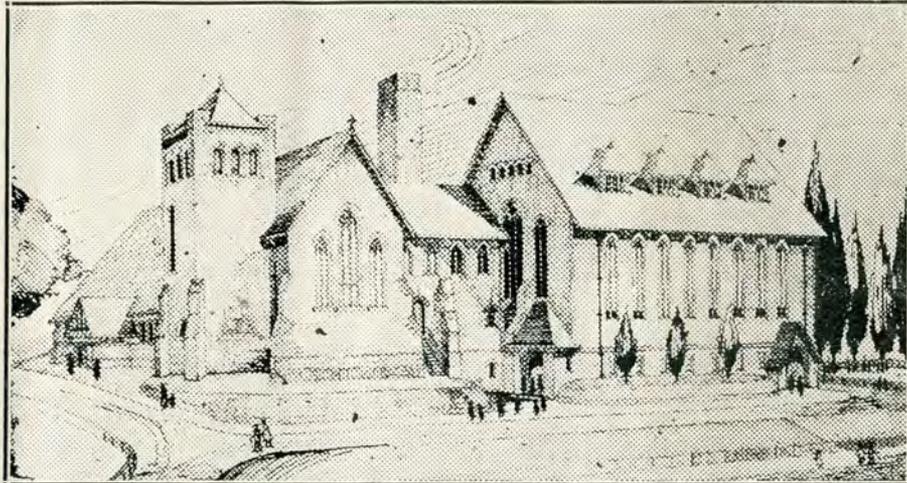


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Services;

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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 10 a.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

JULY, 1935

No. 153

Rector's Letter

The Rectory, July, 1935

Dear Brethren:

We have just celebrated another Dominion Day, the eighty-fourth since Confederation, and it was a splendid day at that. Driving in from Oakville, in every community through which we passed, we saw happy, rejoicing parties engaged in sports of every kind, picnic parties, family outings and celebrations of varied sorts, and all mindful of the fact that it was a celebration common to all, and in which everyone was interested.

Despite the period through which we are passing, and that a time of depression, not peculiar to Canada, but making its influence felt in every corner of the world, we have reason to hold up our heads to thank God and take courage and go forward in hope. We have a great past to look back upon, a record of good things accomplished, of foundations laid, upon which we are building today. If we think of the gigantic size of this country, of the many and varied interests which such a size involves, of the small population of the country and of the vast strides which Canada has made, I think we can say, "Ebenezer, hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

And whether we think of the pioneers who blazed a trail across the country, and who shared dangers and privations in carving homes for themselves out of the primeval forest; or the Fathers of Confederation who had the vision of future possibilities and laid the plans for us for a greater Dominion, we can see that they all tried to pull together for the common good. Of course, they had their differences, but they tried to settle them in a common idea of service to the community and our wonderful country with all its facilities are the results of combined efforts towards a common cause.

Many people think that we have reached a stage in the history of the country when we should sink all party differences and unite in a combined effort for the country's good. Unity is strength and it is only by unity that we can accomplish the results that we seek—the common good of all.

I deprecate, very much, the spirit which tries to set class against class and seeks to find in any effort of an opposite political party some sinister

design to obtain party advantage. Nero fiddled while Rome burned and we may find to our horror that our political leaders have done the same thing at the present time.

The Allies were doing good work at the front in the Great War, but they did not seem to be getting anywhere, and it was not until the direction of the whole campaign was put under one head that we began to form a plan which led ultimately to the overthrow of the enemy and the attainment of the needed success and victory.

It is a time of anxiety and it is a call to every sincere Christian and to Canadians of all sorts to call upon God for guidance and to seek to find the way in which the finger of truth will lead us.

The true patriot is he who seeks to put country before party. We are all too prone to take our politics like our religion from our fathers and to put party first at all costs. We ought to think intelligently and vote intelligently and prayerfully.

But it is our influence and example that decides the future of a nation and we are carrying the torch in our day and generation. The future of our country is entrusted to us. Let us see that we "Run the straight race through God's good grace."

Ever your friend and Rector,

W. L. BAYNES-REED.

THE GREAT SECRET

"He was made perfect by suffering."

"Faith is finding in ourselves and in God that which enables us to endure and triumph over anything that life or death can do to us."

Here is high courage and deep insight; it is what Jesus meant when, standing in the shadow of the Cross—the cup of Death pressed to the lips of love—He said to His disciples in their dismay: Fear not, I have overcome the world; meaning that He had faced the worst and found the best, and that there is nothing to fear.

Some call it religion; others call it by other names. No matter; he who wins this victory has found the Pearl of Great Price. Into the Shadow our Lord went; . . . in the Mystery of the Cross was revealed the meaning of life. O soul, remember! —Joseph Fort Newton.

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The official opening took place on May 24, at 10 a.m.

The President, Sam Jameson, introduced the Honorary President, the Rev. Canon W. L. Baynes-Reed, D.S.O., to the visitors and members present, and after a few very well-chosen and witty words, Ald. G. Elgie, M.P.P., addressed the members.

The Vice-President, (narrow and not up) Ben Smith requested Canon and Ald Elgie to

deliver first bowl, the Canon taking Ald. Elgie to town by drawing first shot bowl. The Annual President and Vice-President game got under way, the former winning by two points. During the game, Ald. Howell and Ald. Bray gave us a visit. They complimented us very much on the condition of our greens; we have Mel. Dunham to thank for that as he takes a great interest in the welfare of the Club. Ald. Howell also promised to donate a prize to the Men's section, and also one for the Ladies' section at the end of the season.

We have quite a number of new members this year and they are having a wonderful time; the surroundings are good and the greens are first-class and the fellowship is none better. The games up to date have been very closely contested. The leaders up to date are: No. 1, No. 5, No. 2 and they are certainly fighting hard to hold the same. On Saturday Night's our 25c Tournaments have been exceedingly well patronized. Our next big event will take place on July 20—the **Imperial Bank Trophy**. We hope to have a good number of other city clubs here to compete for this trophy, so all we ask for now is a good day and the game is on.

In the Passover night when Christ was betrayed,
And His own who had loved Him were sorely
dismayed,

When all hope in their hearts grew troubled and
dim,

Then He spake of the peace of abiding in Him.
And the love of one heart most near to the Lord's
In the Gospel has written the mystical words;
They are words of a peace the world cannot move,
Of the peace of the souls that abide in His love.

—J. M. C. Crum.

ST. JOHN'S (NORWAY) CHOIR

Phew! this is not written with a view to aggravating the heat which may be troubling you, but more particularly that a suggestion, put to those who scan this, to alleviate the inconvenience caused by the excessive heat. Most naturally, our thoughts turn to cooling salads, ice cold drinks, bathing, a shady spot (shadiness created by trees, not dubious associations), or an enjoyable trip over the lake; so why not definitely decide now to take a trip to Queenston on Tuesday, July 23rd. Those who have in the past joined us in our outing will need no reminding of the good time we spend together, and to those who have not hitherto taken part with us, are given a warm welcome to join in and share the pleasurable day we always have had. Tickets are already in the hands of Choir members, the cost of these being \$1.10 for adults and 55 cents for children. Queenston is known well enough probably to need no description here. Its natural beauties and historical interest are well known; its spacious playing fields and the splendid facilities offered make it an ideal place to spend a day and although there is a natural regret when the day draws to a close and we are making our way homewards, this regret is ameliorated by the knowledge that the homebound journey is by no means the least enjoyable part of the day. Congregating as we do in one part of the boat, the community singing and the part songs make the return journey pass all too quickly, whilst for those whose youth and agility give them the inclination to dance, there is the opportunity ready to hand. We look forward to meeting old friends, we are desirous of making new friends, and feel confident that the support given us in past years will again be accorded us on Tuesday, July 23rd. Remember, any member of the Choir can supply you with a ticket, or, if more convenient, phone HO. 7083, or GR. 0247 and your requirements will have every attention.

The month of June was the occasion of several extra Services held in the afternoons, and were well attended by Choir members. The organizations for which these Services were held included the Oddfellows, Sons of England, the 75th Battalion, and the Ulster Lodge. The Service in connection with the last named was held at the Cenotaph in front of the City Hall; here, the donning of surplice and cassock was made partially in car and at the S.E. corner of the City Hall, which, owing to its unusualness, caused some amusement.

Now please bear in mind our outing and help us to attain the success in all respects that our outing has in previous years enjoyed.

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ST. JOHN'S (NORWAY) TENNIS CLUB

Once again the Interchurch League Schedule is completed, and once more St. John's is to be represented in the final. Our A team won their group after a very close battle with Eaton Memorial and have drawn a bye into the final. It appears likely that our opponents will be our old friendly rivals from St. Paul's (Bloor). Maybe this will be St. John's year to win the title, and, considering the number of our best players who departed for various reasons to play elsewhere, the remaining players have acquitted themselves admirably.

Our B team met with a fair measure of success, winning 11 and losing 10 matches. A number of players on the B team played for the first year in tournament and they gained valuable experience for future years.

At the present time, our own Club Tournament is under way, and all the players are striving hard for the honour of having their names inscribed on the Club's various cups.

The Interchurch League elimination matches are also being played, and St. John's is well represented. It is hoped that at the next writing we will be able to report further honours won for St. John's Tennis Club.

CHURCH SCHOOL PICNIC

The Sunday School, or as we are trying to learn to call it, the Church School, Picnic was held at Hanlan's Point on Friday, June 28th. Ten crowded Street Cars left Kingston Road and Woodbine Avenue at 11 a.m. The Rector, in charge of the first car, had 148 passengers, so the conductor reported. Multiply that by 10 and you can estimate the number, besides those who came later; easily 1,600 in attendance.

A splendid day and a splendid success, and because of the frequency of rain this month, we were wonderfully blessed.

Sunday School Picnics always bring back memories. No accident marred the day, save one child who fell from a swing and broke her arm.

The amount of hot water and tea and milk and ice cream that were consumed were enormous. I would not like to report the amount as it would seem fictitious, but hope to supply you with the actual figures. Everything was well run and the games full of interest. We took the evening boat at 7.15 for home and were back at the Church at eight-thirty.

The only visiting preachers for June were Ven. Archdeacon Warren and Rev. H. P. Charters who helped us to mark our eighty-fifth Anniversary and Patronal Festival on June 23rd.

