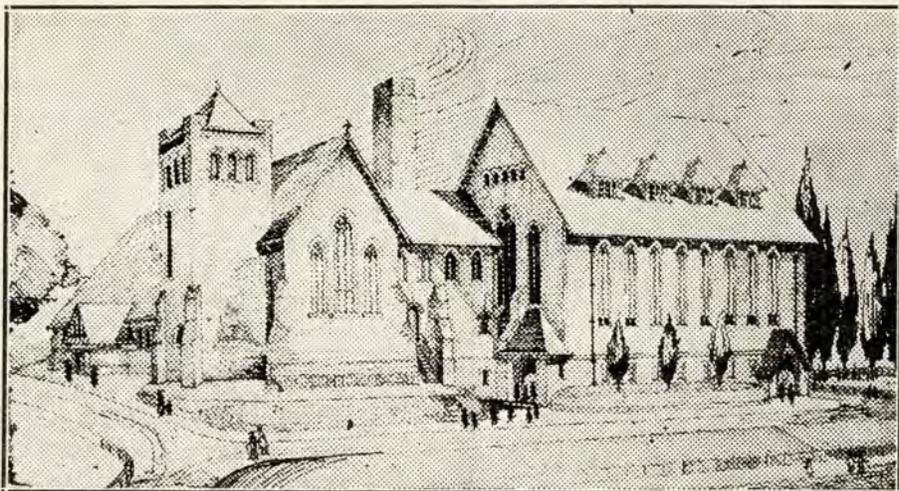


St. John's Parish Monthly

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Treasurer, F. M. Mathias, 35 Lockwood Road, Howard 6652.



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

Services:

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

Volume 16

DECEMBER, 1937

No. 182

Rector's Letter

Rector's Office,
December, 1937.

Dear Brethren:

Yet once again are we permitted to hear the Christmas message, "Peace on earth to men in whom God is well pleased."

The world is full of the Christmas spirit and is at its best at Christmas time when, as the prophet of old foretold, "A little Child shall lead them." And men are led away from their selfishness and their sin and drawn to the manger stall of the Christ Child.

But the message of the angels said that it was "for you and for ALL people." For unto you is born this day a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." The Christmas message then was to men in whom God was well pleased and it was to be universal.

Now it is quite manifest that a great part of the world is not in the class of "men in whom God is well pleased." Their lives, their character, their conduct, all proclaim their indifference to the Christmas message. It is also abundantly clear that the universal message is not for any privileged class or race. It is for all races: black, yellow, red or white. God is the Father of all; all men are brethren of the one family of God, and we cannot shut our eyes and close our ears to their demands for our help physically or spiritually.

And so before we celebrate Christ's first coming at Christmas, the Church sounds the Advent warning of Christ's second coming with the solemn message of Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, to prepare and make us ready to become "men in whom God is well pleased," and to make us realize too that we are all brethren in Christ and have a tremendous responsibility in sharing our blessings with others and realizing our missionary responsibility. How can they hear without a preacher? And how can they preach unless they be sent? And how can they be sent unless WE send them?

The present unrest in the world, the wars and rumours of wars do not indicate "men in whom God is well pleased." Eighteen millions of money in Ontario spent on liquor, a luxury, last year! Was there as much spent for missions?

There is an apathy and an indifference in many places to things spiritual. People do not understand the meaning of Christmas. Christmas means God becoming man to reveal God to man—to share our human nature. God became man and carried our human nature back to heaven and it is as man that He sits at the right hand of the throne of God and "ever liveth to make intercession for us."

Let us use the Advent season as a time for repentance, of drawing nearer to God. "Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to thee." He is coming again to us at Christmas season. Let us greet Him on His altar throne on Christmas morning. But, don't let us forget.

"Though Christ in Bethlehem's town

A thousand times be born,

Unless He's born in thee

Thy heart is all forlorn."

Let us make ourselves "men in whom God is well pleased."

That all real Christmas Joys may be yours is the wish of your friend and Rector,

W. L. BAYNES-REED.

LETTER FROM THE DEACONESS

Dear Friends:

Once again we are preparing for Christmas, and our thoughts are turning to those who need our help to make their Christmas Day a happy one. The Christmas spirit is spreading and growing greater every year—people wanting to help someone else and make them happy on that day. I always think that the greatest gift we can bring to the Christ Child when we come to Church to worship Him on Christmas Day is to know that we have made someone else happy through our gifts to them, and most of those gifts mean sacrifice. You have always been so generous to this appeal that we feel that we can come to you again. Some of these gifts have been very small, but they have all helped to make our baskets complete and we feel that everyone has done a little.

Last year we needed \$175.00 to cover expenses, and this year it will take all of that and more when the price of food is so much higher. We are holding our White Gift Sunday in the Church School on Sunday, December 19th, when our children bring their gifts of canned goods and groceries, etc., which are always such a help in filling our baskets. The money is used to supplement these gifts and is spent on meat, butter, tea, fruit, etc.

According to the calls we are receiving already, we are going to need a great deal of help this year. We have never turned anyone away who claimed this as their Church Home, and to avoid duplication we always register our families with the Christmas Exchange, so this appeal comes to you again, asking for your help, whether through your children in the Church School, or in any way you can to meet the needs of our less fortunate friends. And when we are giving our gifts, large or small, remember they are a birthday gift to Christ the King, who said: "Verily I say unto you: Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

May your Christmas Day be a happy one is the wish of your Deaconess.

MARY SHOTTER.

PLUM PUDDINGS

Please, when you are making your pudding, will you make an extra one and send it to the Parish Hall not later than December 23rd to put in the Christmas baskets?



A.Y.P.A.

Now that the Fall plays are over, we settle down to a very active and interesting Winter season.

December 14th we are holding a Court Whist to raise a little money for Santa's Party on December 21st

when we entertain about 75 kiddies from a poor Parish. We have a Christmas tree and a Santa Claus to give out presents to all these youngsters, so come along and join in the fun.

December 28th is something new and different when we all go to Broadview Y.M.C.A. for a holiday "Splash Party."

At this time I will take the opportunity of wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year on behalf of the A.Y.P.A.

AN EVENING OF ONE-ACT PLAYS

Excellent production and several outstanding performances marked the presentation of three one-act plays by St. John's (Norway) A.Y.P.A. The Association is to be congratulated upon the advance they have made in the choice of plays—a great improvement upon the false and insipid stuff we have been compelled to accept in the past from church groups.

Margery Price's "God Caesar" was the first on the programme. A difficult play for young people to tackle and perhaps not quite reaching the satiric intention of the author, it is, nevertheless, to be commended as an excellent lesson in the technique of the stage. Both Miss Connor, as Cleopatra, and Mr. Crapper, as Taro, deserve a good deal of praise for their performances. The direction was good and the costuming excellent, and if at times the players were lax in pointing their lines and somewhat slow in pace, the pictures presented were pleasing and the intention of the director was evident.

"Courage, Mr. Greene," a somewhat obvious comedy by James P. Ferguson, was the closing play and distinguished by the excellent performances of Miss Rooke, as Jane Green, and Mr. Coultart as her hen-pecked husband. Both these performers, with the assistance of Mr. Parker as the Gentleman Burglar, lifted the comedy out of the stereotyped formulae into a riotous personal idiocy which sent this part of the audience home chuckling.

The play of the evening was the little tragedy, "The Window," by James Reach. The direction of this play was perfect and the cast of three did justice to the director's efforts. Miss Powell, as Mrs. Pipp, gave an outstanding performance for which there is nothing but praise. Mr. Ross, as Callender, was impressive as the nerve-racked

author, and Mr. Whithead's performance as Sergeant Grimes was as complete a characterization as one would be likely to see in any professional company. If there was a weakness in the production it was that Sergeant Grimes seemed young for the father of a six-year-old daughter, but his reading of the character was so correct that it seems almost unfair to mention this shortcoming.

The settings were pleasant and appropriate, and the evening would have been one of unalloyed pleasure had it not been for the bad manners of an audience which chattered and moved throughout the action of the plays. It must be exceedingly discouraging for any group to have to contend with such incivility, and it is most distracting for those who come to listen.

St. John's (Norway) A.Y.P.A. deserve sincere commendation for their courage in the choice of plays and in direction and presentation of them. It will be interesting to watch them develop further.

We are indebted to Mr. St. John Betts who is well-known in the Little Theatre Work of Canada and an adjudicator for drama, festivals, taking the time not only to come and see the plays, but for giving us his criticism. Allow me at this time also to thank the congregation for their support, and all those who made it possible for us to present our plays.

ROY B. HUFF,
Dramatic Director.

PARISH ASSOCIATION

The meetings of November were well attended with enthusiastic members all working for the Bazaar's success.

Mrs. Stratton, our flower convener, reports most of our members enjoying good health.

The Bazaar really came up to our expectations and presented a very pretty effect with its Christmas-like decorations: "A Yuletide Festival." The Hall looked very pretty with its gay colours and coloured lights. The opening ceremonies on Friday afternoon were well worthy of mention.

The platform had notables of the City, among whom were His Worship, the Mayor, and Mrs. Robbins, who declared the Bazaar open. Mrs. Robbins received a lovely basket from Valerie Bradley who made the presentation very sweetly. Canon Reed introduced the various guests, who afterwards were the guests of our President, Mrs. Croft, in the tea room.

Mrs. Hutchings, convener of the tea room, deserves special mention for the excellent supper which we all enjoyed. The tables were waited on by members of the Thimble Group.

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Tea Room, Mrs. Hutchings	107.71
Sewing Booth, Mrs. Turff	92.55
Group, Mrs. Whitehouse	211.10
Bowling, Mr. Smith	12.50
Candy, Mrs. Liddiard	92.00
Cosmetic, Mrs. Warrington	61.35
Dolls, Mrs. Saxon	41.50
Mystery, Mrs. Collins	32.30
Ice Cream, Mrs. Pollard	27.55
Home Cooking, Mrs. Dengate	85.26
Bingo, Mr. Conner	21.00
Fish Pond, Mrs. Taylor	15.53
A.Y.P.A., Pat Coultart	43.60
Choir, Mrs. Mould	110.72
Ticket Money	49.85
Donations—Mayor Robbins	10.00

Total for the two days\$1013.62

AFTERNOON BRANCH W.A.

On November 8th and 9th, a small group of our ladies visited the Thor Washing Machine Company for a demonstration.

At the business meeting on November 10th, Miss Ruth Cox gave us a most interesting talk on her life and work at Fort George School. She showed us a great many pictures and we were all sorry she had not more time to spend with us. We hope she will come again later on.

The Juniors held a shower at the home of Mrs. R. Punchard which was most successful, and delighted the hearts of the small girls indeed.

Mrs. Saxon and her girls held a display of their work at the home of Mrs. A. P. Allen on November 17th. It really is wonderful the amount of work those girls do: their quilts and toys and, in fact, everything you can think of. They are a very busy class of girls.

Mrs. Punchard held a most successful home cooking sale at her home on November 20th, in aid of W.A. funds. She wishes to thank all who helped in any way.

November 24th was a very busy day for the Dorcas Committee. They packed bales of clothing, Christmas gifts, in fact, things too numerous to mention.

A bale went to Deaconess Stapleton who wrote from her mission, Griswold, Man., asking for things for the white people. She said the Indians were even helping them with food from their gardens.

Another bale of clothing and bedding went to the Anglican Mission in Alberta, and another to Little Pine Reserve, Sask.

Miss Shotter was given baby clothes and anything that would be useful for distribution in the Parish.

Mrs. Perks of the Social Service has things ready for any calls upon her.

A parcel was packed for Miss Joy and one for W.A. House; also one for the Down-town Church-workers.

Mrs. Norton has the Church Calendar and Christmas cards for sale. They are very lovely this year.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the brothers and sisters of Miss Mary Long. She was a great sufferer. The W.A. will miss her very much. She was a great and willing worker for years.

EVENING BRANCH W.A.

The year of 1937 is nearly over and we feel that it has been most successful. During the past month we sent off nine cartons of used clothing, books, etc., for the needs of the White Settlers.

