplane pilot; and they put a picture of Jesus in the middle of that. There is no better system of spiritual exercises than those we make up for ourselves and they can be made up in the same way as the child's; but now we make our pictures with words instead of colours.

There will be a section filled with beautiful things to be brought to God as acts of praise and adoration. They can be picked from hymn book or Prayer Book, from Bible or poetry book or newspaper, or best of all they may be written by ourselves to praise God in His holiness. There will be a section in which we bring to God all the people and activities that give our lives their meaning: the people we like and those we dislike; the people who take us to business in the morning and bring us home at night; the people who co-operate with God in bringing us our daily bread, all here brought together on a page with God, so that they may be brought together with God in our hearts. And then there will be a section about ourselves, our hopes and fears and ambitions told to God in our own words or simply noted down to be brought into His presence and held there while the light of His love shines upon them that we may see them with His eyes.

If our natural speech comes slow in the presence of God and we stand tongue-tied and embarrassed looking for the right words with which to talk to Him, amongst the psalms and prayers in our Prayer Books we may find all the beauty of expression of the ages picked ready for us to make our own. And the last page of our book will be blank—a blank page to tell us to be quiet, and to listen, and to give God an opportunity of speaking with us; and this page will grow and grow as we learn to value the time in which we wait expectant for the voice of God.

The Rogationtide procession is a picture of the Church going out with God to share with Him the joy of His creation and to bring His power and love to the world around. If our prayers are true prayers they will give us the power and vision to turn life for us into a continual Rogation procession of joy.



Those who remember the **Whitsuntide Processional Hymn** by the Rev. S. J. Wallis, S.S.J.E., which we had the pleasure of printing in *THE SIGN* last year, will like to know that it has now been reprinted with new tunes specially written for it by Dr. Ernest Bullock, Organist of Westminster Abbey, and Mr. Walter Vale, Organist of All Saints', Margaret Street. A leaflet containing the words of the hymn and both tunes is published by Messrs. Mowbray at 3d.

G.R.

Happy and Glorious

*Some thoughts about Life seen by the
King and Everyman for May, 1935*

"There is none other that ruleth the world, but only Thou, O God."

"To do my duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call me."

YOUTH has

To face both advantages and drawbacks to come

When called to be heir to England's throne, Prince George had its great splendours and its unmeasured dangers to prepare for.

To receive discipline

as an inexperienced, young, merry lad, for education, manners, restraints, replacing what might be wished by what is needed.

To feel life's real terrors

One who knew him well said :
"The Prince of Wales is pessimistic about his own future in years to come, and I could not give him much comfort."

To accept the call of duty

"When duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can."

"I can do all things through
CHRIST Who strengtheneth me."

AGE has

To accept life's joys and sorrows, with humility and thankfulness.

The King, good son, good husband, good father, has known sickness, sorrow, limitations, disappointments, unsatisfied ideals, amid the glory, love, honour of his success.

To know duty's solaces

"Do your duty as if you liked it
—you cannot always like it."

To have faced life's facts

So, to learn sympathy in the Christian experience :

I "hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place
to place,
And whispers to the worlds
of space,
In the deep night, that all is well."

To know duty's rewards

To have done out the duty.
Loving and loved by those of his
day and generation.
And, when the end comes, surely
the great "Well done !"



So, with humble duty and unfeigned thankfulness on behalf of the readers of *The Sign*, as of all their subjects, we pray for their Majesties

God bless our King and Queen

RUTH COBB

May 6th 1910

May 6th 1935



Church Beacons By W. Oliver

IT is a very ancient custom to light a fire on a hill or show a light on a tall building as a danger signal or a sign of rejoicing. Many readers, we hope, will remember the stirring lines in which Macaulay describes how the beacons blazed from height to height when the Spanish Armada was threatening our shores. They blazed again when invasion by Napoleon was expected, and again—but this time not in warning but in joy—at Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

From Clee to heaven the beacon burns,
The shires have seen it plain.
From north to south the sign returns,
And beacons burn again.

Look left, look right, the hills are bright,
The dales are bright between
Because 'tis fifty years to-night
That God has saved the Queen.

This month they will burn again in token of our thankfulness that God has saved the King. But it is interesting to observe that in recent years the beacon has once more come into use for more ordinary purposes. Only last year a neon beacon in the form of a cross was erected on the summit of Bredon Church spire, at the foot of the famous Bredon Hill, and now serves as a landmark for airmen engaged in night-flying over Worcestershire and adjacent counties. Similar illuminated crosses have been placed on several other churches in different parts of the country, a notable example being that at Alphington, near Exeter, where the cross is lit up each Sunday evening. In this way



THE CUPOLA ON THE TOWER OF WELDON CHURCH, NORTHANTS.

the Church is reviving a custom that seems to have been fairly widespread in the past.

These shining crosses may, in fact, be regarded as modern counterparts of the beacons that were formerly erected on churches for the guidance of travellers by road or track. The churches so fitted were situated near lonely, desolate tracts of country where wayfarers would have been in danger of getting lost without the welcome light of the church beacon to guide them.

Most of these old church tower "lighthouses" have disappeared, but a few have survived. A

particularly interesting example of a church tower beacon still existing is that at Weldon Church, near Kettering, Northamptonshire, where the tower is surmounted by a glass-sided cupola. Candelabra were mounted inside the cupola, and when lit served as a beacon to guide travellers on the lonely trackways through Rockingham Forest. To commemorate this custom, after the regular illumination has long ceased to be necessary, the beacon is still lit up each year on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve.

