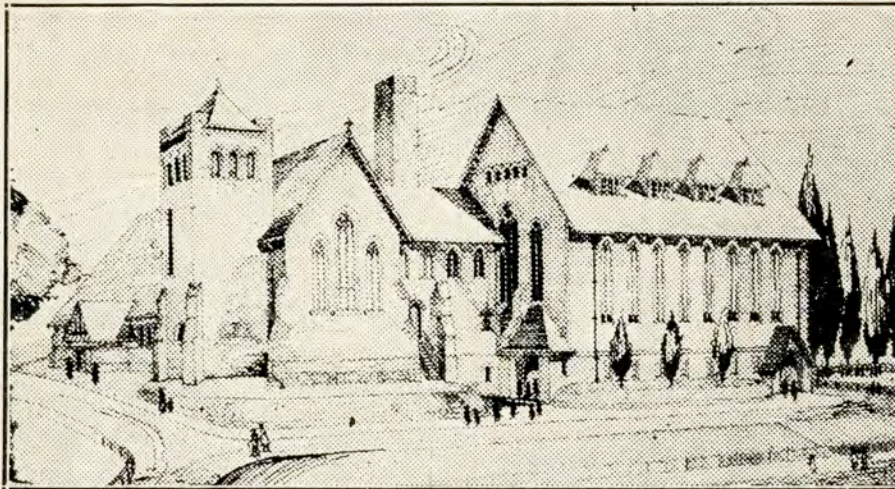


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Services:

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

HOLY BAPTISM:—Every Sunday at 4 p.m.

CHURCHING:—After Baptism or by appointment.

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

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

SUNDAY SCHOOL:—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

JANUARY, 1938

No. 183

Rector's Letter

Rector's Office,
January, 1938.

Dear Brethren:

Once again we are past the joyful season of Christmas and have entered upon another year.

Everything goes like clock work, but to ensure that it does means lots of hard work well beforehand. There are first of all the Christmas baskets. We visited all on our list of last year to find if they needed one again. Then we got a list from the Neighborhood Workers' of all those who asked for a Christmas dinner and claimed connections with St. John's. We interviewed all of these, too. Then the planning of the baskets; the purchase of supplies; the White Gift Sunday in the Church School; and sorting out, and then the transportation to the various homes. By eleven o'clock on Friday, everything was away, and by noon all the bills were paid.

The Choir boys had been singing carols at Northway's over the radio for a week and we had to visit them one morning.

Then the fact of Confirmation being so close to Christmas added an extra lot of duties as we personally interviewed each of the 56 candidates. Then the girls of the Ecclesia Girls' Bible Class entertained about 100 of Miss Kingston's proteges from Holy Trinity Church—all brands and colours and nationalities. The A.Y.P.A. brought down 75 children from St. Bartholomew's and entertained them royally to a Christmas tree and a gift for each child.

Then Christmas Day with its five celebrations and 800 Communicants; then a wedding and a baptism. Sunday coming next day did not give one much chance for a rest. The Choir boys' supper on Monday; the Senior School treat on Tuesday; the Junior School on Wednesday, and the Kindergarten on Thursday. Our good friend Mr. Edwin Balfour helped us out at all three of these treats. Then the Choir supper on Friday, with the New Year's Eve Service; the Service on New Year's Day, and Sunday again. These, with the constant round of parochial duties, make the season one to be feared and inspires thankful thoughts when it is all over. However, we feel thankful for all the help given which enabled us to feel that as far as we know no one in the Parish was without substantial Christmas cheer.

How the world does change at Christmas time, and how one could wish that the same spirit could prevail all the year round!

And now we have entered on a new year of grace. What it will bring forth to us we don't know. It certainly seems very ominous, what with Spain and China suffering the pangs of war, and other nations eager to rush in and cause trouble. Fortunately there are wise heads at the top in Britain or war would have come ere now.

We have listened to the King's broadcast and also the President's message to his people. If he will only implement his promises it will mean much. A union to preserve the peace of the world

between Great Britain and the United States would mean so much for civilization and would be a guarantee of peace.

We don't realize here in this country what our sense of security means and we are not one half thankful enough for it. The Motherland is taking very strong steps to defend herself if attacked.

May God bless all efforts to preserve peace is the sincere wish of your friend and Rector,

W. L. BAYNES-REED.

CHRISTMAS DAY

The services on Christmas Day were well attended, though we did not come up to the 1,000 Communicant mark as we had hoped.

The attendance was:

6 a.m.....	121 Communicants
7 a.m.....	190 Communicants
8 a.m.....	320 Communicants
9 a.m.....	124 Communicants
10.30 a.m.....	130 Communicants

885

Perhaps the longer holiday took a good number of people away.

NO ROOM

He came to earth a tiny Babe
So helpless and unknown,
Content to lie on Mary's breast,
Yet all the world His throne.

The guiding star with brilliant light
Was shining overhead,
While guardian angels spread their wings
About His manger bed.

His creatures dumb in silence gazed
Upon His halo bright,
Which glowed within the stable dim,
Though not to human sight.

No room was found in crowded Inn
For Jesus meek and mild,
Can we find room within our hearts
For God's most Holy Child?

—ETHEL BAYNES-REED.

His Grace Archbishop Owen will be present and will preach on Sunday morning, January 16th. The Rector hopes for a good congregation and extends an invitation to all former members of St. John's.

This month of January marks the completion of Canon Baynes-Reed's forty years of office at St. John's. He had charge of the Parish for two years as acting Rector and succeeded Rev. Charles Ruttan as Rector in October, 1900.

During Canon Baynes-Reed's term of office the records show:

Baptized	6,135
Confirmed	3,136
Marriages	2,510
Interments in cemetery	35,883



A.Y.P.A.

1938!! St. John's (Norway) Anglican Young People's Association, on February 1st, will be 25 years old.

A big Silver Jubilee Dance is planned for that night, amalgamating it with our annual dance. It is rumoured it will be cabaret style, featuring an excellent orchestra, prizes, novelties, special dances, extra attractions. So tell your friends and relations, new members, and especially old members you meet from time to time, because you can't afford to miss it, even if you have to stay in for two weeks after or before.

This is going to be a bang-up year for the A.Y.P.A., so plan to keep Tuesday nights open.

On January 27th and 28th, the E.T.L.C. Annual Dramatic Festival will take place at St. Aidan's. You guessed it! St. John's are going to be in there giving everything they have, so try and come to support the local gang.

For further information as to our above-mentioned Annual Dance and Silver Jubilee Party, phone Walter Darwin at HO. 9179, or Stan Parker, GR. 4840. Don't forget February 1st, 1938! If you can afford to go, you can't afford to stay away. P.S.—If your lady friend is busy that night, bring your sister.

MOTHERS' SOCIETY

The three meetings held in December were well attended. At the meeting on December 2nd, Miss Shotter spoke to us from St. Matthew, 7th chapter, which gives one of the Golden Rules: "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Instead of criticism use intercession and don't be an undesirable truth teller. Love is always a helper, and peace a builder-up.

On December 9th we held election of officers, the old officers being returned unanimously. Miss Shotter spoke to us from St. Matthew, 7th chapter, 13th to 25th verses, wherein we are told to enter in at the Straight Gate and to build upon Rock which will stand; not upon sand which will move.

December 16th, our last get-together of the year, started with a lunch which was served at 1 p.m. in the Big Hall. Sixty-two people sat down and enjoyed the hot meat pies and baked potatoes, the biscuits, cake, jelly, etc., which were provided. The Rector was with us and spoke a few well chosen words, afterwards presenting each one of us with a beautiful card. After lunch we moved to the Ladies' Parlour where the officers had provided a Christmas tree, under which the members placed their gifts. Carols were sung, games were played. Miss Shotter spoke a few words and

gave each member a card. The Rector came in just in time to act as Santa Claus and distribute the gifts. Everyone looked exceptionally happy when we parted with "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year" wishes to each other, and the very important "See you at the meeting on January 6th.

The Mothers' Society have had, on the whole, a very successful year. The feeling of the meeting seems to be one of good fellowship and kindness towards one another; to be more tolerant and all ready to help, showing that the spiritual side is growing as well as the material side.

We have lost a few members during the past year. Mrs. Riley, who passed away after a long illness; Mrs. Thatcher, who moved to the States; and a few others for various reasons, but we have made a number of new members and are closing the year with seventy-five names on our roll.

We have tried to see that our sick members were visited and given flowers or fruit.

On Mother's Day we provided flowers for the altar. Our Lenten collection of ten dollars was sent to the Deaconess House. We donated fifty dollars to the Parish Association Bazaar, and on Christmas Day we gave one hundred dollars to the Church Wardens to be used in whatever way they think best. We gave the caretaker a Christmas box and sent calendars to four of our out-of-town former members. In addition we have voted enough money to provide an Honour Roll, which we hope will be ready when we hold our Thirtieth Anniversary Supper in February. We think that our members who have passed to a higher life should be remembered by us for the part they have done in making and helping build our Mothers' Society, the power for good in the Parish that it is today.

The officers thank the members for their co-operation in 1937.

December 24th. 1937.

Canon Baynes-Reed,
St. John's Church (Norway).