Our branch was in charge of the mystery booth at the Christmas Bazaar and did very nicely. We thank all those who supported us, and the ladies who worked so hard to make the booth so lovely. It was very pretty with its tinsel and coloured lights.

We extend our loving sympathy to one of our members who has recently lost her sister, and hope she will be back with us soon.

We have several new members and are very pleased to welcome them in our midst. We know they will enjoy the Wednesday evenings.

And so, to all we wish a Very Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year.

MOTHER'S SOCIETY

A number of our members started the month by attending the special Communion Service on All Saint's Day, November 1st.

At the meeting on November 4th, Miss Shotter continued her talks from the Sermon on the Mount, speaking from St. Matthew, 6th chapter, 16th to 21st verses, which show motive of action and tell of our duty to God, to our neighbour and to ourselves. Members present, 46.

On November 11th, at 1 p.m., the members attended a lunch which was in aid of the Bazaar fund. At 2.30 p.m. we held our meeting when Miss Shotter spoke to us on Prayer. The perfect prayer given to us by our Saviour Himself, where first we praise God's name, then ask that His kingdom may come and His will be done; then

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we ask for food and forgiveness as we forgive, and that we may be given strength against temptation by His help. Members present 46.

On November 18th we had as guest speaker Miss Emery, who is head of the Deaconess House in Canada, and who is continuing Miss Connell's custom of attending and addressing our meeting in November each year. Miss Emery spoke to us of one of the names of Jesus, "the Prince of Peace," and said that if everyone had real love of God in their hearts, there would be no more wars, and if we have peace with God, we have the "Peace which passeth all understanding." Members present, 46.

This is the season of peace and goodwill, and the officers and members of the Mother's Society tender to the Rector and his assistants, and to all the members of the Church, to all societies, their officers and members, a prayer that God may bless them and their work this Christmastime and in the New Year that the spirit of peace and goodwill may be found in our Parish not only at this season, but all the time, is our earnest prayer.

MOTHERS' UNION

The Mothers' Union held their Enrollment Service in the Church on Thursday, November 25th, at 2.30 p.m. Twenty-one members were admitted, bringing our membership up to 94. Sixty-two members were present. The Rector took the service, using the special form of admission, and spoke briefly, emphasizing the marvellous love of God, which exceeds all we can ask or think, and which we should seek to make the great power of our lives today, and reminded us of our aims and objects and the great responsibility of mothers.

The lesson was read from the 6th chapter of the Gospel of St. John. Hymns No. 371, "Gracious Saviour, Who Didst Honour;" No. 410, "Breathe on me, Breath of God," were sung. The Service closed by the singing of the Magnificat.

A short meeting was afterwards held in the Ladies' Parlour. The Rector gave a word of welcome to the new members, saying how proud he was of the growth of the Mothers' Union in our Parish.

Miss Shotter moved a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Mould who kindly assisted by playing the organ for us.

Members brought Christmas cards to be sent to the Links. A social half-hour was spent, refreshments being served.

ECCLESIA GIRLS' BIBLE CLASS

The sum of \$41.50 realized by the girls at the doll booth at the annual Bazaar, has been handed to the ladies of the Parish Association as the contribution of the class towards the Church building fund.

On December 20th we purpose giving a dinner and Christmas tree to a number of kiddies from the down-town churches. These little ones are sent through the Deaconess at Trinity House. We hope to give them as good a time as we did last year.

May we take this opportunity to wish everyone a very Happy Christmas.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY AND THE ETERNAL CHRIST

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

The bridge of time, which separates the Christ of the First Century and the Twentieth, is over-arched by the Eternal Christ. In every aspect of the relation of Christ to our own century which we have considered, we have been compelled to look up from the contemporary situation to the light that is shed upon it by the Christ of eternity.

In the most literal sense, indeed, the first century knew Christ as no other century has known Him; and our own century, by the measurement of time, is furthest removed from Him of all. But, even within the limits of that first century, the century of the New Testament, it was found impossible to take any exclusive view of Him as an historic personality. One of St. Paul's most striking sentences is that in which he declares, "Even though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him so no more." We feel that St. Paul's mind is struggling with a mystery, out of which flashes a sudden and great light. We are conscious both of the mystery and the light throughout the whole of the New Testament and the whole history of the Church. This Christ lived at one definite period of time; He belonged to a particular race and country; His outlook on the world, His thought and teaching, were conditioned by His immediate environment. Yet from the very start, even through the first bewildered surmises of His disciples, there is a sense of this Christ as above this world even while He is of it.

The difficulty always remains with us of combining the two conceptions of Christ—Jesus the Man of the First Century, even when accorded His due claim as the Messiah of the Jewish race, even Jesus Christ as the purest and highest personality in the records of history; and Christ risen and exalted, Very God of Very God.

Yet He is all the more to us a Christ of history that "God was in Christ." This eternal Christ moves and works through all man's widening knowledge of the universe; He is present at all times and in all places; He is behind all changing customs and forms of government and economic conditions; He is the one permanent factor amid the characteristic modes and thought of each generation, and the highest inspiration of all our practical endeavours from day to day. The eternal Christ is the Christ of the Twentieth Century.

—Church Messenger.

There will be a Watch Night Service on New Year's Eve at 11.30 p.m., and a celebration of the Holy Communion on New Year's Day at 10.30 a.m.

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The Royalty of Christ Some Thoughts for Advent

By the Rev. H. L. Goudge, D.D., Canon of Christ Church



DR. H. L. GOUDGE

IT is a somewhat unexpected Gospel which the Church gives us for the first Sunday in Advent, but it is as suitable for it as for Palm Sunday itself. Advent is our time of preparation for the coming of a king. He is a king of gentleness. Of all the prophecies of the expected king it is Zachariah's—the very gentlest—which the LORD sets Himself to fulfil. But none the less He is a king who must be obeyed. If "the LORD hath need of" anything that is ours, it must promptly be given to Him; and the first work of the King in His capital is to purge with a strong hand the Temple of GOD. Our King is a Saviour, but it is by His rule that His salvation is made effective. We cannot enjoy the one unless we welcome the other. It is not enough to say, "Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the LORD," or to sing, "Glory to the newborn King." If He comes in God's Name, we must give Him glory by our obedience to Him.

THE COMING OF THE KING

We will then look at the Advent teaching from this point of view. It looks forward to Christmas, and to that mysterious Second Coming which will crown all that has gone before. But CHRIST is ever coming to us, and offering us the blessing of His saving rule; and in Advent we should seek to understand its character, and to give to it a new welcome. It is a moral preparation that is the first thing needful, and the Epistle for the first Sunday emphasizes this. "It is high time to awake out of sleep." We must "cast off the works of darkness," as we cast off the coverings of the night when we find that we have overslept, and clothe ourselves for the labour and conflicts of the day. St. Paul thinks primarily of the LORD's Second Coming; that is "the day" that is at hand. But he calls us none the less to walk

honestly in "the day" already present. We are already "the children of light, and the children of the day"; and GOD has already delivered us from the power of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of His dear SON. We are already His subjects, and must live and love as He does. "Put ye on the LORD JESUS CHRIST."

THE SCRIPTURE PROMISES

Now turn to the teaching of the second Sunday; the festival, as we may call it, of Holy Scripture. The royalty of CHRIST is still in view; and the "patience and comfort of the Scriptures" of which St. Paul speaks are the patience of those who are looking forward to the kingdom of GOD, and the comfort which the promises of Scripture bring. The promises of the Old Testament were always bound up with the coming of the kingdom of GOD. GOD—so the prophets believed—always desired to be the King of His people, their Ruler, their Protector, the Bestower of every blessing. But His rule had been lost by their disobedience, and so they were enslaved under the rule of others.

One day, however, His rule with all its blessings would be given back to them. Either, as the First Isaiah seems to have thought, He would raise up for them a new and perfect king of David's line who would be the instrument of the divine rule; or, as the Second Isaiah seems to have thought, GOD Himself would come for their salvation. St. Paul would have felt that in CHRIST both forms of prophetic anticipation had been fulfilled. CHRIST, he says in the Epistle for the day, came to confirm the promises made to the fathers, and "that the Gentiles might glorify GOD for His mercy." For CHRIST would "rise to reign" over the Gentiles also; and the blessings of His kingdom would be for all. The same thought appears in the Gospel. We see the perennial contrast, so clear in our own day, between the distress of the nations outside the kingdom, their perplexity and fear, and the Church's joyful anticipation of the "summer" of grace. Here too St. Paul thinks primarily of the future; but we should not confine our

thought to this. For in the Church, under the rule of CHRIST, the winter is passing away, and not the darkness alone.

THE REIGN OF PEACE

We pass to the third Sunday. It is the ministry which is prominent here, and the work of the ministry in preparing the LORD's way. But the Gospel is valuable for our immediate purpose. The Baptist seems to have expected the LORD to do more than He had done, to fulfil perhaps those prophecies of judgement which the Baptist himself had delivered. The LORD draws his attention to what had been done, and was being done, already: the Baptist must not be "offended" because all evil is not at once swept away. We too need our LORD's words. We may indeed give a good meaning to the Advent hymn, "Thy kingdom come, O LORD"; but there is a plaintive, almost a complaining, tone about it which we never find in the New Testament. The "reign of peace, of purity and love" has already come for all who believe, by the work of CHRIST and the gift of the SPIRIT. If the world is dark still, and the Church itself is in twilight rather than noonday brightness,

that is our fault, not the LORD's; and the question "where is" CHRIST's "reign of peace" is one to address to ourselves rather than to Him. If to the rule of CHRIST we prefer the rule of our own, or other people's, folly, we must not complain of the consequences. In this rich world which GOD has given us to be our earthly home, and in our new mastery of its resources, there should be neither perplexity nor fear; every need might be abundantly supplied. We have only to accept the royalty of CHRIST, and it will be.

EMMANUEL

Now that brings us to the fourth Sunday with its cry to GOD to raise up His great power, and come among us; its call to us in the Epistle to rejoice in the LORD, to cast away anxiety, and to pray; and finally in the Gospel the Baptist's witness that there stands One among us Whom we know not yet, and Who is so great that even the Baptist was not worthy to do for Him the office of a slave. In the Church the LORD ever stands among us, offering His rule, and all the blessing it will bring. Do we desire it?—that is the question for us all.



Nicholas Ferrar and Little Gidding

By the Rev. S. L. Ollard, Canon of Windsor



NICHOLAS FERRAR

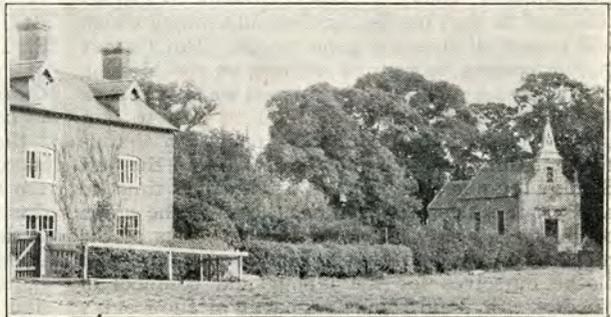
astonishingly clever. He was confirmed when he was five years old (John Wesley, a hundred years later, became a communicant at the age of eight), and at his confirmation did a very child-like thing for he went up to the Bishop for a second laying on of hands. "Why did you do so?" asked his startled schoolmaster, and the child replied, "I did it because it was a good thing to have the Bishop's prayers and blessing twice, and I have got it." The boy's deep devotion did not hinder the growth of his mind. When he was only thirteen he went up to Clare College, Cambridge, he took his B.A. degree with distinction when he was seventeen, and a year later, in 1611, was elected Fellow of his College. Another great English Churchman, John Keble, had an almost identical record two hundred years later at Oxford;

DECEMBER 4, 1937, will be a notable anniversary, for on December 4th three hundred years ago a remarkable Englishman passed from life here into the life of the world to come. He was only forty-four, but he had left a great mark. He was Nicholas Ferrar, third son of a prosperous London merchant, who was a devoted English Churchman. Nicholas was a delightful, happy boy, very devout and

he took a brilliant degree when he was only eighteen and was elected a Fellow of Oriel College a year after, in 1811; but such records stand almost, if not entirely, alone.

