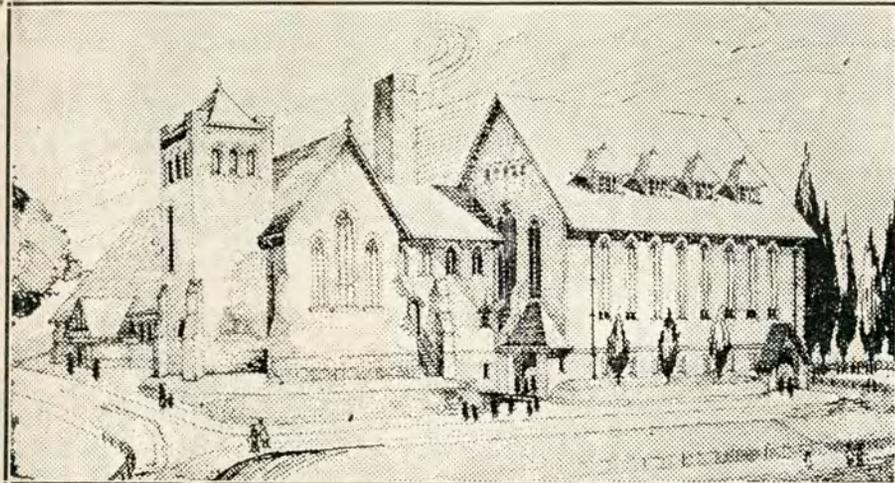


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Church of St. John the Baptist, Norway, Kingston Road and Woodbine Avenue.

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HOLY COMMUNION:—Every Sunday at 8 a.m.
1st and 3rd Sundays in each month at 11
a.m. Every Thursday (with special inter-
cessions for the sick) at 10.30 a.m.

HOLY BAPTISM:—Every Sunday at 4 p.m.

CHURCHING:—After Baptism or by appoint-
ment.

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

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

SUNDAY SCHOOL:—Sunday at 3 p.m.

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

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St. John's Parish Monthly

Editor—THE RECTOR

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

Volume 14

FEBRUARY, 1936

No. 160

Rector's Letter

The Rectory,
February, 1936.

Dear Brethren:

The great event of the month, of course, was the sudden illness and passing away of our be-

the strain that it must have been to him and to receive such a wonderful demonstration from the people of their esteem for him. After all, he was only human and the appreciation expressed by his people was a great joy to him.

He did not shirk the office of King thrust on him by the death of his elder brother, but worked and the office of King is no sinecure, hard work.

essions of sympathy at his death from ions were surprising. The tributes ca were really wonderful. The fact rican Congress closing for the day of was a gesture that was unmistakable royal death may draw the English- peoples closer together, perhaps even icans learn to appreciate real dem- wish to have a King of their own. will make for a better understanding ropean nations. God grant it.

if we can appreciate too, the world- s and sympathies that went up for the Christian Churches, Jewish Synagog- Temples, and from every conceivable form of worship in which the finite tries to approach the infinite? How universal it was. Verily, I say, a unique event in the history of the world.

We followed the course of the King's funeral over the radio, we honoured him with all due respect through crowded congregations in our own Church, and all that was mortal of him was laid away in a grave where King and Commoner are all on the same basis.

We turned up the entry in our old service record books and found the entry where we had performed similar services for Edward VII and Queen Victoria.

The King is dead, long live the King. Gladly we welcome Edward VIII, the Prince charming. We have seen him, and have known him, we have loved him. He is a citizen of our own country through his ranch in the West. He is known through the length and breadth of the Empire. He inherits all the traditions of the Royal Family and maintains and practises them. He has pledged himself to serve the people. We pledge our selves to serve him. God Save the King!

Ever your friend and Rector,

W. L. BAYNES-REED

St. John's Parish Monthly

Your subscription of *1.00* for the Parish Monthly is now due.

Subscription expires with the *Oct. 1935* issue. All subscriptions are paid in advance.

of his kindly interest in everything that concerned his people, of his entering into their joys and sorrows, of his devotion to his family, of his visits to the Front in war time to cheer on his troops in their strenuous task, of his personal sacrifice during war time to share the common burdens, of his kindly letters of sympathy to the friends of those killed and wounded in the Great War, of his sincere Christian life—we knew all this but more than this he seemed closer to us because we had listened to his voice over the radio, we had heard his kindly messages to his people in our own homes.

And the people's regret was sincerely genuine. It was a personal loss.

His reign had not been an easy one. The changing condition of the times, and the war, and its aftermath required great wisdom and real diplomacy, yet he emerged from it all more closely enthroned in the hearts of his people than ever before.

When we recall his very serious illness of a few years ago, and how wonderfully his life was preserved, it really was remarkable that he should have gone through the Jubilee of his reign with all

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MOTHERS' SOCIETY

The Mothers' Society held their first meeting for the year on January 9th, when the Rector gave the opening address. Our motto for the year is to be "Believe in Him and He will help thee; order thy way aright and trust in Him." Twenty-four members were present.

On January 16th Miss Shotter was with us and read the first chapter of a book by Henry Van Dyke: "The Story of the Other Wise Man." We are to finish the story at another time. Forty-one members were present.

On January 20th we held our Annual Supper, which was much saddened by the announcement by the Rector of the death of our beloved King George V. This announcement was made just as we sat down to supper. The Rector said a prayer for the King who had passed away and one for our new King Edward VIII, asking that God would guide him aright and help him to do his duty toward the Empire and give him strength to carry on. We went ahead with our supper as it was thought the late King would have liked us to do so. The only speech was a short one by the Rector. After supper we all moved into the Ladies' Parlour and played games, etc. The Rector and Mr. Turff can bear witness to the fact that the Mothers' had an enjoyable evening.

On January 27th the Secretary read the report for the year 1935. This report was very favourably received. We consider the work of the Mothers' Society very necessary indeed to the Parish.

At our meeting on January 30th we had as speaker, Miss Henderson, from the Deaconess House, who spoke from St. John, chapter 3, verse 16: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." The address was thoroughly enjoyed by every one of the thirty-eight members present and we are eagerly looking forward to having Miss Henderson with us again soon.

The love and sympathy of the members of our Society goes out to Mrs. Button, on the passing away of her dear son Charles, who was well-known by all our older members.

ECCLESIA GIRLS' BIBLE CLASS

This month the class has been addressed by two guest speakers. On January 19th we had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. W. R. Jackson from the Women's College Hospital. Our donation to the Hospital will be used in the purchasing of an electric clock for one of the public wards.

The following Sunday, Captain Mason of the Church Army gave a very interesting talk on the work which is being done at Carlisle House. The girls are now busy filling a large bag with useful

gifts and are having a jam and preserve shower for the cupboard at Carlisle House.