Dear Canon Reed:

Again we thank you for allowing Mr. Mould to have the Choir boys sing for us. They are better each year and our audiences, particularly by radio, are larger and more complimentary.

In enclosing the usual cheque for your fund we also enclose our very best wishes to you and yours for a Merry Christmas, and that 1938 will prove an abundant good year.

Sincerely,

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Branch is so well noted for being such a hungry crowd. However, we can't always have a crowd, and we shouldn't complain as long as the Communion didn't suffer.

The following Tuesday, March 15th, was an educational evening, taking the form of a debate. The subject being, resolved: "That it is better to live in your own home and keep your mother-in-law, than it is to live in an apartment and own a Ford." Some lively arguments took place and the apartment and the Ford finally won out. The affirmative was taken by Miss Joyce Potter and Mr. Frank Bamford, while the negative was supported by Miss Sadye Weston and Mr. Pat. Bailey.

The week of the 20th being Holy Week, we had no regular meeting, but the members were asked to attend Church in a body. There were approximately fifty members present, and all enjoyed the service, especially the sermon by Rev. Clark-Wallace, of Birch Cliff.

On the 29, 30 and 31st of March and the 1st and 2nd of April, we presented our spring display. This play, "Skidding," by name, under the direction of Mr. J. Wes. Lennox, was, to my mind, the best play that has ever been produced by the St. John's A.Y.P.A.

It presented most vividly the actions and goings on of the Hardy family, which were so true to life. The cast, a very strong one, consisted of five girls and five boys. In order of their appearance on the stage. Gertie Belsham, Bill Hodder, Pat. Gardner, El. Hammersley, Ernie Macbeth, Grace Potter, Christine Conner, Bill Prince, Leon Fox, and last but not least, Betty Morgan. The director, cast, business manager, stage manager, candy girls, ushers and all others who worked so hard, certainly deserve a lot of praise and thanks for the way in which things were carried out. The cast, who worked under very trying circumstances most assuredly deserve a great deal of credit. We also wish to thank all the members of the Parish, who so willingly assisted us in our work. May we also remember our "God" whom we have to thank most, for the blessings He pours so freely on all our activities.

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Next month we will have some very interesting things to tell you, until then we leave you.

PARISH ASSOCIATION.

The Parish Association held three meetings during March, two of these on our regular nights, with an extra one on March 29th, in order to bring our meetings in April on the 1st and 3rd, Tuesday, as usual. At each of these meetings we had a good average attendance.

Two very successful home-cooking sales were held during March. The first one by Mrs. F. Hull, Convener of the Candy Booth, which was held at the home of Mrs. E. Hawes, 127 Kingston Road, where \$22.16 was realized.

The second one was held by Mrs. Williams, Queen Street, Convener of the Fancy Work Booth, and \$25.10 was the tidy amount made at this sale.

Both conveners take this opportunity of thanking all the ladies who helped, donated, or patronized their home-cooking sales.

Mrs. Thompson of 37 Lockwood Road, was the hostess of a successful court-whist party held at her home in aid of the Home-Cooking Booth. The results of the evening amounted to \$21.75. Mrs. Thompson is also very grateful to those who contributed or attended.

At one of our meetings a name for our bazaar was chosen, and this year we are to have "A Floral Fair," to be held in the Parish House, on Friday and Saturday, November 25th and 26th. Mrs. Croft, Head Convener, reports the Conveners are already busy arranging for various events, to help swell the proceeds of their booths, and prospects look exceedingly favourable toward another successful bazaar.

Mrs. McFadden, Convener of the Christmas Decoration Booth, purposes holding a home-cooking sale on Saturday, April 23rd, at the home of Mrs. Chatterton, 63 Norway Avenue. Here one may purchase cakes, pies, tarts, etc., for your Sunday tea.

On April 15th, Mrs. M. Dunham, Convener of the Toilet Accessories Booth, will convene a euchre in the Parish Hall at 8 o'clock. Come along and bring a friend and spend an enjoyable evening at euchre. Price 25 cents.

The Parish Association are holding their Spring Rummage Sale on Friday, April 22nd. To the members of the congregation, may we ask you to save your discarded clothing, furniture and bric-a-brac, for this sale, and if not convenient to send your parcels to the Parish Hall, the same

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On Wednesday, April 27th, Mrs. Liddiard, Convener of the China and Glass Booth, will hold a bridge and euchre in the Parish Hall at 8 o'clock. Come along and win one of the attractive prizes, and after cards, refreshments will be served. Price 50 cents.

Our annual luncheon will take place in the Parish Hall on May 17th, but more will be heard of this in next month's issue of the Parish monthly. In the meantime, however, remember the date, May 17, at one o'clock.

REPORT OF THE W.A.

At the business meeting on March 9th, we had the pleasure of having as our speaker, Mrs. Cosgrave. The subject of her address was "Our Jewish Neighbors," a most timely subject for the season, and one which made us realize more fully our duty to the Jews, Mrs. Cosgrave is a most charming speaker, and we are always pleased to have her with us.

A very pleasant evening was spent with the Evening Branch of the W.A., when we were invited to be present at their Irish party on the 17th. Every thing possible was done to make the members happy, and we truly express our thanks to our kind hostesses, and wish them continued success in their good work.

Our sincere and loving sympathy goes out to our President, Mrs. Southgate, who just recently has been bereaved of a sister in England. One cannot help but admire the courage shown by her during her sorrow, for instead of giving up she kept on with her work in the W.A., and bore the great shock with true Christian fortitude.

Our loving sympathy also is to be expressed for our Treasurer, Mrs. Stewart, whose daughter is quite ill in the hospital. And our sympathy also to one of our oldest members, Mrs. Roberts, whose brother died just recently.

Envelopes have been distributed to the members, for a free-will offering to be given weekly. This is to take the place of our annual spring

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sale, as it was decided not to hold one this year, for it involves a great deal of work and worry, and it was thought better to have straight giving. At any rate, we can try it out this way, and hope such a plan may work well.

The members have been busy all month working on outfits and quilts, and now that the warm weather is almost here, we hope to have more of our members out.

EASTER SERVICES

The Easter services were all in keeping with the wonderful occasion, which, we commemorate and its great significance to man. It had seemed likely that we would have snow or rain, but it turned out a glorious day of beautiful sunshine. The effect caused by the sunshine through the stained-glass window at the Easter services was almost startling.

The music by the choir was excellent, and the boys' anthem, particularly good. The Church looked its best, the Easter flowers adding an attractiveness with their suggestion of Spring, and resurrection.

Archdeacon Fotheringham preached at the morning service, and addressed the main school in the afternoon. Miss Shotter gave an illustrated lecture in the Parish Hall to the junior schools. The rector celebrated five times and baptized seven children at the Baptismal service.

Rev. H. H. Clark preached at Evensong. The prevalence of 'flu kept a great many people away, but the attendance was good, and despite the depression, there was a substantial Easter offering.

Easter Day Attendance

6 a.m. Communicants	107
7 a.m. "	306
8 a.m. "	457
9 a.m. "	179
11 a.m. "	271

Total Communicants	1320
11 a.m. Congregation	950
3 p.m. Children service in Church	620
3 p.m. Children service in Parish Hall	332
4 p.m. Children baptized	7
7 p.m. Evensong congregation	719

Altogether a great number of people listened to the Easter Message.

Difficulties are what show men's character. Therefore, when a difficult crisis meets you, remember that you are as the raw youth with whom God the trainer is wrestling. To what end? That you may win at Olympic.—Epictetus.

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Fellow bowlers, in a few weeks, your green will be in readiness, placing the kitty, sometime long ends, short ends, middle ends, sometimes with a running shot, no end, and so on to the end of October, so will the ends continue. Let us just take a survey of the green. Does it not look in good shape? Perhaps a little fixing up here and there, but let me assure you, everything Mel, at our last executive meeting requested that we be in readiness, to have a man roll the green as soon as the frost leaves the ground, to have a load of loam, seed at hand; and at the opportune time, to get everything working. It is well to let the members know that their committee are working up until April 22nd, when we will hand over the reins to your new-elected executive. Also, it will interest you all, also to our prospective new members, that the club had a surplus allowing us to get those few things that are so essential to the up-keep of a bowling green. Now, let me go back to our season just passed. Not so much to refresh our old members' memory, but those who we are trying to get interested in that health-giving sport of lawn bowling. Can you find a cheaper private green. Fee \$7. No private green has such a low fee to my knowledge. No private green has better accommodation, no better sportsmen and sports-women, in fact they are second to none. All through the season prizes are given to different rinks, and it appears to me that a large percentage get their fees refunded in prizes. Not forgetting that we paid \$64 to the Building Fund, also the East End Hospital was not overlooked. All those good points should be taken notice of. Prospective new members take notice. Any one will be welcome. It is not strictly members of St. John's who can join our L.B.C., but whatever Church you belong, you will always be welcome to St. John's. But we do wish St. John's, both ladies and gentlemen, will not overlook the best game where one gains so many friends, and where one plays to win, but loses with good grace, I could go on and on, showing the good you can get out of lawn bowling. However, let every member do his utmost to boost our club, and bring with him that new member he has in mind

for our next general meeting, Friday, April 22nd.