Nicholas Ferrar was a tremendous worker and his delicate health nearly collapsed, so that in 1613, having become M.A., he set out on a tour of Europe which occupied the next five years. He studied at various Universities, he got to know Holland and Germany and Italy, and finally he walked across Spain. He had some hair-breadth escapes and at least one serious illness, but he came home safe in 1618, at a crisis in the fortunes of his family. And then this most accomplished and travelled young Cambridge don at the call of duty plunged into complicated business in the City of London.

The Ferrars were connected very closely with



LITTLE GIDDING

[Slatyer, Sawtry

The house on the left stands on the site of that in which Ferrar and the Community lived.

the Virginia Company. But the King, James I, urged on by the Spanish Ambassador, wished to get the Company into his own hands. Nicholas



LITTLE GIDDING : THE CHURCH
(Slater, Sawtry)

Ferrar, on behalf of the shareholders, made a stout resistance, but the odds were too heavy and after six years of struggle the King won. Ferrar had now become famous in the City as he had been at Cambridge, he was elected M.P. for Lympington in 1624, and in the House of Commons he took the lead in the successful impeachment of the Lord Treasurer, Cranfield, whose roguery had won the victory for the King. Meanwhile the Ferrars were not ruined, Nicholas had straightened out their affairs, and he had made his name not only as a student and a traveller, but as a business man and as a Member of Parliament. A very rich City merchant asked him to marry his daughter, a beautiful and devout girl. He declined, with proper respect, for he had already made a vow of celibacy, and with the ball at his feet, in a worldly sense, his eyes were set upon no worldly goal. He had resolved to found a "religious house," in which God's worship should continue night and day.

Church people to-day almost take for granted the famous religious communities for men established at Cowley and Mirfield and Kelham. The great sisterhoods too are almost household words, Clewer, Wantage, and many more. At the same time we see the ruins at Rievaulx, Tintern, Fountains, and elsewhere. Why these modern "religious houses" and yet these lovely ruins? Both sets of houses are and were built for men and women called by God to serve Him in a specially dedicated life of worship and prayer and work. All abbeys, priories, monasteries, nunneries, convents, have been built simply for that: they were and are houses where men and women specially called by God could serve Him day and night without distraction. But after 1540 not one "religious house," that is, a house in which lived men or women specially called to God's service, survived in England or Wales. That lovely thing was blotted out, for a time. But only for a time.

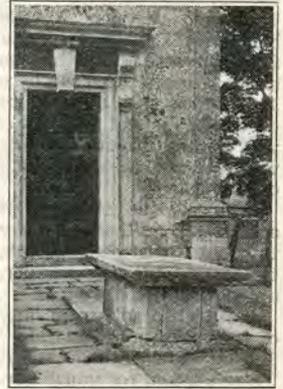
Ferrar had now become famous in the City as he had been at Cambridge, he was elected M.P. for Lympington in 1624, and in the House of Commons he took the lead in the successful impeachment of

For in 1625 Nicholas Ferrar settled with his mother, his married brother John and his family, and his married sister Mrs. Collett and her family, at the Manor House at Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire. And there—they were some thirty, or perhaps forty, in all—they began to live an ordered religious life on a plan designed by Nicholas Ferrar. The famous novel, *John Inglesant*, by J. H. Shorthouse, gives a fine picture of it, and it was indeed a wonderful thing. It was not a copy of the old "religious houses," though the Puritans reviled it as a "nunnery," but it had the same purpose, the ordered worship of Almighty God. Every day the whole of the Psalms were said through: so many at each hour, by the household divided into companies for the purpose; during the night the companies met every four hours.

The life was certainly strict: on weekdays they rose at 4 a.m. and besides the hourly services they all went to the church which adjoined the house, at 6.30 a.m. for Mattins, at 10 a.m. for the Litany, and at 4 p.m. for Evensong. Breakfast (for the children and invalids) was after the seven o'clock service, dinner was at 11 a.m., supper

at 5 or 6 p.m. Recreation was from after dinner till 1 p.m. and after supper till 8 p.m. when after prayers the household went to bed. Nicholas Ferrar established a first-rate school for the children, the others all had various employments, and especially they made and bound remarkable religious "scrap-books," Concordances and the like, which are rare treasures of libraries to-day. On Trinity Sunday, 1625, Nicholas Ferrar had been ordained deacon by Bishop Laud, and he acted as chaplain, he was too humble ever to be made a priest; so on the first Sunday in each month and on the great feasts the Vicar of Steeple Gidding celebrated Holy Communion for the community.

This ordered life went on unbroken after Nicholas Ferrar's death on December 4, 1637, until in 1646 Puritan soldiers sacked the house and the church, and the community was scattered. It had left its mark: Englishmen had seen the beauty of holiness shown in the ordered religious life of Little Gidding and the memory of it paved the way in God's good time for the full revival of religious communities in the Church of England. Nicholas Ferrar, scholar, man of business, Member of Parliament, deacon, and through all and above all a great Christian gentleman, first reopened that old road.



GRAVE OF NICHOLAS AND JOHN FERRAR
(Slater, Sawtry)

LITTLE THINGS

A HUMBLE candle by the window set
And yet
All heaven's mystery is met
In that one light.

A single star above me in the sky
So high
Brings that dear Christmas message nigh
To me to-night. P. M. S.

Ronnie Finds the Reason

A Christmas Story

By Pierre

BUT, Ronnie, Mary looked after you when you were a tiny baby. And she looked after Mother when she was a tiny baby, too," Father added.

Ronnie tried hard not to let any one see that his lower lip was shaking; so he kicked at the carpet with the toe of his shoe, and did not reply.

"If you spend Christmas Day with her, Ronnie, don't you see how happy it will make her? If it weren't for Mary, you mightn't be here, Ronnie; she saved your life once, when Mother was ill and you had just come to live in our house."

Ronnie continued to kick the carpet. He wanted to run out and find Fido, his dog. Fido would understand. Yes, he would run.

He ran. Out in the garden he rushed into the cubby-hole he had made for himself in the biggest rhododendron clump and pressed the coldness of the leaves against the hotness of his cheek. The leaves rustled. Ronnie had an idea. He ran away from the hole in the bushes and into the house where Mother was taking the white quilt off his cot and Jane was coming in with two big woolly stockings hanging over her arm.

"Mum, I've thought of something. I'll send all my toys, my Christmas presents, to Mary, an' my dinner, an'—an' Fido as well."

"Mary doesn't want any of your toys, nor even Fido," Mother said with a smile. "She's asked for you. Perhaps Mary won't be in our world next Christmas, so it's you we'd like to send. But if you can't go to Mary, Ronnie—well, then you can't and we'll say no more about it."

She tucked him into bed, and when she stooped to kiss him Ronnie felt her hair against his forehead. He watched her shadowy figure leaving the room. Then he called after her, "I'll go, Mummy!"

She came back again. Ronnie thought even Mother funny when she said: "We shall be very lonesome without you, dear."

On Christmas Day Ronnie's stocking was extra full. All the big toys—the electric train from Grandfather, the big box of oil paints from Father, and the set of books from Mother—were around his bed. But he hadn't time to do much with them, for after church he had to leave with Father for Mary's house.

When the door of Mary's cottage had closed behind Father, Ronnie felt very lonely.

Mary, in the big oak bed, looked wrinkled and white and thin. No eyes, Ronnie thought, could have been more shiny or larger than hers. They frightened him at first, but not for long, for she said: "Your present is all over the house. You look for it and shout to me every time you find it."

"It?" Ronnie asked, getting interested all at once. "Is it all in pieces?" Then they both laughed and

the hunt began. There was a package in every corner of the house it seemed, and every package contained something interesting—a yellow butterfly that buzzed like a bee when you wound it; a mouse that turned somersaults; a dog that wriggled and yapped like Fido; and a Chinese puzzle.

Ronnie shouted every time he found another package, and he couldn't understand what Mary meant when she said to her sister Harriet: "Ain't it better than a tonic?"

The Chinese puzzle took them a long time to work out. None of them got it right until after dinner. What fun dinner was, almost like camping. Mary had

hers on a big tray, and Ronnie, with Harriet, sat at a little round table in front of the fire. Harriet let him try to play the old piano, and afterwards she played and Ronnie sang.

It was dark before Ronnie knew how the day had gone, and Father was standing at the door to take him home. He did not feel afraid of Mary any more so he climbed on to the bed and said good-bye, adding, with a tinge of regret, "I never even brought you a present."

"You did, lamb!" Mary exclaimed. "And a wonderful present it was, too!"

Ronnie thought and thought all the way home. Father thought he was just a weary little boy; but even fathers can't see always into their sons' minds.

Soon Ronnie lay in his own soft bed, feeling something like a small boat drifting away from shore, for he was so sleepy. Mother was just able to catch his drowsy

words. "Is that why Jesus came down to live on earth?"

"What do you mean, Ronnie?"

"You know—coming Himself, instead of—well, just sending things."

"Yes, Ronnie." And that was all, for the little sleep boat sailed out with Ronnie snugly aboard.



"Ain't it better than a tonic?"

DECEMBER

NO buds have I to deck my sunless bower,
The icy winds of death have withered them,
Yet am I blessed with one unfading flower,
The Rose of Bethlehem.

Lapped in her snowy shroud the earth lies dead,
Her funeral candles mock my Stygian night,
But lo! above my darkness, overhead
There dawns Perpetual Light.

The dying year draws near his parting now,
The orphan hours around his death-bed mourn,
But youth and hope before a cradle bow,
To us a Child is born!

C. E. Brereton

Men of Yesterday

Recollections and Reflections

BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT

BISHOP Westcott was richly endowed by nature. In spite of his short stature he had a "presence." He had a beautiful face which grew nobler as he grew older. He had a marvellous brain and a most retentive memory. In addition to his deep and wide theological knowledge, he was no mean botanist and geologist, a beautiful pen-and-ink sketcher, and he had a real understanding and appreciation of music. He was blessed with truly great friendships, his chief friends being Archbishop Benson, Bishop Lightfoot, and Professor Hort. He was happily married to a wife with whom he fell in love as a schoolboy, and had a large family, four of his sons being missionaries, one of them the present Metropolitan of India.

At his school, King Edward's, Birmingham, he came under the influence of one of our greatest head masters, Prince Lee, about whom Westcott delivered a delightful address, in which he describes his great teacher's unrivalled power of arousing a passion for learning in his pupils. From school he passed to his beloved college, Trinity, in the University of Cambridge, in which he was to spend so many years. All those manifold gifts that came to him from home, from education, from friendships, he used to God's honour and glory. He was a singularly unified life. As an undergraduate he passed through anxious months of doubt and perplexity to emerge with faith undimmed.

* * *

Few Churchmen have had a wider influence. He made his mark as a theologian almost in undergraduate days. Books written in his early twenties were standard works for years. He was one of the English theologians who were always listened to respectfully on the Continent. He was the joint editor of the famous Westcott and Hort text of the Greek Testament, the result of twenty-eight years' labour, and he was very largely responsible for the Revised Version of the New Testament. In days when such views were rare and unpopular he became one of the founders of the Christian Social Union, the forerunner of the Industrial Christian Fellowship of to-day, and was its first President.

He also took a deep interest in the missionary work of the Church. It was he who prophesied over fifty years ago that the irresistible call to reunion would come from the mission field. He was one of the founders of the famous Cambridge Mission to Delhi. He gave four of his sons to

India, and he was responsible for the starting of the Bush Brotherhoods in Australia. This last development came about through Westcott's characteristic adherence to principle. A large number of his junior clergy wrote a letter placing themselves in the Bishop's hands and saying that they were prepared to go abroad if he thought fit. The news of this got about, and a hard-pressed Australian bishop wrote and asked for one of these men to work in a vast country area. Bishop Westcott refused, saying that our LORD's method

was to send men out in company. Out of this refusal grew the Bush Brotherhoods.