Alnwick Church, Northumberland, has a beacon turret, the remains of which can still be seen at the east end of the building. A winding staircase leading up from the Lady Chapel gives access to the beacon site. This beacon, however, was apparently used not as a wayfarers' guide but as an alarm signal. It is in sight of a tower about three miles away, on the Great North Road, from which there is an extensive view of the Border. When a raid from over the Border was expected, a beacon would be lighted on this tower, and an answering one in the beacon turret of Alnwick Parish Church would summon the townsfolk to the defence of the town.

There would seem to be no obvious connection between beacons and bells; but actually there are numerous instances of church bells being rung to guide the wayfarer by ear, just as the lighted beacons served as landmarks to his eyes.

People who lost their way in the country at night, and regained their bearings by the guiding sound of bells from a church, sometimes showed their gratitude by leaving money for bell-ringing at stated times, to guide other travellers. At some places, for instance, plots of land have been bequeathed so that the rent from them might be used for this purpose. One example of this is the "Bell Acre" field at Kingsland, Herefordshire, which was given, by a lady who lost her way in a wood near the church, to provide for the ringing of a bell at 8 a.m. and 6 p.m. daily throughout the winter months.



THE CROSS ON ALPHINGTON CHURCH, NEAR EXETER, IS LIT UP EVERY SUNDAY EVENING



REPAID IN KIND

By Mrs. Edward Whalley-Tooker

SYNOPSIS

CLIVE ELLESMERE makes the disturbing discovery that he is not, as he had supposed, a relative of Mrs. HEWART, who has cared for him as a son. He was adopted because his mother died penniless. Both Clive and Mrs. Hewart's son, HAL, are in love with PEGGY BURFORD. A sum of money is missing from the Bank in which both Clive and Hal are employed. Clive knows that Hal has stolen it; but, out of gratitude to his adopted mother, takes the blame, and is sentenced to prison. Hal goes to Vancouver to work on a fruit-farm. After his release from prison, Clive is offered a job in Rhodesia by Mr. BROADLEY; but the news arrives that Hal has been killed in a motor accident. Can he leave Mrs. Hewart alone?

The story continues—

CHAPTER IX

AN OFFER REFUSED

"I CAN'T come to Rhodesia with you, sir. It's awfully good and generous of you. But I couldn't leave the country because my adopted mother has nobody but me to turn to now."

"But you told me that she was going to keep house for a cousin in Northampton for a time."

"Yes, sir, she is. The investment from which she draws most of her little interest has failed, and she must earn money, and give up her home for the time being."

"Then, if she's in Northampton fixed up with a cousin, why on earth can't you come out with me? I've a vacancy, you know. I meant to look out for some suitable lad when I was over in England because I wished to bring somebody out who'd enjoy the free life out there. I had one or two in my eye before I met you down at my sisters' Kennels. Then—well, I liked you very much the best." Herbert Broadley was too tactful to add "and I was sorry for you."

They were in his London Club. Clive had been summoned there when he had written formally refusing the post, after he had been a month at home with Mardie, mourning for Hal.

Herbert Broadley was an exceedingly practical man and he was perfectly aware that he was offering Clive a splendid chance. But the boy was tiresomely obstinate. He was looking very ill and under-nourished, too, probably making himself ill with worry. He owned he had not been able to find any work in the interval.

"Surely your mother, as you call her, would be the first to wish you to go," he said irritably, and his eyes fell on Clive's very shabby, well-brushed shoes. "Such opportunities don't occur every day. Man! You'll get a lovely climate, you'll get riding, you'll get fishing, and the society of remarkably pleasant farmers all round, if you come to me. Good heavens! Don't you young men care to see the world nowadays?"

"Oh, I long to come," cried poor Clive. "But you see, I owe everything to Mrs. Hewart. She was going to be an artist, and when her friend—my mother—begged her to adopt me, she was obliged to dismiss her servant, abandon her art, and change her whole way of living."

Mr. Broadley grunted, but listened.

Clive went on. "She was a widow, not well off, and as it was she could hardly manage to get along with her son when I appeared. She never made me feel once by word or look that I was in the way. Even now when I have been to prison and haven't told her anything about the circumstances"—he flushed up—"she hasn't asked me one single question. She just trusts me. Not a question."

"No?" said Mr. Broadley, really impressed. "Then she's a wonderful woman. But you ought to put her mind at rest, Ellesmere. I know you weren't guilty."

Clive refused to be drawn. How could he put Mardie's mind at rest by telling her it was her own adored Hal who had taken the money? Now that Hal was dead it was more impossible than ever. The untarnished memory of her son was Mardie's peculiar treasure.

He said nothing, as he gave his benefactor one swift glance with eyes more steadfast than ever.

"He's shielding somebody, I do believe," thought Mr. Broadley. "Still, it's none of my business." He then said aloud that he thought Clive ought to come out for a year at least, and that if he did well then possibly Mardie could come out and settle near him.

"That's impossible, sir. She's too old," Clive answered.

"Tut, she's under fifty. Do you call me old? I'm fifty-five."