One of the members of the class is in need of a sewing machine. Mrs. Saxon (GR. 1779) will be pleased to give information to anyone able to help.

There are several girls in the class who would like employment. If anyone could provide work would they please telephone Mrs. Saxon.

We wish to thank the Advisory Board for the extra supply of chairs. The girls have been coming out splendidly every Sunday and we were very pleased to get more chairs as we have been needing them for some time.

CHANCEL GUILD, 1935

Some of the Chancel Guild members meet every week to clean the Chancel and polish the brass.

The flowers are supplied by members of the congregation and also different organizations, in loving memory of departed relatives and friends.

A compartment in the alms box at the Church door enables anyone to help. We would be glad of help during the Winter.

ST. JOHN'S (NORWAY) CHOIR

Looking over the year of 1935 the financial condition of the Choir is in a very satisfactory state, enabling a balance of \$20.28 to be brought forward to 1936. The amount expended in renewal of music, psalters, etc., accounted for \$22.00 and this expense we were enabled to meet out of revenue derived from subscriptions, donations from the Sons and Daughters of Ireland, on the occasion of rendering them assistance at their service, held at the Cenotaph, and from the balance derived from our Annual Choir Outing. The outlay for music is quite a consideration, especially when a membership such as we have at St. John's has to be provided with music, which, like other things, wears out, and this remark is applicable to our vestments which in many instances are more holy than righteous, and are in dire need of missionary work.

We of St. John's recently formed a link in that chain of affection and admiration which encircled the world, mourning the passing of a great character, King George, who by his simpleness of life, despite his high calling and responsibility in ruling, had endeared himself to all. One has only to recall his message at Christmas to realize why he held the love and affection of his peoples.

The solemnity of the Memorial Service was emphasized by the furnishing of the Chancel. The altar draped with purple, devoid of all ornamentation, save the Altar Cross and Prayer Book Rest, on the north side on the Credence a framed por-

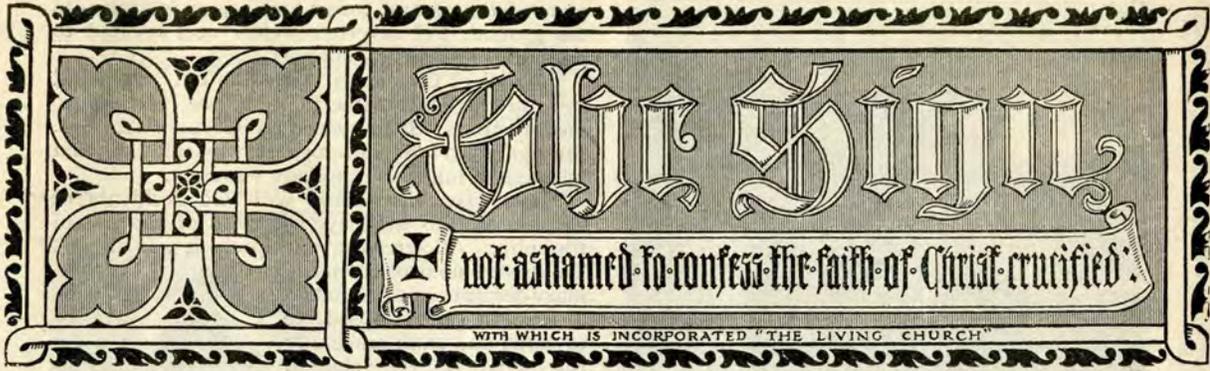
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Befriending Our Cathedrals

By George Tremaine

YOUTH is coming to the rescue of our great cathedrals. This movement of recent growth is one of which the nation may well be proud. Seven years ago a body of young people styling themselves the "Friends of Canterbury Cathedral" banded together to raise funds, by collecting and various enterprises, to assist the work of restoration in the cathedral church of the diocese.

Other cathedrals have followed their lead. The "Friends of York Minster," for example, have been instrumental in restoring some of the lovely old stained glass in the Minster, and now the various organizations, united under the general title of "Friends of the Cathedrals," represent a steadily increasing movement.

Few people realize the tremendous responsibility which is laid upon those in charge of our ancient cathedrals, and the shifts to which they are put to find money to carry out the necessary repairs. The truth is that many of these mighty buildings, so imposing in their sweep of nave and majesty of clustered piers, are just tottering veterans whose condition gives continual cause for uneasiness.

They have been exposed to a thousand assaults—ravaged by fire, defaced by fanaticism, damaged by falling masonry, some, such as Lincoln, rent in twain by earthquake. The problems which face our present authorities, however, are more serious

because they are fundamental and less easily repaired.

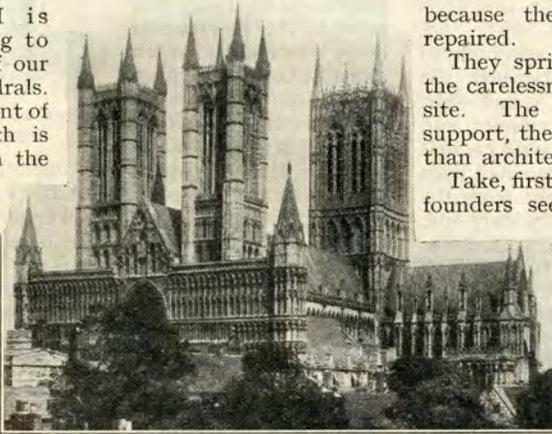
They spring mainly from two causes. One is the carelessness of the founders in the choice of a site. The other is miscalculation of weight support, the fault of men who were greater artists than architects.

Take, first, the question of site. Those primitive founders seemed to be so intent on the noble edifice they proposed to raise that they never sought to ascertain whether the soil was capable of sustaining the mighty mass of stone.

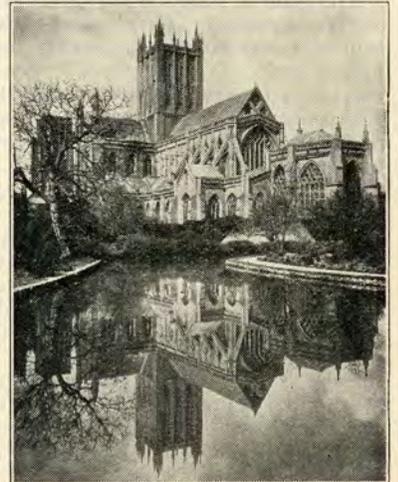
Bishop Poore, for instance, in his selection of a site for Salisbury, is said to have followed the promptings of a dream. Certainly he cannot have inspected the actual territory when the work was begun. Consequently, the cathedral stands

on a spongy morass, giving cause for permanent anxiety. One of Bishop Poore's successors described the site of Salisbury as "the sink of the Wiltshire plain," and this is literally the natural function it fulfils.