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FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Sunday, June 2nd, was the fortieth Anniversary of the ordination of the Rector, Canon Baynes-Reed, to the ministry. He was ordained at St. Alban's Cathedral by Bishop Sweatman, and advanced to the priesthood at the same place by the same Bishop a year later. After filling a temporary appointment as Curate at Holy Trinity Church, Toronto, he was appointed Incumbent of St. Mark's, Otonabee, near Peterboro. In January, 1898, he came to St. John's (Norway) as Curate in charge of the Parish, the Rector Rev. Chas. Ruttan retiring. On the death of Mr. Ruttan in October, 1900, Canon Baynes-Reed was appointed as Rector. He was made a Canon after his return from the War, and for eight years was Rural Dean of Toronto.

At the Morning Service, just before the singing of the hymn before the sermon, the Church Wardens advanced to the Chancel steps and Mr. Mathias, as Rector Warden, told the congregation the significance of the day, and after narrating some facts in the Rector's career, extended the congratulations of the people and invited the Rector and congregation to attend a brief reception in the Parish House, after Evensong, when a presentation would be made.

The Rector responded briefly and said he was devoutly thankful for the blessings of his ministry in the Parish and hoped that the same friendly relations between priest and people would long continue.

At Evensong the congregation were invited to follow the Choir into the Parish House after the closing prayer and a goodly number followed.

Archdeacon Fotheringham took charge, and after brief prayers and an address, gave place to the Churchwardens who each spoke in appreciation of the Rector's services to the Parish, and on behalf of the congregation presented him with a handsome Silver Salver, suitably inscribed.

Canon Baynes-Reed replied in an address reminiscent of early work in the Parish and gratefully accepted the gift and good wishes of the congregation. The Parish Association served cake and coffee to all present.

Inscription on Silver Salver:

Presented to

CANON W. L. BAYNES-REED, D.S.O., L.Th
by the Congregation of

The Church of St. John the Baptist (Norway)
On the occasion of the Fortieth Anniversary of
his Ordination.

June 9, 1935.

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.

DEDICATION OF PARISH HOUSE IN 1908

The following clipping from the Toronto World of June 25, 1908, is incorporated into the Parish Magazine for purposes of historical record.

This was the Parish House which was largely destroyed to make way for our present Parish House.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH OPENS FINE NEW PARISH HOUSE

NORWAY, June 25.—(Special.)—A memorable event in the annals of the Village of Norway was the formal opening last night of the new Parish House in connection with St. John's Anglican Church, followed tonight by the reception of many of the past and present members of the Church.

The history of St. John's Church is one of aggressive and progressive work throughout, but it has remained for Rev. W. L. Baynes-Reed, the present beloved Rector, to inaugurate and carry to successful completion the splendid new Parish House, which, perhaps, more than any other in the city or suburbs, embodies all that is modern and home-like in a Parish House.

In this work Rev. Mr. Reed has had the assistance of a devoted and energetic committee, consisting of George F. Davis, Dr. Clarke, J. W. Miller, T. Taylor, Charles Lennox, W. F. Wagner, Mr. Stetson, L. Bennett and Rev. Mr. Gay, the assistant Curate.

The building, which is a fine brick structure, stands immediately North of the Church, facing Woodbine Avenue, contains splendidly designed and well-built rooms, large and well lighted, suitable for gatherings of all kinds, and will include a gymnasium and other athletic rooms, library, committee, Sunday school and other apartments. The Sunday school will for the present be held in what will eventually be used as the gymnasium. A well-equipped kitchen is also among the rooms in course of completion.

It is the purpose of the members of St. John's, at a later date, to add two additional storeys. The cost to date has been about \$10,000, and the whole of this amount has, through the generosity of the members and friends of St. John's, been practically provided for. The additional cost, when the extension is finally carried into effect, will be about \$8,000, or \$18,000 in all. The architect, Charles F. Wagner, and one of the Churchwardens of St. John's, has been unremitting in his efforts to carry through the work successfully. The ceremonies in connection with the dedication of the Parish House and the laying of the corner

stone were performed by His Grace Archbishop Sweatman, in the autumn of 1907.

Last night Rev. Canon Welch conducted the formal opening, and tonight the beautiful building was thronged at the social and reception service. Rev. W. L. Baynes-Reed welcomed the visitors in a happy address. Rev. J. B. Fotheringham, a former assistant Curate, and Rev. Mr. Gay also spoke briefly. A varied program, musical and otherwise, was given, for the most part by the young people of St. John's. A feature of the great success which makes the work of this Church is the large number of young men and women who accord the most hearty and loyal support to every movement for the progress of the Church. Coffee and refreshments were served during the evening.

Fred Williams articles in the Mail and Empire are always of historical interest. The present article of June 26th is of especial interest to the Rector because Hon. Nathaniel Pettit, mentioned therein, was his maternal great, great grandfather.

MOTHERS' SOCIETY PICNIC

Some 40 of the Mother's Society went by bus to Port Perry for their picnic. They were hospitably entertained by Mrs. James Gorrie, a former member of the Mother's Society. Despite the rain, a very pleasant time was passed.

Mr. Gorrie, who was with the Rector overseas, finding work at his trade as plasterer very hard to get, turned his summer home at Port Perry into an all year round one. He has made good with his chickens and also as a gardener.

I wonder why many more unemployed men do not do the same?

The Afternoon Branch of the W.A. had their Annual Picnic at the home of Mrs. Turff, Cliffcrest Drive, Scarboro Bluffs, on Wednesday, June 26th. Tables were set on the lawn for lunch and a bounteous repast was enjoyed by all the goodly number of members present. Mr. and Mrs. Turff proved, as usual, very generous hosts.

Mr. Turff has, by his industry, transposed his new home into a bower of beauty. He is keenly interested in gardening and his efforts show splendid results. Finer peonies we have seldom seen.

A letter, to which everyone contributed, was forwarded to Mrs. W. H. Rogers, Vice-President, who is absent in Ireland.

The Evening Branch had their Picnic at the home of Mrs. Horsfall, Wineva Avenue, on June 19th. A very happy time was enjoyed by all.

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Lindisfarne, the Holy Island

By its Vicar, the Rev. Ernest E. C. Elford

THOSE who have travelled on the London to Edinburgh route by road or rail have, when nearing Berwick-upon-Tweed, noticed lying out three miles from the Beal shore a low-lying sandy island. On it the most conspicuous feature is the Castle, but on a clear day the Priory, Parish Church, and village can also be seen.

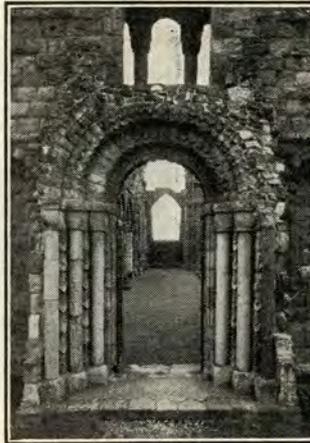
The "Pilgrim's Way" is marked by high poles leading from the road end at the Beal shore to the island; there are two shelters into which persons overtaken by the tide can climb. Many thousand feet have trod that way, for Lindisfarne was the great place of pilgrimage in the North when monastic life was in its prime.

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the Island was a busy place with its industries of fishing and lime burning, but very few visitors crossed to it except for business. A few daring adventurers found their way across, but they generally came by boat from the Old Law on the Ross shore, and some of them left for our interest and amusement the record of their visit and impressions of this strange out-of-the-way corner of the British Isles. Painters, including

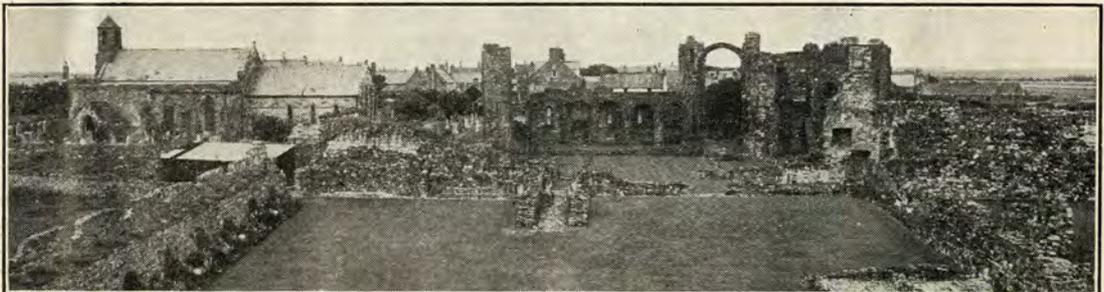
Turner and Morland, transferred their impressions of the Priory and Castle to canvas. Sir Walter Scott sung of its charms and invented the absurd and impossible story of Constance in *Marmion*, but as far as we know no novelist has woven a romance round an Island hero or heroine.

Of late years the Island has been rediscovered and an ever-increasing number of visitors come to its shores; many to remain a week or a month, others to give a passing look as they journey north or south. In the summer boat loads come from Seahouses, visiting the Inner Farne, with its memories of St. Aidan and St. Cuthbert, and the Longstone Lighthouse, the home of Grace Darling. These visitors land, take a peep at the Priory, the Parish Church, and, if possible, the Castle, and return satisfied that they have seen Holy Island.

We who know and love the sacred spot are prepared to deny their claim; one has to remain on the Island for a period to see it properly. It offers its charms to those who are prepared to stay, knowing that if the mystical influence it can bring to bear is cast over a stranger he will return again and again.



THE PRIORY: WEST DOOR
(Valentine)



THE CHURCH AND PRIORY

[Valentine]



THE CASTLE

The year 1935 will see perhaps more pilgrims than have ever visited the Island in one year during its history. For this month we shall commemorate the thirteen hundredth anniversary of the coming of St. Aidan from Iona to found the monastery and school.

There was no ruined priory, no parish church, village, or castle when St. Aidan and his companions saw it in A.D. 635, but these are all in one corner of the Island; if we leave them we see the rest of the land and seascape just as they saw it.

The whole length from Emmanuel Head to the Snook Point is as nature has fashioned it, shingle, rock, and sand. The pilgrim who wants a quiet walk with the music of nature as the only sound can have it here, and can feel the experience of that wonderful silence that was so much beloved by the Celtic monks in their time of meditation between periods of strenuous labour.

It is here that the real charm of the Island is found, here that real understanding of its history is gained. After the silent charm of the North Shore has had its effect we can return to the Priory, Church, village, and Castle, and in them read the history of this little speck of land, two and a half miles long, and a mile and a half broad.