"But she's had such a very difficult life, sir. Always doing what she doesn't care for, crushing down her ambition, and staving off the pursuit she does care for. It's been wearing for her. And educating us boys and hunting about to get us something to do; that took it out of her again. And counting half-pennies for years and years."

"You'll be counting half-pennies yourself soon, my son," was Mr. Broadley's reflection. He was genuinely anxious to help Clive, he liked him and was amazed at his obstinacy and at his thoughtfulness for the woman who had brought him up.

"Quite the real son in spirit," he meditated. Then he stood up. He was a very busy man, and could not waste more time upon the peculiar case of Clive Ellesmere.

But he did say as he shook hands, "Sure there's no girl in the case who's holding you back? If so, tell her to let you go at once."

Clive grew scarlet. "I'm not in the position to get engaged," he muttered.

"Well, good-bye, Ellesmere. I shall see Jimmy Baxter this afternoon, he's mad keen on the job. Good-bye."

"Thank you for your kindness to me," said poor Clive, desperately sick at heart.

"I think you're rather an ass," said Mr. Broadley plainly, and Ellesmere left the Club, feeling as if he had something extra hard to bear.

One thing was good, though. Mardie did not know about this offer. Had she known she would have urged him to accept.



He found her on his return looking brighter and better. She was actually painting a picture. It was the interior of their little sitting-room which she had herself decorated in dull rose. The faint, gold-coloured curtains made a charming contrast, and one or two of her own pictures hung there.

"See, Clive, darling, I'm making a little sketch of the room where you and I and Hal have so often had happy evenings. I want to take it to Northampton with me. I shall so often think of our times together."

"It's a very good picture, Mardie."

So it was; extremely well done. Even after years of artistic idleness her fingers were still skilful.

"I cannot realize that we shall never be here again," she said, looking round with affection on the little place.

"Do you love doing it—the sketch I mean?"

"I adore it. All the joy and charm comes back. What is your favourite pursuit, Clive? But I know. Being out of doors. A pity about those ladies suddenly finding they could not do with you after all."

It was a sore subject and he hurried off it. "I've found some lodgings," he told her. Not a word about that trip to town. Unsuspicious, she thought he had been looking for rooms all day. Whereas he had taken the first he saw and then had caught the train for Cannon Street.

"I must see the lodgings," declared Mardie. She had grown thinner and smaller since the news of her son's sudden death, and looked a little troubled as she spoke.

"You needn't. They're all right and they're very cheap, so they're not grand, I warn you. Twenty-seven and sixpence my board and lodging. Isn't that good?"

"Do you get two rooms for that, dear?"

"No, one."

"Oh, a bed-sittingroom."

Clive, remembering the one poor room mostly taken up by the bed and a large old-fashioned washing stand, wondered if there was a table to sit by.

"Where are they?"

"On the Bath Road. You don't know it. It's a good way from here. Now, Aunt Mardie, you needn't honestly see them. You're far too busy packing up."

"If the furniture's ugly you must take an unfurnished room and let me furnish it for you. You must take Tobias and the Angel and your other things. My dear, I have heard such dreadful things about uncomfortable lodgings. I wish I were not going to Northampton after all. You'll have no one to look after you."

Mardie's brow was crinkled.

"But work's more likely to be found in town," said Clive earnestly.

"I suppose you're right," said Mardie, going back sadly to her sketch.

CHAPTER X

PEGGY'S FOREBODINGS

WE EKS passed. It was now February. What on earth had happened to Clive? Peggy couldn't understand it. She had written to him twice and had had no reply.

She knew the address of the first set of lodgings he had taken, about three miles away from her own home, in a sordid neighbourhood. It had been all that Clive had been able to do to prevent Mardie from visiting the place, but what with clearing the house and sending all her things to an auction sale, she had been busy enough.

"We won't get upset at selling our home, dearest Clive," she had said, over and over again, as together they sorrowfully sorted things. "We'll have another some day when things are better. And I really shall find it exciting then, to get new things. It's good for a woman."

It was all very well, but still he had no occupation and thus no prospect of being able to help her financially. Everywhere he was turned away, for lack of a reference.

The day for Mardie's departure had come and that was the last time Peggy had set eyes on Clive. He had promised to come round to see the bungalow, but had never turned up. She was in an agony of anxiety about him.

"He may have changed his lodgings," said her friend, to whom she had confided everything. "Send Jock round one night after school."

"That's a magnificent idea, Em."

Jock was Peggy's brother, aged fourteen. When he came in after football that evening, she tackled him.

"I want you to go to Stillford Hill, Jock. Take a tram. I've a note for Clive Ellesmere. I want an answer straight away. Stop"—as Jock opened his rosy mouth to protest he hadn't time to go. "If you'll only take the letter without a fuss I'll give you three Leeward Island stamps."

"New issue?" demanded Jock, who was devoted to his stamp collection.

"Yes, three stamps from the new issue."

"Then I choose the lilac five, the red three, and the purple thirty."

"Right."