Unfortunately, Salisbury is not an isolated case. Not so



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WELLS CATHEDRAL IN A CIRCLE OF POOLS
(F. Frith & Co.)

Jesus Christ—The Way, The Truth, The Life

By the Right Rev. Walter Carey, D.D.

I

JESUS CHRIST THE WAY



THE RIGHT REV.
WALTER CAREY, D.D.
(Press Portrait Bureau)

I AM writing this at a time when wars, and rumours of wars, are in the air, and our LORD told us specifically that we were not to be surprised if it was so. This world, He warned us, was largely under the dominion of the Prince of Darkness, and therefore we were not to lay up treasure on earth where moth and rust corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal our peace from us. We were to lay up treasure in heaven where thieves are not permitted.

I am writing for ordinary people like myself who live, perhaps foolishly, under the shadow of a great disappointment. We dreamt our dreams, and built up hopes of a better world, where kindness should prevail, and suspicion die, and all would care for each and each would care for all.

But we have seen that dream shattered, those hopes unfulfilled. Sometimes, although we must still work for it and pray for it, we almost despair of a reasonable and kindly world.

More and more our hopes are pushed forward to a beyond, to an elsewhere, to which JESUS pointed us; and our religion, though we honestly try to practise it here, not only in our personal lives but to help build a Christian world, centres more earnestly on the Golden City, the City made without hands, the Heavenly City of our hopes and dreams.

To-day by necessity a Christian is one who, under GOD and in CHRIST, dreams of and hopes for a better world, a home of the love and joy and peace which are snatched from us here.

Why do we believe that such a better world exists? If our hope cheats us here, why not there? Now this question goes very deep into our souls, for there comes a final choice to us all in these matters.

There are some who despair, who give up all hope, who "Waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear" as Matthew Arnold puts it. But others of us will not have it so. There is something in most human hearts that refuses to believe that frustration and unfulfilment are the end of life. Whence comes this deathless hope and instinct in human hearts of the ultimate fulfilment of life in peace and joy and love? It is on too big a scale to have been invented. It was there with

Socrates; it was there with primeval man, and though it was largely confined to earthly conditions with the ancient Jews yet even among them it kept emerging. "When I wake up after Thy likeness I shall be satisfied with it."

There is something in man, then, which in spite of earthly frustration persists in clinging to the eternal hope.

"O yet we trust that, somehow, good
Shall be the final goal of ill."

And Christians are emphatically among those who trust this instinct which they assert could never have been there unless it was going to be fulfilled. Animals never long for perfection, we can't imagine them doing so, but men do. Why? Because the instinct guarantees the fulfilment, or else all life is a futile dream; and that I will not believe.

But Christians believe that they will and can go on to perfection for another reason.

They believe the word of CHRIST: "In My FATHER'S house are many mansions (abiding places), if it were not so I would have told you: I go to prepare a place for you."

To a Christian the word of CHRIST is the final word. We may sometimes doubt whether some particular word of CHRIST is inevitably accurately reported, but the whole tenour and trend of His teaching is for Christians the substance of their faith.

And CHRIST not only promised eternal life (something much more than immortality) to those who were worthy of it, but He offered Himself as the Way to perfection, the Way to GOD. That is to say, if we were in CHRIST, we were on (or in) the Way to GOD.

That is why Christian instinct has always insisted that eternal life means a real union with CHRIST, a real partaking of the life of CHRIST. We are to share the fortunes, the future, the very life, of CHRIST Himself as members of His Body, the Church. That sharing of His life is mediated by our faith. It is GOD-given, and by His grace bestowed.

It involves every kind of union possible with CHRIST, belief, hope, trust, faith, sacramental grace, love, and confidence. We are regenerated by baptism, we are in conscious alliance with Him by conversion, we live our lives by His Word and by His rules.

We hope to find our perfection within the Life of Perfection Himself, that is, GOD; but the revealed Way to GOD is CHRIST in Whom we still utterly hope though the world may sometimes be dark and forlorn.

a woman to come in once a week to do the washing. Perhaps you can't afford all this?"

"And if I can't?"

"I must get a job elsewhere. You know by this time that I could easily get a daily post where I could leave every day after cooking the dinner; and then I should have my afternoons free. Honestly, I would rather stay with you, because if I took this other job I should have to wait to begin my training until I had saved enough to pay my fees, whereas if I stay here, you might advance it."

Miss Trueman began to argue. She tried many ways of twisting out of the proposed bargain. But she knew from the first that the contest was unequal, because she greatly needed the little girl who faced her so inflexibly, whereas the little girl was apparently both able and willing to fend for herself.

As the week went on they had many arguments, but point by point Miss Trueman lost ground; until at last all was conceded, the money for Delia's fees actually advanced, and she was able to write and tell her father that she had secured her training and was to start at once.

CHAPTER IV

ANNE LOCKYER

THE girls at the Wenley Hill Professional Training College were a lively lot, but Delia did not find them particularly friendly. It is said nowadays that young men are so scarce that girls try not to make friends of their own sex, lest their "boy friend" be coaxed away from them.

This may or may not be true; but Delia was not the type of girl who attracts male notice. She was no talker, she did not make up her face, she did not wear exceptionally high heels nor the latest caricature of a hat. After a few days, during which the girls at the College doubtless "took stock" of the newcomer, a rather pretty, slim girl named Anne Lockyer joined her as they came out together and seemed inclined to be chatty.

"You don't live in Wenley Hill, do you?" she began, and when Delia had assured her that she did she said in a wondering kind of way, "Well, but I've never seen you."

"Surely you don't know everybody in this great place?" asked Delia, frankly astonished.

"Well, mostly I do. I was born here. My father is Lockyer, the estate agent—you see his name on all the 'To Let' boards everywhere—but he doesn't live here any longer though his business is here. He's taken a pretty house out at Angate by the river, and I go home for week-ends."

"How jolly!" said Delia rather enviously, and the two girls fell into talk; Delia in reply to somewhat

severe questioning revealing the fact that she lived in Inkerman Road.

"Oh, that awful place!" cried Anne in tones of sharp disfavour. "I boarded there for a few weeks when first Dad and Mum moved out to Angate. Boarded with an old she-wolf called Meek. She's a terror if you like! Calls her place Jollity Lodge! I suppose you don't by any chance board with her?"

"No, I don't."

"No, she wouldn't have any use for you. She prefers the boys, and a few girls, if they're really smart, just to make the place attractive. My Dad and Mum didn't like the set she had there, so they wouldn't let me stay. But there was one boy that I did like, and I wondered whether you could by any chance tell me if he's still there?"

Delia said she was such a newcomer that she knew hardly any of the neighbours by sight. She also owned

that she had met Mrs. Meek and disliked her. "I'm a good deal tied," she confessed. "I only go out of a morning to do the marketing; I live with my old Auntie and don't get much time off."