It took a leading part in bringing about what has rightly been called "The Golden Age of the English Church." Here the lovable, powerful, devoted St. Aidan did his wonderful work. He and his companions and pupils firmly established the Church in Northumbria and Mercia. The



THE CHURCH

Island is the mother of Durham, Jarrow, Tyne-mouth, Melrose, Monkwearmouth, Hartlepool, Whitby, Lastingham, and many other centres of the Christian Faith.

On the Yorkshire Moors stood a cross, now preserved in Middlesmore Church, which marked a preaching station of St. Chad, the most lovable pupil of St. Aidan. Ripon was founded by St. Wilfrid, and in many other places in Yorkshire there are memories of the Lindisfarne saints, none of them taking a second place to Whitby, founded by St. Hilda who was trained by St. Aidan on this Island. Lichfield too never forgets what it owes to St. Chad, whose spiritual power must have been tremendous. Essex knows of the work of St. Cedd, who planted again the Cross of CHRIST after the people there had renounced their new-found Faith. Sussex adds her thanks to the Island, for did not St. Wilfrid during his troubles in the North go to the people of Sussex and while teaching them the practical art of net fishing, which he would have learnt on the Island, proclaim to them the greater things that had been imparted to him on the same place, the good news of CHRIST?



THE PRIORY RUINS

[Valentine]

The writer, years before he became vicar, had the great joy of explaining to two crews of Dutch fishing boats, that had put into the harbour, the story of St. Wilfrid who had taken the Faith to their country. This was done at their request as they sat in the Parish Church, the skipper of one of the boats acting as interpreter.

The line of bishops founded by St. Aidan came to an end as far as the Island was concerned, but the destruction of the episcopal see of Lindisfarne brought about the rise of Durham Cathedral, which has the honour of being the resting-place of St. Cuthbert of Lindisfarne.

In 1089 the religious life was restored by the Benedictines, who took spiritual charge of the various parishes on the mainland. The dissolution of the Priory in 1537 threw the whole Island into confusion, but a regular succession of vicars maintained the services in the Parish Church. This venerable building nearly shared the fate of the Priory, but in 1860 it was restored with all the mistaken zeal common to that time, but it is still a building of great beauty and the deep-toned bell still calls the islanders to worship. The Faith St. Aidan brought is still taught and practised.

New Signposts on the Old Road

Six Papers on the Church Catechism

By the Rev. A. P. Kirkpatrick, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Castelnaud

IV. WHAT DOES GOD WANT OF ME?

(III)

THIS is the Catholic Faith, that we worship . . ."

(i)

The God of the Bible and the Creeds is One Who demands the homage of my whole self. All the powers of my personality—physical, mental, moral, and spiritual—are to find their best use in His service. I am to show myself **dependent** on Him, for He is the All-Ruler; **reverent** towards Him, for He is All-Holy; **loving** to Him, for He is my FATHER. He asks of me the affectionate submission of a child, not the forced obedience of a slave.

He admits no rival. I dare not give to any other person, or to any object of desire, that **whole-hearted devotion** which He claims. I must be on my guard, too, against making an unworthy mental image of Him Whom I worship, for that would be idolatry.

(ii)

Personality, as I know it, can only express itself through the physical organism. Therefore **Worship**, in which I deliberately offer and present myself, **soul and body**, to God, will be enriched by the best that literature and the arts can bring. The appeal to the senses will be hallowed, posture and movement will not be neglected.

Since I am human, **set times and places** will be necessary for this expression of my homage. Since I am a social being, and the member of a community, an important part of my approach to God will take the form of **corporate worship**. This will be intelligent, orderly, beautiful. It will be comprehensive, including self-dedication, adoration, acknowledgement of sin, and thanksgiving, as well as petition for myself and for others.

The **personal approach of my private prayer** will include the same elements. It will be less formal, more intimate, and will make more room for the quiet waiting upon God, when words and forms recede into the background, and my spirit comes into direct communion with the Spirit of God.

This is harder than it appears. It is easy to recite prayers; it is difficult to place and hold myself in the presence of God, to bring before Him, in the Name and Spirit of CHRIST, my "little human praise," my requests for myself and others, so simply and sincerely that "God's will" covers all that is best for me and those for whom I pray. Yet it is certain, from our LORD's teaching and example, and from the divine character as He has revealed it, that such prayer is vital to the Christian life.

The LORD's Prayer, which CHRIST has given as a pattern and guide in this difficult art, puts first the Father's glory, and then the children's needs. There are, it has been said, two things which parents have a right to obtain from their children—reverence and submission; and three—support, forbearance, and protection—that children have a right to ask from their parents. In its shortest form (S. Luke xi. 2-4, R.V.) the LORD's Prayer corresponds, clause by clause, with these five essentials of home life.

(iv)

Lastly, "We love, because He first loved us" (1 S. John iv. 19, R.V.). I am "to serve Him truly all the days of my life." Although I must have set times and places for worship and prayer, I cannot limit my service of God to these. All my activities of work and recreation, all my civic and social and family interests, are to be related to the main object of life. "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever."

From the Editor's Note-Book

THE ROYAL ARMS IN CHURCHES

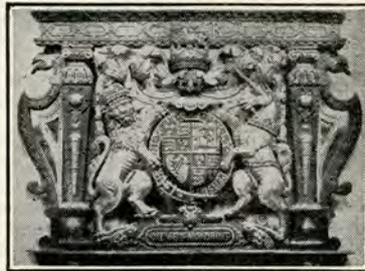
MANY of us who are getting on in years can remember as a conspicuous object in the churches of our childhood the Royal Arms of Great Britain and Ireland, with the familiar figures of the lion and unicorn as supporters on either side.

In some form or other this piece of church decoration goes back to the Middle Ages. In those days it usually appeared in stained glass or on a banner or some other piece of needlework. But in Norwich Cathedral the Royal Arms carved in wood with two antelopes as supporters were placed over the chancel screen as far back as the reign of Henry VI.

About a hundred years later, in the reigns of Henry VIII and Edward VI, the Arms became a regular feature of our churches. It is characteristic of that time of destruction and irreverence that they should

then have been set up on the rood screens all over England in place of the accustomed figures of our LORD on the Cross, the Blessed Virgin and St. John.

At this time the arms consisted of the lions (or in earlier heraldic language "leopards") of England and the lilies of France, which remained until the reign of George III; and the supporters were a lion or a greyhound and a dragon, for the unicorn came from Scotland with James I. Naturally the appearance of these beasts in the place of honour in church gave opportunity of which those who disliked the change took full advantage. "Is it," asks one, "the word of God setteth up a dog or a dragon in place of the Blessed Virgin and St. John?" A correspondent informs us that a wooden tablet with the arms of Edward VI, and the lion and dragon as supporters, is to be seen in Westerham Church, Kent,



ST. CUTHBERT'S, WELLS

and is said to be the oldest specimen of the kind still in place in a church.

When Queen Mary succeeded her brother she restored the Rood Figures to their rightful place. But she was too much of a Tudor to banish the Royal Arms from the churches altogether, and therefore caused them "to be set in a place more convenient." Early in the seventeenth century Archbishop Abbot ordered them to be painted in all churches and chapels "in due forme." These words presumably refer to the inclusion of the Scottish Lion which had come in with James I, who was also the first sovereign to add the Irish Harp, though some of his predecessors had styled themselves Kings of Ireland. Later on the Hanoverian Horse for a time joined the collection.

After an interval during which the arms of the Commonwealth took their place the Royal Arms returned at the Restoration, and during the eighteenth and a large part of the nineteenth century remained a prominent feature of nearly every church in the land. For instance, the late Mr. George Russell, describing the village church in which he worshipped as a boy, writes, "The largest and most vivid presentment of the Royal Arms which I have ever seen crowned the chancel arch."

Under the influence of the Catholic Revival in the last century many of these decorations disappeared. Some earlier specimens still remain, but few of them are later in date than the reign of Queen Victoria, though we are informed that the arms of our present King are to be seen in the front of the west gallery in Ickford Church, Oxfordshire.

The Golden Thread The Story of a Vocation

By Ernestine Stone

NURSE Dix was resting by the fire in her sitting-room. The book she had been reading—the life of a medical missionary—had slipped from her lap to the floor and was lying there unheeded. "Only to think," she said to herself, "that once I meant to be a nurse in a mission hospital! And it has all fizzled down to this—just looking after old ladies in a home of rest."

She began to review her own life; it passed before her mental vision in pictures, and this is just a sketch of what she saw.

* * *

The Town Hall at W— was full to overflowing, and all present were listening intently to the speech of a doctor from India, whose words, "Some of you may hear the call to missionary work abroad," made a deep impression on a girl of fourteen, a farmer's daughter.

"Mother," she said, as they were returning home, "when I'm a woman I shall go to nurse the heathen people he has been talking about."

A look of joy and pride came over the face of the farmer's wife.

"To think of it!" she exclaimed. "A child of mine to become a missionary! Have you heard the call, Connie?"

"I'm sure I have, Mother, because I want to go so much."

When Mrs. Dix told her husband that Connie had had this call his pride equalled hers.

"We'll send the little maid to a boarding-school to get a good education to start with," he said.

So Connie went away, and through all the occupations that kept her busy at school the thought of the missionary work she was to do for CHRIST in later years ran like a golden thread. But sometimes when she had spare minutes and was reading a missionary magazine some one would interrupt by asking her to tie up a cut finger or bandage an injured knee. The

girls had soon found out that she was good at that sort of thing and always ready to help.

One February afternoon some years later Constance, now a certificated nurse, was travelling home for a month's holiday before offering her services to a Missionary Society. The way seemed clear before her. Her sister Janet had just begun her training as a nurse because she was tired of living in the country, but the other two children, Harry and Katharine, were at home helping to carry on the farm.

Connie's father met her outside the railway station, his ruddy face bright and smiling. "I've great news for you, maid," he said, as they were driving home. "Do you remember Dick Harvey of Wellings?"

"Yes," said Constance. "He lost his wife two years ago and was left with a baby boy."

"And now he's going to marry our Katharine," said the farmer. "They fixed it up last night, and we're all mighty pleased."

Connie realized that she was expected to be "mighty pleased," too, but she could not help saying, "Whatever will Mother do when Kathy has gone? She depends upon her so much."

"Oh, Mother will think of a plan of some sort," said Mr. Dix. But Connie felt that a knot had been tied in her golden thread.

Farmer Harvey and Katharine were married in April, and a week later Constance went into W— to meet a Miss Twigg who had been mother's help at the farm many years before, and who, Mrs. Dix thought, would be a suitable person to take Katharine's place until Janet's time at the hospital was up. But when Connie saw Miss Twigg she knew that another knot had been tied in her golden thread. This elderly woman would not be equal to the work that Katharine had done.