Again, Westcott was one of the founders of the Cambridge House in South London. Though it is more than forty years ago the writer well remembers the great meeting in the Corn Exchange, Cambridge, when Arthur Balfour, Alfred Lyttelton, Scott Holland, and Westcott were the speakers. Among this galaxy it is Westcott whom one remembers. Much of his speech was far above the heads of the great undergraduate audience, but they knew they were listening to a man of God, to a real prophet, and the effect was electrical.

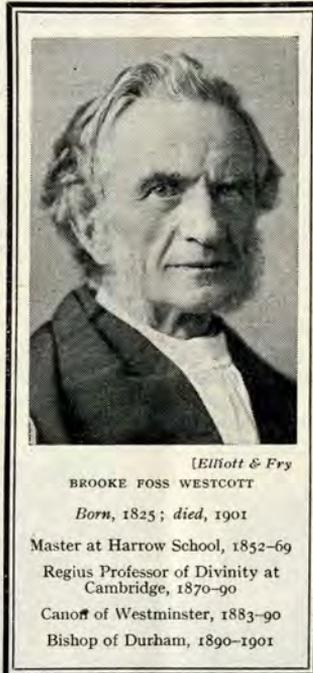
Later, as one of his theological students, the writer went to Bishop Auckland to live at the Castle gates and met the Bishop daily. It is as impossible to describe as to forget the immense effect of this contact with one so wholly consecrated to God's service, so wise yet so humble.

* * *

When Westcott was appointed Bishop of Durham at the age of

sixty-five many people were aghast. Here was one who had been a professor for twenty years, and had had practically no parochial experience. At Harrow he had not been a conspicuous success as a house-master, though Charles Gore and Randall Davidson were among the Harrow boys who felt his influence. Indeed a sermon of Westcott's in Harrow chapel was one of the formative influences in Gore's life, and Davidson did not rest till he got into Westcott's house. So it was commonly asked how such a man at such an age could attempt to tackle this great industrial diocese. He was described as a book-worm, a mystic, as hazy, and so on. Dr. Liddon had attributed a fog in Westminster to the fact that Canon Westcott's study windows were open!

Hardly had he got to Durham than a coal strike, the largest then known, broke out. Twice Westcott offered to mediate; twice he was refused. His third offer was accepted, and he gathered the leaders of the masters and men in separate rooms



[Elliott & Fry

BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT

Born, 1825; died, 1901

Master at Harrow School, 1852-69

Regius Professor of Divinity at
Cambridge, 1870-90

Canon of Westminster, 1883-90

Bishop of Durham, 1890-1901

in Auckland Castle. Hour after hour he went between the two in an agony of prayer. His chaplain has told how he was quite unaware whether he had had any food or not. At last in the late afternoon a settlement was reached, entirely, as the masters admitted, through Westcott's influence and their respect for him. Every year after that masters and men met at the Bishop's invitation in Auckland Castle in so friendly an atmosphere that he used to say that if he shut his eyes he could not tell whether masters or men were speaking. Westcott the hazy mystic had succeeded where others apparently better equipped had failed. Where was the secret?

Every Sunday morning after the early Celebration Westcott would spend the whole morning alone in his chapel, alone with God, joining perhaps with his beloved friends who had passed to their rest, in silent adoration. One of his favourite quotations was *Vita hominis visio Dei*, "The vision of God is the life of man." He had the vision of God and lived solely for His service. Hence his power and influence as theologian, bishop, philosopher, friend.

His end was as nearly perfect as one can expect in this world. Only a few weeks before his beloved wife had died: he was about to say farewell to a greatly loved chaplain, now Bishop Boutflower, after an association of eleven years. He had preached a last sermon in Durham Cathedral at the great miners' service which he attended year by year. His subject was, "The love of CHRIST constraineth us," and in prophetic vein he told them it was the last time he would preach to them. He had wound up his year's work and was ready for his holiday when the call came, and he passed quietly to his rest.

This is how one of his miners described him: "The grandest ould man for taaken [talking] ivver aa cam across yit. . . . He tyuk his hat off in the blazon hot sun and aa thowt he lukt the varry sowl o' gudeness. He wanted no bishop's hat te mak im luk gude wi' that gude onnest, upreet, an smilen face. The Bishop's a glorius ould man. Aa's setisfied this koonty will loss a bonny gud man wen Bishop Westcott's gyen [gone]."

Ringing the "Devil's Knell" A Christmas Custom

By Harry H. Clegg

AMIDST tall smoking chimneys in a busy West Riding industrial town Dewsbury Parish Church still keeps tradition alive each Christmas Eve. Here, the time-honoured custom of ringing the "Devil's Knell" has been observed from time immemorial, and to-day it remains as one of the most interesting of our still surviving Church ceremonies.

Every Christmas Eve a bell is tolled at midnight in the belief that it will keep the devil away from the town during the coming year. The number of times the bell is rung increases with each passing year. The bell is tolled once for every year that has gone by since the birth of our LORD, so that this year it will be rung out one thousand, nine hundred, and thirty-seven times.

Mystery surrounds the origin of this ancient custom and many strange stories have been told of why and how the "Devil's Knell" was first rung.

One popular legend is that early in the thirteenth century a baron living near Dewsbury, named Thomas de Soothill, was subject to violent fits of temper. Once, when he was in one of these terrible tantrums, he murdered his servant-boy and flung him into a dam in order to try and hide his guilt. Later, the baron was so overcome by sorrow for what he had done that he gave a bell to Dewsbury Parish Church and ordered that it should be tolled at midnight every Christmas Eve as a penance to remind him of his crime.

Another belief which is held by many people, is that the "Devil's Knell" is tolled to show that CHRIST still triumphs over the devil.

But whatever the true origin of this ancient rite may be, the date when it was first started is not definitely known. Dewsbury Parish Church has a long and interesting history, but it is unlikely that the history of the "Devil's Knell" goes back as far as that of the church which is said to have been founded by St. Paulinus, companion of St. Augustine, in the year 627. The ancient Saxon parish of Dewsbury covered a vast area and even stretched right over the Pennines and joined the Parish of Whalley in Lancashire.

There was a time, however, a few years ago, when the ceremony was in real danger of becoming obsolete. People who lived near the church objected to the monotonous toll at so late an hour as midnight. The result was that for one year there was no "Devil's Knell." Nevertheless many folk were very indignant at letting this good old custom drop and so at the next Christmas the bell once more rang out.

When so many old-time customs are slowly but surely dying away the townfolk of Dewsbury deserve a special word of praise for refusing to let this ceremony be forgotten. There will be many on Christmas Eve who will be eagerly awaiting to hear the "Devil's Knell" once more when it will toll out, keeping alive one of the Church's ancient traditional customs.



DEWSBURY PARISH CHURCH

Ancient Lights

By Dr. Evelyn Dickinson

III. BE NOT AFRAID

FEAR is the simplest of the emotions, and perhaps the strongest. It may take complex forms, and may be physical or mental. It is universal, yet we are more ashamed of it than of any other natural attribute, and dread it more than any other state of mind. Montaigne, who was a past master in the humanities, wrote: "I am afraid of nothing but fear."

In these days we are all afraid. This may seem an absurd assertion, for it is a brave age, when we take risks and make conquests in all possible fields of action and thought. We speed by wheel and wing as a matter of course; our engineers change the face and subdue the forces of the earth; our chemists and men of science live dangerous lives breaking down and building up things visible and invisible for the use of man. In thought and speech we dare without limit, and the restraints and sanctions of the elder generation are discarded as outworn garments. Never, probably, has there been a society so free in spirit, so spacious in its outlook. And yet there is fear, and it is the enemy of modern life. This is not to speak of those queer personal terrors and apprehensions, incongruous with the rest of us, of which most of us are aware, and for which we blush. A fine steeplechase rider may invariably turn sick or weak-kneed on a height; a first-class cricketer may always faint at the sight of blood; a famous orator may be one of those who palpitate between the sheets when thunder rolls up in the small hours. This kind of emotion is purely physical, and we need not call it utterly irrational, for its root may be in the experience of childhood, or in heredity, or in race memory; and the hateful moment passes, and all is well again.

FEAR AMONG THE NATIONS

The fear of the world to-day is mental, and is in the soul of all the nations. They watch each other, they listen and pry and plan. Civilization, which is the control by man of his environment, has not brought us inward security, though never surely were the comforts and the interests so many. Our government was never so kind, so tender towards poverty and suffering, our charities never so thorough or so generous, and the finest fruits of all the earth are brought for our enjoyment. No child need be ignorant, and no one need starve; the historians of the future may call this a golden age of the British Commonwealth. But we do not live to ourselves alone. We are all members one of another, and there is a mass anxiety among the peoples, which infects all but the most frivolous of us. The New World is restless with it, working feverishly to capture the markets of the globe and lay up store. In the Old World the League of Nations sits in the midst of armed camps, of which some rattle the sabre, and others broadcast their own praise and propaganda, and where there is not war there are

conferences, which are tales of the uneasy. Every man and woman of us breathes this intellectual atmosphere, and in some way is afraid. For fear is an anticipation of evil, not a sudden response to stimulus, such as the sensation of a wound or blow; it is a dread of what may come, which haunts the mind and poisons mind and body.

OUR OWN FEARS

It takes strange forms in different people and some develop what is now called health consciousness, and by certain authorities advised as desirable. A morbid fear of illness, or of some special illness, is common, and we weigh and diet, and observe symptoms, and seldom feel well or look so. We should not go over the hill to meet illness. There was an old saw: "Was well, would be better, took medicine, and died!" It was the story of an unquiet mind. Courage knows no worry. At its worst, and when the pin-pricks of the daily task seem most unbearable, we should take a short view, and do the "next thing" to the best of our ability. There is a widespread mistrust and even dislike of life. There are innumerable breadwinners who cannot sleep in comfort because of the frenzied competition in every kind of business, and the instability of social conditions; there are the younger, whose outlook should be gaily forward, who shrink from marriage and the family, fearing their fate too much.

THE REMEDY

There is an Ancient Light: Be not afraid. And there is power in these simple words. We should think of them at the rising and the going down of the sun, till from a mere repetition or maxim they make their way to that inmost conscience which is the keeper of us all. At first we might say them as a boy will whistle to himself in the dark for cheer and company. Later on we shall find that confidence comes with them, as though we drew from a fount of help and force always within us, and untroubled. We shall not reason about it. It is the things we have so much reasoned about, machines, and wave-lengths, and gases, psychoanalysis, and marvels of inventions, which are getting out of our control, and putting fear into our hearts.

Doctors, even scientists, some of them, will advise us now that unless some great disaster is to befall us individually or universally, we must get into touch with those finer issues which we call religion. Emotion is not overcome by intellect, only by a greater emotion; love will cast out fear, but it needs a very special degree of love to free us all to-day from the terror and the fret of this magnificent and monstrous world which we have built up round us. Fear is basic in the human heart and hard to eradicate. We shall not find rest for our souls till we have transformed and sublimed it into a different kind of fear, which is on a different plane, and is a blend of admiration, faith, and love, and is called the Fear of the Lord.

The Christmas Mummers A Sketch from the Past

By Joan Cannon

[To-day the Mummers and their plays have become a subject for those who study Folklore. Yet it is not so long since they went their rounds, with traditional words often modified by the passage of time, as a regular part of the Christmas festivities. It may be that in some villages they do still. At any rate at Bampton, in Oxfordshire, in the early years of this century their appearance was an annual event eagerly expected. And by none more eagerly than by the writer of this sketch who was then a child, and has now written down her recollections of the Mummers and their doings for the benefit of our readers.—Ed. SIGN.]

THE Mummers are outside.

"Tell them to come in."

And then we would go up to the oak-pillared gallery to look down on the courtyard beneath, and watch one of the oldest of Christmas Eve entertainments—the Mummery Play. The Mummers would stand in a group of six male performers, decked out with long strips of differently coloured paper, which hung all round them from their heads downwards, completely hiding their ordinary clothes. One character would be wearing a head-dress of

feathers, and there was another who wore no paper at all, but was adorned with a white sun-bonnet, a white blouse, a shawl, and a voluminous black skirt, from beneath which protruded a large pair of hob-nailed boots.