"I expect not. I should hate that," said Anne frankly. Then she began to talk of herself, confiding to her new friend that her real name was Lilian but that she never divulged this awful fact to any one, except in strict confidence. "Lilian! Did any one ever hear of anything so stuffy! 'Airy fairy Lilian!'

Wouldn't the boys make fun if they knew? But I always sign 'Anne,' so nobody knows."

As Delia and she had been acquainted for about half an hour when this confidence was made, Delia thought she could sum up the young lady in a few words. However, Anne was gay and very nice to look at—if she would have refrained from lip-stick—and she was some one to talk to.

Their way home took them past St. Clement's Church, which Delia had already visited. As they went by, a stream of youths and girls was just emerging from a building that looked like a parish room, next door. They were shouting and laughing with a tall, lean clergyman who was shooing them out and fastening the door behind them. Several of them greeted Anne Lockyer, and the parson himself cried out, "Hullo, Anne! Thought you were lost. Was just considering asking the wireless to broadcast you as missing."

He stopped and shook hands, with a kindly glance at Delia. "One of your College friends?" he asked.

"Yes, Delia Trueman—she's a newcomer," said Anne, and at once proceeded to tell him all she knew about her new acquaintance.



"Hullo, Anne!" the parson cried out, "I thought you were lost."

"Ah, yes, I know Miss Trueman," said Mr. Dale, with a twinkle in his keen, grey eyes. "Bit of a hard nut to crack, isn't she?" he asked, smiling at Delia. "Well, we miss our Anne. Those folks you just now saw were the members of my dramatic society, and Anne was one of them until she took to going away every week-end. Why don't you still come over on Sunday afternoons—eh, Anne?"

Anne looked rather confused. "Well, you see, there's such a lot to do at home on Sunday afternoons, people come, and we go on the river——"

"O Anne, Anne, surely not in November! That's very thin. Think of a better excuse than that. Well, we shall have to enlist your young friend in your place." He talked pleasantly for another minute or two, then ran off, promising to call on Miss Trueman at some hour when he was likely to find Delia at home.

"Oh, he's one of the best," said Anne warmly. "People around here would do anything for him, especially my Dad; but I can't tell you about it now because I am just twittering with excitement. Like an idiot, I never connected you with old Miss Trueman. You surely don't live at Medina Villa, do you?"

Delia replied that she most certainly did.

"With the mad old lady? The miser of Inkerman Road?"

"My Aunt is certainly not mad," said Delia indignantly. "Who told you she was?"

"Why, old Meek of course. But for years I've heard of her, she is the talk of Wenley Hill; the rich old lady in the Mystery Villa! They say she keeps her whole fortune there in the house, packets and packets of bank notes in trunks, and the house is haunted——"

"Anne, Anne, how can you possibly talk such nonsense? Miss Trueman isn't mad. She is perhaps a bit of a miser, but certainly she has no wealth hidden in her house. And as to it's being haunted—well, I've been there a month and I've never seen a ghost——"

"Or heard one?" asked Anne, obviously much disappointed.

"Or heard one. Do you say Mrs. Meek told you all this stuff?"

"Oh no, not all of it; every one in Wenley Hill talks of your aunt. She's well known because no maid will stay with her. Why, one of them rushed out into Inkerman Road in the night screaming for fear of the ghost, and refused to go back again! And the Registry Office people said they would not send any more girls to Medina Villa, so the old lady engaged one from a distance. She only stayed forty-eight hours."

"It's awfully exaggerated," Delia told her with calmness. "It is true she can't keep a maid, but that is because she doesn't give them enough to eat. It isn't a comfortable place, no doubt, and you know in these days no girl will stay where she isn't comfortable. But she is quite an ordinary old lady and the house is nothing worse than dreary; no electric light, of course, no telephone, and locked up like an ancient castle."

"Yes, the wretched girls couldn't get out of the front gate unless she unlocked it for them."

"Well, don't you see that that of itself would be enough to give the place a bad name? But, you know, I hardly wonder that an old lady living there alone should be a bit nervous, because there is no house on the far side, only waste ground, and if any one did get in, you might shriek for help but nobody could hear. However, there is no reason why any one should want to get in, for I can assure you that the story of the money is just wild nonsense. Aunt

Charlotte keeps what money she has—I don't think it's much—in the bank like anybody else. She drew a cheque to pay my fees here, so I know."

"Well, I think you're a bold girl to live there. My father declares he believes the old lady was alive at the time of the Crimean War when the house was built."

Delia chuckled. "I know what your father means. She does look like that. I know she was born in the house and has lived there all her life; growing every year more narrow and more lonely, I suppose."

"Well, don't you go and follow her example," cried Anne gaily. "I must tell my Dad about you, I know he'll be interested. You will have to come over with me to Angate some Saturday or Sunday; it only costs a shilling return in the Silver Grey bus."

"It sounds very tempting," agreed Delia, "only don't suggest it yet awhile, I must give all my time to my old lady; but it's very kind of you to think of asking me. Of course I don't know a soul round here."

"Well, I've done you one good turn, introduced you to the Vicar. If you get mixed up with his lot you'll soon have plenty of friends; they are a festive crowd, I assure you. Now I must run, or I shall be late for supper at my boarding-house."

CHAPTER V

AUNT CHARLOTTE IN MISCHIEF

IT was very dark that evening as Delia turned into the melancholy road which led homewards.

She was tired, for her housework and her College work combined left her no leisure. She was thinking that she would be forced to indulge in a pennyworth of tram these dark, cold nights, so as to save her legs and reach home a quarter of an hour sooner.

She was not kept waiting when she had once pulled the old bell-drop. No sooner had the tinkle sounded than she heard the tottering footsteps coming down the frozen path.

"O Auntie," said she when they were indoors, "I do feel so bad about your having to come out in this weather to let me in. Why don't you have a Yale lock fitted and two keys made, one for me and one for you, so that I could let myself in? They are such handy little things, you can keep them in your purse, not like this huge key that looks as if it had been made for a gaol."

As she fully expected, Miss Trueman angrily rejected this suggestion, as she always refused any new idea when it was presented to her for the first time. "Unnecessary expense at every turn," she fretted.

Delia only laughed. She usually encountered depression and ill-temper when she got home, because the old woman was lonely and unoccupied. By the time a savoury casserole had been extracted from the oven, supper laid, and they had taken their places at table, the frozen old heart began to thaw; and presently the new cook was complimented on the good flavour of the simple dish.

"Plenty of time, cook slowly, that's the only secret. Glad you like it. And I've got a bit of news for you. A girl spoke to me to-day as we came out from class. She says her name is Anne Lockyer; we walked home together."