"Hand them over first," said Jock, eyeing her suspiciously. She lay stretched wearily in an arm-chair in their small sitting-room. It was her half day off. Peggy was in a poor shop doing badly, and it depressed her. And now Clive and Mardie's home was gone, and once gone how was it ever to be reassembled? Mardie up in Northampton was house-keeping for her cousin very bravely, but yet home-sickness peeped very plainly through her letters to Peggy. Hal dead, Clive probably out of work, Mardie heart-



"She was actually painting a picture"



broken! Clive still moving under a stigma that bid fair never to be removed—oh, it was all horrible! And she herself, Peggy, was without money to go up to Northampton and see Mardie and have a talk with her occasionally.

"O Jorkins," she said, using the old exclamation of her nursery days in her perplexity, "things are in a mess."

She spoke aloud, but Jock, already busy with her stamp album, only said, "Jorkins, what?"

"Listen to what I say, Jockie. Here's the note. Try and see Clive and ask how he is and notice how he's looking, will you? I want news of him."

"Right. I say, Sis, it's just fine, isn't it, this purple thirty?"

"Yes, it's my favourite. But take it, take it, darling, and hurry up. You'll have to be back as soon as you can for I expect you've got a good deal of home-work."

"Stacks," was the laconic reply.

"Don't drop the note, and here's eightpence for the tram fares."

Feverishly did Peggy apply herself to darning for her little sisters in Jock's absence. She prayed too, hard, that she might receive a favourable answer.

"Dear Clive," the letter had run.

"Will you meet me next Sunday at St. Mary's Church? I have not seen you for such ages. Then you must come home to us for lunch."

She had signed it merely with her initials.

At last the front door slammed and Jock reappeared. He tossed her note down on the table, much to her dismay.

"No good leaving that," cried Jock. "The chap isn't there any longer. What's the good of sending me all that way for nothing? Landlady said he'd left without an address a fortnight ago."

"Oh, Jock! Had she no idea where he was?"

"He calls for a letter once a week apparently. On Mondays."

"Oh, I expect that's when Mardie writes to him—Mrs. Hewart, you know. You should have left my letter, Jock."

"It's only Thursday now," objected the boy. "Oh, that is a rude woman, she was cross as cross when I went and it's a nasty, dirty house, too. I looked into the passage and it was all dusty, with torn oilcloth, and full of rubbish."

"Is it in a good road?"

"Horrid little houses, all the same, and children playing about on the pavement, yelling," said Jock, dragging out his satchel with a heavy sigh.

"Well, thank you very much, my lamb, for going." Peggy, heavy at heart, went upstairs to her own room and pondered.

Clive was evidently trying to avoid her. He would

not answer the note if she left it. He had no work and was economizing by even cheaper rooms. Well, she loved him, and she was not going to let him go. She was going to fight for her own happiness. Rapidly she made up her mind.

"I can't possibly come on Monday, Miss Frinton," she said next day to the owner of the little millinery shop in which she worked. "You won't pay me, of course, but I must take the day off. If I can I'll come in the afternoon, but I can't promise. I really must have the morning off. For private reasons."

"And what am I to do without you?" snapped Miss Frinton.

"I'll get everything ready on Saturday night. I'm terribly sorry but it's a sort of emergency and I can't help it."

Miss Frinton began to argue.

"How much easier it would have been simply to stay away pretending I was ill," Peggy thought, but bravely crushed the idea, for she was transparently truthful and tried to live according to her religion.

"She won't dismiss me because I get all the trade," she reflected thoughtfully. "But there is no accounting for tempers."

In fact Miss Frinton lost hers there and then, and exclaimed:

"If you don't turn up on Monday don't come back at all. I can't and won't stand it. Having an odd holiday on a Monday morning of all mornings. The very idea. That's my last word to you."

So Peggy, rather afraid at what she had done, went home that night and again began to study advertisements in the newspaper. She could not be sure that Miss Frinton would not change her

mind, she meant to creep back and see if she might be kept. But see Clive she must. Above work, above money, above everything this restless desire held her.

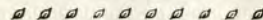
She feared that he was lonely, workless, and slipping down-hill. Workless she herself might be, but then there was always her home.

Trusting that he would call for his letter as usual on Monday, she made it her business, without saying anything to anybody, to stand at the end of the sordid street at nine in the morning, watching.

About ten o'clock, not nearly so long a wait as the brave girl had anticipated, Clive appeared round the corner, so shabby as to be hardly recognizable.

Immediately she went towards him.

(To be continued)



MANIFOLD are the utterances of Divine Truth; but it is one undivided Godhead which is revealed beneath them all.—R. M. BENSON



"He tossed her note down on the table"



Church Life To-day

Some Points of Current Interest

The late Rev. G. W. Hart was one of the best-known members of the Community of the Resurrection and a mission preacher of unusual power and influence, while his gifts as a preacher to children were almost unrivalled.

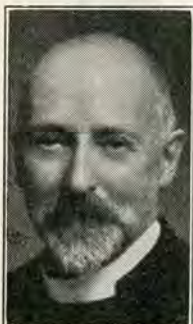


THE LATE REV. G. W. HART (Gresswell)

Educated at the University of Durham, he served curacies at Jarrow-on-Tyne and Helmsley before he joined the Community of the Resurrection in 1899, and from that time onward he was ready to go and do his best wherever he might be sent. He lived sometimes at the Mother House at Mirfield; he had two spells of work in South Africa; and for the last thirteen years of his life he was stationed at the London Priory of the Community near Paddington Station. Father Hart had a wonderful gift of laughter and a never failing sense of humour, and great patience in the endurance of the physical pain which in his later years was constant and severe. He will long be remembered.