Right now I would like to remind every one that Mr. Ball, Mr. Houghton and Mr. Firth are still running their whist games every Thursday at 8 p.m. Give them your support. They have worked well for our club. And, boys, we appreciate it. But, say you, come turn out and show it. However, all's well that ends well. I started my write up with ends, and finish with ends.

ST. JOHN'S NORWAY CHOIR.

A few days ago, to be precise it was Wednesday evening, April 6th, feeling a sense of responsibility, that this issue of the monthly magazine should not go to press without a representation from the choir, I sat down to collect a few ideas which could be amplified a little later. Thursday arriving in due course, I experienced the sensation that might be obtained through sitting up all night with a wet blanket over one, and that in order to forget the discomforts of this, the mind had been kept busily occupied by the belabouring of a heavy stick on various parts of the anatomy. Needless to say, my ideas had not been amplified, and I thought, "too late," "too late," until this morning I received a reprieve from our good Editor, such reprieve to expire by Sunday evening.

My feeling of responsibility in writing, particularly for this month, was engendered through the exhortation relative to Easter, being one of the three occasions during the year when parishioners should communicate, and I should have been disappointed had I not been able to make some reference to our Eastertide. There is, connected with Easter, much work to be done by all. The decorating of our Church, the arrangement for seating, the final rehearsal for choral work, and generally the tense feeling that must exist for all those responsible for the successful conclusion of this great day. The large congregations on Easter Day are a great satisfaction, particularly to choristers. The work entailed during previous weeks is really then made worth while. I do not mean to infer that it is only for the festivals we enjoy singing, as I know from experience with the members of St. John's Choir, their hearts are in the work, and rehearsals are enjoyed, and beneficial, when a thorough interest is given to the work, and when the day arrives that we see such a congregation of people as we had at Easter at all our services, there is no doubt that there will be an improvement in the building trade, as the aisle which at present is but a thought, will have to become a reality for the accommodation of those who on this last occasion found refuge

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in passages, Vestry Porch, etc., and an idea occurs to me, perhaps Mr. Tenor and Mr. Bass were located in some part of the church, where to see, you had to crane your neck round a corner, or cup your hand to your ear that you did not miss something you particularly wished to hear. Why don't you come and take possession of that vacant seat in the chancel which is waiting for you?

Another very enjoyable evening was arranged for the choir members recently, when we were the guests of Miss Whitaker, at her home on Waverley Road. A good number were present and the time passed all too quickly in the enjoyment of the hospitality we received.

If this should appear to end abruptly, I crave your indulgence, and would remind you that my reprieve extends only to 6.30 p.m., and I must prepare to make myself presentable to get to church and hand this over to the Editor.

MOTHER'S SOCIETY.

Four meetings were held in March, with a good attendance each week, except the first week, when about half our number attended the Church of the Resurrection Mothers' Union meeting. Miss Shotter addressed our meetings each week, March 34 on the story of the raising of Lazarus. All power is in Jesus. March 10th, on Bible characters. Enoch, who walked with God, so was taken by Him. March 17th, St. Patrick was the subject, and a poem entitled "The Breastplate of St. Patrick" brings out just how this Saint felt; he was all in all in Jesus Christ.

Easter week the address was taken from the 20th Chapter of St. John. Easter associates with gardens, when the dead bulbs, etc., begin to rise again to all their glory. Our Lord died and rose again in a garden.

It was voted that our \$10.00, collected during Lent, be sent to the Deaconess House. Our grateful thanks to our members, who so kindly gave the refreshments, tea, sugar and milk during Lent.

The mothers' sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. Powell and family in their recent bereavement.

We purpose holding a party in the Ladies' Parlor on April 11th, for an old member, Mrs. Hall, who intends going to England to stay.

We hope all who are able, will buy a ticket for our evening euchre to be held in the Parish Hall on April 22nd, Mrs. Laraway and Mrs. Reynolds are earnestly working for a successful evening.

EASTER DAWN

Or e'er the faintest sign of dawn
Illumined eastern sky,
The holy women on Easter morn,
To sacred tomb drew nigh.

Their arms were burdened with a load,
A gift of love they brought,
But, sad their hearts along the road,
That road with mystery fraught.

They paused and pondered o'er the stone,
Which had been fixed secure,
Nor in such thoughts were they alone,
Peter and John demurred.

The Sepulchre is nigh at hand,
The stone is rolled away,
And lo the earnest faithful band
Their Father's will obeys.

The angels tell them Christ is risen,
In keeping with His word,
His tomb no longer is a prison,
The stone His voice had heard.

They hasten back the news to spread,
The Lord the King of Glory,
No longer numbered with the dead
Oh, tell His wondrous story.

Cast doubts aside, away each fear,
Their Christ is ours forever;
The price He paid was far too dear,
For us His love to sever.

Oh Jesus risen ascended Lord,
This Easter tide we humbly crave,
Thy grace and power to us afford
To look and see beyond the grave.

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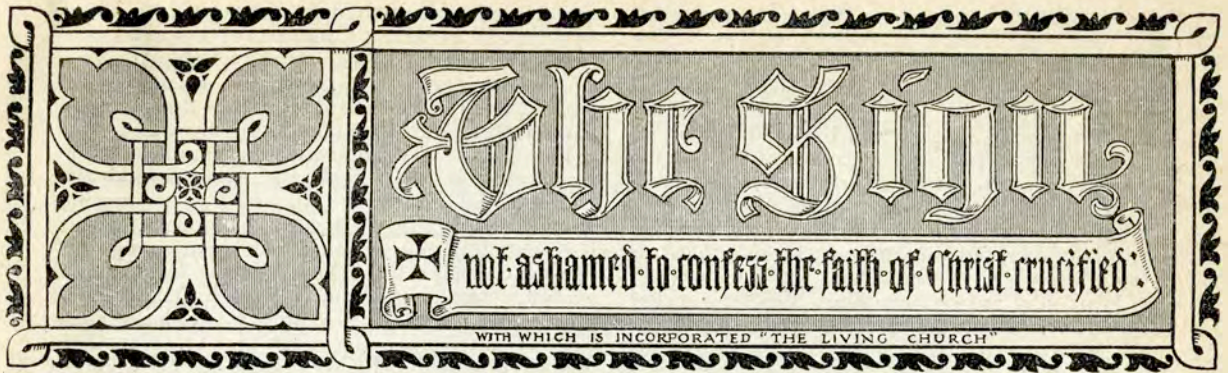
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Reality in Religion

A New Year's Message specially written for "THE SIGN"

By the Bishop of Ely (the Right Reverend Bernard Heywood, D.D.)

IT is a matter of common experience that always the people who count are the people who know their own minds, are able to give a reason for the faith that is in them, and act accordingly. It is so in politics, it is so in the realm of education, it is so in almost any sphere of activity. But within the "Fellowship of CHRIST'S Religion" we have to admit that there appear to be too many people who, so to speak, are Christians only by accident or by tradition—by the accident of their birth or the tradition of their family. This is tragic, for in our day, when the world desperately needs the one true religion, what is wanted is an abundant supply of Christians who are Christians by conviction. Men and women who are sure of what it is they stand for, sure both of its truth and of its vital import; so sure, moreover, that their creed controls their conduct. There are such Christians, many of them, but if all who name the Name of CHRIST were included within this inner circle, His kingdom would quickly come.

THE WAY OF CONVICTION

What is it, then, that is required? What should be our aims? (A) First, that we who profess and call ourselves Christians should know what Christianity is, and (no less important) what it is not; and then (B) That we should translate that knowledge into convictions—strong and dynamic.

(A) The former of these aims can be attained by all who are willing to devote the necessary time and trouble to the task of understanding the Faith which they profess. This is expressed in the Apostles' Creed, the test of belief for a Christian; and our task must be to read and think and discuss with other people, until we are able to give a clear and intelligible answer to any one who asks us the

meaning of any of the "Articles of our Belief." "To read"—and there are many inexpensive books wherein is set forth in simple form the meaning of our Christian Creed. "To think"—to turn over in mind what we have read, until we have made it our own. More will be gained from a few books thus read and pondered than from many books read rapidly and perhaps as rapidly forgotten. "To discuss"—for the undoubted effect of talking over with others what we have read is to fix the subject in our minds. Hence the great value of Study Circles, however informal.

(B) But it is not enough to be well informed. The sceptic, or even the grievous sinner, might be an accurate theologian. "With the heart man believeth." Knowledge must be translated into conviction. In his poem, "Clifton Chapel," Sir Henry Newbolt writes:

This is the chapel; here, my son,
Your father thought the thoughts of youth,
And heard the words, which one by one
The touch of life has turned to truth.

"The touch of life has turned to truth"; the meaning is that the truth was only realized in the experience of life.

THE WAY OF EXPERIENCE

The way to conviction is always the way of experience. The Samaritans who were brought to our LORD by the woman with whom He conversed at Jacob's Well, said at last, "Now we believe; not for thy saying, for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the CHRIST, the Saviour of the world."