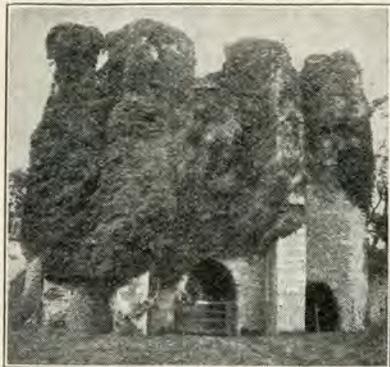
Miss Trueman displayed signs of vivid interest. "Never Anne Lockyer the house-agent's daughter? Why, her father's one of the richest men in Wenley Hill."

(To be continued)

A Forgotten Saint

The Story of St. Radegund

✦ By A. G. B. Buchanan



RUINS OF ST. RADEGUND'S ABBEY
(Lambert, Weston & Son)

Radegund was the daughter of Berthaire, King of Thuringia in Germany, and was born about the year 520. At that time the country suffered from frequent raids by the Franks, and when she was about ten years old Radegund was carried away captive by Clotaire, a Frankish king. A few years later he forced her to marry him, and for a time she lived unhappily as the wife of a brutal and dissolute savage. But when he caused her brother to be unjustly slain Radegund compelled him to allow her to leave him, and to take refuge with St. Médard, Bishop of Noyon. By consecrating her to a religious life Médard ensured that her husband should never compel her to return to him. Shortly afterwards she founded a community of nuns at Poitiers, and in due course became its abbess. She died in the year 587, and her shrine still attracts pilgrims from many parts.

St. Radegund was known in England in Saxon days, but it was not until the time of the Plantagenets that churches were dedicated in her honour. This is probably explained by the close connection between England and Poitou during the twelfth century. Children of both sexes were christened by the name of the saint up to late Tudor days, and we also find St. Radegund's Street in Canterbury.

The Church in England, in common with the remainder of Western Christendom, also owes indirectly another debt to this saint. She was the patroness of Venantius Fortunatus, the well-known poet. He settled near Poitiers, took Holy Orders, and became her chaplain. It may well have been at her request that he wrote the fine hymns which have come down to us. Few hymns are more inspiring and virile than *Vexilla*

IN the south-east corner of England the lover of by-ways may well chance to come on St. Radegund's Abbey, an ancient relic of the past not far from Dover, and may naturally desire to learn more about the little-known saint whose name it bears.

Regis ("The royal banners forward go"), *Pange, lingua* ("Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle"), and *Salve, festa dies* ("Hail thee, festival day"), all of which find a place in most of our hymn books.

The story of the composition of *Vexilla Regis* is exceptionally interesting. Radegund had petitioned the Emperor at Constantinople for a fragment of the relic of the True Cross, and to gratify his patroness Fortunatus wrote this hymn to be sung in procession when the sacred relic was carried to the nunnery. Does not this explanation make the opening lines pulse with new life?

"The royal banners forward go [in the procession],
The Cross [the relic] shines forth in mystic glow."

Owing to its possession of this relic the convent received the name of Ste Croix.

Fortunatus outlived his patroness by many years. In 599 he became Bishop of Poitiers, being thus a contemporary of St. Augustine of Canterbury, and died ten years later.

In the year 1130 a nunnery was founded at Cambridge under the names of the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. John the Evangelist, and St. Radegund. It was reconstituted as Jesus College in 1497. The present College Chapel is a part of the former nunnery and the College Library contains a *Lyfe of Saynt Radegunde*, probably the work of Henry Bradshaw, a Benedictine monk of Chester. In England the festival of St. Radegund was always kept on February 11th, though the day of her death was August 13th.



THE CHAPEL: JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
(Starr & Rignall)

The Church Teachers' Fellowship

By Frances M. Nodes

THE Church Teachers' Fellowship was inaugurated at a meeting at the Church House in May, 1908. Its inception was due to the experience of its founder and Honorary Secretary, Miss B. A. Kingsford, during fifteen years spent in work in Secondary Schools in South Africa. She felt, as many have felt since, that if the best traditions of Public School life in England were to be handed on to the younger nations overseas, the Mother

Country must send a continuous supply of well-qualified teachers, who should be not only specialists in academic subjects, but also imbued with a sense of vocation and the importance of character training such as inspired the great teachers in our English schools, Dr. Arnold, Dr. Temple, Dorothea Beale, Frances Mary Buss, and others.

Most of the schools then existing were under English Communities, Diocesan Boards, and Missionary Societies,

Safety First

A True Story ✨

By Mrs. E. M. Field

Slogans in old days were war cries. To-day the name is used for calls to all sorts of action. One here and there may in fact serve as a very helpful reminder or stimulus. Perhaps such helpfulness lies in SAFETY FIRST, so long as it is not misunderstood as a coward's pretext, and especially if it is not so presented to the young. For the Way of the Cross is the Way of Great Adventure. Here is a glimpse into one child's mind, through some actual events that suggest that thought.

MAJOR Sir Francis Malet, coming back from the war, left his luggage at the station to walk up to the house of his sister Minnie—poor Minnie, widowed by the war, left alone in a big house with her six-year-old boy Evelyn. His feet made little sound in the drive between lines of horse-chestnut trees standing to attention now in their winter dress. So that, finding the big door partly open, he walked noiselessly into the entrance hall. But there he stood still in a silence which deepened into dismay.

For Minnie, standing slim and young in her black dress under a ray of sunshine, made no move to welcome her brother, but only put a finger to her lips and pointed upwards. And he saw, high up on the outer side of the staircase that went up to a gallery on the first floor and then higher still, a small figure with a curly golden head above its white woollen suit climbing slowly, holding on to the carved balusters and setting little feet between them. Evidently the child Evelyn.

A maid came into the hall, looked up and opened her mouth to scream. But a look and a soundless order from Major Malet sent her stealing away to fetch cushions, and Minnie had sense to obey instructions too. Running up back stairs to the gallery, she was quickly alongside the child, bidding him look at her and climb down as cleverly as he had climbed up. So by God's mercy—for this is a true story—the little figure came down step by step to a point where strong arms could reach up and lift it down to the floor.

No, Minnie did not faint—women nowadays seldom do. But when Evelyn had been sent to lie down till his dinner time, and the brother and sister could talk by a fire after their long separation, now and again her face grew white and she murmured, "I can't think—oh, I can't think how Evie could do such a dreadful thing; when I take such care of him."

That care was evident when the child, beautifully dressed, was brought for his meal. Minnie was sure he had a headache after that fright. Surely just a little one. And his chair was moved twice, first that he should not look at the snow that had begun to fall, it was so likely to make him sick. Then, so that he

could hold Mummie's hand when the next growl of thunder came. . . . "But I like thunder, it's a lovely noise—like guns," asserted the child, and Minnie shivered a little. But his steel knife must be changed for a silver one, safer from lightning and less likely to cut little fingers. Evie, without much pressing, ate all his dinner, but Francis Malet felt that his own face was being devoured by those big blue eyes.