☪☪☪

If it were the custom to issue long-service medals to the clergy, the Diocese of Birmingham would receive a high percentage of such distinctions. The Assistant Bishop and Provost of the Cathedral, the Right Rev. Arthur Hamilton Baynes, who is now in his eighty-second year, has occupied his present position since 1913, and his energy and alertness of mind are the constant admiration of the junior members of the Cathedral Chapter. The Archdeacon of Birmingham, Canon C. E. Hopton, is a worthy rival to the Provost in his claim to long and useful service. He was ordained priest in 1885, and was appointed Vicar of Moseley twenty-eight years ago. He has been archdeacon since 1915. The senior of the Evangelical clergy working in the diocese is Canon G. N. H. Tredennick, who was ordained in



THE RIGHT REV. A. HAMILTON BAYNES (Whitlock & Sons)

the same year as Archdeacon Hopton; he has been Vicar of Christ Church, Sparkbrook, for over forty-five years. Canon Swindell can also claim a record, for he has been Vicar of Erdington from 1887. Canon C. N. Long, who is well

known as a spiritual director and conductor of retreats, first came to Birmingham in 1896, and was for twenty-four years at St. Aidan's, Small Heath, first as assistant priest and then as vicar. Amongst the younger clergy, Canon F. G. Belton is still serving at St. Patrick's, Bordesley, to which parish he was given a title as deacon just over twenty-five years ago, and of which he has been vicar since 1912.

☪☪☪

In his *Diocesan Chronicle* the Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Martin Linton Smith) writes as follows on the subject of locked churches:

"The Bishop's attention has been called to the fact that some churches in the diocese are kept locked during the week; quite recently he had a complaint, from one whose name would command instant respect, that of five churches which he visited three were so locked. The Bishop quite realizes that under certain conditions, particularly the presence of alms boxes in the church, the opening of the church, without the constant presence of an attendant, presents difficulties; but he expresses the strong desire that unless there are serious objections to the contrary, churches should be open alike for private devotions, and to give opportunity to those who so desire to inspect their architectural features."

☪☪☪

The Rev. J. C. S. Daly, Vicar of Holy Cross, Airedale, Yorkshire, has been appointed first bishop of the newly constituted Diocese of Gambia and Rio Pongo, West Africa. The diocese, which is based on the Crown Colony of Gambia, has been formed by dividing the Diocese of Sierra Leone, with its population of 13,000,000; and is an extension of the work in Africa which has been carried on for some years by the Church of the Province of the West Indies in conjunction with the S.P.G.

The new bishop is only thirty-two years of age, and before his appointment to Airedale was curate at St. Mary's, Tyne Dock. He will find only two priests at work in his diocese, one a West African native, stationed at Bathurst, and the other in charge of the small mission at Rio Pongo. The Bishop will live at Bathurst.

☪☪☪

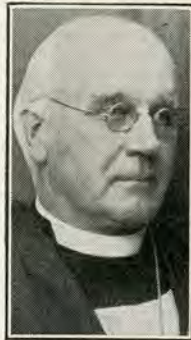
The White Hart Hostel, Belvedere Road, Lambeth, is a Church Army home for homeless and penniless women, and the need for it will be obvious from the fact that in the first eleven weeks after it was opened in December, 1934, 1,843 had been received, including fifty children. In addition over a hundred women had been placed in situations, and three hundred helped by work aid. The hostel, which was formerly a public house, contains fifty-five beds, a dining-room, work-room, kitchen, drying-room for the women's washing, and a little chapel. The latter was recently blessed by the Bishop of Southwark (Dr. Parsons), who was attended by

the Rev. C. W. Hutchinson, Vicar of St. John's, Waterloo Road, in whose parish the hostel is situated.

☪☪☪

The Australian bishops have elected

the Archbishop of Perth (the Most Rev. H. F. Le Fanu) to be Primate of Australia in succession of the late Dr. J. C. Wright, who had held the primacy since 1910. Archbishop Le Fanu was ordained in 1894 to a curacy at Poplar Parish Church, and was later resident chaplain to Bishop E. S. Talbot when he was Bishop of Rochester. In 1905 he went out to Australia as Sub-Dean of Brisbane, and in 1915 he was consecrated Bishop-Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Brisbane, Dr. St. Clair Donaldson, now Bishop of Salisbury. In 1929 he was elected Archbishop of Perth.



MOST REV. H. F. LE FANU (Russell)

☪☪☪

The Governors of Pusey House, Oxford, have appointed the Rev. T. M. Parker as probationer librarian. Since 1932 Mr. Parker has been assistant curate at St. Mary's, Somers Town.

☪☪☪

St. Peter's Church, Pirton, contains some interesting Norman carving, but its most curious feature is the half-timbered tower which dates from the fifteenth century. The tower is still in good preservation and contains three bells and a clock.