"The Doctor with his imple pimple pills"

There was very little action in the play. Each mummer in turn stepped out from the group, and proceeded with rolling gait to walk solemnly round in a circle, chanting his lines in country dialect, without any expression whatsoever. The first to advance was Father Christmas with the following words:

"In comes I old Father Christmas
Welcome or welcome not,
I hope old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot.
There is a time for work,
There is a time for play;
Time to be melancholy,
And time for to be gay;
Time to be tipsy, and time to be free.
And sure enough at Christmas time
We all should jolly be.
This is a time when CHRIST should come
That we should happy be.
So listen all ye gentiles¹
Now to what we shall say."

¹ ? gentles



"The first to advance was Father Christmas"

He then went on to enumerate the characters, giving the first his cue thus: "Come in then, King Jarge," and with an "In comes I" King Jarge started his lines. At the end of them he called on the Turkish Knight who "comes from Turkeyland to fight," and together they engaged in mock battle with their wooden swords.² The Turk fell to the ground. King Jarge retired and the Doctor was called in and walked round in the same manner, telling of his skill. Finally he seized the Turk by the hand and pulled him to his feet with the words:

"Being the case as it was before,
Rise up thy head and fight once more."

Next came "Bold Robin Hood, With bended bow of yew-tree wood," followed by the sun-bonneted player as "Bold Little John," who with his "quarter-staff will play the Don."

"I'm not the man to cheat me cousins,³
But knocks men's brains out by the dozens."



"Together they engaged in mock battle with their wooden swords"

² This episode appears to be a reminiscence of the Crusades, the Turkish Knight representing the Saracens, and his opponent the champion of Christendom, St. George, who became King George during the eighteenth-century succession of monarchs of that name.

³ It is suggested that this is a corruption of "who cheats or cozens," a more familiar word having been substituted for one less familiar.

After this bloodthirsty statement of Little John's, there would be a rollicking chorus sung.

"Now for the music, and now for the fun,
Our speeches be ready, and Christmas is come,
So welcome us all, and give us a cheer,
For old Father Christmas comes once in a year."

Once more Father Christmas came forward to explain that his "brave gallant boys" would again entertain us, this time assuming different characters. King Jarge as the "royal appewsha' king" was "bound to defend all nations." He fought as before, this time with "Sodjer Bold," formerly the Turkish Knight, a ruffian who would "cut 'un and maul 'un in smaller slices, send 'un to the cook-shop to make mincepies." Sodjer Bold was slain in battle, and the Doctor, who came from "Italy, Titaly, France, and Spain" with his "imple pimple pills" in a tin box which he shook at the audience, was this time unable to "rise he up." However, Mister Finney, "a man of great pains," was able to raise "this man who is not quite dead," admonishing him to "fight no more."

At last we came to the universal favourite, him of the skirt and sunbonnet, now "Old Tom the Tinker," who assured us he "aint no small beer drinker," going on to assert that—

¹ Probably a garbled version of "puissant."

"My face was black and my beard was long,
And my hat tied on with a leathern thong."

His adventures certainly had a strong spice of bucolic humour, especially his encounter with the "poor dead dog," and always raised a laugh. Then the chorus, "Now for the music," having been repeated, there was a chink of coins thrown from above and a "Good-night, Sir." "Good-night, Mum. Thank you very much, Sir."

"God bless all our friends here
With a merry merry Christmas
And a happy New Year."

"Good-night, Mummers." And so they file out into the night, as they have done for many centuries, to disappear until another Christmas Eve.



"I'm not the man to cheat me cousins,
But knocks men's brains out by the dozens"

Over the Teacups

At first sight it may seem that the old greeting, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," is rather out of place in this time of stress and anxiety. All the same, we do offer this greeting to all our friends, for it is plain that our faith would count for very little (almost nothing, in fact) if we could not look above and beyond all the trouble to the things that really matter. Mr. Keble almost always says the helpful thing in his *Christian Year*, and he writes this for Christmas Day:

"Where Thou dwellest, LORD,
No other thought should be;
Once duly welcomed and adored,
How should I part with Thee?
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but Thou wilt grace
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding-place."

So, with sincerity we greet our readers in the good old way: "A Merry Christmas to you all."

Report on the September Competition

Prizes were offered for Photographs to illustrate a Nursery Rhyme. There were not as many entries as we had hoped for, but some of those that have been submitted were very good, and showed that our readers, as usual, were much interested in the subject and in their photographs.

First Prize, "Little Miss Muffet": Miss A. Lea, St. Wilfrid's, 6 Ravens Road, Shoreham-by-Sea. Second Prize, "Hiddle Diddle": Miss M. Webster, The Yews, Longford, Coventry. Then, in a class by itself, as being so beautiful a photograph, but not so good an illustration of the subject, "Little Boy Blue," sent by Mrs. Walter Medicott. Highly Commended: Miss Lily Harmer ("Hark! Hark! the dogs do bark"), Mrs. Merrifield ("Jack and Jill"), Miss Storrs Fox ("Tom, Tom"), Miss A. Weatherell ("I love little Pussy"). Commended: Mrs. Joyner ("Little Miss Muffet"), Mrs. Reason ("Old Mother Hubbard"), Mrs. Sawyer ("This Little Pig"), Mrs. Shacklady ("Pussy-cat,

Pussy-cat"). It is plain from this list that there were many rhymes represented.

Now just a word of final reminder about the Toys Competition set last month. The last day for the toys to reach us is December 9th, so there is still time, and we are hoping to be able to send a record number of toys to delight the children of the Holy Family Homes on Christmas Day. And one word of caution. Even early in December posts are apt to be heavy, so if you are sending a fragile toy please pack it very carefully, so that it may not arrive crushed or broken.



"I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY"
(Photograph by Miss A. Weatherell)

Here are some reasonable recipes for this month.

First a new way of serving up an old dish, and such a good one. The ingredients are *bacon and eggs*.

Cut the bacon up in very small pieces, but do not mince it. Fry lightly until the fat runs. Beat up two or three eggs, and season with pepper and salt; pour on to the top of the bacon, and fry for a minute or two longer. When dished, it looks like a large and savoury pancake, and is delicious.

Potato Islands.—Make a tomato sauce as follows: Fry a chopped onion in butter, blend in a sprinkling of flour. Add half a pound of chopped tomatoes and a beef cube, dissolved in half a pint of water. Simmer until the tomatoes are soft, then put through a sieve. Put rounds of mashed potatoes on the dish, and on each of these put half a hard-boiled egg. Pour the sauce round these little islands.

Cobbly Crisps.—Beat stiffly the whites of two eggs, add a cup of sugar and a flavouring of vanilla. Melt and add two tablespoonfuls of butter. Mix and add a cup of chopped walnuts, three-quarters of a cup of currants, and four cups of rolled oats. Put in small pieces, about the size of a walnut, on a baking sheet and cook in a moderate oven for a quarter of an hour. Remove when cold.



The HIDDEN GARDEN

By J. Aiton Cowdroy

CHAPTER XXII

THE SHADOW IS LIFTED

GREGORY was still living in a bewildered dream when he stumbled up the steps of his boyhood's home. But before he could knock the door was flung wide by Violet herself.

"Gregory! I saw you—I couldn't believe it was true, my darling! My husband!"

"Vi, my sweetheart! It's over! I'm free!"

For a long moment they stood in the passage clasped in each other's arms, speechless in that first experience of reunion.

"Vi, can you ever forgive me?" he faltered hoarsely.

"My beloved!" Presently she lifted her shining face from his breast, the questions she could not utter in her eyes.

"The trial is finished. I begged Conroy to keep the date from you if he could. I couldn't bear you should hear me sentenced. It was bad enough." Gregory shivered. Never, so long as he lived, would he forget that day of utter humiliation. "But I was acquitted after all. The Judge said some scathing things. But they were true; what I deserved. But though Sly wasn't there it seems they unearthed sufficient evidence without him to prove the truth and clear me. So I was acquitted. Old Joseph Brown was there in court, and he brought me home in his car. We didn't talk much, but he said he would give me a job at once as working painter if I wanted it. It was my old trade, you know, that I was apprenticed to under Dad, but I said I must consult you first."

"That was dear of you." With thankful heart she smiled up into his haggard face. Never in the old days had Gregory dreamed of consulting his wife. "But would you like to accept his offer yourself, my dearest?" A little to her surprise he nodded emphatically.

"I've no chance of office work after this public disgrace. But it's a come-down for you, Vi, after the way we lived. A working man's wife on a workman's wages. But," he burst out fiercely, "I'm sick of the very sound of figures, hundreds and thousands. I'd sooner bring home a few pounds every week and pay my way as I go, than live in the most luxurious way as we did before on credit. I suppose none of the furniture was saved?"

"Not a thing. The shops reclaimed most of it because the payments were in arrears, and the rest was sold to pay other debts. But, Gregory, don't let's spoil this moment with thoughts of such stupid trifles as furniture. The debts are paid off, that is the great thing. As for my minding being a workman's wife!" She laughed and reached up her face to kiss him. "I'm so happy to have my man with me that if you elected to be a dustman I'd be ready to trot after the cart. Go round first thing to-morrow, my dear, and fix it up with dear old Mr. Brown. He often comes in here to see Jean at work on her pottery, and admires her

cleverness and enterprise immensely. You know she has really started in business, I wrote and told you all about it, and already she has orders enough to keep her going for a year. Oh, but it isn't fair to keep you to myself like this. Your mother and the girls have been wonderful to me. Come and show yourself. They'll be so excited."

Violet stood by laughing with sheer amusement when Jean, seeing the unexpected apparition of her brother in the workshop, danced round him and smeared his coat with plentiful streaks of wet clay as she gave him a warm sisterly hug. But if Jean's unfeigned delight and Louie's calmer but no less affectionate greeting banished the sense of awkwardness from Gregory's mind, his mother's tears of relief and loving thankfulness touched him to the heart as he held her in his arms.

Later that evening he went in, feeling shy and awkward, to the house next door, where the jubilation at his restoration to freedom was almost as great as among the Bournes themselves.

"I wanted to—to thank you, sir," he said to Mr. Conroy. "Your visits were the brightest spots of that whole time. But what I'm most thankful for is that you saved me from ruining my mother as well as myself."

"This trouble hasn't ruined you, my boy. Stuff and nonsense!" Little Mr. Conroy beamed on the handsome young face, grown thinner, older, careworn, indeed, but pleasing in its new gentleness. "So you're going back to your old trade. Well, well, I hope I'll live to see you a master builder yet, like your father before you."

"It's a job I understand, at any rate. But mother wants us to go on living at home. She won't hear of parting with the boys."

"A most sensible arrangement. She's not so young as she was, Gregory, but with you and Violet caring for your mother, Jean will be free to work at her pottery. That thought might well have weight with you, Gregory, for Cartwright prophesies that Jean Bourne ware will be as famous one day as Kate Greenaway pictures."

"That's what Vi says, that it will give Jean her chance." He wrung Mr. Conroy's hand, relief in his face. "Thanks, sir. I'll take your advice."

The excited atmosphere of the house presently settled down, and when Gregory came home from his work in the evenings, his mother and Violet and he made a homely, contented group in the sitting-room, for Mrs. Bourne voluntarily resigned the housekeeping reins to the daughter-in-law she had grown to love.

Jean practically vanished into the workshop, and Louie felt that in that self-contained family circle she had no place.

A new animation came to Louie at Gregory's release. The bright colour came back to her cheeks, a light of glad expectancy filled her eyes, yet presently, as the days slipped into weeks, her animation faded again, her high spirits left her. She realized that even her contribution

to the family exchequer was no longer necessary with a man's steady wages coming in, and Violet's sensible management controlling the improved income. Sometimes she seemed on the point of confiding in Jean, yet reserve held her back, and, besides, she feared to invade her sister's sanctuary in case she might break in on some critical, mysterious rite.

But late one evening, when Jean was dreaming in the workshop in a state of unwonted idleness, waiting till the time came when a batch of models could be safely removed from the kiln, her ears filled with the sound she loved best, a faint, musical tinkle from the kiln, the door burst open without ceremony, and Harold Conroy confronted her with blazing eyes.