"I'd like," said he to himself—he was an engineer officer—"to sink a shaft into the mind behind those eyes, and find what's there."

He had the chance that very evening. At an hour when all good boys, properly tucked up, were asleep, Evelyn's small flushed face could not rest on its pillow under the pictures of Daddy in uniform and the young squire watching his armour before an altar. Not till Uncle Frank would come and let him 'splain why he did That Dreadful Thing. Then he would go to sleep that minute, honest Injun, he would.

Major Malet quickly put together the trouble that came out in scraps and gasps. You see, when you have an uncle who is a *pukka* soldier and a real knight, and you once had a daddy who put away all his lovely paint boxes because his country needed him to fight, you must begin soon to do Brave Deeds. But when you have a mummie who holds your hand all the way to school every day, and promises to let you light the gas fire with a poponly when you're seven, what are you to do? It was all very well for Beryl who

was ten and lived in a new flat and had hair the colour of a conker when you put it wet in the sun. She burnt her fingers on purpose with her mother's tongs, and she played Last Across in the traffic every day, she was awful brave. When he was seven Mummie would let him go to school alone, and then he would be *laster* than Beryl, and she couldn't call him Miss Evie. "And oh, Uncle Frank," Major Malet stiffened away the threat of a smile, "when you watched your armour before you were a knight, did things come in the shadows—you know how they do, even with a night-light? Did you not mind, but just think of Great Deeds all night? Will you tell me the Bravest Thing you ever did?" (You could hear the capital letters.)

Major Malet faced the blue eyes and answered as man to man. "I'll tell you the *hardest* thing I ever did, old chap. It was to stand on the edge of a river while another fellow swam across and fetched a boat. Yes, under fire. Yes, we drew lots. Yes, they gave him the V.C."

Sometimes a child understands with magical insight things that would seem to need explaining. Six-year-old thought hard, then sudden understanding shone in those eyes, and the small voice said slowly:



"He saw a small figure climbing slowly"

"If you got killed playing tricks you couldn't be a knight. I won't . . . never." The curly head dropped on its pillow, the blue eyes closed, opened once again while sleepy words came—"I won't even let Beryl burn my fingers."

Major Sir Francis Malet went downstairs and talked to his sister with a wisdom which surprised them both.

I have a memory of Evelyn when he was still a boy, but sixteen instead of six. It is a vision of a rough morning on a wild bit of coast, of a tall lad and a taller girl with shining chestnut hair, of an old boatman assuring the two that bathing must not be attempted.

Quicksands, strong currents, he was sorry, but not to-day. But the girl's face darkened.

"Come on, Evie, he's only an old funkler; we're strong swimmers."

The boy resisted her pull. "No, Beryl, he's right; no, I won't, and you shan't." The girl wrenched herself free, and turned a furious face.

"Miss Evelina!" she said, and ran down to the shore. The old boatman murmured—

"Little devil! begging your pardon, sir, for the language."

But I would rather leave the rest of this story untold.

Common Things in the Life of our Lord

By Gertrude Hollis

V. WORK

WORK is the first of all ideas of God given to us in the Holy Scriptures. In the first chapters of Genesis He is revealed as an active Power, creating the universe by His will alone, and that conception of Him runs all through the Bible to the last chapters of Revelation where He is shown as the Creator of Jerusalem the Golden.

Think of the work of God in the universe. Men have been studying it for thousands of years and are daily learning more of its marvels. For all we know, there may yet be millions of years during which that study will go on and new wonders be revealed. The discoveries of science, even where only our own small world is concerned, often leave us breathless with amazement. It is impossible, as yet, for human brains even to imagine what revelations of God's work may some day be given. We cannot conceive what may be beyond those suns and stars, the light from which has been travelling at incredible speed for thousands of years and has only now reached us.

"By Whom all things were made" we say of the Eternal SON, whenever we repeat the Eucharistic Creed.

And that Divine Creator in His incarnate life chose to work for years in a carpenter's shop on earth!

"Those mighty Hands that rule the sky,
No earthly toil reared;
The Maker of the stars on high,
A humble trade pursues."

The Maker of everything that is known and unknown in the universe making a wooden plough, a chest in which to keep dried grapes or barley or olives, or a woman's kneading-trough. We are all familiar with the pictures of our LORD as a child playing with shavings or as the boy JESUS helping St. Joseph to saw a plank; they are perhaps far more in accordance with facts than popular imaginations usually are. One of the "Unwritten Sayings of JESUS" found on the Oxyrhynchus papyrus is "Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood and I am there."

The Jews, unlike the Greeks, regarded work as worthy of all possible honour; every boy, no matter what his rank or wealth might be, was taught a trade. The different crafts varied in popular estimation; some of them disqualified the worker from the high-priesthood, but the calling of a carpenter was one of the most honourable.

We do not always realize that when our LORD was on earth He had to earn His own living, and almost certainly for a considerable part of that life to support the Blessed Virgin. There is no mention of St. Joseph after that Passover Feast which he shared with the

Holy Boy for the first time. That he was no longer alive at the time of the Passion seems certain from our LORD's commendation of His Mother to St. John's care.

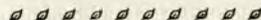
Our LORD chose working men as His Apostles, and as they went about with Him during the ministerial years He constantly referred to labour in His teaching and parables, using the occupations they saw going on around them as illustrations. We find the sower throwing his seed into the turned-up furrows; the shepherds and the goat-tenders; the household servants and the swine-feeders; the careful traders and the labourers in the vineyard. There is a vivid picture of a householder going in search of workers for the vintage and another of the hungry waster thankful at last to get even the most despised employment.

Our LORD Himself was the most tireless of workers, sometimes hardly allowing Himself any opportunity to get a meal. He was always conscious of that constraining "I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day," and it was not until the last moment of His mortal life that He cried triumphantly, "It is finished!"

Yet He did not ignore the duty of rest. "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile," He said to His disciples when, full of joyful excitement, they returned from their mission work to tell Him what they had done and what they had taught. And sometimes He could not keep awake Himself. There is hardly a more touching picture in the Gospel than that of the weary LORD sleeping with His head on a cushion in the boat as it crossed the storm-lashed lake.

All through His life He regarded no work as too humble to do Himself; He gloried in such services even when they were work that was usually the office of a slave. The washing of the disciples' feet on Maundy Thursday and the preparation of their breakfast on the beach after the Resurrection are instances of His profound and simple humility.

And when, at last, His earthly work completely finished, He passed into the heaven of heavens where He is the centre of all adoration, it was to a life of continued service that He went. "I go to prepare a place for you," He has told us, and if, through His redeeming work, we reach that place, it will be our ineffable joy to serve Him for ever and ever.