ST. PETER'S CHURCH, PIRTON (Photograph by Miss Whitcombe)



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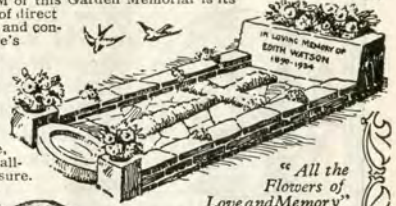


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"All the Flowers of Love and Memory"

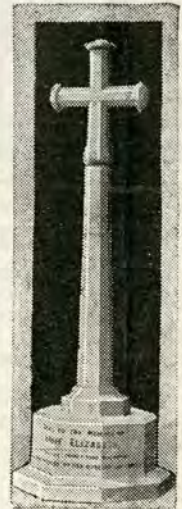


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ST. JOHN'S (NORWAY) TENNIS CLUB

The annual meeting of the Tennis Club was held on Friday, April 12th, 1935, and the following officers were elected for the coming season:

Patron—Canon W. L. Baynes-Reed; President—Frank F. Hull; Sec.-Treas.—Arthur S. Green; Tournament Convener—L. J. C. Wahl; Refreshments—Mrs. A. S. Green; Ground—E. A. Leech.

The Club will welcome applications for membership from any church member interested in tennis, and such applications should be made to the Secretary, Arthur S. Green, 151 Waverley Road, phone HOward 8981. Fees for the season, \$8.00 per member.

Our good friend, Canon Baynes-Reed, paid us a visit during the meeting and intimated that work on the lengthening of the courts was well under way. The members of the Club appreciate very much the action of the Cemetery Board in doing all in their power to improve playing conditions. When the work is completed St. John's courts will be the equal, at least, of any courts in the Church League.

The Club will again enter teams in the Church League and endeavour to uphold our reputation of past years.

It is expected play will commence on the courts in earnest, on Saturday, May 4th, and everyone is looking forward to another enjoyable season.

If you play tennis, join the club, and we promise you a really good tennis time.

**PROBLEMS OF SCRIPTURE
V.—THE IMPRECATORY PSALMS**

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

The name of "imprecatory psalms" is given to some few psalms which are distinguished by the fierce vindictiveness of their language, and seem to be entirely at variance with the Christian teaching of forgiveness and charity. They are sometimes called, more popularly and crudely, the "cursing" psalms.

There are two outstanding examples. Psalm one hundred and nine is imprecatory throughout. Psalm one hundred and thirty-seven—the beautiful and tender psalm which pours out the longing of the exiles in Babylon for their dear mother, the city of Jerusalem—is marred by the three bitter and unpleasant verses at the close, calling down vengeance on Israel's hereditary foes, the Edomites.

Of this prayer for vengeance on Edom it may be said in apology that the Psalmist is venting national rather than personal feeling. His words betray the "war mentality." We should not ourselves wish everything that we said or wrote during the Great War to be kept on permanent

record and scrutinized too closely, nor would Germans like the "Hymn of Hate" to be quoted as a characteristic specimen of their literature.

In the hundred and ninth psalm it may be conceded that the writer had probably some definite personal enemy or enemies in view, from whom he had suffered monstrous oppression and cruelty. The apology in this instance is,—that it is one of the hardest things in the world to separate evil deeds from the people who do them. Men and their actions are woven together.

The sublime cry from the Cross,—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"—seems, indeed, to set no limit to the virtue of forgiveness. Yet we feel that somewhere even within His heart of Divine forgiveness, God Himself must have some room for asserting His anger against sin and vindicating His eternal laws. This profound necessity underlies all the theories of the Atonement, and goes far towards justifying even the harshest of them.

So we may now leave apology behind us, and touch at last the ground of permanent truth even in the imprecatory psalms. Deep down in the heart of humanity is the longing that justice shall be done. We see so much injustice, cruelty, wrong, that we may sometimes be tempted to doubt whether the world is governed by a just and righteous God. But even in this world God will yet vindicate Himself as a God of Almighty justice and Almighty love.

—Church Messenger.

THE ECCLESIA GIRLS' BIBLE CLASS

On April 9th, the Bible Class held a general business meeting.

A small donation was sent to Mrs. Russell, Secretary-Treasurer of the Indian Board School.

A number of packages of flower and vegetable seeds were recently sent to the West by the Class.

In acknowledgment of the clothing, toys, etc., sent to the Indian children in the West at Christmas time, several letters have been received from the children and a few from Rev. E. S. W. Cole, thanking the girls for the presents.

A number of girls from the Bible Class tagged for the Blind on Tag Day.

The United Empire Loyalists will attend Church on Sunday morning, May 19th.

The Oddfellows are arranging a Church Service for Sunday afternoon, June 2nd.

The Annual Church School Picnic has been arranged for Friday, June 28th, to Hanlan's Point. Details will be given later.

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SOCIABLE

By Archdeacon J. B. Fotheringham

Ask the next ten persons you meet what "sociable" means. You will find your mind like a squirrel cage which whirls round ceaselessly. If the person happens to be a furniture dealer he may tell you that "sociable" is a kind of Victorian couch where two people could sit facing each other. If an Englishwoman she may say it is a kind of tricycle with two seats, one behind the other. If a Canadian pioneer he may inform you it is a kind of wagon, like a "democrat" with seats facing each other. If he is an A.Y.P.A. member he will reply immediately: "There is one on Monday night; aren't you coming? If he is a "red" you may have to listen to an oration on what Marx thought was unsociable. If he is a certain kind of member of the Church he may quote scripture, giving you the story of the Good Samaritan or of the Last Judgment. If he is a student he may send you to the dictionary or encyclopedia where pages are devoted to elucidating its varied meanings.