"Jean," his voice was low, but startled her as if it had been a shout, so intense was its tone, "do you know that Louie has chucked Baynes & Farrers and intends to go to India next month in charge of some beastly fellow's children?"

"Louie—India—next month! Harold, you must be out of your mind!"

"I tell you it's true. Dad got it direct from Marchmont this evening. It seems she told some customer that she wanted to leave the shop and go abroad if she could get the opportunity, and the woman—she's the Duchess of something or other—wrote to-day to ask if she'd like to go out to India in charge of her little grandchildren when their father goes to rejoin his regiment. Louie dashed in and clinched it with Marchmont then and there, and this Captain somebody won't even have his wife on the voyage."

"Who won't have his wife? Oh, Louie's Captain. Of course he won't. She's to meet them at Colombo," said Lesley's gay voice from the doorway.

"How did you come here?" her brother exclaimed angrily.

"Over the wall, same as you did yourself, young man. Seeing a light in the workshop and two persons like conspirators. But hasn't Louie told you, Jean?"

"She hasn't breathed a word. Lesley, it can't be true."

"Of course she hasn't told you. She wanted to have it clinched first so that she couldn't be argued out of it," Harold said bitterly. "Marchmont says she's wild to go."

"O Harold, we can't let her! She's not strong enough, she's been horribly pale and quiet lately. Oh, do help to dissuade her!"

"Me dissuade her? I'm the last person on earth she'd listen to."

The angry misery in his tone startled both girls.

"You used to be such friends——" Jean was beginning, when Lesley interrupted with a stern glance at her brother.

"Do you mean to tell me, you poor donkey, that you don't understand why our beloved Louie yearns

to fly off and dwell among Blacks and elephants, anywhere, so that she can get away from Highfield?" she demanded. "What did you quarrel with her about?"

"I didn't quarrel with her, you cheeky young monkey," he exclaimed, exasperated. "If you must know, I implored her to marry me, and she turned me down flat."

"That would be at the height of Gregory's affair, I suppose. And you were content to leave it at that?"

"No, I wasn't," he replied grimly. "I tried again a few weeks later, and she told me not to pester her."

"Alas! my poor, dense brother! Whatever else could she do with poor old Gregory facing his trial, and no one knowing that he wasn't going to be sent to prison? Of course she told you not to pester her when she was struggling her hardest to do the right thing, and you did nothing but add to her difficulties. Shut up, don't interrupt. I've not nearly finished. Do you suppose that any decent girl—Jean, or me even, though I'm not saint-like like Louie—would let

the man she loved be dragged in to share in her own miserable family disgrace? Do use your common sense, my dear boy. But Gregory wasn't sent to prison. He has been home over six weeks, and naturally she waited and waited, expecting you to pop up again with another proposal that she was free to leap at. And have you? Far from it; you've taken jolly good care to keep away and avoid her like poison, so of course she concluded that you'd cooled off."

"Jean," Harold stamped, "is all this rigmarole true?"

Do you think if I could get hold of her again I've really got a chance?"

"Lesley's perfectly right about the first part. As for the rest, only Louie can answer it. Wait here a minute." Shutting the door behind her on the brother and sister, Jean stepped out into the moonlit garden and sent a soft call up to Louie's window.

"Lou-lou! Aren't you in bed yet? I'm glad, darling. Do run down here for a moment. I want you for something quickly."

Louie, in desolate tears by her bedside, had seen nothing of the conspiratorial movements in the garden. But at her sister's call she dried her eyes and crept downstairs. Rather gingerly she crossed the threshold and came out on to the shadowy path, then stopped abruptly, for Harold, not Jean, was before her.

Jean and Lesley, crouched in the close darkness of the workshop, for Lesley had turned out the light, heard nothing for the next few minutes but that low tinkle from the kiln, so tense were they. Panic-stricken after her impulsive action, Jean thought: "Did I do wrong? Have I hurt her? Oh, was it horribly treacherous of me to let her in for this without warning? Oh, but it is Harold, our own Harold—he loves her truly—and she, oh, yes, how blind I've been—she——"

Then suddenly on her bewildered thoughts came the



"Jean, seeing the unexpected apparition of her brother in the workshop . . ."

sound of Harold's murmured laugh, a sob from Louie, and one sentence, passionately thankful, louder than the rest.

"O Harold, I couldn't understand! I thought you didn't love me any more."

The unseen auditors clapped hands to their ears, and so with gurgles of unfeeling laughter Harold, when at last he remembered their existence, disclosed them to Louie's shining eyes as he flung open the door and let moonlight flood the workshop.

CHAPTER XXIII

THIS MUST BE LOVE

SIX months later Jean and Tom Cartwright stood talking in the workshop. He no longer lived in Beck Street, though he was a frequent visitor, but to-day he had come for a specific purpose, and while he waited his chance to speak his eyes never left the gentle, changeful face that to him had become the dearest in the world.

"Tom, I can't believe it is only one year since we met," she was saying dreamily. "To-morrow is my birthday again, and this time last year I was so wretched and fearful of the future. Yet how marvellously all our misfortunes have turned into benefits really. It has taught me how stupid it is to be afraid ever, since God knows how to change every trial into a blessing. When I was dismissed from the office I was terribly humiliated, yet but for that I should never have come home to live, and been led back to my real work. And Gregory and Violet—but for the awful ordeal they both went through they would never have learned to be truly happy, as they are now, sharing each other's daily burdens. If you peeped into every house in Highfield you couldn't find a more thoroughly contented family group than Vi and her husband and children and their Grannie."

"What about the Conroy household next door? That group of four, old and young, always strikes me as looking pretty blissful."

"Oh, yes, of course. But that marriage was bound to be happy in any case. Harold and Louie were made for each other, but even they might not have found it out so quickly but for the troubles they went through. But, Tom"—she glanced up at him with a hint of humour for all her real seriousness—"it was you, the Lodger I dreaded so terribly, who turned into my greatest blessing. Without you behind me I could never, never have had this." She waved her hand towards the new shelves that Gregory had put up for her, crowded with her latest designs, beautiful, graceful models that would be bought up as soon as they were seen by the dealers, who had already detected the future value of "Jean Bourne Ware."

Tom braced himself to seize his chance.

"You know I'm proud to be your working partner in all this, Jean, to know that I can help you on the commercial side," he said with odd huskiness in his pleasant voice. "But must our partnership stop at that? Wait a bit, my dear, it's my turn to talk. Boughton's have just given me the General Managership in London, and it means a responsible position. A complete change in my way of living, too. And this workshop is far too cramped now that orders begin to flow in. You will have to start on a bigger scale altogether, find larger premises to house that electric kiln that you talked about last summer as an impossible dream. Why can't we make our changes together, Jeannie? Make a new partnership? Surely you must feel lonely sometimes here, now Louie is married—you brother and his wife wrapped up in each other—"

"Oh, but they never leave me out," she interrupted in quick defence.

"No, no! I didn't mean that," he exclaimed with a touch of impatience. "But you've just spoken of them yourself as a self-contained group. You have got no real place here now. They don't need you. But, Jeannie," he caught her hand, "Jeannie, my love, I need you."

"You—need—me?" She hesitated, and felt queerly that this must be a dream.

"I love you, Jean!" he said pleadingly. "But don't mistake me, dear. I'd never try to come between you and your work. I know what it means to you. All I ask is the right to take care of you for ever. Jeannie, I love you as I didn't know it was in me to love any one, with my heart and soul. But I've startled you. My dear, you needn't be afraid. We are friends, I know that, but have you thought of any feeling for me beyond just—friendship?"

"O Tom, I don't know. I thought it was just friendship, relying on you, looking forward to your coming, thinking about you when I'm working." She looked at him wide-eyed, like a bewildered child. "But—"

"But what?" Suddenly his arms were wrapped round her, his lips pressed to hers. "Jeannie, my Jeannie! Say it is love!"

She drew a long, sighing breath, her starry eyes half-closed now, as if she were savouring the deliciousness of the moment, analysing its nature. "I feel everything at once, Tom," she murmured dreamily. "Friendship and trust and perfect happiness. Oh, yes, I think this must be love!"

But a few minutes later Jean withdrew herself from her lover's arms to put a question, her anxious eyes on his. "Tom, do you really understand what an *incompetent* wife you are getting? I'm not sensible and practical like Louie, and I get fretted inside if my work doesn't come out as I want it to, and I do get abstracted and forget everything when I'm seized with an idea. Can you bear to have a wife like that?"

"I can bear anything," he declared with supreme content, "except the delay of our wedding."

THE END

By far the most astonishing result of the appearance of JESUS CHRIST is the continued existence and activity of the Christian Church. And in this we find stronger testimony to the truth of the Creed even than in the Gospels and other books of the New Testament. The Church is, in the first place, older than any of the written records of Christianity. Already the Church was at work bearing witness to her Master, teaching and administering the Sacraments, before even a word of our New Testament had been written. Even if all our documents had perished without a trace, immeasurably great as our loss would have been, "the living and abiding voice," as a bishop of the early second century calls it, would be testifying to the great central facts of the Faith. "The Church to teach, the Bible to prove," runs the old saying. But, in a sense, the very presence and work among men, after some nineteen centuries, of the teaching body, is a proof of the abiding truth of that which is the centre of the teaching, the Person and Work of the LORD CHRIST. Here, in the mere fact that the Church is still going on, is something which constitutes a visible appeal to the minds of men here and now, which to some, at any rate, appears a more stable foundation than that of ancient documents, subjected, as they rightly are, to methods of critical research, of which the results can only be judged and tested by professed scholars.—*J. H. Beibitz*

Church Life To-day

Some Points of Current Interest

Mr. Benjamin Phillips, who is retiring after fifty years' service as verger at All Saints' Church, Forest Gate, first became a verger at the age of sixteen at Little Ilford Parish Church. His father was a sexton for forty-three years, one of his grandfathers held a

Australia, has been elected Bishop of Bunbury, West Australia, in succession to Dr. Cecil Wilson, who resigned in June this year.

Mr. Knight, who is a West Australian by birth, was educated at the University of New Zealand and the University of London, and was ordained in 1914. He served as a chaplain with the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, 1917-19; and was subsequently Vicar of Leithfield, Vicar of Kaiapoi, and Rector and Chaplain of St. Saviour's Home, Timaru, 1923-28. In 1928 he left New Zealand for Australia to become Warden of St. Barnabas Theological College and Special Preacher of St. Peter's Cathedral, Adelaide.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts has elected the **Right Rev. Noel Baring Hudson**, Bishop of Labuan and Sarawak, to the office of secretary, in succession to the late Canon Stacy Waddy. He will take up his new work at S.P.G. House on March 1st next.

Bishop Hudson, who is forty-three years old, graduated at Christ's College, Cambridge. During the War he served in the Army with distinction, and was awarded the D.S.O. and M.C., with bar in each case. He held the rank of lieutenant-colonel and temporary brigadier-general at the age of twenty-three. After the War he was ordained, and was vicar in turn of Christ Church, Leeds, and St. John the Baptist, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He has been Bishop of Labuan and Sarawak for six years. A keen Rugby football player, he formerly captained the Harlequins, and while in Leeds played for Headingly and Yorkshire.



THE RIGHT REV. NOEL BARING HUDSON (Lafayette)



Photograph] GATEHOUSE AT LONG COMPTON [M. Whitcombe
The Gatehouse, with its thatched roof, over the lychgate at Long Compton, Warwickshire, is inhabited, and is believed to be a unique feature

similar post for fifty-three years, and an uncle was church clerk for forty-one years.

THE sudden death of the **Dean of Westminster** in his seventy-ninth year has deprived the Church of a striking personality. Dr. Foxley Norris will long be remembered for his thirty-seven years' distinguished work in the North of England, for many years in the newly-created Diocese of Wakefield, where he was in turn Rector of Almond-bury, Rector of Barnsley, and Archdeacon of Halifax, and later as Dean of York from 1917 to 1925. Himself an artist of some distinction, he did much to add to the dignity and beauty of York Minster. The work on the priceless glass was begun, chapels were restored, and the use of the Eucharistic vestments was revived. He succeeded Bishop Ryle as Dean of Westminster in 1925.