A SUPREME importance attaches to the use of the present, for the future is determined by a right use of to-day. The steps to heaven are human days, and power to ascend each step is dependent on a right use of the step beneath.—CLEMENT HUMILIS

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.*.*

2691. What is the origin of the use of candles in the services on the Feast of the Purification?

The use of candles in the services on February 2nd apparently dates from pre-Christian times when candles were offered in religious services. This, like some other heathen customs, was converted into a Christian practice by the Church, and it was connected with the Feast of the Purification through the words of Simeon that our LORD should be "a light to lighten the Gentiles."

2692. Why do some people genuflect before receiving Holy Communion? Is it a Roman Catholic custom?

It is an appropriate act of reverence to bend the knee before approaching the altar when about to receive the Holy Communion, and there is nothing distinctively Roman Catholic in the custom. We thus acknowledge the Presence of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, Whom we reverence and adore.

2693. When people have depended upon what the clergy used to give to Church charities, how can they be trained to give?

The problem is a real one. Are the following suggestions of any use? One "well-to-do" incumbent known to us, finding that a "kind rector made an unkind people," tried to make his public gifts conditional on others giving the same. He also laid upon himself the discipline of asking for money in or before his sermons several times in the year, explaining that it was his responsibility to ensure as far as possible that the people did their duty in this respect in proportion to their means.

It is sometimes desirable that the richer clergy should make their gifts anonymously to prevent people thinking that they themselves have no responsibility in the matter and that it can all be left to the clergy. We realize that in some parishes this might be difficult even where money in small sums is being raised for social and other purposes. For all reasons it is desirable to teach people that personal service is an excellent form of almsgiving for those who cannot afford much money, and with some people it awakens the use of their purses on behalf of Church causes. We believe that good and systematic teaching on unselfishness—including duty to diocese and parish—does make people realize that they must give. We have known parishes change their outlook when the people began to understand

THE WAY

Points for Church People

He that hath—to him shall be given

"I remember once, in one of those moments which sometimes occur even in casual conversation, being present when the question was raised, What is life? . . . At last one said, 'Life is an opportunity for loving,' and after a little discussion that definition was accepted as on the whole saying the most and truest about life that could be said."

Bp. Creighton

FEBRUARY, 1936

Date THE GREATER FESTIVALS
2, S. Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary or Presentation of Christ in the Temple.
Fourth Sun. aft. Epiphany.
9, S. Septuagesima.
16, S. Sexagesima.
23, S. Quinquagesima.
24, M. St. Matthias, A.M.

THE GREATER FAST 26, ASH WEDNESDAY

DAYS OF FASTING OR ABSTINENCE

Fridays, 7, 14, 21.

All weekdays in Lent are marked as Fasts. In practice, unless exempted by their circumstances, Church people observe more strictly Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent. Lenten duties include self-discipline, special deeds of love, and Prayer in its five chief forms, Penitence, Petition, Intercession, Thanksgiving, Praise and Adoration, public and private. Also it is well to learn more about the Christian religion—its contents, history, and practices.

COMMEMORATION

3, *Anskar of Sweden, Bp., 864.*

why they were asked to give, even to "the Quota" or to "Church expenses," which never have been thought of in "human" terms by them.

2694. Should names be placed on the Electoral Roll between the annual revisions?

We think the law contemplates that the Electoral Roll should be kept up to date by revision from time to time between the annual revisions. If you will look at Rule 3 (8) of the Rules for the

Representation of the Laity you will see that it is provided that at the annual revision "all enrolments or removals from the Roll which have been effected since the date of the last revision . . . shall be verified." This seems to imply that revision shall have been made from time to time and confirmed at the annual revision.

2695. Please answer some questions about the fees for burials.

Burial fees are part of the rector's or vicar's income and are not under the control of the Parochial Church Council. The Council is now responsible for the care and maintenance of the churchyard, but this does not affect the question of fees. The incumbent still has the freehold of the churchyard.

Tables of Fees are usually issued by authority for the diocese. Additional fees may be charged in special circumstances, as, for example, for the attendance of the choir. It is also customary to make an additional charge for the burial of non-parishioners. The amount of the fees does not affect the remuneration of the sexton or gravedigger unless a special arrangement has been made to this effect.

2696. Is it right to substitute almsbags for plates?

The vicar and churchwardens are responsible for the manner in which the collections are taken in church. The general question of plates and bags is a difficult one, and there is something to be said on both sides. It ought not to be the case that people give more when others can see how much they give, but we have definite evidence that this is sometimes done. On the other hand, those who can afford to give only small amounts need not be ashamed of doing so.

In the case you mention, would it not be best if the Council courteously requested the vicar to give some public explanation of the reasons for the change? He might then be able to satisfy those who at present are not reconciled to it.

2697. Does it matter where we worship?

Membership of the Church is not to be confused with mere local attendance in a particular building. For brief discussions of this whole question we would suggest your reading *The Religion of the Church* by the late Bishop Gore (Mowbrays, 1s. 6d.). For a more advanced book we should recommend Wakeman's *History of the Church of England* (Rivingtons, 7s. 6d.).

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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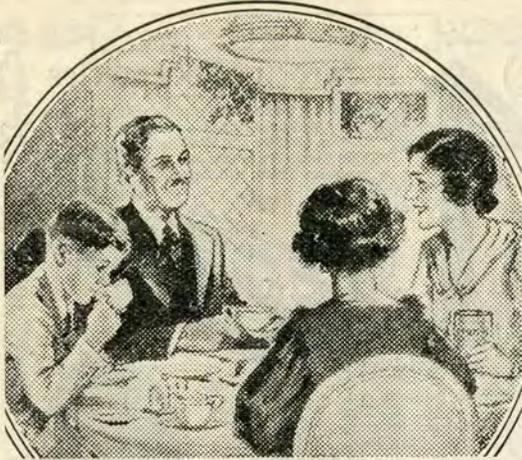
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Services in Lent

1936

Special Preachers on Sunday Evenings

- March 1—Rev. H. P. Charters, Rector St. Cyprian's
- March 8—Rev. F. J. Nicholson, Nathanael Institute.
- March 15—Rev. C. E. Clarke, Rector St. Michael and All Angels.
- March 22—Rev. Provost Cosgrave, Trinity College.
- March 29—Rev. Principal McElheran, Wycliffe College.
- April 5—Rt. Rev. Bishop Lucas, Hon. Warden, Church Army.

Wednesday Evenings

- February 26, Ash Wednesday—Rev. J. A. Robinson, Rector St. Philip's.
- March 4—Rev. H. A. Ben Oliel, Rector St. Dunstan's
- March 11—Rev. F. H. Hartley, Rector St. Mathias.
- March 18—Rev. T. P. Crosthwait, Grace Church-on-the-Hill.
- March 24—Rev. E. A. Slein, St. Agnes, Long Branch.
- April 1—Rev. Canon Fidler, Rector St. Clement's.