The fact is that there are few words more abused than those containing "soc"—the root of sociable. Society may mean anything from the general relationship of men or of animals towards each other, to a coterie of the select where doings are recorded in the "society" column, to a convivial club that meets in a back-parlour, to a religious order whose methods are called Jesuitical. If other derivatives are used the confusion becomes more confounded. A sociable person is not necessarily a socialist and a socialist is not necessarily a sociable person. The social contact may be anything from a technical economic term to "Holy Deadlock." The social evil may be a synonym for the world's worst traffic or a platitude on the lips of a politician.

It is not only an illustration of a modern habit of convenient labelling and of general looseness in thinking and speaking, it suggests that some kind of definite content from a Christian point of view ought to be given to society—social—socialistic—socialization—and all the other words derived from the simple Latin word which means "a companion."

Neither the word "sociable" nor any derivative from it is found in the English, Old or New Testament, but that is not to say that the idea is absent from either. The reverse is the case. If the primary contribution of the Hebrew mind to the world was the idea of God and His relationship to man, the immediate corollary was the relationship of men to each other. Mosiac legislation is filled with commands and prohibitions determining what was sociable and what was

unsociable. Ceremonial rites—sacrifice and circumcision—no less the laws regulating social justice are theological and humanitarian. Prophetic utterances, if they began with God, overflowed at once into the relationship of man with man, and the prophetic books are a mine for sociologists. Jesus Himself could not think of God and His love toward men without thinking of how love was to bind men to each other. Efforts were constantly made to drive Him into a circle of the elect, either national or ecclesiastical, but he eluded all circles. He was Son of God but also Son of Man. As such, He was a citizen of the world, not only of the world of the first century but of all centuries. This dumbfounded many of His followers and encouraged His enemies and He reiterated His view-point time and time again. He had even to suggest that the criterion if His Father at the final judgment would be the attitude of one man to another. In the early days of Christianity, to be sociable—that is to have a certain attitude towards others—was the mark of the Church although that was not attained without a struggle. The sacraments are in essence social: They join God with man that men may be joined to one another. To be Christ-minded is therefore to be socially-minded.

To be "sociable" is to possess a certain kind of mind which, according to its judgment, wills and acts in a certain way. To be "sociable" to Christ meant to treat all—men, women and children of every race and colour, class and station—in a certain way, the way of His Father, whose children all were: Each was His and all were His. "To be sociable" to the follower of Christ is to possess the mind which was in Christ. It is as simple as it is revolutionary. The socialization of the world is the goal of the Christian programme.

Now turn and listen to the babel of voices that are heard today and set this measuring-line of what is sociable against the various proposals which are being made: Fascist, Communist, Socialist, Capitalist, Nazist and any other "ist" must be judged by a simple test—Is he "sociable"? The goal is to be sociable, that is so to live as to recognize that each individuality is held sacred and that all are one, not in the changing evolutions of economics or politics, but in God. This proposes an end—the oneness of all—it also declares that every means to the end must correspond to the end itself—namely the oneness of all. A classless society cannot be achieved by destroying certain classes; to crack heads cannot be a method of counting heads. "Machinofacture" cannot and must not displace "manufacture"; it is man that makes the machine for man

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that man may live a social life. Race-superiority must give place to race-recognition, each contributing to all races. Regimentation of men or of industries must be judged as to whether it preserves the individuality of each and the oneness of all. A political or economic system which is unsociable as Christ judges what is sociable is thereby condemned. This of course may be revolutionary; it would turn the world down-side-up, but the side which would appear would be the side which God sees. It is a plan—beyond and beneath any expedient suggested—a plan not for a cycle but for an eternity.

It begins very simply. Am I sociable? Are the relationships with which I am bound to others in my thinking, working, enjoying life, sociable? That is the positive side, so to live and so to think as to make the eternal best of myself and of others; it is collectivism but not for the sake of the "collected" group but for humanity as made by and for God. On the negative side it would compel awkward but necessary questions about the Church: Is it unsociable as it thinks of other members within its borders? Is it unsociable as it thinks of those outside its borders? Is it according to the pattern which God has for His world?

"Sociable", as a word, needs redemption. It means, inclined to associate or join in friendly intercourse in any department of life—religious, economic, political, industrial, international. To be sociable is dynamic rather than sentimental; it is involved in the intention of God in Christ: "To them gave He power to become the sons of God."
—Church Messenger.

A PRAYER BY BISHOP BRENT

Father of all, controlling the visible order and guiding the hidden destiny of man, we approach Thee with love and awe and eager hope and thanksgiving. We love Thee because Thou first love us and changed our heart of stone into a heart of flesh. We bow with wonder and reverence before the splendour of Thy divine life. We aspire to become like Thee as true children of a heavenly Father. Therefore, we pray Thee to manifest Thy life in our lives. Take from us all sordidness and meanness and hatred of our fellows. Help us to forgive as we are forgiven. Give us honour and truthfulness, purity and sweet temper, courage and gentleness. All that we ask for ourselves we ask for others, beseeching Thee to give not in accord with the feebleness and poverty of our petitions but from the inexhaustible wealth of Thy riches. Bless our friends and relatives and keep them always in the arms of Thy love, protecting both souls and bodies from every evil and mischance. We offer Thee the

gratitude of lives that have been richly blessed and favoured, praying for strength to mould our thanksgiving into deep devotion and singleness of purpose, so that as we advance in years we may advance in piety and holiness and peace, hiding our lives more and more deeply in Thee with Christ, Who is our life until He manifests Himself into glory, that we also may be manifested with Him, to Whom with the Father and the Spirit be all honour, and glory forever.