"Connie realized that she was expected to be 'mighty pleased,' too"

"I shan't be able to go abroad yet," thought Connie.

In June Farmer Dix met with a serious accident. Harry took over the management of the farm, but Constance was also needed at home to nurse her father until he died eighteen months later. The third knot had been tied in the golden thread.

One summer afternoon she and Janet were sewing in a corner of the garden. Janet was at home on leave and Connie, who still greatly desired to become a missionary, said, "When you have passed your Final I suppose you will be willing to return home for a time and give me a chance to go out to a mission hospital in India?"

"What?" cried Janet. "Haven't you given up that idea by now? I am certainly not coming back here to vegetate during the best years of my life. A job in London is what I'll be after."

Thus it happened that the golden thread was knotted yet again.

So Constance remained at home to help her mother, and was also called in by the villagers in times of sickness or accident.

"Go and fetch Miss Dix. She's a trained nurse. She'll know what to do," were words often heard.

"You look after the farm-hands and their families as if you were paid to do it," said Harry to Connie one day.

She smiled. "It helps to keep my hand in. After all, nursing is my profession, though I don't wear uniform now."

It was Connie's mother who tied the fifth knot in the golden thread.

"When I'm gone you'll stay on here and keep house for Harry till he marries, won't you, Connie?" she said. "Many a young man has gone to the bad because his home wasn't comfortable."

"I will look after him as long as he needs me," Constance answered.

She did; and managed things so well for him that he did not even think of marriage for several years.

At the age of thirty-eight Constance found herself free. No one now needed her in England. But somehow she felt tired and middle-aged. Perhaps before writing to the Missionary Society it would be well to consult old Dr. Bradley who had known her all her life.

At the end of the interview the doctor said, "I'm afraid, Connie, that you are not equal to the strenuous life of a medical missionary. You must give up that idea for ever. If you want a job, why not try for one here? There's a nurse wanted at a home for old ladies, and I shall be pleased to recommend you for the post."

So Connie went to nurse at the home, and the last knot was tied in the golden thread.

* * *

The sound of a bell ringing awoke Nurse Dix from her reverie, and she started to her feet.

"Miss Jeffreys! This is her ninetyeth birthday, and she has had far too many visitors. I expect she is thoroughly tired out, poor old dear."

"How I wish I could look back upon a life like yours, nurse," said the old lady, as Constance bent over her.

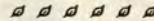
"A life like mine!" Connie repeated. "When I was a girl I made some fine plans about working for CHRIST in India, but they have never come to anything."



Miss Jeffreys pulled herself up in bed and spoke with emphasis. "I've heard all about you from doctor. How you wanted to be a missionary and then everything went against it so you just stayed at home and did your bit there. And worked among the poor without sparing yourself. And now you're helping us poor old folks to end our days as comfortably as possible. Never think your life has been a failure, Nurse Dix."

As she heard these words Connie realized with great joy that for her the golden thread, God's Call, had been,

not to the thrilling life of a medical missionary, but to work in His service at home.



HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

"Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory."—Isa. vi. 3

O GOD our FATHER, Who didst all things make,
Into Thy care our life and actions take.

May we be Thine in heart and soul and will;
Our aim in all, Thy purpose to fulfil.

May we and all men ever seek Thy face
Until we come unto Thy dwelling-place.

JESU, our Saviour, from Thy throne on high
Thou cam'st on earth to suffer and to die,

That we, by Thee redeemed, restored, forgiven,
May live to Thee on earth—with Thee in heaven.

O HOLY SPIRIT, be Thou ever near
Our wayward steps to guide, our path to cheer.

Our Advocate, for ever at our side;
Our Comforter, whatever ill betide.

Pour on us of Thy grace, with holy fire
Our inmost being fill, our souls inspire.

O Blessed Trinity, in Persons Three,
One GOD we own, and fain would worship Thee.

Thou art our Stay in life, our Hope in death,
And we would praise Thee with each passing breath.

In cloud and sunshine do Thou us defend;
Be Thou our God, and Guardian, to the end.

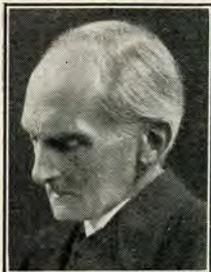
CHARLES PARKINSON

All Things Bright and Beautiful

By the Rev. Alexander Nairne, D.D.

[Dr. Nairne is known as a scholar and author of books, two of which at least, *Every Man's Story of the Old Testament*, and its companion volume on the New, should be known to all SIGN readers.

In this article he gives us an insight into the nature of beauty. We are often inclined to regret changes that mean the passing of beauty with which we are familiar. If we will read—and re-read—his article Dr. Nairne will show us how to watch for beauty even in changes that at first we dislike, and above all to watch in eager expectation for the beauty that shall be revealed—yet partly seen, here and now—"in the face of JESUS CHRIST."—ED. SIGN.]



DR. A. NAIRNE
(Lafayette)

AN April afternoon; a train running through Cambridgeshire meadows: it passes villages all a-blush with apple blossom, pale golden poplars wave behind these, and beyond are gray hills; in the foreground willows by the water-courses, and over all a large moving sky.

Again a train journey; Cambridge to Oxford through Bedfordshire and Huntingdon.

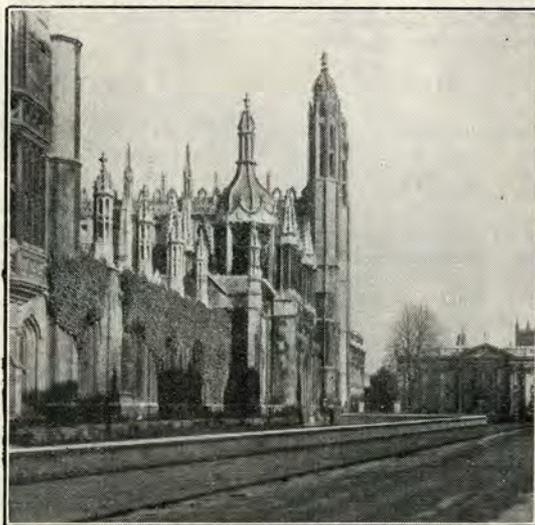
The country might be called tame, yet the epithet would be unjust. Here is what we, "too quick despairers," sometimes regret as though it were already banished from homely England and only to be discovered in lakes or highlands. No, here mile after mile of pastoral agricultural England, untouched by other industry, weans eye and heart from superfluities. See there the farmstead sheltered by its wisely disposed trees, a walnut surely among them for the master's gunstocks; the curved waggons and their upright corner-staves. Look for the larks and rooks, and there a water hen feathers the slow stream into the rushes. Mark the young bull in yonder field.

Even at Oxford you return to town life. Busy town competing with the lovely city of spires. Time was that when one said Cowley you thought of Cowley Fathers and the Oxford Movement, and when one said Morris you thought of William Morris and the Pre-Raphaelites. Now either name spells petrol. And perhaps you will pity our fools' paradise and insist that beauty is going irrevocably away; the pride of life increases, but the lust of the eye wanes.

But does all this mean the ruin of beauty? Perhaps villages of Cambridge, Bedford, and Huntingdon look differently on roads from their railway view. Cars crowd them. So do country omnibuses. King's College has lately removed its railings and built instead a low wall, which

perhaps has more beauty than the railings had. Anyhow, this wall has created beauty of a deeper kind. It has a broad coping all along, and on a market evening you may see village women with their baskets talking as they rest thereon and wait for their country omnibus. Here perhaps is a hint of fresh beauty.

One evening an express was about to start from King's Cross. The engine was on the train. Something was found wrong with it which must be rectified in the ten remaining minutes. In two minutes two young men came, climbed into the bowels of the (once thought ugly) machine, and in six minutes climbed forth again, their job finished, arms and faces all a muck of sweat which they were washing off with oily rags. No prettiness, but much beauty there; manhood athletic and fit, intelligence far beyond the standard of the good old village school. And the two kinds of beauty increase together. The British workman is a finer type than his predecessor of fifty years ago. Such an array of Boy Scouts as filled St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in April, 1934, was a finer spectacle than a former generation might easily provide, and the vow they recited was as chivalrous as that of the Round Table.



KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

Armour and khaki; pomp and circumstance and daily bread; antique glory continually passing away; second bests yielding to what approaches nearer to the best: and when that is recognized no regret is possible. A visitor in a new built rectory noticed a piece of charred wood over the fire-place. "That," said his host, "is

all that is left of the fine old rectory. It caught fire. We all turned out into the garden in the night and watched the destruction we could not stay. Then it was discovered that the baby was missing. A nursemaid went into the flaming house and saved him. You saw the boy to-day, but not his rescuer; the girl died of her burns. That bit of wood is her memorial."

Who thinks of anything in that true story but just the heroic act? Romance would spoil it.

Yet such acts do gather a fresh beauty in their telling if the right teller happens to touch them. That is how the beauty of poetry is continually being added to the heritage of mind. Poetry is not history, rhetoric, music; it depends not on form and fashion old or new. It is creation by the word, the right word, the divine word, truth.

Sometimes it seems as though the young generation of to-day were wilfully abandoning beauty, even debauching art and letters with sheer ugliness. Be persuaded that it is not so. There is rebellion against the prudery and even hypocrisy of their predecessors. It is a fever that will cool. Yet it still remains true that only the pure in heart shall see GOD, and another certain truth will certainly prevail again, that seeing GOD is the only way of seeing beauty. The poetic beauty of the Word does kindle hope that one old fashion may revive.

By all means let it be in new form, less rigid,

less fanciful, wiser and more full of wonder; but let that grace of scholarship revive—enjoyment of the Bible. In that collected literature, so penetrating and direct, the very principle of beauty is exemplified: rhetoric yielding to humaner truth. The children's tales, the purple glories of the Prophets, yield place to the Gospels; and (more worthy still of musing) the lilies of the field and the gentleness of JESUS are overwhelmed by the Passion and Resurrection. Thence springs the Christian doctrine of the SPIRIT, the mystery of the Word made Flesh, in Whom is all the beauty of created things, and of the mind of man, and of universal unity in the Godhead. There is no beauty in life equal to that philosophy, and it is within reach of all sorts and conditions of men in all changes and chances of scene and manners:

All things bright and beautiful . . .
All things wise and wonderful,
The LORD GOD made them all.