Moreover, the way of convincing experience must be the way of reality in all our prayer and worship. It is so easy to say our prayers, and so difficult to pray them; so easy to go to church, and so difficult to worship when we get there; so



RT. REV. BERNARD HEYWOOD, D.D.
(Starr & Rignall)

easy to read the words of the Bible, and so difficult to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest"; so easy to be a communicant, and so difficult, in the true sense, to eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and to drink His Blood. But it is when, not without persevering effort, we do the hard thing that we prove for ourselves the great truths of the religion which we profess. Others can tell us what sin is and that sin is wrong, but each man must repent for himself. Others can tell us that God hears and answers prayer, but we shall only be sure that this is so when we have found that our own prayers are heard and answered. Others can tell us that God is Love, but it is little more than a text to us until we have realized that CHRIST "loved me and gave Himself for me."

THE WAY OF LIFE

And one thing more: the result of real conviction is shown in life. "Dost thou not think that thou art bound to believe and to do?" Belief comes first; but if belief is real, "doing" will follow. But it is also true that loyal discipleship, which is the result of strong conviction, may also be its cause. "He that will do the will of God shall know of the doctrine." And this for various reasons; of which one is that in striving after virtue we find the fulfilment of the LORD's promise to help His servants; and this is "convincing." No man whose thirst has been quenched by a draught of water will ever be persuaded that the glass was empty.

The beginning of a New Year is a time when it is popularly supposed that good resolutions are made. Whether this be so, or what proportion of such resolutions are kept, may be uncertain. But a

useful resolution might take the form of a determination to be able to answer any one who asks us for explanation of the clauses of the Apostles' Creed; together with a resolve so to pursue the path of reality in all our discipleship that we shall make the great truths about God our own.

For is not *personal* conviction implied in the significant fact that both the Apostles and the Nicene Creeds are in the singular? The opening words in each are "I believe," emphasizing this personal obligation of belief. It is not enough for us to say, "The Church believes these truths and I accept whatever the Church says." The conviction must be mine. For only if we have such personal conviction, the result of "knowing Him Whom we have believed," shall we be able to convince others of the truth and relevance of our Christian Creed.

Those who have portable wireless sets will know that, from time to time, the wet battery must be recharged. As you sit in your room and "listen in," the sounds get fainter and fainter, until at last there is silence; but when the battery has been recharged the voices come through strong and clear.

The battery is charged by contact with a source of power. In like manner, we Christian people need constantly to be "recharged" by contact with the Source of Power. Then—but not otherwise—will our message, whether given by word or witness, sound strong and clear and convincing in the ears and hearts of our fellow men.

Benjamin: Eileen

Some Famous Parish Churches

VIII. ST. PETER MANCROFT, NORWICH By Delia Lyttelton



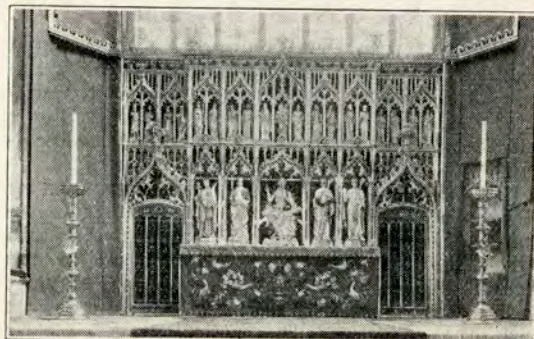
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
if Edward III had not intervened to save it. He sent emissaries to Flanders who, with promises of a higher standard of living, enticed away the Flemish journeymen and apprentice weavers, the most skilled in the world, to come and settle in East Anglia. Many of them did come and settled especially in the village of Worstead, which gave its name to the whole industry,

PROBABLY few provincial capitals to-day occupy the commanding position in their regions that Norwich holds for all Norfolk people, many of whom even in these days of easy transport have never been beyond it. But Norwich has not always held undisputed predominance, for in Norman times Yarmouth was a strong rival and used its position as a port to levy duties that would have strangled Norwich trade

while Norwich became the great market of this trade.

Thus Norwich became exceedingly prosperous in spite of the terrible disaster of the Black Death in 1349, which was more severe in East Anglia than anywhere in England. Indeed it is remarkable that all over the country there was an outburst of



THE HIGH ALTAR  Swains, Norwich

building of churches in thanksgiving for their escape by the survivors. This explains the large number of churches all built in the then prevailing Perpendicular style so characteristic of Norfolk.

In 1388 the Collegiate Church of St. Mary-in-the-Fields, partly a monastic but mainly an educational foundation, came into possession of the Norman church that stood at the corner of the Magna Crofta, or Great Meadow. Here in Norman times a market had been held every week, as it still is to-day; only the meadow has disappeared. So St. Peter's received the surname of Mancroft—an illustration of the continuity of English life through many centuries.

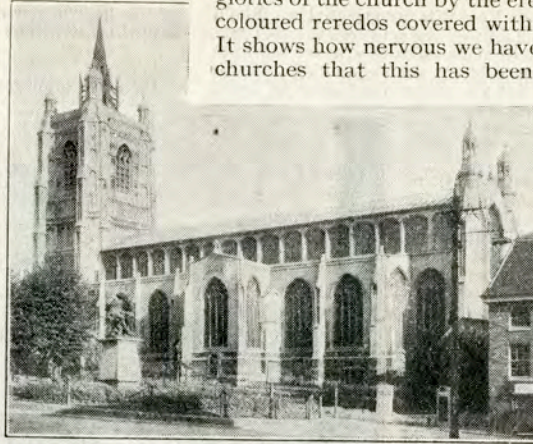
In 1390 the Dean and Chapter of St. Mary's decided to rebuild this church, and from then until 1430 they gathered funds for this purpose; and even when the foundation-stone was laid it took twenty-five years to collect the craftsmen

and artists and to raise the magnificent Perpendicular building, much of which we see almost unaltered to-day. The fine wooden roof whose continuity is unbroken by any chancel arch is untouched. The glass indeed does represent a great loss for it was mostly blown in by a gunpowder explosion during a Royalist-Roundhead riot in the streets near by; but the remains have been gathered together and the great east window consists almost entirely of fifteenth and sixteenth-century glass.



"THISTLE CUP"
(Sixteenth Century)

workmanship. The most noteworthy piece is the "Thistle Cup," dated 1543, which is the oldest piece of plate possessed by any church in Norwich. Another highly-valued possession, and one having more than architectural interest, is the font cover, one of only four of its kind in all England. The word font cover is somewhat misleading, for it is rather a canopy, or baldachino, standing on four wooden columns, such as are sometimes seen over a high altar. Thus the baptisms take place on the steps round the font inside these columns and under the canopy, so that the font is as conspicuous an object as the high altar itself. In this way is taught the lesson of the essential importance of the two Sacraments of Baptism and of Holy Communion. It is one often overlooked or unknown at the present day when fonts are frequently hidden away under the west tower and little decoration bestowed upon them.



ST. PETER MANCROFT (Swains, Norwich)

In 1930 St. Peter's celebrated its five hundredth anniversary, and an addition was made to the glories of the church by the erection of a gorgeously coloured reredos covered with the figures of saints. It shows how nervous we have become of colour in churches that this has been criticized by some

because of its very brightness. Yet this splash of colour is badly needed in the otherwise somewhat dark and austere building.

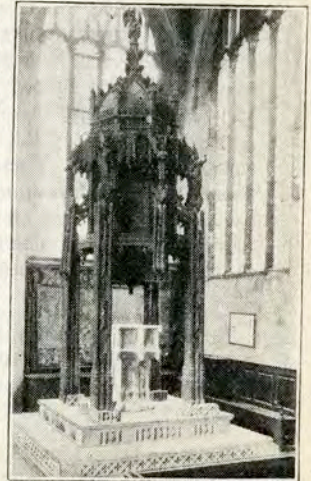
All this fabric needs large sums in upkeep, and St. Peter's has hardly any endowment. It has to raise £1,350 for sti-

pends and salaries apart from the maintenance of services and of the building. Now the organ is worn out and £2,000 must be raised for its replacement. Yet in 1930 St. Peter's did not forget the needs of others in caring for its own building and gave £200 for building churches in the new housing areas.

Its own congregation is largely drawn from other parts of the city, from the housing estates just mentioned, and even from the country round Norwich. Contact and fellowship is maintained by organizations for people of all ages, a children's corner in the church, many young people's associations and clubs, and a band of bell-ringers consisting of women as well as men. It would be interesting to know if this last is a unique feature.

On Sundays besides the 8 a.m. celebration of the Holy Communion there is a Sung Eucharist at 9.45, which is steadily growing in favour, especially amongst the younger members of the congregation. Indeed attendance at Holy Communion has increased by over fifty per cent in the last ten years, and eighty per cent of the communicants are drawn from the younger members, while it is noticeable that men of all ages form an unusually large proportion of the whole congregation.

Norwich is not the wealthy city she once was, but neither is she the sleepy cathedral city beloved of novelists, and the St. Peter's of our day is not unworthy of a great past.



FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FONT

"The Mighty Master's Signal Word"

By Beatrice H. M. Walker

"I SAY, Polly! Are you there?"

"Eh, I'm coming; hold on a minute, Hughie lad. I'm just seeing to the sitting hen. Are you wearying for your tea?"

It was a winter afternoon, a little after four o'clock. A cold sunshine lay on the village, but wild clouds were piling up in the sky, and the waves came up on the shore with a sullen growl.