—From *Adventures in Prayer*.

THE OPPORTUNITY THIS MOMENT

When we are confronted by that wonderful life of the Perfect Son, and frightened by its challenge, it is comforting to recall the words of that real saint of God, John Keble, whose voice a century ago sounded the call which ushered in the Oxford Movement.

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbours and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky;

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

With all the difficulty of the road which Christ trod, He never painted God's will for man as a perpetual path to Calvary. He delighted in the simple joys and the common life of ordinary people. He showed a sympathetic understanding of the limitations of the human nature shared by His disciples—the boyish ambition of James and John for the chief seats, the struggle among the Twelve for the precedence, their placing of safety first when they deserted Him on the last night. Who of us can honestly say that he knows what it is consistently to place God first? We simple folks, caught up in the machinery of the world's work have manifold ends which we value; and some of them are decent and clean and desirable enough—children, love, work, beauty, humour. We dare not press this claim of God in such a way as to rob the world of its innocent richness and to convert His garden into a barren wilderness. But we can urge in all humility that at least our values must be such as Christ, with all His human sympathy and understanding, would approve, and we can pray that if ever the call of God comes to us to subordinate "what most we prize" to the claim of an insistent duty, He will give us strength to render that last and mightiest act of worship. It is those who have trodden furthest with Christ along that road who have raised the values of the world most.

—B. F. Simpson.

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WARDEN'S REPORT—APRIL 30, 1935

Receipts

8 a.m. Communion	\$128.45
Envelopes	399.97
Open	332.84
Missions	123.56
Easter Offerings	224.39
Lenten Offerings	46.48
Jewish Missions	28.60
Boys Catechism Class—Indian Child	15.00
Bowling	11.79

\$1311.08

Disbursements

Stipends and Salaries	\$444.99
Gas, Electric and Phone	37.37
Coal, etc.	114.59
Flowers (Altar)	3.00
Poor Fund to Rector	8.00

\$607.95

PARISH HOUSE BUILDING FUND

To balance at March 31st	\$ 151.75
Cemetery Board	1000.00
Synod—Interest on Endowment ..	15.00
Alms Box	5.00
Rentals	134.50

By Fire Insurance,	
\$5,000 at 3 years	\$ 37.71
Repairs to Roof	35.00
Balance	1233.54

\$1306.25 \$1306.25

Baptisms

- April 7—Frederick Cyril Fox, Ronald Watson, Shirley May Mather.
 April 12—Joan Anne Lane.
 April 14—Marilyn Joan Deacon, Sandra Jane McAdam Barber.
 April 15—Anne Paxton.
 April 21—John Sandie Veitch, William Ross Prince, Barbara Elizabeth Newham, Gloria Marie Vollmar, Barbara May Woodall.
 April 28—Patricia Ann Peters, Richard William Bishop.

Marriages

- April 6—Robert Ivey Wilson and Mildred Laurene Russell.
 April 18—George William Morrith and Florence Irene Churchill.
 April 18—Walter Ferdinand Osten and Wilhelmina Maude Bolton.
 April 20—George Edward Howard and Dorothy Jean Gray.
 April 22—Arnold Gillett Dobrashian and Elizabeth Helen Gwendolyn Hewlett.
 April 23—Frederick Harold Ruggles and Gertrude Gallagher.
 April 27—James Wesley Lennox and Mabel Louise Ann Andrews.
 April 27—Frank Wilkinson and Ellen Webster.
 April 30—Walter Frank Payne and Kathleen Morris Shook.

Burials

- April 3—H. Rudyard Boulton 78 years
 April 9—Margaret Mowles 42 years
 April 17—Cecil Conrad Myers 42 years
 April 18—Lloyd Robert Humphries ... 8½ months
 April 18—Phebe Elizabeth Pennington.. 77 years
 April 23—Esther Ellen Miles 46 years
 Total interments in Cemetery for month 78

DEATHS IN THE PARISH

The remains of the late Rudyard Boulton, who died in California in December, were brought to Toronto for burial. The Rector officiated at the interment in St. James' Cemetery on April 3rd. Mr. Boulton was a scion of one of our oldest Canadian families and was a manager of the Bank of Montreal for many years. He had resided in this Parish for some time, but moved away over a year ago.

Mrs. Margaret Mowles, a widow of Kenilworth Avenue, died in the Toronto East General Hospital. She had been ill for some time. She was buried in the family plot at Mt. Pleasant Cemetery.

Cecil Conrad Myers, a T.T.C. motorman, of Kenilworth Avenue, died suddenly of heart trouble. He came from St. Lucia, B.W.I., and had been an attendant at St. John's for several years. He was in charge of one of the Company's one-man cars, and his death emphasizes the claim heard in many quarters that the strain of collecting fares and running a car in down-town traffic is too heavy a burden for one person. His funeral took place in Church and was largely attended.

Miss Esther Ellen Miles, sister of Mrs. Davenport, 720 Woodbine Avenue, died in Hospital and was buried on April 23rd.

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

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