Common Things in the Life of our Lord

By Gertrude Hollis

I. LIGHT

IT is well sometimes to think about the ordinary circumstances of our Blessed LORD's earthly life, the everyday things He shared with us. Such a study helps us to realize the true humanity and amazing simplicity of that life, how much He lacked that we possess.

Let us think first of artificial light as He must have known it, and how He used it in His teaching.

To us the perfection of lighting, the electricity and gas in our homes, is so much a matter of course that we hardly give it a thought, except in some temporary failure. The light of our LORD's home in Nazareth can only have been a little clay lamp filled with oil which needed replenishing at frequent intervals. Palestine cottages are lighted with such lamps still; they have been found in thousands by explorers.

Artists often represent the Nativity of Bethlehem in a stable ablaze with glory, yet it must have taken place in the semi-darkness of one of these lamps or perhaps a lantern. The shepherds could only dimly have seen "Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger" when they came up from the fields. There is no hint that "the glory of the LORD" shone anywhere except where they had been keeping their night watch. Nor are we told that the Epiphany star shone inside the house.

Think of the long dark evenings in the Nazareth

home, longer even than with us, for there is no gradual twilight in Palestine; night falls with startling suddenness. There would only be the lamp set either in a niche in the wall, or on the stone or wooden stand that is often found still in excavations. JESUS speaks of such a "stand" in

the Sermon on the Mount, saying that the lamp placed on it would give light to "all that are in the house," an indication perhaps that His home was only a single room. "Candles" as we understand the word were unknown; in the Revised Version the word is changed to "lamp."

Even in the daytime an Eastern cottage is very dark inside, often possessing no window at all, and being lighted only from the open door. No firelight supplements the dim light; the hearth is outside and the cooking is done in the open air. The woman of whom JESUS spoke in the parable of the Lost Coin had to light her lamp before she could see to sweep the floor in her

search for it. Quite possibly He had seen our Lady do that very thing.

The household lamp is usually kept burning till dawn as a protection against the perils and dangers of the night, such as thieves and poisonous reptiles and insects.

We may reverently think that perhaps it was the love of moon and star light that made our LORD so often sleep out of doors and say His prayers under the night sky rather than inside the house.



"Even in the daytime an Eastern cottage is very dark inside"

In His teaching Jesus called St. John the Baptist a "lamp"—not a "light" as in the Authorized Version. He was "not the Light" but the Light-bearer through whom the "true Light" shone out.

Our LORD used the lamp in the story of the Ten Virgins as well as in that of the Lost Coin; showing how often the oil needed replenishing. The unmarried friends of the bridegroom were waiting to escort him in procession to the house of his bride. Some of them ran short of oil before midnight and were shut out in consequence.

When JESUS was teaching the need for single-hearted righteousness, He again used the household lamp as an illustration, comparing the eye through which light reaches the body to one and showing how it must be kept filled and clear.

One scene in the Incarnate Life must have been a very revelation of light to those who were allowed to see it. Sunshine, light, glory, whiteness, are the words the sacred writers use in trying to describe what they felt could not be described—the Transfiguration in

the night-darkness on Hermon of the human Body of their Master. Not only His eyes but His whole Body was full of light, shining through His clothes over the holy souls that stood "in the glory," and making even the overshadowing cloud "bright."

The arrest in Gethsemane was made by the light of lanterns and torches carried by his "friend"-led foes. It is St. John the Apostle who thought so much of his Master as "the Light" who remembers this; the other Gospel writers saw only the "swords and staves."

The complete and utter desolation of the Passion came to the human soul of JESUS in the failure, not only of natural, but of spiritual light; the darkness of hell itself fell upon Him when He felt Himself forsaken by GOD.

On Ascension Day He left the world where He had so often known darkness and passed into the land where night can be no more, where no lamp is ever needed and no sunshine ever desired, where "the glory of GOD" is the light and the Lamb Himself is the lamp.

(To be continued)



"The arrest in Gethsemane was made by the light of lanterns and torches"

OVER THE TEACUPS

WARMER weather calls for lighter food, and dishes which are little trouble to prepare.

Here is one for *Minced collops*.—Melt a tablespoonful of butter or beef dripping in a pan, so that the latter is well coated. Then add a pound of minced raw steak, and cook, stirring all the time, till it changes colour. Be careful not to let it form into lumps. Then add half a pint of stock or water, and place in the middle a small onion, half cut through. Simmer for an hour with the lid on. Then add a small cupful of breadcrumbs, and pepper and salt to taste. Stir for a minute, so that the crumbs may absorb all fat, and serve garnished with toast sippets. Poached eggs may be served on the top of the mince.

Picnic roll.—1½ lb. minced steak, ¼ lb. minced ham, 1 egg, a cupful crumbs, 1 tablespoonful ketchup. Mix all ingredients in a basin, beating well with a wooden spoon. Turn out on a floured board and shape into a firm roll free from cracks. Tie in a floured cloth and steam for two hours. When cold coat with brown crumbs, or glaze.

Pineapple cloud.—3 eggs, 2 small lemons, 2 oz. castor sugar, large cup of finely-chopped pineapple, 2 tablespoonfuls powdered gelatine, ½ pint cream, cherries and ratafias to decorate. Separate the yolks and whites, and beat up the yolks, adding the juice and finely-grated rind of the lemons, also the sugar. Cook this mixture over hot water (a double saucepan is best) till it is thick, stirring all the time. Melt

the gelatine in a little hot water and add it with the chopped pineapple to the mixture and allow to cool. Beat up the whites of the eggs very stiffly, also the cream. Before the mixture sets, fold in the frothed white of egg and the cream, saving a little of the latter

for decorating. Pile the mixture in individual glasses, put a blob of cream on the top, and decorate with cherries and ratafias. (Miss E. Chambers, Kingsmead, Orchard Road, Shalford, Surrey.)

PRAYER FOR A HOUSE

LET naught of evil enter here,
Nor adverse fortune seek to try
Your window's latchet. May all fear
And harms pass by.

By trust made firm your walls will hold
You safe within and let you sleep.
And love, though all things else seem cold,
Still warm may keep.

MAY CHRIST walk daily in your home
And give you guidance, strength, and grace,
Whereby each room will them become
A Holy Place.

S. E. Barrington

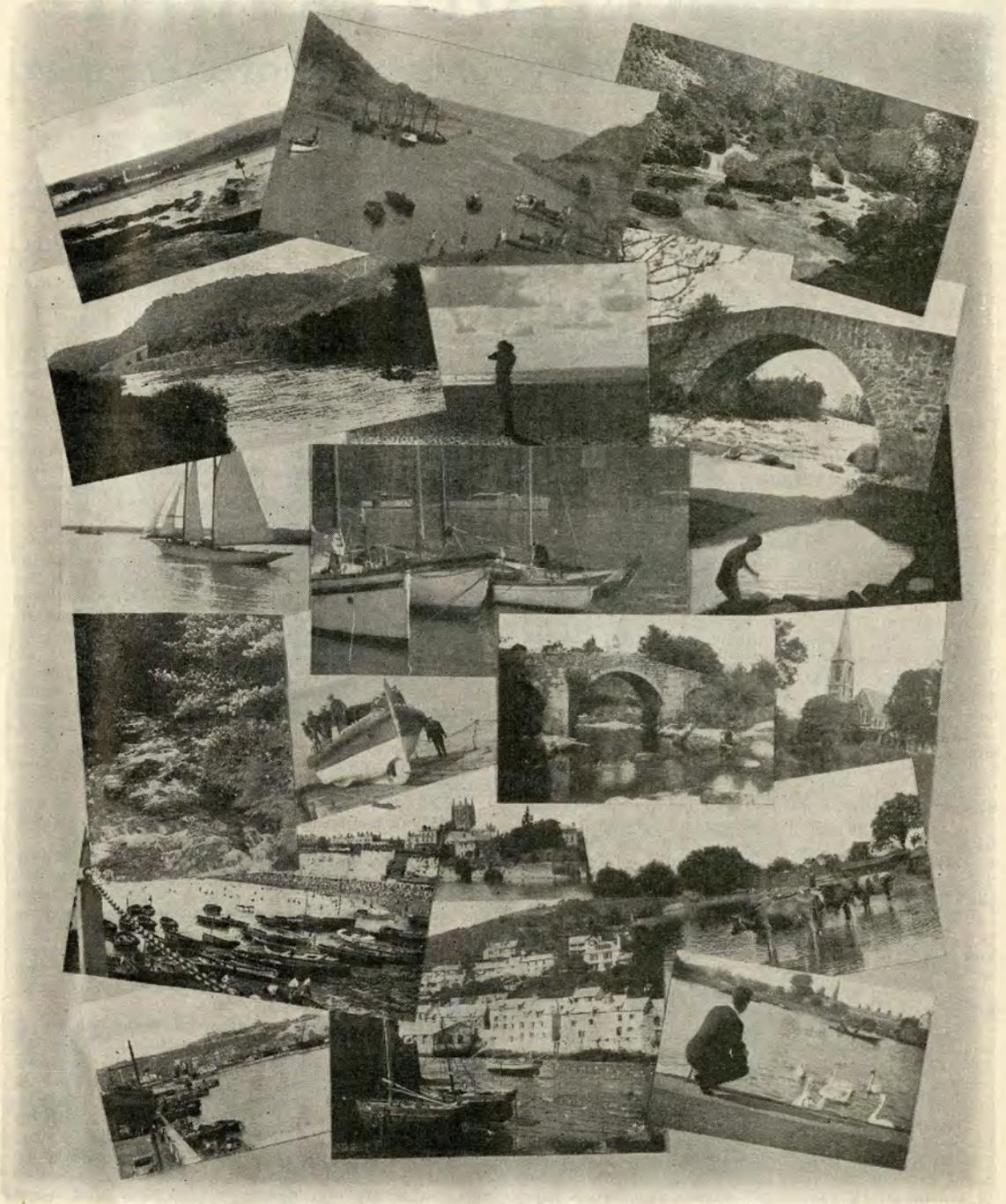
Fingle Bridge (Miss Caswall). The English Church, Copenhagen (P. V. Harris). Broadstairs (Mrs. Homeward). The Wye at Hereford (Miss Leverton). The Wey at Ripley (E. Stevens). Dover Harbour (Miss Barnes). Polperro (W. Parkinson). The Thames at Windsor (Mrs. Bean).

Another set of interesting Competitions will be announced next month.