Hughie Patterson, a merry-faced little lad, had run at top speed from school down the hill which led to his home in the old-world fishing village on the shore. Finding the living room empty of all save old Granny asleep in her chair by the fire he had given vent to his impatient call.

He had not long to wait. Very soon a girl came round from the little yard at the back of the cottage, a fair-haired, brown-eyed, kindly faced girl, with a likeness to the little lad which proclaimed them brother and sister.

"Tom's looking in to tea in ten minutes, I met him just outside. He said I was to tell you if it was all the same to you, and you'd be so kind."

"To be sure. Tom's always welcome." The colour on the fair cheek deepened, while a happy light came into the soft brown eyes. "Now, then, help me hustle, lad; we must look sharp.

It won't do for him to come for his tea and find as there isn't no tea."

It was more than two years now since Mary Patterson and Tom Storm had become engaged to be married. But Tom's work was uncertain, Mary kept house for her father, who was mate on a trawler, *The Merry Lark*, and often away from home weeks together; so Mary's hands were very full with the charge of two small motherless brothers and one little sister along with the half helpless old granny, and the prospect of being married seemed rather far off.

It was not long before the door was gently pushed open and Tom Storm stood on the threshold.

He was a big man, dark haired and dark eyed, with rather a grave expression. His blue knitted jersey and rough sea boots bespoke his occupation.

"Eh, but you shouldn't have bothered to put out the best cups and saucers," he said, advancing into the room.

The girl laughed. "Why, it makes a welcome. It'll always be the best for you, Tom, where I am."

"Polly, will you hear me say my Sunday School lesson? I want to have it straight, there's to be a medal for every one that gets full marks for the year."

The tea was done, and Hughie came coaxing to his sister's side.

"Well, then, I'd like you to get the medal. You won't mind, Tom, you have your pipe, it won't take but a few minutes. Now then boy, what is it?"

"Collect for Fourth Sunday after Epiphany and some of the Gospel," Hughie answered importantly.

Tom gave a short laugh. "Eh, but those are big words. Have you any sort of notion what they mean, young chap?"

The boy hesitated a moment—"Epiphany means showing Himself," he said, and then hurried on with his lesson, repeating accurately enough the story of the storm on the lake. Then shutting the book with a

bang, he called out to his young brother, "Come on, Jimmy, we've got to feed the rabbits, you know."

The old grandmother was nodding in her chair, the little sister was busy in a corner putting her doll to bed, Mary and Tom were practically alone. He took his pipe out of his mouth, holding it in his hand and staring at it. "I say, Mary, what's the good of teaching the little chap things like that? What can he make of it?"

The girl looked at him with pleading in her soft brown eyes. "Tom, now, don't begin that sort of talk; you know I can't abide it. There's times when I'm half afraid it may come between us, your thinking so."

"There now, I don't want to vex you, but it comes over me at times, such tales seem so useless. How could a man do it? How

could a man quiet the sea like that?"

Mary's soft voice had a decisive note as she answered, "A man couldn't, but He was God. He did it to show them He was God."

Later that evening Tom Storm was sitting at supper with his father and mother in their cottage near the top of the hill. It had set in for a rough night. The wind was driving a light snow against the window, but the little room looked snug and warm with its bright fire and clear burning lamp. Suddenly the quiet was broken by a hurried, agitated knocking which seemed to proclaim some one in distress.

Tom, hurrying to the door, was confronted by a distracted Mary, tears in her eyes, wisps of fair hair peeping out from under the shawl round her head. "*The Merry Lark*'s in the offing," she exclaimed. "A wireless has come asking for a doctor. Dad's very ill. I've got to go out to him. I've come to ask you to get me to him. You will, won't you, Tom?"

"You mean, take you out in the boat?"

"Yes."

"It's a very rough night, Polly. I don't like the thought of it for your sake. They'll be having out the motor launch from the Coastguard Station to take out the doctor; why not wait for that?"

"Dr. Roberts is away, he's inland, he may not be back till morning. O Tom, I can't wait; you'll not see me fast?"

"No, lass, I'll never see you fast; we'll do our best.



"It's coming up through the floor of the boat"

Get back home as quick as you can, and put on your warmest coat. I'll get the boat out."

"Tom, we're taking in water." Mary's voice was quiet, but it was the quietness born of the shock, of apprehension.

It was more than an hour later, pitch dark, and the sea rolling heavily.

"Never! It must have been splashed in by the waves."

"No," the girl said slowly, "it's coming up through the floor of the boat—it's coming very fast!"

For a moment the young man stopped rowing as he said, with something like a groan, "God help us then; I was a fool to come; I ought never to have tried it."

"It was my fault. I begged it of you."

"You didn't know as I did. If it wasn't so dark—if we could just catch sight of *The Merry Lark's* riding lights again—it was there plain enough a bit since—if I only knew what to aim for!"

A heavy wave caught the boat and shook it mercilessly. The girl gave a cry of fear.

"Eh, whist Mary, my poor lass." Then simply, to divert her thoughts without any deeper meaning, "Pity as Him Who made the sea be quiet isn't here now. Think He could help us?"

"Yes, I do." The wild terror was gone from the girl's voice. It had a quiet confidence to which the young man had no key. "O God!" she said aloud, "don't leave us to be drowned. Dad and the children need me so much, and so does Tom. And I need Tom so much and his folks need him."

Tom Storm was a sailor, and he knew well how suddenly the wild storms of wind and snow will rise at sea, and how suddenly they will cease, but when just as the words left Mary's lips the wind sank suddenly into absolute quiet, the moon came out from behind a ragged cloud, showing the wide-heaving, troubled sea, but also the coastguards' motor boat not far off, he was conscious of something he had never felt before, and with it he received something which he never lost. He grasped the girl's cold wet hand. "You're right, my lass. He has shown Himself. He can."

"King Charles Churches"

OF King Charles I Bishop Creighton wrote, "Had Charles been willing to abandon the Church and give up episcopacy, he might have saved his throne and his life. But on this point Charles stood firm; for this he died, and by dying saved it for the future."

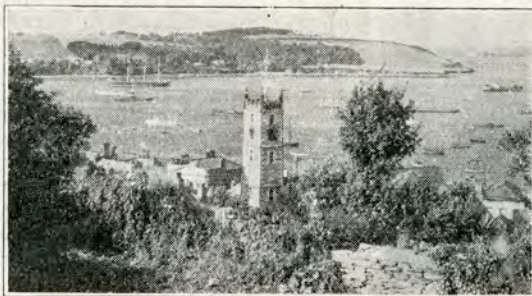
It was natural, therefore, that after the Restoration of the Church and the monarchy in 1660, Church people should regard him as a saint. His name was inserted in the Prayer Book Kalendar on January 30th, the day of his execution, as King Charles the Martyr, and a form of service was officially authorized for use on that day. Another method by which enthusiastic loyalists could express their devotion was by dedicating churches in his honour, and five churches were so dedicated in different parts of England during the reign of his son.

"The loyal West Country led the way" and the "Charles Churches," as they were sometimes called, at Falmouth and Plymouth were both consecrated in or about 1664. It was appropriate that Falmouth should thus take the lead. For it was the boast of its inhabitants that the royal standard had floated on Pendennis Castle longer than on any fortress in England. The church at Plymouth had been planned in 1641, but owing to the Civil War its building had been delayed for more than twenty years. So when it was at last completed in 1664 the men of Devon were able to show that they were the equals in loyalty of their Cornish neighbours by giving their new church the same dedication.

The church of "Charles, King and Martyr,"

Peak Forest, Derbyshire, was built by the Countess of Devonshire in 1657, and is sometimes said to

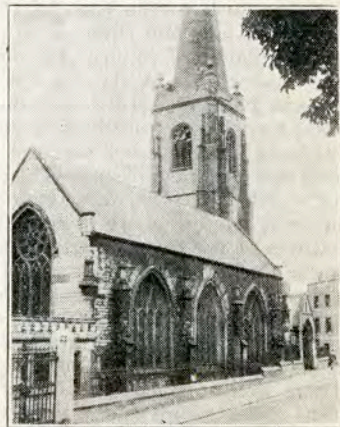
have received its dedication in that year. This lady was a connection of the house of Stuart and a devoted royalist, but even she could hardly have ventured to dedicate a church to "the Royal Martyr" while England was under the rule of Cromwell, and it is likely that it did not receive its name until after the Restoration. This church was used for public worship until 1877 when a new one



KING CHARLES CHURCH, FALMOUTH
(J. Salmon Ltd.)

was built, its predecessor being turned into a reading room. "The chapelry of King Charles" at Newtown, Shropshire, was consecrated in 1663, and rebuilt in 1870, while, last in order of time but by no means least in fame, the Church of King Charles the Martyr, Tunbridge Wells, dates from 1678.

This town, as is well known, owes its origin to the discovery, early in the seventeenth century, of the medicinal value of its chalybeate spring. The



CHARLES CHURCH, PLYMOUTH
(Dermot P. Fitzgerald)

virtues of its waters soon became widely known. Queen Henrietta Maria came there during her convalescence after the birth of the future Charles II, when she and her suite camped out in tents, there being as yet no houses fit to accommodate them. After the Restoration its fame increased. Charles II paid it several visits, as did the Duke of York, afterwards King James II, and his daughter, the future Queen Anne. By this time Tunbridge Wells had become the most fashionable summer resort in the country, those visitors who came to take the waters being joined by others who were merely in search of pleasure.