THE LATE DR. FOXLEY NORRIS (Elliott & Fry)

SOME important changes in the Australian episcopate have recently been announced. The **Rev. Leslie Albert Knight**, Warden of St. Barnabas Theological College, Adelaide, South

Baker, who has been **Bishop of Bendigo** since 1920, has accepted the invitation of the Council of Ridley College, Melbourne, to become Principal in succession to the Rev. E. V. Wade, D.D., and will take up his new post early next year.

The **Bishop of Grafton** (the Right Rev. J. W. Ashton, D.D.) has informed his Diocesan Council that he will resign his see next March. Dr. Ashton, who is a Yorkshire man, has worked in Australia for nearly forty years, and was consecrated Bishop of Grafton in 1921.

We learn from a paragraph in the *Liverpool Diocesan Review* that an attempt has recently been made to revive the story, the falsity of which has many times been exposed, that the **bishops are paid by the State**. On the contrary, as the writer in the *Review* points out, before the foundation of the Bishopric of Liverpool in 1880 a sum of over £94,000 was raised for its endowment by voluntary subscription: and since the War Church people have subscribed no less than £418,000 for the endowment of seven new bishoprics.

THE reopening of **St. James's Church, Piccadilly**, marks the completion of a renovation which will be noted with pleasure by all interested in the care of Renaissance churches. Its object has been to restore the interior of Wren's famous church to its original appearance. In addition to this the entrance to the churchyard has been partly rebuilt, and handsome gates of wrought iron have been erected.

St. James's, it may be observed, was consecrated in 1684, the parish having been cut out of that of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.



ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY (The Times)

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.**

2853. Whose duty is it to clear away confetti disfiguring church porch and yard after weddings?

The incumbent and the Parochial Church Council are responsible for keeping the church and its precincts clean and in good order. In practice this responsibility is usually delegated to the churchwardens jointly with the incumbent. They appoint the various officials who do the actual cleaning. The duties of the parish clerk, the cleaners, etc., should be clearly stated when they are appointed. If this has not been done and any difficulty arises the incumbent and churchwardens may decide who is to perform the various duties and should, if necessary, get this sanctioned by the Parochial Church Council, or the matter can be referred direct to the Council for it to make rules, as it has the power to do, laying down the duties of the various officials.

As for the particular custom about which you ask, we think that everything possible should be done to stop the vulgar nuisance of throwing confetti. One suggested remedy is to exhibit in the porch or elsewhere a notice stating that confetti must not be thrown and that if this is done an additional fee will be charged for the wedding to cover the cost of the additional and most tiresome cleaning involved.

2854. Can you explain some of the old symbols employed in the stone-work of our church; for instance, two birds drinking?

Some symbols appear to be taken from those natural objects which, as in the Catacombs of Rome, stood as signs of Christian teaching in days of persecution, when it would have been dangerous to employ obviously Christian designs. In such pictorial language, your two birds drinking stand for the refreshment offered to Christian souls. In Christian burial places birds drinking from a cup or vase or pecking at fruits may signify the refreshment of the saints in heaven. In other places the same kind of symbol would signify the supply of life to those living on earth, principally through the Eucharist. We may compare this to the threads running through the Fourth Gospel, of water, wind (or spirit), and life. It has been noted that, in spite of their dangers in pagan surroundings, when Christians pressed natural objects or even heathen figures into this pictorial service, "the early Christian symbols" are uniformly cheerful. Pessimism is not Christian.

ON THE MAP

Points for Church People

THE PLACE OF REVELATION

**Glory to God in the Highest.
And he that heareth, let him say, Come.**

This mystery of the INCARNATION, in this manifestation of GOD'S glory in the Face of JESUS CHRIST, is in truth . . . the very golden key, which unlocks each Psalm, as it unlocks the Law and the Prophets.

DECEMBER, 1937

THE GREATER FESTIVALS

Date TILL CHRISTMAS

- 5. S. Second in Advent.
- 12. S. Third in Advent.
- 19. S. Fourth in Advent.
- 21. Tu. St. Thomas, A.M.

DAYS OF FASTING OR ABSTINENCE

Fridays, 3, 10, 17.
Ember Days, W., F., S., 15, 17, 18.
Vigil of Christmas, 24.

CHRISTMASTIDE

- 25. S. Christmas Day.
 - 26. S. St. Stephen's Day.
(First S. after Christmas.)
 - 27. M. St. John Evangelist.
 - 28. Tu. Holy Innocents.
- 1938
- 1. S. The Circumcision of Christ.
Octave of Christmas Day.
New Year's Day.

COMMEMENTIONS

- 4. Clement of Alexandria, D., c. 210;
- 6. Nicholas, Bp. of Myra; 8. Conception of the B.V. Mary; 16. O Sapientia, beginning of pre-Christmas Antiphons; 17. Ignatius, Bp. of Antioch, M., c. 110.

2855. Is it right for our Council to make certain new arrangements about finance, and the Electoral Roll?

r. The P.C.C. is responsible for the finances of the parish, and especially for seeing that the necessary church expenses are met. Therefore if it

thinks it advisable to make a general rule to deduct ten per cent for church expenses from all special collections it has a perfect right to do so. No doubt the plan would be tried as an experiment for a given time, perhaps for a year, and if it was not found to work satisfactorily some other course would be adopted.

2. The Council is also responsible for keeping the electoral roll, and we believe the duties connected with this are usually delegated to the secretary of the Council. There could, however, be no objection to its appointing some other competent person as a special secretary for the roll if the secretary of the Council were unable to undertake this work in addition to his other duties.

2856. Should a Christian wear mourning?

The wearing of mourning is a matter for personal decision. In the past the overdoing of conventional signs of grief was a great mistake, but on the other hand we think that on many grounds to try to ignore real sorrow is unwise. While work must be done as usual as far as may be, some restraint and some quieter garb is in accordance with natural feeling. Those who entirely set aside such points often needlessly grieve others, and sometimes cause difficult social situations for themselves and embarrassment to others.

Each person must think out how to rejoice and how to mourn on Christian lines, which are usually sensible uses of what is conventional according to the customs of the people of their own circles.

2857. Why is the server communicated in our church before the Communion of the assistant clergy?

We believe that two reasons are given for the custom you mention, one practical and one symbolical.

The practical reason is that as the server will not be required again for some time it is found convenient that he should receive Communion immediately after the celebrant and then go to the place he is to occupy during the administration.

The other reason is that his reception of the Elements next after the celebrant symbolizes the part taken by the laity: the celebrant represents the clergy and the server represents the congregation of lay people, the two together symbolizing the whole Church on earth presenting itself in union with CHRIST, the Head.

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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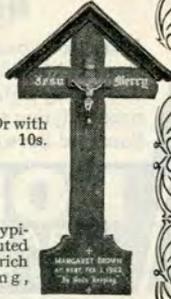


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P.339A.

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ST. JOHN'S (NORWAY)
LAWN BOWLING CLUB



Last year the ladies' and the men's section of the St. John's (Norway) Club went their own ways as far as their annual banquets were concerned, but this season there was a united front and the result was a happy gathering at Muirheads Yonge Street restaurant last night. President Sid Short was in the chair, and after a satisfying dinner, Rev. Canon Baynes-Reed

D.S.O.; Joe Harris, M.P.; Ald. W. Howell, and George Shields took part in the presentation ceremonies and made kindly remarks concerning the club.

Canon Baynes-Reed proposed the toast to "The King;" Ald. Howell gave "The Club," to which Ed. J. Thompson responded; Mrs. George Caunter tendered the toast to "The Guests;" Mrs. W. Howell replying.

Mrs. Withycombe, President of the ladies' section; Mrs. Caunter, the Secretary-Treasurer, and Mrs. Ellis, the Games Secretary, were the recipients of gifts from the ladies in appreciation of services well rendered during the season.

The Prize-winners to receive awards were as follows:

Men's section—Holman Trophy (rinks)—1, C. Dowling, T. Luxton and W. Johnston; 2, H. Mort, B. A. Smith, F. Burton and R. Conover.

George Shields Trophy (trebles)—1, S. Short, J. Underhill and A. Mort; 2, R. Ball, B. A. Smith and W. Johnston.

Howell Trophy (doubles)—1, A. Mort; 2, A. Paskin and S. Altass.

Turff Trophy (singles)—1, B. A. Smith; 2, H. Spindloe; 3, W. Johnston.

Ames Trophy—1, S. Short, Mrs. S. Short, W. Johnston; 2, C. Duff, Miss A. Copleston, C. Rumley and Mrs. A. Paskin.

Hospital Trophy—1, B. A. Smith, Mrs. G. Withycombe, Mrs. Thew, Mrs. Paskin; 2, C. Rumley, Mrs. Rumley, R. Conover, Mrs. Bell.

Ladies' section, Turff Trophy (rinks)—Mrs. Conover, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Paskin, Mrs. Rumley, skip.

Howell Trophy (trebles)—Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Caunter, skip.

Shields Trophy (doubles)—Mrs. Thew and Mr. Baldwin.

Muir Trophy (singles)—Mrs. Conover.

ST. JOHN'S (NORWAY) CHOIR

The concluding milestones of our Church year are gradually being caught up with and left behind. One of these milestones, a conspicuous one and not the least important, is the Bazaar, the recollection of which is still fresh in the memory, and we are glad that through the support of our friends and the able management of our conveners, the Choir booth again this year was entirely successful and a substantial amount was raised, to be included in the general fund contributed to the Church's finances.

From the experience of being connected with at least one of the Church's organizations, it is possible to heartily endorse a remark of the Canon's in which he has said that to obtain the utmost from one's connection with the Church, membership with one or another of the activities is the best means of obtaining satisfactory results, and it would be difficult to find a similar community where the opportunities for work and recreation were so varied and prolific as St. John's.

The Christmas season, owing possibly to the fine weather we have been experiencing, at least in Toronto, has until today seemed far away, but the blanket of snow which has fallen awakens one to the fact that a short time from today the Christmas season of 1937 will have gone by, and in anticipation of this happy season our warmest wishes for your health and happiness are heartily expressed, and may the year that is to come bring for you twelve months of full contentment.

This year the opportunity of hearing our Choir boys sing carols over the air is again presented, and commencing Friday, December 17th, they can be heard each morning at 8.30 a.m. over CKCL, and our Church Choral Service at the Church will be held on Sunday, Dec. 19th and 26th, when carols well known, and others not so familiar, but redolent with the Christmas message, will be sung, and we look forward to a large congregation to enjoy altogether a service that, as looking over photographs which recall happy memories, these carols may likewise bring back thoughts of earlier days and pleasant recollections.

DEATH OF CAPT. TUPPER

Death came with startling suddenness to Rev. Joseph Freeman Tupper, a former assistant in this Church, and later incumbent of Sutton and Jackson's Point before becoming Rector of St. Monica's Church.

Capt. Tupper, whom ill health compelled to resign from St. Monica's in May, 1936, had just returned from Nova Scotia where he had been visiting relatives. He was on his way to St. Monica's Church on Sunday evening, was taken ill on the street, and died before medical aid could be found. The funeral was held on Tuesday evening at St. Monica's Church and the remains taken to Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, for interment next day.

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He is survived by his wife, "Kathryn Munro," Canadian Poetess, one son, Victor, at Queen's University, and a daughter Jean, at home.

Capt. Tupper was born at Medway, N.S., and was educated at King's College. He was ordained in the Diocese of Nova Scotia and filled several positions in that Diocese.

During the War he was instrumental in recruiting a battalion and served as Chaplain to the Royal Canadian Regiment in France. Subsequently, for some time he was Chaplain to the Royal Air Force at Camp Borden. Leaving there he was assistant at St. John's (Norway) for two years.

Mr. Tupper was a gifted and eloquent speaker and his rare gifts endeared him to a host of friends. Mrs. Tupper is now living at 6 Wheeler Avenue.