Holy Week

- April 6, —Monday—Rev. R. J. Shires, Rector St. Jude's.
- April 7, Tuesday—Rev. R. L. Seaborn, Chaplain A.Y.P.A. Local Council.
- April 8, Wednesday—Rev. Canon Sawers, Rector St. Matthew's.
- April 9, Thursday—Rev. John Bushell.
- April 10, Good Friday, a.m.—Ven. Archdeacon Fotheringham.
- April 10, Good Friday, p.m.—Rev. Morris Kaminsky, Nathanael Institute.

Ven. Archdeacon Fotheringham will preach each Sunday morning in Lent.

Service on Ash Wednesday morning at 10.30.
Holy Communion each Sunday at 8 a.m. On first and third Sundays at 11.00 a.m.

Holy Communion each Thursday at 10.30, with special intercessions for the sick.

Holy Baptism each Sunday at 4 p.m.
Children Service each Monday at 4 p.m.

A Lantern Service on Thursday in Holy Week at 2.30 in the Parish House.

The Rector may be interviewed any morning in his office in the Parish House.

A Confirmation Class each Thursday in the Church at 8 p.m., commencing February 20th.

PASSING OF KING GEORGE

The service on Sunday, January 26th, both morning and evening, were largely attended and naturally were Memorial Services to our beloved Sovereign whose death most people felt as a personal loss. The Archdeacon preached in the morning and the Rector in the evening.

Representatives of the United Empire Loyalists, the ex-Service Women and the Local Legion of Veterans attended the evening service.

At the Memorial Service on Tuesday the Church was not able to hold the congregation and many stood for the entire service. Archdeacon Fotheringham gave the address and the Choir sang Tertius Noble's "Souls of the Righteous," and "Crossing the Bar."

The Woodbine-Greenwood Conservative Association were present and the whole service was a wonderful tribute of loyalty and affection to the Royal Family.

The Rector was in charge of the Service at the Fort York Armouries in the afternoon and of a Service for the Sons of England in the evening at S.O.E. headquarters.

ANNUAL REPORT OF

'TEEN AGE GIRLS' W.A. FOR 1935

During the year 26 meetings were held with an average attendance of 18. Our paid-up membership was 21.

Every week we have a devotional period and every second week a mission study class. Five of our girls won their Missionary Student Badges from the Diocesan Board last Spring, namely: Gladys Collins, Dorothy Burns, Helen McKay, Irene Browning and Dorothy Williams.

During the Winter a layette was made by the girls and sent to the W.A. House in June. In November a number of Christmas stockings and other gifts were sent to the W.A. House to be used in the Christmas bales. Our pledge and fees to the W.A. were met in full, \$16.85.

Financial Statement

Receipts	\$28.91
Expenditures	\$24.71
Balance on hand	4.20
Total	\$28.91

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Baptisms

January 5—Robert Atkin Pope.
 January 12—Jean Winnifred Saunders, Barbara Elizabeth Saunders.
 January 19—Ruth Marjorie Seymour, Moya Elizabeth Smyth, John Arthur Batterbury.
 January 26—Ruth Elizabeth Rymal, William Thomas Hanna, Dorothy Hanna, Katherine Glenton Foster, Eunice Glenton Foster, Violet Dorothy Foster.

Marriages

January 4—Paul Louis Green and Gladys Theresa Kershaw.
 January 15—Robert Ernest Adair and Kathleen Theresa Fabian.
 January 27—John Francis Mathew Scholes and Ruby Adele Gardner.
 January 27—James Robertson Marshall and Winifred Emily Jones.
 February 1—Wilbert James Hargraves and Florence Edna Richardson.

Burials

January 7—Ernest Norgate56 years
 January 11—Muriel MacMillen31 years
 January 11—Jane Elizabeth Broder81 years
 January 13—Arthur Edward Eley56 years
 January 14—Albert Edward Saunders34 years
 January 14—Eliza Wilcock77 years
 January 15—James Warrington78 years
 January 15—John Joseph Holliday91 years
 January 17—Eva Seton78 years
 January 27—Sydney Smith69 years
 Total interments in Cemetery for month90

VESTRY MEETING

The Annual Vestry Meeting was held on Monday, January 27th, with a goodly number in attendance. The Rector opened the meeting with prayer, after which he referred to the death of the King and the National Anthem was sung. The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. The Rector then addressed the meeting on the work of the year and the people stood while the names were read of those called to higher service.

The Church Wardens report showed a balance, with all accounts paid, and \$1508 on the Missionary Allotments. \$7000 had been paid off the debt on Church and Parish House and the interest reduced to 5 per cent. The personal bond, given at the time of the taking out of the mortgage, had also been surrendered and is now non-existent.

ant. The debt on the fabric is now \$12,000. In ten years we have paid off \$38,000 of principal, in addition to the interest. Besides installing and paying for a new organ (Casavant Freres) at a cost of \$9,000, and a peal of 8 bells (Gillett & Johnston).

The Cemetery Board reported considerable new land made available for burial purposes.

F. M. Mathias was re-appointed Rector's Warden and T. W. Turff was re-elected People's Warden. Messrs. G. E. Dodd, F. G. Thompson and F. P. Whitehouse, with the Rector and Wardens, will constitute the Cemetery Board. The Advisory Board: A. H. Fisher, G. M. Porter, F. P. Whitehouse, F. G. Thompson, A. M. Stretton, G. E. Dodd, G. A. Armstrong, B. A. Smith, F. C. Crosgrey, Mrs. R. Conner, Mrs. C. Southgate and F. E. Belsham. Representatives to Synod: F. G. Thompson, J. W. Hamly, F. M. Mathias, W. T. James, T. W. Turff and F. E. Belsham.

The meeting closed with the singing of the Doxology.

The reports of the various Church activities as presented to the Vestry will be published in our columns.

WARDEN'S REPORT, JANUARY 31, 1936

Receipts

To 8 a.m. Communion	\$ 10.81
" Envelopes	314.56
" Open	233.50
" Missions	107.19
" Missions—Western Appeal	11.05
" Synod Endowment—Interest	15.44
" Building Account—Rentals	20.00
" Bowling Account	52.61
	<hr/>
	\$765.16

Disbursements

By Stipends and Salaries	\$444.99
" Gas, Electric and Phone	43.43
" Coal	110.20
" Books and Printing	26.34
" Repairs and Supplies	84.83
" Bruce Clark—Honorarium	25.00
" Bowling—Renovate	16.00
	<hr/>
	\$750.79

We published an article on "British Israel" last month, secured from The Church Family Newspaper, an English paper, and copied into The Church Messenger, published by our own G.B.R.E. The author was the well-known Rev. R. J. Campbell. It was not with any idea of starting a controversy, but simply for information on a subject that is much heralded in some quarters.

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