Oddly enough the town was also a stronghold of Dissent and the Puritan meeting-houses were as yet its only places of worship, the nearest church being that of Tonbridge, five or six miles away.



KING CHARLES CHURCH, PEAK FOREST

them think it necessary to build an house to the honour of God, lest the distance from every church, together with the various amusements and continual dissipations of a public place, should entirely suspend the attention due to religious duties."

Subscribers to the Building Fund included the Princess Anne, the Duke of Norfolk, and the two famous diarists, Evelyn and Pepys. The site chosen was close to the Wells and the "Walks," as the present Pantiles were then called, at the junction of the parishes of Tonbridge, Speldhurst, and Frant, the boundary between the first two actually running through the building. The church was opened for worship in 1678, when its dedication was presumably chosen partly in compliment to the royal patrons of the town, partly as a token of defiance to the Puritan strongholds on the neighbouring hills known as Mount Ephraim and Mount Zion.

Its subsequent history affords some interesting glimpses of Church life in a fashionable watering-place of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There was no fixed stipend for the minister, the alms collected at celebrations of the Holy Communion being divided among the poor who were present at each service. Provision was made for

the minister by an annual subscription among the visitors, or as a writer in 1767 describes it: "There is likewise a Collection made by some Person of



KING CHARLES, TUNBRIDGE WELLS
A Hundred Years Ago

the Company for the Clergyman, from Half a Guinea to Two Guineas for each Family. This Gentleman performs Service twice every Day, and is very kind in procuring us as many excellent Sermons as possible from the dignified and other Clergy who visit this Place." At the end of the eighteenth century the amount thus raised was estimated at from £200 to £250 a year.

An old guide book gives a lively account of the daily routine. Those who sought the benefit of the waters assembled at the Wells at an early hour. "After breakfast it is fashionable to attend Morning Service in the chapel. When prayers are ended the music, which had only ceased during the time of divine service, strikes up afresh, and the company thickening upon 'The Walks,' divert themselves with conversations as various as their different ranks and circumstances." Much of the rest of the day was spent in playing bowls and other games, and in the evening there was dancing.

During the eighteenth century the church was several times altered and enlarged. By the end of that century the rival attractions of BRIGHTON (which we now call Brighton) and especially the newly-discovered charms of sea-bathing caused a decline in the popularity of Tunbridge Wells as a pleasure resort. But the town itself continued to grow, and early in the nineteenth century a second church was built. But though "King Charles" was situated in the new parish it remained a chapel-of-ease to the Parish Church of Tonbridge until it became a parish church in 1889.

The political controversies in which King Charles was engaged have long since passed into history, but after the vicissitudes of nearly

three centuries these five churches still remain as a lasting memorial to one who went bravely to his death rather than prove false to his religion.



KING CHARLES, TUNBRIDGE WELLS
As it is to-day



The HARP of LIFE

by H. F. WINTER

CHAPTER I

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH . . ."

ELSIE Lovell turned excitedly from the window.

"Deb!" she cried. "Deb, do hurry. He's here."

Deborah continued to brush her long fair hair.

"It's all right, Elsie," she said. "Father is waiting for him in the study; and we shall hear in good time when we are wanted."

Elsie left the window and, standing behind her sister, regarded herself critically in the looking-glass.

"I look a fright," she said. "Deb, be a darling; lend me your new silk frock."

Deborah twisted her hair into a neat bun at the nape of her neck and fastened it securely. She smiled as she observed in the mirror her sister's small, eager face, flushed now with excitement, in its frame of short, curling brown hair.

"It's your voice he's going to judge," she remarked, "not your dress."

"I know. Besides, he's at least a hundred. Only one feels more self-confident, somehow, if one looks nice."

Deborah laughed good-naturedly as she went to her wardrobe. "Here you are then," she said, lifting down her best frock. "But don't be too long changing. You must be quite calm."

"As if I could," said Elsie, tearing off her own dress at the expense of two buttons. "I feel dreadful. Seriously, Deb, I do. I have an awful feeling that I shan't be able to sing a note." She paused, and her eyes grew wide.

"Think of it, Deb," she continued. "I shall stand there by the piano. I see it all. You will begin to play the opening bars, and then——" She caught her breath convulsively. "I can't go down. Say I'm ill, or faint, or something."

"Don't be silly," said Deborah soothingly, and encircled her shoulders with a protective arm. "You know perfectly well you are going to do marvels. Besides, all great singers have stage-fright before they go on the stage. That's what it is, Elsie. Think of the future, the Opera House, and the whole orchestra striking up; you'll laugh then to think of poor old Deborah strumming the opening bars on the Vicarage piano."

"I shan't laugh, Deb," said Elsie quietly. "Whatever happens, I shall always remember what you've done for me. You've been an angel, playing my accompaniments hour after hour, and I've taken it all for granted."

"I've loved it. Think how proud I shall be when you are the new Prima Donna."

Elsie remained looking at her clasped hands, her usually animated face quiet and still.

"Do you realize," she said slowly, "what this means?"

If he really thinks I'm any good—I mean, Deb, things won't ever be quite the same again, will they? You and I, Ruth and Diana, and Daddy—just living here happily. It seems awful to break up the family."

Deborah nodded. "I know what you mean," she said, "but we can't help that, Elsie. Even if you didn't go away, sooner or later we should be getting married and leaving home; some of us, anyhow."

"I suppose that's life."

"The old order changeth," quoted Deborah, "'yielding place to new.'"

"And——"

"And—you remember the next line, Elsie? 'And God fulfils Himself in many ways'—but I hear Ruth calling. Come, dear. Hurry. We must go down."

Sir Gustav Gossop remained with his back to the room gazing out at the darkening landscape.

The last pure notes of *Ave Maria* had died softly away, and Elsie stood with one hand resting lightly on Deborah's shoulder. In silence the Vicar and his family awaited the verdict.

Sir Gustav turned and regarded them thoughtfully.

"I will be frank," he said. "Miss Elsie has a pleasant, a very pleasant, soprano voice, which I think would undoubtedly be vastly improved by a course of training. As to whether she will become a great singer, well, I should not like to raise false hopes. One cannot always tell. She has purity of tone, a good range, and beautiful diction. At the moment the volume is but slight."

Elsie stared hard at the faded green carpet.

The Vicar cleared his throat. "I need hardly say, Sir Gustav," he said, "that we appreciate the honour you have done us. If you had not been in the neighbourhood on a visit I should not have ventured to ask for your opinion. One realizes that the world is a very different place from Little Wattlebury. What we consider here a great talent, a veritable gift from God, may well seem there but a tiny flower in the greater garland."

"A bud shall we say?" suggested Sir Gustav, smiling at the Vicar's old-fashioned choice of words. "And who can say, my dear sir, how the bud shall unfold? Frankly, I would suggest that your daughter should have a course of training at the Academy. Her talent merits it. Then we shall be in a better position to judge whether it would be wise for her to attempt greater things. If that should prove impossible—why, even so, I think you will have no cause for regret. The pleasure which your daughter already gives to her family will be enhanced by the development which only training can give."

"What does my Elsie say?" asked the Vicar, looking fondly at his youngest daughter.

Elsie blushed. "Daddy, what can I say? You must decide. I know we girls are already a burden on you: and, Daddy, if you decide against it, please don't

think I shall be heart-broken. I shall be, as I have always been, completely happy, just living here and helping in the parish."

"My dear," said the Vicar, "that was bravely said; but my girls have never been a burden on me."

"I'm sure they haven't," agreed Sir Gustav heartily. "Your family, sir, does you credit."

"That being so," the Vicar continued, "Elsie shall have her training. God gave her the talent; it is surely His will that it should be developed."

The decision once taken, little time was lost in giving it effect. In three weeks' time the summer term would begin at the Academy, and as soon as Elsie had been accepted as a student, the preparations and bustle preparatory to her departure occupied the four girls at the Vicarage to the exclusion of all else.

Deborah, as befitted the eldest, was the practical member of the family. Since her mother's death, six years before, she had taken the cares of the household on her shoulders, and although now only twenty-five, she had become both an excellent manager, and a wise and tender counsellor to her younger sisters. But for her it seemed possible that Elsie would have left for London with no more equipment than could have been stuffed into a capacious handbag, and the pockets of an old tweed suit. But then, as Elsie said, there was so much to do, there were so many old friends to be taken leave of, so many parting gifts to be delivered, that her days were full from morning till night.

About ten days before her departure Deborah was sitting with Diana in the morning-room marking a large pile of handkerchiefs. A shadow crossed the open french windows, and she raised her head to see the tall figure of Hugh Rawcliffe, her father's curate.

"Why, Mr. Rawcliffe!" she cried. "Come in. Father is out, but he will be back before long."

Very like Deborah in appearance, with fair hair and blue eyes, Diana had a sweetness of expression which was all her own.

Hugh Rawcliffe stepped through the window, and, in response to a gesture, seated himself at the table.