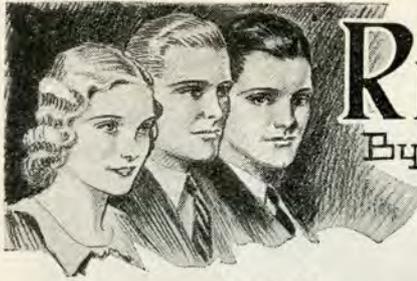
Subjects and senders of photographs on the opposite page:

Mouth of the Dun, Cushendun (Miss Jarman). Polperro Harbour (Miss Wareham). Glen Lynn, Lynmouth (Mrs. Sample). The Wye, near Monmouth (Miss Hincley). On the Sands (Colin Denwood). The Old Bridge (Miss Mackintosh). Yacht off Cowes (Miss Ward). The Esk at Whitby (D. G. Sheldon). The Morning Bath (Miss Hallowell). River Heddon (Miss Akeroyd). The Cromer Lifeboat (Mrs. Bean).

Summer Days



This page is made up of some of the many excellent photographs sent in by our readers for one of our recent competitions. We believe it will recall to others besides the actual senders memories of pleasant holiday experiences at the seaside and in the country.



REPAID IN KIND

By Mrs. Edward Whalley-Tooker

SYNOPSIS

CLIVE ELLESMERE makes the disturbing discovery that he is not, as he 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. Hal, a wastrel, steals a sum of money from the Bank in which both he and Clive work. Clive, 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. On his release from prison, Clive is offered a job in Rhodesia by MR. BROADLEY; but the news of the sudden death of Hal makes him refuse the offer. His first duty is to look after Mrs. Hewart. He is consoled, however, by the knowledge that Peggy returns his love, in spite of her parents' disapproval.

The story continues—

CHAPTER XIII

UNEMPLOYED

AMAZING, the change that a sweet-hearted, normal, healthy-minded, young girl can make in a lonely man's life! After meeting Peggy again, Clive felt perfectly different. Hope flickered once more, however distantly.

He confessed to her something of the way in which he had been living. Answering advertisements all morning, yes, positively all morning. Not able to afford very good notepaper, either, to write on.

"Did you really write as many as twenty letters a day, darling?" demanded Peggy, when one night the two were alone in her little home kitchen, where they loved to sit when the rest of the family gathered in the sitting-room.

"Twenty—sometimes thirty," replied Clive sadly. "I would go along to the Free Library and there note down the particulars of the situations I saw advertised."

"And did you get any answers?" Peggy noticed with anxiety the worn, delicate look he was beginning to develop. She put her hand gently on his brow. "Don't frown, you're beginning to get a fixed scowl," she complained.

"Scowl!" he cried with pretended indignation, as he caught the hand, so deft at its work at hat-making, and kissed it. "You mustn't lecture me, madam, I won't have it yet."

She blushed and drew the hand away. "Did you have any answers?" she continued softly.

"Hardly any. And the stamps I enclosed—O Peggy, how they ate up my money."

"Are you writing any more of these letters?"

"Let me hold your hand, it rests me," was Clive's answer. Then, after a contented pause—"I've been so happy since I found you, I have not tried half so hard, I'm afraid. Yet it's hateful to do nothing while you are at work. The days seem so long. It has been borne in upon me that I haven't an earthly chance of getting work miles and miles away, when there must be so many local men, in every case, against me. And that knocks the heart now out of applying to distant addresses."

"Clive, you want some occupation of a different kind. Are you still getting these dreadful headaches?"

"Not since you appeared on the scene, dearest. But, Peggy, pray that I may soon get some work to do, pray hard."

"I do, my darling. And look here," as a bell rang, "you mustn't be angry, but I've got a surprise for you."

Peggy jumped up out of the old basket chair in which she sat, and ran eagerly along the passage, calling out to her mother, who looked out of the sitting-room door,

"It's all right, Mummy, I expect it's the Vicar."

"You can't ask him into the kitchen."

"Oh, yes, I must, darling; he won't mind. He's coming to see me and Clive." Then as Mrs. Burford protested, Peggy clinched the discussion by throwing open the front door and saying to the tall, dark-haired clergyman who stood there:

"Oh, Mr. Willis, how do you do? How good of you to come! Mother's here, and she wants you to go into the sitting-room. But I want you to come and see Mr. Ellesmere, and we're sitting in the kitchen."

The Vicar looked down gravely at her charming, flushed young face. Peggy had written to him privately about Clive, and had begged him to come in when he could. Apparently he had found time to do so at once, in the midst of all his many activities. An earnest and devout man with much experience of human beings, he had been quick to recognize the real heart-cry in Peggy's little note.

"Mrs. Burford," he said pleasantly, shaking hands with Peggy's mother, "may I be excused from coming in to see you this evening? I'm due in twenty minutes at the Hall. We're having a missionary meeting there."

"My husband is coming round to it," replied Mrs. Burford.

"Well, then we can walk together. But meanwhile, I've come specially to see Peggy's friend. Lead on, Peggy."

And Peggy, beaming, led on into the cosy fire-lit kitchen, where Clive, rather apprehensively, waited. He had lost touch with his church of late, had been too wretched to go, somehow, but he was conscious of his loss.

The priest had a keen, experienced eye. He saw before him the tall, slight figure of a young man who was decidedly under the weather. Clive looked pale, grave, anxious.

But it was a delightful, responsive sort of face that smiled at him, and Mr. Willis immediately felt a great sympathy for its owner. He had heard his story before, from Peggy, and was convinced, from the first searching glance he threw at him, that Clive's imprisonment had been a mistake. This young man, with his straightforward look, could be no thief.

"Ellesmere, I have come to ask if you will give me a hand at our hall with some of the unemployed lads who want carpentering lessons," he said, after a few minutes' talk. "You do carpentering?"

"I should think he does," put in Peggy eagerly. "You should see the splendid little shed he made with his own hands up at the allotments. It beats all the other sheds hollow. He's got tools and everything."

Clive grew white. He had pawned his tools some time ago, with a fearful pang.

"Have you your tools still?"

"They're in pawn, sir," said Clive.

"Then I shall be pleased to get them out for you. We're short of tools, but a kind person in the congregation has made himself responsible for wood. I shall be so much obliged if you will take over the boys. I have been hunting everywhere for a competent man."

"How many are there, sir?"

Clive was interested now, and his face was lit up with life and vitality. He loved teaching, and next to gardening, carpentry was his favourite hobby.

"There are five of them. They turn up every morning, and I've been making pitiful attempts to try and instruct them," said Mr. Willis, smiling. "They're as keen as anything."

"When would you like me to begin?"

"As soon as ever you can. I would be there, of course, to introduce you. Some of the lads have orders from their friends—one boy wants to make a little shoe-stand, one a dog-kennel. Are these things very hard to do?"

Clive's eyes positively danced. "I could easily show them how to do those," he said. "They would be quite reasonable things to start with. Is there much room?"

"Plenty. You will only have the shoemaker's bench, as rival, in the hall; a good many of the boys are busy there. Then, in the room adjoining, there is rug-making. It's a splendid club, but short of workers and teachers."

"As long as I'm without a job you can count on me, sir," said Ellesmere. "But how did you hear of me?" He looked from the radiant girl beside him, up at the tall clergyman with the finely cut, thoughtful face.

"Through Peggy here. May GOD bless you both, and bring you together in His own good time," said Mr. Willis solemnly, and both man and maid felt unspeakably cheered, strengthened, and encouraged by that grave benediction.

CHAPTER XIV

A NEW START

"WHAT is the matter with me?" Clive asked himself one morning about three weeks later, as he tossed and turned in his bed, and heard the church clock chime five.

He had not been able to sleep, and this was his third miserably night.

Jumping out of bed, he staggered to the small gimerack washstand in his very modest little bed-sitting-room, an attic in a cheap house, and sponged his face with cold water.

It was absurd! To be so wretched without work! Was it not the lot of hundreds of men all round about him in the teeming suburb? Why should he, Clive,

feel in any way injured because this dire fate had come upon him? Who was he to escape it?

Getting back to bed, he decided that it was a good thing his own mother had not lived. She would have been so distressed. He was glad, too, that the gentle-hearted Mardie, up in Northampton, did not know that the little job in an office, which he had held temporarily, had disappeared long ago. She was not let into all his secrets.

A happy letter from her about his engagement to Peggy had been full of anxious inquiries as to when they could hope to marry.

He had replied with studied vagueness, not wishing to worry her.

"I'm jolly lucky to have Peggy at all," Clive assured himself for the twentieth time, turning his pillow, and laying a restless head on it. "And jolly lucky, too, to have plenty of work to do up at St. Mark's Hall."

For that carpentering class had been an enormous success. Already Clive was heart and soul in it. The lads were keen and promising, the dog kennel was well under way. It was excellent for both master and scholars, all under this cloud—this cloud of compulsory idleness.

But, all the same, behind everything there gnawed the fear that he would be unable to marry Peggy. The fear that his slender resources would give out altogether. His banking account had sunk as low as £2. 15s. 9d. How well he knew the figures!

Very tactfully Mr. Willis had indicated to him that certain wealthy people in his congregation had made up a fund, which they had handed to him to use, at his discretion, for deserving cases. It

would be possible for Clive to draw a small regular allowance from it if he wished.

But Clive was proud, and though out of work through no fault of his own, he loathed the idea of taking the money.

Would nothing ever happen? He had prayed, he never gave up his prayers. Nor had he given up scanning every daily paper he could see in the Free Library.

He was willing to do anything also, to go anywhere now. His Peggy was game. She would go out with him gladly. But some one else had got that job in Rhodesia. Nothing, simply nothing had happened. And it was getting badly on his nerves. Peggy, noticing it, had become a bit strained too, and her laugh rang rather artificially when they met. They had both instinctively avoided all talk of their marriage for some time.

"Perhaps when we're fifty," Peggy had begun to say. "Oh, there's plenty of time."

"I don't think I shall go to my class to-day," Clive thought to himself later, as he sat, with a throbbing headache, before the meagre, roughly-served breakfast that had been dumped down on a tray.

A black tin tray, a common thick white cup, tea that had obviously stewed for a long time, clumsily cut bread, and a layer of margarine on top. Peggy's gift of a pot of marmalade, of her own making, just redeemed the meal.



"Mr. Willis immediately felt a great sympathy"

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. ******

2646. Why is the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary observed on July 2nd?

The Festival of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin dates from the fifteenth century, but the reason why it was fixed on July 2nd does not appear to be known. The following is the account given of it in Procter and Frere's *History of the Book of Common Prayer*:

"The Visitation seems to be placed on July 2nd so as to be the first day after the Octave of St. John Baptist's Day; a date shortly after Lady Day was undesirable because it would so often fall either in Holy Week or Easter Week."