SIDESMAN'S ASSOCIATION

At the regular meeting of the Association on Monday, November 29th, the members were informed that Mr. W. R. Ball, captain of Sidesman's group No. 6, was leaving to take up residence in California. In the absence of Canon Baynes-Reed, who had a previous engagement, Mr. Turff, on behalf of the Association, thanked Mr. Ball for his diligent and earnest work in the Church activities. After wishing Mr. and Mrs. Ball very good health and every success in their new home, he presented Mr. Ball with a Rolls razor. Mr. Whitehouse, our worthy President, with a few well chosen words, pointed out that Mr. Ball would be very difficult to replace.

Mr. Ball thanked the members for the fine gift and assured them that he had taken a very keen interest and pleasure in his association with their group. He stated that he would always remember his affiliation with St. John's Church.

No doubt the members of the congregation will join with the Sidesmen in wishing Mr. Ball every success and happiness in the future.

After the presentation, the evening was concluded with social activities, bowling, euchre, etc.

Men of the congregation who are not already members are urged to avail themselves of the opportunity to join the Sidesman's Association and become acquainted with each other. The members are working hard to make their Poultry Euchre a great success. Do not forget the date, December 13th, in the Parish House. Tickets may be obtained from any Sidesman. This event will conclude our activities for this year. The election of officers for 1938 will be held on Monday, January 10th.

The Sidesman's Association take this opportunity of wishing the congregation the Compliments of the Season.

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DEATHS IN THE PARISH

Francis Wm. Henry Dobson, a mail clerk, of 30 Elmer Avenue, died of heart trouble, aged 29 years. An accident several years ago impaired his health.

William T. Williamson, 23 Fairmount Avenue, died of heart trouble, aged 52 years. He was accountant in the firm of W. Williamson, his father, lumber yard.

Wm. George Wade, 63 Main Street, died of heart trouble after a long illness, aged 59 years.

Mrs. Matilda James Batty, wife of Jas. Batty, 490 Roxton Road, died of carcinoma, aged 67 years.

Wilfred Denroche, 70 years old, residing at 34 Henry Street, who had retired from his business as a machinist, died of chronic indigestion.

William Ernest Miles, a meter reader, residing at 91 Lee Avenue, aged 34 years,

Robert James Strype, a former railway dispatcher, died of broncho pneumonia, aged 86 years. He was the father of Dalton Strype, 265 Glen Manor Road.

Mrs. Harriett Ellis, widow of the late William John Ellis, died of peritonitis, aged 69 years. She resided at 29 Redwood Avenue.

Miss Mary Ann Long, a devout and faithful member of the Church, passed to her reward after a long illness bravely borne. Her sister, Mabel, preceded her in death in June. For 40 years she had been a regular and faithful attendant at St. John's. In the A.Y.P.A., the Choir, the Church School, the Chancel Guild, the W.A. and the Parish Association she had taken an active interest. Her Christian fortitude and faithful service endeared her to everyone. She will be missed by a wide circle of friends. The funeral took place in the Church on November 23rd and was largely attended.

Walter Bingham, of 49 Salter Street, a brick-layer by trade, died of coronary thrombosis, aged 74 years. He was the father of Mrs. Richard Barber, of Edgewood Avenue. His remains were taken to a cemetery in the County near the farm which he had originally cleared.

Mrs. Emma Long, formerly of Cavendish Street, died in California and her remains were brought here for interment. Her son, Leonard Long, is in Christie Street Hospital.

We extend our sincerest sympathy to all those who mourn the loss of dear ones.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S STORY

The following was part of the Christmas message of the Archbishop of Canterbury for 1936. It applies no less in 1937:

"In my old East-end days in London I remember hearing that a quarrel had broken out in a decent public house. The good man of the house did his best, but in vain, to exhort his customers to be friendly and peaceable. Then he brought in his little child, and set him in the midst. At the sight of him the tumult subsided and peace was restored. Well, Europe is full of suspicions, misunderstandings and quarrels. It is not enough to wish, as we all do, or to exhort that peace and goodwill should be restored. There must be the coming of a new spirit. That spirit came when the Holy Child appeared. Let His coming again at Christmastide stir within our hearts, and the

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hearts of all Christian people, indeed of all people of goodwill, a new loyalty to Him, and to the spirit which He came and ever comes to spread throughout the world. It is a fresh incoming of the Spirit of Christ that will bring to a harassed world the blessing of peace. If Christmas would recall men's minds to Him, the old prophecy might be fulfilled—A little Child shall lead them.

"At least in your own hearts and homes and parishes let Him find the welcome of love and loyalty, and you will have what I wish for you all from my heart—a Blessed Christmas."

CHRISTMAS DAY

Here are two clippings from daily papers regarding the event that the Church celebrates on Christmas Day.

"The Empire of AUGUSTUS, in which this Boy grew up, is in dust. CAESAR, HANNIBAL, NAPOLEON, these are but vague names to us. We read the teachings of SOCRATES and PLATO, but we never think of keeping their birthdays, nor of going to kneel in church to pay homage to them.

Yet for this Man of Galilee who was not a King nor an Emperor, who commanded no great fleet nor army, who struck no blow for liberty, who wrote no great book, who was born of a subject race and who spent his life on this earth in poverty in an obscure city, we continue through the centuries to pay tribute.

That, surely, is the strangest, mightiest, most glorious fact in the world's story."

The other read as follows:

"The whole world has been radically changed by the birth of Jesus. Its influence has gone throughout all the earth; its spirit to the ends of the world. The Christian air is unlimited and it has sweetened the mephitic atmosphere in which pagans have been trying to live. Even the air blowing from courts today is less noxious, and egotistical dictators are less bloody than of old. Christianity has thrown a pebble into the 'dead seas of men,' and they have rippled all over. Nations have literally come to His light and kings to the brightness of His rising. Nations which have not accepted Christianity have been affected by Christianity."

Carols will be sung at evensong on the Sunday before Christmas and the Sunday after.

The Christmas entertainment for the Senior School will be on Tuesday, December 28th, at 8 p.m., for the Junior School on Wednesday, December 29th, at 7.30 p.m., and for the Kindergarten on Thursday, December 30th, at 4 p.m.

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Palestine is a wonderful land for pictures. The high hills are like observation posts, for there are few trees and the clear air is like a telescope.

As you stand on the outskirts of Bethlehem there is a wonderful view Eastward. A few hundred yards away on the slope lie the fields where the shepherds watched their flocks by night, and twenty miles away the eye catches the long, narrow line of the Jordan, like the handle of an antique spoon filled with melted sky. This spot of blue is the fabulous Dead Sea. It is a lake forty-seven miles long and ten miles wide, fourteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea.

When you motor down from Jerusalem by the Jericho Road you find that all the stories told by medieval travellers are false. In a ton of Atlantic water there are thirty pounds of salt; in the Dead Sea, in each ton, there are two hundred pounds of salt and other minerals. There is no animal life on the shores, for there is no food. There are no sea birds, for there are no fish. You will see no shells on the beach or plants of any kind. The waters are as dead as if they were on the moon. And yet, at sunset, it is beautiful as the dark hills are shadowed on its mirror. They say that under its waters lie the bones of Sodom and Gomorrah. What is the secret of this phenomenon of death in the midst of loveliness?

It is because this lake is a selfish sponge rotting in the sun. It has no outlet. It keeps every drop of the living waters of Jordan that flows into it right down from Hermon—for itself. It has no outlet for its life except evaporation.

Here is a modern parable from the land of parables. How are we to make our lives helpful? The Great Teacher who told the story of the Good Samaritan must have been thinking of the sight of the Dead Sea, which He often saw as He crossed the Jordan at Jericho, when He said: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it."

Just sixty miles North of the Dead Sea there is another lake called Galilee. It is shaped like a heart. The same water flows into it as that which runs down to the Dead Sea—but it is laughing with life. There are oleanders at Tiberias and palms in the garden of the Franciscans in Capernaum. The eagles wheel down from the heights of Gadara and the water rushes out at one end of the lake as fast as it runs in at the other. The Lake of Galilee gets and it gives. It is a fountain, and that is what man's life ought to be.

Most of us take whatever we can get and do not care how much it comes as long as all goes well. We pride ourselves on the great democratic institutions that are our heritage, but very few citizens in Canada see to it that they give of their time and ability to make our country what it ought to be. Democracy in the nineteenth century was sure that it had conquered the world. It is the complacency and selfishness of the peoples who had the ball at their feet which has aroused the debtor nations to madness.

But it is in the religious sphere that this truth can be best illustrated.

No one can fail to observe that Christianity is fighting for its life today. That does not mean that it is dying. It only means that the Church of Christ is asked by candid, and sometimes hostile, critics to justify itself.

Some people say, "Why missions?" forgetting that the original gospel was a wide-world adventure. Christianity needs new markets. As soon as the Church settles down to a condition of meditative self-admiration the handwriting will be on the wall. A genuine revival of the missionary spirit would probably do more than any one thing to save civilization.—Globe and Mail.

STORY OF A CHRYSANTHEMUM

I was born in a large greenhouse in Los Angeles, California; was carefully fed and watered until I became a thing of beauty, pure white, round like a snowball and measured eight inches across, and of course, greatly admired. Then I was shipped with a lot of others by airplane to grace the Motor Show at Toronto.

I was at my best there for a week amid the thronging crowds when I was taken by a kind friend to a dear old lady who was very ill, and for days I helped to cheer her up. One day the Rector called to see her and brought her the last rosebud in his garden, for he knew she loved roses. The sick-a-bed lady was so pleased that she asked the Rector to take me to the Church, and for a week I was placed on the altar in God's House—a very great honour.

Then, as I began to droop, and not being good enough to go to another sick person, I was placed where I now am, standing in a vase on the Rector's desk in his office at the Parish House. I think I have done my part.

This is a true story.

NOTES

The Archbishop will be with us for Confirmation on Friday, December 17th. The newly-confirmed will make their first Communion on Christmas Day.

The only visiting preacher in November was Rev. Alan Johnson, assistant at St. Matthew's, who preached at evensong on A.Y.P.A. Sunday.

The celebration of the Holy Communion on Christmas Day will be at 6 a.m., 7 a.m., 8 a.m., 9 a.m., and 10.30 a.m.

Great efforts will be needed to balance our budget both for Church expenses and for Missions.

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Receipts

8 a.m. Communion	\$ 15.38
Envelopes	184.40
Open	217.60
Missions	83.46
Missions—Special	17.60
Ecclesia Girls' Bible Class Indian Child	15.00
Building	98.00
Bowling	49.71

\$681.15

Disbursements

Stipends and Salaries	\$444.99
Gas, Electric and Phone	36.85
Coal	75.47
Repairs, etc.	10.50

\$567.81

Baptisms

November 7th—Florence Isobel Patrick, David Roy Wilmot, Donald Arthur Davis, Barbara Hamilton Bailey, Iris Sonja Davis.

November 14th—Joan Ann Platt, Marlene Lillian Mitts, Melvin Douglas Swain, Doreen Mary Swain.

November 21st—Frederick David Crust, June Elsie Crust, Edgar Gordon Crust, Marie Ethel Crust.

November 28th—Lucille Iris Galbraith, Linda Louise Lennox.

November 29th—Marilyn Dorothy Sharp.

Marriages

November 6th—Leslie Reginald Sargent and Grace Kathleen Hatton.

November 13th—John Alexander Adams and Mary Edith Roberts.

November 17th—Ross Frederick Stothers and Greta Maude Martindale.

November 29th—Alexander Davidson and Nora Whitney.

Burials

Nov. 2—Francis William Henry Dobson 29 years

Nov. 5—William T. Williamson52 years

Nov. 10—William George Wade59 years

Nov. 15—Matilda Jarvis Batty67 years

Nov. 17—Wilfred Denroche70 years

Nov. 20—William Ernest Miles34 years

Nov. 20—Robert James Strype86 years

Nov. 20—Harriett Ellis69 years

Nov. 23—Mary Ann Long71 years

Nov. 23—Walter Bingham74 years

Nov. 24—Emma Long66 years

Nov. 30—Joseph Freeman Tupper54 years

Burials in Cemetery for November96

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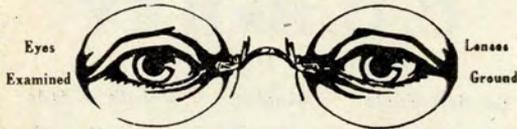
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