"I see you two are busy," he remarked, smiling; "but it is rare to find any of you with idle hands at any time, and naturally more so just now."

Diana nodded. "I should think we are busy. You wouldn't believe what a lot there is to get ready. We shan't know what to do with ourselves when Elsie has really gone." She sighed. It occurred to her, as it had occurred to each member of the family, that the Vicarage would seem dull and quiet without Elsie.

"Everybody will miss her," Hugh agreed. "But we must look on the bright side. We shall be all the merrier when she returns for the holidays."

"We are looking forward to that already," said Deborah. "Ruth declares she is going to fill in the time writing a play for us all to perform as a celebration."

"Splendid. You remember the one she wrote for Christmas? It was almost good enough for the London stage."

"We were certainly very proud of Ruth," agreed Deborah; "but we must give some of the credit to Mr. Judd. He helped her."

"And he acted wonderfully too," added Diana. "Really, Mr. Judd is nearly as good an actor as he is an organist. You know Sir Gustav Gossip heard him play when he was down here, and he said Mr. Judd had a most exceptional talent."

"I think he has," said Hugh, "though I am afraid I know nothing about music. Judd seems a good all-round man. He has put new life into the school since he has been in charge. Incidentally, I hear the Squire's younger son is expected home at the end of the

week. In the few months I've been here I have never met him, but I hear he's been a bit of a handful."

"Dick is a dear," said Diana. "You mustn't listen to the village gossips, Mr. Rawcliffe. Medical students always have a reputation for wildness, but you will see. Dick will settle down and become a wonderful doctor before long. Do you remember, Deb, when we were children, and you cut your hand?"

Deborah nodded. "Yes, we were all playing hide-and-seek in the garden, and I tore my hand on a rusty nail. Dick was wonderful. One moment he was a wild, teasing boy, and the next he was as gentle as a woman. He washed the wound and tied it up. Old Dr. Hawkins said he couldn't have done it better himself. I think he has a real vocation."

"He certainly has a real champion," Hugh said, smiling.

Deborah met his gaze frankly. "So I should hope. I look on Dick as a brother. We all do. Don't we, Di?"

"Yes, indeed," her sister agreed. "But you will be meeting him before long, Mr. Rawcliffe, and then you will find out for yourself that all this talk about his wildness is exaggerated."

CHAPTER II

A PAINFUL DUTY

ON the Sunday morning following this conversation, morning service at Little Wattlebury was over, and the congregation was slowly dispersing. Here and there small groups had formed, and lingered in the sunshine, talking. An atmosphere of unusual excitement and uneasiness prevailed.

In a narrow lane leading from the church to the Vicarage, three girls formed one such group, eagerly discussing something which they evidently considered of importance.

"But, Diana, it can't be true," said Ruth Lovell, staring at her sister with dilated eyes. She was a slight, rather fragile-looking girl, with a delicately featured face lit by the large brown eyes which she alone of the four sisters had inherited from her mother. "Father thinks everything of Mr. Judd," she continued. "He's said over and over again that he is the best organist we've ever had, and there's the school too. He's a wonderful teacher, and he takes a real interest in the children."

Diana nodded. "I know," she said. "But there's no denying facts, Ruth. It was dreadful. If you'd been there you would realize how terrible poor father must have felt."

"Do tell us just what did happen," intervened Elsie. "It must have been after Ruth and I went out with the Sunday School children."

"It was after the sermon," replied Diana, "while we were singing the last hymn. Deborah was doing her best with the harmonium, poor dear, but you know what that's like. Then all of a sudden the door burst—really there is no other word to describe it—it burst open, and Mr. Judd came almost running up the aisle. Of course everybody stared, and if Deb hadn't gone on playing as if nothing had happened I really believe the singing would have stopped altogether."

"But what did Mr. Judd do?" asked Ruth.

"He came straight up the aisle. Then he suddenly seemed to realize where he was, and he darted over to the organ and disappeared. Father took no notice, but afterwards—"

"I know," interrupted Elsie. "Afterwards the row began."

"Not a row," said Diana in a rather shocked tone;

"but after the service was over father asked him why he was so late, and why he rushed up the church like that, and all Mr. Judd could say was that his clock was slow, and he had mistaken the time."

Elsie looked troubled. "Well, Di, that 's possible, isn't it? You sound as if you didn't believe it."

"That wasn't all," said Diana slowly. "I don't know if I ought to tell you this, but—well—Mr. Judd was very strange in his manner."

"How?" asked Ruth.

"He seemed so confused, and he looked—oh, I don't know—dishevelled; almost as if he had slept in his clothes."

"What did father say to him?"

"I don't know. He took Mr. Judd into the vestry alone. I think he thought there might be something Mr. Judd would rather tell him privately. Look here, I don't think you had better speak of this, unless father mentions it."

Further conversation between the three sisters was interrupted by the appearance of Deborah, who hurried towards them down the lane.

"Hurry up, dawdlers," she cried with a rather forced air of cheerfulness. "Father will be coming in a minute or two. He said we were to go on."

"What's happened, Deb?" asked Ruth.

Deborah shook her head. "Nothing, dear," she replied. "At least, nothing that we have any right to inquire into. Mr. Judd was late this morning, that's all."

"Oh, nonsense," Elsie objected impatiently. "It's no good treating us like babies. You know everybody is talking about it. We should have been there if it hadn't been for the children, and little Willy Bates feeling ill when he got outside. Why do you try to keep us out of things?"

Deborah's smile died away.

"Elsie, dear," she said gently, "I hardly think that is the way to speak. You know father hates gossip, and, after all, this matter concerns only him and Mr. Judd."

"I'm sorry," Elsie said quickly. "Let's go home then."

Elsie glanced searchingly at her father as he took his place at the dinner table. The Vicar's kindly face was so grave and his brow so furrowed that his impetuous youngest daughter forbore to question him. Something told her that this was more than a mere incident. Poor Mr. Judd! But it seemed a lot of bother just because he had been late, even if he had looked untidy. Probably he was ill.

Elsie's meditations were, however, cut short by the Vicar himself.

"I am afraid," he said gravely, "I have something very sad to tell you. You will guess how grieved and unhappy I am, but Mr. Judd is leaving Little Wattlebury. He has already resigned his post as organist, and to-morrow he will resign from the school."

His words were received in startled silence. The girls looked at each other in troubled amazement; all save Ruth, who, with pale face and hands clasped tightly together, was staring at her father.

"But he can't, he can't!" she burst out.

The Vicar turned to her in surprise, and Ruth, becoming aware of the startled glances of her sisters, continued in a calmer tone, "Father, what has he done?"

"My dear," replied the Vicar, "I would rather you had left that question unasked. But you may rest assured that there is overwhelming reason. Please do not question me further. I should be sorry to think that any of you cherished a taste for gossip. Let us drop the subject; not only here, but elsewhere. Remember that it is to you girls that the village largely looks for example, and I beg you to do everything in your power to suppress all scandal. In the days to come it is inevitable that you should hear rumours; I rely on you to silence them."

"I hate scandal," said Elsie. "We all hate it. But, Daddy, don't you think it is due to Mr. Judd, as well as to us, to tell us what has happened?"

"After all," Diana added, "if we don't know the truth, we can't very well deny the rumours."

The Vicar reflected. "That is so," he said, at length. "You have a wise head on your young shoulders, Diana, and I know you are all to be trusted with my confidence. I would rather have told you nothing about it, but—never mention this again—Mr. Judd had been drinking!"



"'But he can't, he can't!' she burst out"

CHAPTER III

AFTERMATH

IT was perhaps inevitable that the news of Mr. Judd's lapse should be all over Little Wattlebury within a very short time. The gossips were immediately busy, and those of the inhabitants who had not been at church and seen Judd's arrival for themselves, lost no opportunity of obtaining first-hand accounts. Malicious tongues wagged freely, and since those who took a charitable view felt constrained to speak up in Judd's defence, there was little else discussed in the village that day.

The general feeling was summed up by the Squire, when, refreshed by an afternoon nap, he stood, tea-cup in hand, and addressed his wife and his youngest son, Dick.

"Judd isn't the first to have had a glass too much," he said, "and probably many of the people who judge him harshly have done worse in their time. All the same, the Vicar was right to ask him to leave. After what has happened it would be impossible for him to carry on in a small place like this."

The Squire took a sip of tea and glanced towards his wife for confirmation of his views.

"Poor man," she said, sighing. "It seems hard,

because if he had only stayed in bed, and not come to church at all, nobody would have known anything about it. He could have said he felt ill."

"Really, Maggie!" protested her husband.

"It would have been the truth, Walter. I'm sure he did feel extremely ill. That is what always puzzles me when people speak of drinking as pleasure. It tastes most unpleasant at the time, and gives you a dreadful headache afterwards."

Her son, Dick, staring moodily out of the window, felt disposed to agree with her. As Hugh Rawcliffe had informed the girls at the Vicarage a few days before, Dick Martin had arrived home at the beginning of the week-end. His dark, usually merry eyes were now clouded, and his clean-cut young face wore an expression of strain. As soon as it was possible to get away without comment, he left the house.

The morning's sunshine had given way to a heavy drizzle, but Dick seemed unconscious of it as he strode towards the village.