2647. Where is the motto of the B.B.C., "Nation shall speak peace unto nation," to be found in the Bible?

The words do not occur in any English version of the Bible known to us. It has been suggested that they are intended as a paraphrase of part of the third verse of the fourth chapter of Micah—"Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more"; but we are informed by the B.B.C. that the motto was composed by the late Mr. J. C. Stobart.

2648. Can you give me the original words of two passages?

The prayer you ask about (source unknown) appears in a very beautiful collection entitled *Unto the Perfect Day*, by Miss G. M. Bevan, published by Mary Sumner House, 2s. 6d. The words are:

"Teach us, good LORD, to serve Thee with loyal and steadfast hearts; to give and not to heed the wounds; to toil and not to seek for rest; to labour and not to ask for any reward save that of knowing that we do Thy will."

We do not know where to find the somewhat archaic grace which used to be sung at school-treats. One form ran like this:

"Be present at our table, LORD,
And bless our home and bless our board;
Bless what Thou givest; grant that we
May sup in Paradise with Thee."

When it is used in schools the third line sometimes takes this form:

"Our teachers bless; and grant that we."

There appear to be a number of variations.

2649. May persons who are not members of the Parochial Church Council be present at its meetings?

The Legal Board of the Church Assembly has given its opinion to the effect that persons who are not members of the Council may be admitted to its meetings if the Council gives authority for their admission.

A CHURCHMAN'S NOTE-BOOK

If God so clothe the grass . . . ?

By the change of its will from evil to good the soul has recovered life; spiritual health by the instruction which GOD bestows; stability by the gift of strength; and, lastly, maturity by the gift of wisdom. It remains that it should obtain the gift of beauty—without which it is not able to please Him Who is fairest among the sons of men.

St. Bernard the Great

JULY, 1935

Date THE GREATER FEASTS

- 7, S. Third after Trinity.
- 14, S. Fourth after Trinity.
- 21, S. Fifth after Trinity.
- 22, M. St. Mary Magdalene.
- 25, Th. St. James, A.D.
- 28, S. Sixth after Trinity.



DAYS OF FASTING OR ABSTINENCE

Fridays, 5, 12, 19, 26.



COMMEMORATIONS

- 2, Visitation of the B.V. Mary; 15, Swithun, Bp. of Winchester, c. 862, translated 971; 20, Margaret, V.M. at Antioch in Prisca; 26, Anne, Mother to the B.V. Mary.

2650. Should the magazine account have to pay for the printing of the parish accounts?

The matter could probably be arranged in a friendly manner. Church people ought to take an interest in the financial side of the work of their parish. Therefore it seems to us that the magazine ought to help to increase this interest by circulating the accounts.

And as for the month in question they form part of the magazine as a kind of "supplement" the magazine might well bear at any rate a part of the cost of printing them. On the other hand, if there were no magazine the treasurer would still probably have to have the accounts printed, and therefore we think that part of the cost should fall on the general funds.

Could you not have a friendly discussion with the treasurer on these lines, or, if you cannot agree, refer it to some third party in whom you both have confidence?

2651. Why do Roman Catholics say that our Orders are not valid?

Your question is too large a one to be dealt with in a short answer. You might consult such books as Wake-man's *History of the Church of England* (Rivingtons, 7s. 6d.) or Gore's *Roman Catholic Claims* (Longmans, 4s. 6d.).

At one time Roman Catholics based their objections to the Orders of the English Church on such grounds as the story that Queen Elizabeth herself consecrated bishops in a London tavern. This, which is called "The Nag's Head story," has now been given up by the more reputable Roman Catholic writers, and they have changed their ground to other objections. These also have been fully answered from the English side.

2652. On leaving a Secondary School I should like to become a social worker. What preparation will be necessary?

Your best course would be to talk the matter over with your late head mistress, who, knowing you personally, could no doubt put you in the way of suitably continuing your studies so that when you are a little older you may train for Church work. No training centre for social welfare work would accept you until you are about twenty-three years of age, but meanwhile it may be possible for you to acquire a certain amount of experience in local Church clubs, clinics, or the like.

Your head mistress would know what classes are available locally for you to study such subjects as health, domestic economy, etc., and you would certainly require to work for some qualification in religious knowledge. If she does not recommend your taking any other public examination till you are a little older, you could keep up your reading with the G.F.S. Readers' Union, Townsend House, Greycoat Place, London, S.W.1, or join correspondence classes at St. Christopher's College, Blackheath.

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. Limited, 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1.

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

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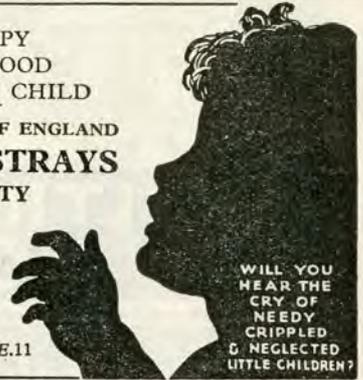
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CANADA'S BIRTHDAY

Canada celebrates this month the sixty-eighth birthday of the Dominion.

A wonderful change has come over the world and especially over this country, since the four Provinces—Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—entered Confederation. In 1869 the Dominion acquired the North-West Territories by purchase from the Hudson's Bay Company and a year later Manitoba came in as a Province. Then in 1871 British Columbia and Prince Edward Island secured admission. In 1905 the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan were formed out of the Territories and admitted into the union. Of those who might be admitted under the British North America Act, Newfoundland alone remains outside.

In these sixty-eight years Canada's population has about trebled, her trade increased more than twenty-fold, millions of dollars have been spent on canals, and billions on railways. A war and a long period of depression have been financed. Wonderful country for development and more wonderful for opportunities!

But Canada must be more than a land of far-stretching distances, wealthy in forests, and mines and streams and agriculture and trade. It must be a land of homes where under wholesome Godly influences are trained future generations, whose controlling ambition shall be to keep this glorious Dominion united by one dominating aim—Service.

On Dominion Day our politicians and citizens of Canada may well remember the great debt we owe our Motherland, from whence has come much that has contributed to our greatness and not least the fine example of her politicians. When all our representatives are filled with the same inspiration and purpose of life as are many English statesmen, then we may confidently look for greatness to develop apace in our Land. Stanley Baldwin, Premier of England, has said. "There is only one thing which I feel is worth giving one's whole strength to, and that is the binding together of all classes of our people in an effort to make life in this country better in every sense of the word. That is the main end and object of my life in politics."

Canada will be great, according to the greatness of her people. She must rise to the conception not of expansion only, but of service. Canada's nationhood will best show itself by service to the nations. Happy Canada when she is peopled with a race of people who can honestly say with Stanley Baldwin:

"I have but one idea, which was an idea that I inherited, and it was the idea of service—service to the people of this country That service

seemed to lead one by way of business and the county council into Parliament, and it has led one through various strange paths to where one is; but the ideal remains the same, because all my life I believed from my heart the words of Browning: 'All service ranks the same with God.' It makes very little difference whether a man is driving a tramcar or sweeping streets, or being Prime Minister, if he only brings to that service everything that is in him and performs it for the sake of mankind."

—Church Messenger.

MORE ABOUT BILLY GREEN

By Fred Williams

The article, "The Boy Hero of Stony Creek," published in this column on June 6, has produced some valuable correspondence. Mr. Ira Green, of Hamilton, writes that he and his brother, Victor P. H. Green, are the only grandsons of the boy who saved a British force and made possible the glorious victory of Stony Creek. The former, who is now 70 years of age, remembers his grandfather clearly and was told by him that he was the first white child born in Stony Creek. Mr. Phillip R. Green, of Stony Creek, a great-grandson of the famous young scout, has in his possession a picture of "Billy", as well as the blade of the sword which he afterwards carried in the remainder of the war.

I am told that the Green family reunion will take place at Niagara Falls on July 1, when, no doubt, there will be considerable talk about the famous "Billy," whose heroism shed such glory on the family of today—a little belated but still worth while—if one can judge by the many expressions of thanks for the publication of the story from other people to whom it was quite new and a worthy addition to our gallery of Canadian heroes.

Perhaps some of the Greens at that reunion may be able to solve a problem which has been put by Miss Pearl Wilson, Sec. of the Kent Historical Society, who wants to know whether the Greens of Stony Creek were the Samuel Green and the Margaret Pettit (daughter of the Hon. Nathaniel Pettit, who came to Upper Canada in 1787 from Sussex County, New Jersey, where he had been a member of the House of Assembly). He brought his wife and seven children with him. He received 2,000 acres of land in Burford Townsend, Ancaster, Grimsby and Aldborough, and was appointed a justice of the peace and a member of the land board for the Nassau district. His family Bible contains data that he was born June 12, 1724, that he was married Feb. 28, 1847, to Margaret (name

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not given). Their children were Andrew, born Feb. 6, 1748; Elizabeth, born Dec. 6, 1750 (she married Peter Runnion); Catherine, born April 17, 1753; Mary, born Feb. 27, 1756; Rachael, born June 20, 1758 (she married Lawrence Lawrason); Abigail, born May 8, 1764 (she married Thomas Wilson), and Margaret, born Sept. 4, 1770, who married Samuel Green. It is uncertain whom Catherine and Mary married. Mother Pettit died Sept. 4, 1770, and Nathaniel passed March 9, 1803, aged "about 78 years, 8 months and 27 days."

Miss Wilson is anxious to get into touch with any person who has, or knows of any document containing the signature of Judge Nathaniel Pettit, either as a member of the first Assembly of Upper Canada or as a member of the Land Board or quarter sessions. Search has been made in the archives, but in vain; it is just possible, however, that some one interested in historical documents may have, or have seen such a signature. Miss Wilson's address is: Kent Historical Society, Chatham.

—Mail and Empire, June 26.

PROBLEMS OF SCRIPTURE
VII.—THE UNPARDONABLE SIN
 By Rev. Ebenezer Scott, M.A., B.D.

The Unpardonable Sin has been a chosen haunt of the morbid imagination, and is associated with grim forms of religious mania.

But the saying of our Lord from which it takes its name had nothing of the occult about it. It was rather self-evident in its immediate application. Jesus had healed a demoniac. A good work had been done and the Pharisees said it had proceeded, not from the fountain of all good, but from the evil one. This was a sin against the Holy Spirit of God, by which they put themselves outside the pale of forgiveness. It meant that good to them was evil, and evil was good. They had turned good and evil upside down. It was impossible for men in such a state even to have a desire after goodness and God, impossible they could repent, and, as consequence, impossible they could be forgiven. The Unpardonable Sin is rather, as in the true rendering of St. Mark's Gospel, "an eternal sin", a sin that subverts the eternal distinctions of right and wrong.

The Bible leaves no region of the moral life unexplored, from Sodom and Gomorrah to the New Jerusalem. Certain monsters of iniquity, such as Nero and the Borgias, stand out as ugly spectres against the black clouds of time. In the Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, we meet with a man who relates his career of debauchery and crime in a callous, matter-of-fact way, making no

fuss about it, till one comes to believe in hell. Robert Louis Stevenson's Master of Ballantrae comes nearer the true portraiture of the Unpardonable Sin than many other attempts of the kind in fiction,—a man with no remnants of a conscience, whose character is one mass of selfishness, who gloats over his sins and crimes, and never feels any pangs of remorse.

Yet, while this saying of our Lord issues an awful warning of the possible development of all sin, no Gospel notes are more melodious and tender than those which accompany it,—“all manner of sins and blasphemy”—other than the deliberate preference of evil to good—“shall be forgiven unto men.” It is man's own fault if his sin ever comes to be unpardonable. God's nature and property is ever to have mercy and to forgive.

—Church Messenger.

DEATHS IN THE PARISH

Enoch Blundell died of heart trouble in the Toronto East General Hospital, aged 88 years. He had been prominently connected with the Sons of England for many years. He was buried in the S.O.E. Plot in St. John's cemetery on June 1st.

Fred J. Smith, of Glenmore Road, died with startling suddenness of coronary thrombosis. He was actively interested in Y.M.C.A. work and had been Secretary of Central Y.M.C.A. for several years.

Marguerite Hamilton, of 349 Waverley Road, died in Muskoka of tumour on the brain. She had been a member of St. John's for several years and was a very capable business woman.

Edward Jennings, of 95 Kipling Avenue, Birch-cliff, was spared to live but one day.

George Bird, of 201 Lee Avenue, a manufacturer's agent, died of coronary thrombosis at his own home. He was a brother of Mrs. W. J. Armstrong, of Bellfair Avenue.

Patricia Keachie, the child of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Keachie, of Lockwood Road, died in the Sick Children's Hospital, aged 3 months.

Dr. J. E. Bond, of 555 Broadview Avenue, died in St. Michael's Hospital and was buried in St. John's Cemetery.

Albert James Ashbridge, of 1400 Queen Street East, died in Hamilton, of cardiac trouble. He was a trainer for the McLaughlin stable. His wife predeceased him a few years ago.

Mrs. Sarah Ingram died suddenly at the residence of her son in law, Mr. F. Holmes, 295 Kingswood Avenue. She was the mother of Mr. Owen G. Ingram, of Kingston Road.

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TUESDAY, JULY 23rd

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"ALL THINGS ARE YOURS"

It is our imitation of Jesus that matters, not the mode of our communion with Him. Yet for those who find Him as He has come to me, the splendour of the discovery can hardly be overestimated. To have known God vaguely but very really in nature and humanity, and then to discover Him translated into a human comrade, is to find awe quickened into devotion, and reverence into love. The Eternal may stir me in certain moods and certain elements of my being: Only love of person for person can possess me entire. Art, reason, virtue, these appeal to particular functions: A friend, a lover, affects every fibre as my whole self goes out freely in response. If it be true that it is through relationship with others that we achieve personality, and that the quality of our friends determines our own, then the comradeship of Jesus should lift and integrate our nature as nothing else could do. And if in love we become what we love, and if Jesus be for us God, then indeed to love Him is to become in some sort divine. . . .

Those who follow Jesus and find in Him an eternal relationship with reality are free to live with a zest that never wearies and a spontaneity that is never mechanical. Every day is a revelation of new aspects of His love. They are perpetually discovering in nature, in humanity, in the events of time and space, fresh sacraments of His presence. They confront the world with the wonder and creativeness of a child, and they solve its problems and surmount its trials, not by obeying the appropriate regulation, but with the immediate and inevitable naturalness of one who in the light of His love can do no other. Such men are masters of their fate, captains of their souls, free and full-grown; for they are the servants of reality, living eternally. I had found the evidence of such men in the letters of St. Paul, in certain of the documents of the Early Church,

in the inscriptions of the Catacombs, in the records of the martyrs. Here in the love of the living Jesus was the secret of the gaiety, the fortitude, the power of His disciples. "Blessed are the meek," said Jesus, "for they shall inherit the earth," and "Whosoever loseth his life for my sake, shall find it." "All things are yours," said His apostle, "for ye are Christ's and Christ is God's."
—Charles R. Raven.

NOTES

The Church School changed to the morning instead of afternoon session on June 2nd.

June, as usual, was a month of weddings, there being eighteen in all. On the last Saturday there were no less than six.

The Oddfellows attended Church in goodly numbers on Sunday afternoon, June 3rd. Archdeacon Fotheringham addressed them.

The Scouts held a splendid Banquet in the Parish House on Monday June 10th. Prizes and badges were afterwards presented. Archdeacon Fotheringham was the guest speaker. The Woman's Auxiliary to the Scouts have helped the troop greatly.

Expensive improvements are being made in the North end section of the Cemetery. The long valley which was too low for use has been filled in and reclaimed. Some ten extra acres of land will be available for cemetery purposes. It will improve the cemetery greatly and provide burial facilities for many years.

The Rector, as Chaplain to the Toronto Scottish, visited the Battalion on the Sunday before the holiday and held a Drum Head Service. The Battalion were quartered in the Exhibition Park which is also the Tourist Camp, and afforded excellent facilities for the purposes needed. The Toronto Scottish ranks very high in the militia standing.

On Sunday afternoon, June 16th, some 200 members of the 75th Battalion, C.E.F., attended Church. This was the Battalion with which the Rector served overseas. The Service marked the 20th Anniversary of the formation of the Battalion and time has thinned the ranks.

The Rector addressed the officers and men present and congratulated them on the splendid record of the Battalion overseas.

A window in the Church recalled the fact that 1082 officers, N.C.O.'s and men made the supreme

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sacrifice. He also congratulated them on the splendid success of the Toronto Scottish Battalion, then successors in the Canadian Militia Last Post, their Lament and Reveille were played at the conclusion of the Service.

WARDEN'S REPORT—JUNE 30, 1935

Receipts

8 a.m. Communion	\$ 31.42
Envelopes	271.29
Open	223.64
Missions	100.37
Alms Box:	
Missions	10.50
Poor Fund	10.30
Flowers (Altar)	4.50
Oddfellows Service	19.30
Sons of England, Lodge Cambridge	23.22
Confirmation—Thanksgiving	5.00
75th Battalion Service	18.38
Miss Harvey—Recital	15.05
	\$732.97

Disbursements

Stipends and Salaries	\$444.99
Gas, Electric and Phone	33.51
Coal	21.42
Stamps	3.00
Presentation to Canon Baynes-Reed	65.27
Sons of England, Lodge Cambridge	11.60
	\$579.79

PARISH HOUSE BUILDING FUND

To balance as at May 31	\$1,296.54	
Rentals	94.27	
Synod—Endowment Interest	15.44	
By Repairs, etc.	17.74	
Provincial Treasurer	10.00	
Balance	1,378.51	
	\$1406.25	\$1406.25

Baptisms

June 2—Ronald Ernest Ridgway, Noreen Shirley Halls, Lois May Askew, Joan Elizabeth Askew.
 June 8—Clifford James Manning.
 June 9—Barbara Joan Manning, Doreen Eleanor Everingham, Eric Frederick Humphrys, Robert James Humphrys, Carol Ann Hirst, Ronald Dawson Hand, Ruth Florence Hand.
 June 16—Leonard George Milner, Marjory Rose Smith, Robert William Davis.
 June 26—Evelyn Betty Lou Coultas.
 June 30—Sydney George Louis Pink, George Roland Edwards, Dorothy Mae Lorraine Gill.

Marriages

June 3—Robert Mather and Margaret Richards.
 June 4—Frank Stevens and Ethel Violet Myrtle Lefever.
 June 5—Charles Irwin Baker and Evelyn Hamlett.
 June 6—Edwin Allan Peaker and Verna Irene Holman.
 June 15—William Bellingham and Roma Kathleen Mayberry.
 June 18—James Milson and Myrtle Davina Geldart.
 June 18—Ralph Edward Riley and Evelyn Bernice Francis.
 June 19—Gordon Louis Saunders and Eileen Estelle MacGee.
 June 21—Arthur Hodges and Ida Florence Wardhaugh.
 June 22—Harvey Edward McLaughlin and Henrietta Turner.
 June 26—Donald Edmund Benning and Grace Constance Mary Moss.
 June 28—Harold John Hancox and Nellie Wooton.
 June 29—Victor Wood and Dorothy Eva Johnson.
 June 29—Joseph Henry Clarke and Honoria Marjorie Over.
 June 29—Frank Miranda and Julia Emily Archer.
 June 29—Albert Jacob Anderson and Minnie Emily Godden.
 June 29—James Arthur Chalmers and Grace Kennedy Harkness.
 June 29—Wallace James Davies and Mary Violet Ramsden.

Burials

June 1—Enoch Blundell88 years
 June 7—Fred J. Smith57 years
 June 8—Marguerite Hamilton31 years
 June 8—Edward Jennings1 day
 June 10—George Bird56 years
 June 13—Patricia Keachie 3 months
 June 15—James Ernest Bond45 years
 June 19—Albert James Ashbridge69 years
 June 27—Sarah Ingram85 years
 Total interments in Cemetery for June74

Cambridge Lodge, Sons of England and other visiting Lodges attended Church on Sunday, June 9th, and afterwards held a Decoration Service at the S.O.E. monument in the Cemetery. It was the most successful service for some years.

The Rector, who is Supreme Councillor of the Order, addressed them.

Mrs. Dunham wishes to thank all who helped to make her tea a success. A sum of \$23.50 was made and divided between the Altar Flower Fund and the Fancy Work Booth.

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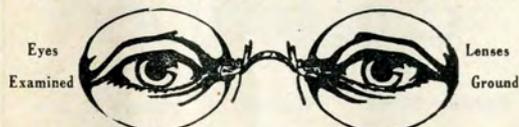
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