Arrived there he made his way to one of the larger cottages, and, on being admitted, passed up the stairs and knocked on the door of a room on the upper floor. A voice bade him enter, and as he did so a man who had been huddled in the solitary armchair rose to his feet.

"I wasn't expecting to see you," he said gloomily.

"I thought I had better come," said Dick. "What are you going to do, Judd?"

Judd shrugged his shoulders. "That should scarcely worry you."

Dick flushed. "It does worry me. I feel partly responsible for what has happened."

"Partly?" Judd's tone was bitter.

"Well, I know I suggested having a drink last night, but you can't put all the blame on me. And as for this morning, why on earth didn't you lie low if you felt under the weather?"

Judd ignored the question. "If it had stopped at one drink," he began. "But you are right. I ought not to have had one drink. Who am I? The village schoolmaster; the organist; a paid servant. I have no right to behave as you behave. You are the Squire's son. People condone a little folly in you. I am nobody. Yes, I was the fool, not you. A fool to think that I could live on a plane where—"

"Shut up!" Dick interrupted angrily. "You're talking nonsense. It's not a question of being the Squire's son, or the village organist, or living on different planes. Face the facts. You got drunk last night, overslept this morning, and went to church still suffering from the after effects. That's all there is to it."

"All there is to it? Do you realize that I've been dismissed? That's what it amounts to. I'm being turned out of the place in disgrace. Like a criminal. You think it's nothing. Doubtless it is nothing to you. It's everything to me."

Dick controlled his temper with an effort.

"I didn't mean that," he said. "I know it's a

serious matter for you. That's why I've come here now. What I meant is that it's no use dramatizing things, and getting highfaluting, and talking wildly. I'm as much ashamed of last night as you are. I know I behaved badly. I know I encouraged you. But you aren't a child. You're much older than I am. And at least I'm prepared to admit that I was drunk. Yes, drunk!" he almost shouted as he saw Judd wince at the word. "And so were you."

His words certainly had the effect of pulling Judd together. "Very well," he said quietly. "Let us admit we were both drunk. Since you are so proud of it, I presume you have told your father the whole story?"

Dick flushed to the roots of his hair. "No," he said, "I haven't." He paused and stared at the carpet, then raised his head and continued. "Listen. I didn't come here to quarrel. I'm sorry I got wild and went for you just now, but you annoy me when you

talk in that theatrical way. I like you, and I came to see if I could help. But I daren't tell my father. He is frightfully sick about the bills I ran up in town, and one thing and another, and as soon as I got home he said that if I didn't turn over a new leaf there would be trouble. I can't upset him again so soon. I suppose you think I ought to tell him."

Judd shook his head. His manner had changed.

"No," he said. "You were right just now, Dick. One must be honest with oneself. I confess that in your place I should not tell your father. I know how you feel. I am weak myself. I can't condemn others on that account."

Dick felt confused and ashamed. How many in

Judd's position would have been so forbearing?

"I could ask my father to help you, anyway," he said. "The old boy doesn't think at all badly of you."

"I would rather you didn't ask him. It's foolish, but I don't want to be beholden to your father, or anybody else for that matter. I have a little money saved. I shall go to London and see what I can find."

"Then I can meet you there," said Dick eagerly. "I shall be coming up to town. Let's arrange to meet."

Judd smiled wryly. "Another festive evening?"

"No, I—"

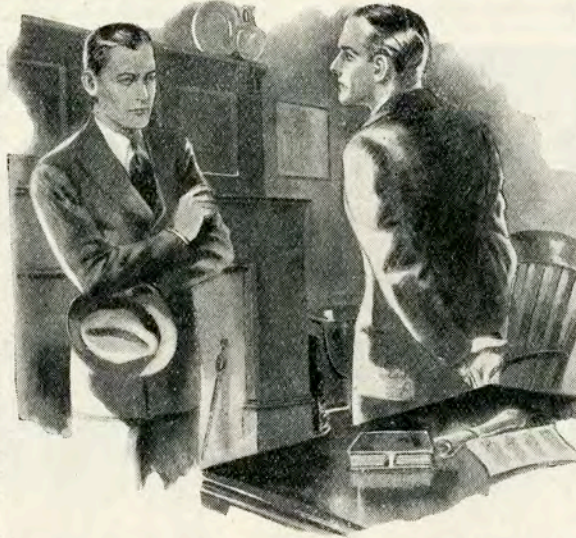
"I'm sorry, Dick. I know you didn't mean that. I'm afraid I am overwrought. I shall be glad to see you in town and hear how people here are getting on. I'll let you know my address, and you must tell me when you are coming."

He held out his hand. Dick grasped it.

(To be continued)

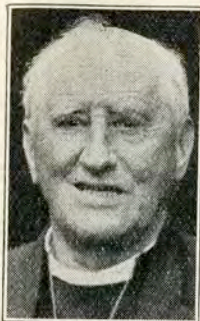
THE secret of faithful and acceptable service is to take one day at a time, and to give ourselves whole-heartedly to living that day in the service of God and His glory.

BISHOP LOYD



Church Life To-day

Some Points of Current Interest



THE LATE
RIGHT REV. E. D. SHAW
(Gillman & Soame Ltd.)

The late Right Rev. E. D. Shaw, formerly Bishop of Buckingham, was born in 1861, and was educated at Forest School and Oriel College, Oxford, where he obtained "Blues" for cricket and Association Football. In 1887 he was appointed Head Master of Bishop's Stortford Grammar School, and in 1889 he was ordained. He became Vicar of High Wycombe in 1895, Archdeacon of Buckingham in 1910, and in 1914 was consecrated first Bishop of Buckingham as suffragan to Bishop Gore, then Bishop of Oxford. Throughout his career Dr. Shaw took a special interest in education, and as a result of his zealous efforts many new Church Schools were built in the Diocese of Oxford.

The whole sum of 100,000 guineas appealed for by the Bishop for church extension in the Diocese of Birmingham has now been raised, and this has been done in just over two and a half years instead of the three years originally contemplated. Since the Bishop first made his appeal six churches have been built and consecrated, and three more are in course of erection. Five church halls have been built, and plans for three more churches and five more church halls are well advanced. A campaign has now been launched to raise £50,000 for building and improving Church Schools in the diocese.

The Right Rev. A. I. Greaves, Bishop-Suffragan of Grantham, has been translated to the Suffragan Bishopric of Grimsby in succession to Bishop Blackie who was recently installed as Dean of Rochester. Bishop Greaves was appointed Sub-Dean of Lincoln in 1934 and was consecrated bishop in the following year.



RIGHT REV. A. I. GREAVES
(Press Portrait Bureau)

He will be followed as Bishop of Grantham by the Very Rev. A. A. Markham, Dean of Stamford and Rector of North and South Stoke. Canon Markham has worked in the Diocese of Lincoln for nearly thirty years, and has

held the important livings of Grimsby and Grantham. He was appointed Dean of the Peculiar of Stamford in 1936.

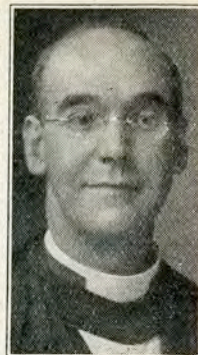
In succession to Archdeacon G. M. Maccermott, the Rev. T. J. Perowne, Rector of Starston and Hon. Canon of Norwich, has been appointed Archdeacon of Norwich. Canon Perowne, who was ordained in 1892, has spent almost the whole of his ministerial career in the Diocese of Norwich and it is noteworthy that his father was also formerly Archdeacon of Norwich.

The Dean of Carlisle, the Very Rev. C. H. H. Cooper, has been forced to resign his office on account of ill health. He came to Carlisle as Dean in 1933 in succession to the late Dr. H. Venn Stuart, and had previously been Archdeacon and Sub-Dean of York.

Dean Cooper will long be remembered in connection with the great work of preservation which has been carried out by the Friends of the Cathedral, an organization formed largely as a result of his exertions. During the last three years more than £10,000 has been contributed to the preservation and restoration of the fabric.

The Rev. H. A. Jones, who has been appointed Provost of Leicester in succession to the Very Rev. F. B. Macnutt, has since 1936 been Secretary of the Archbishops' Evangelistic Committee, and in that capacity has been responsible for the organization of the Recall to Religion inaugurated by the Archbishop of Canterbury in January, 1937. Mr. Jones, who is a graduate of Birmingham University, was ordained in 1916 to a curacy at St. Paul's, Balsall Heath, Birmingham. Three years later he joined the staff of St. Agatha's, Sparkbrook, and from 1923 until 1928 was Vicar of All Saints', Small Heath. He was organizing secretary for S.P.G. in the Midlands, 1928 to 1934, and in the latter year became Vicar of St. Martin's, Worcester.

The Bishop of Western China, the Right Rev. John Holden, D.D., recently gave an interesting account of the progress of the Church in his diocese. There was, he said, a real growth in independence as well as in numbers. In one district where twenty-six years ago there were two small congregations of about forty-five people, to-day there were fifty congregations of two thousand believers.



THE RIGHT REV.
JOHN HOLDEN, D.D.
(Russell, London)

In the presence of a large congregation the new tower of St. Saviour's, Leeds, was dedicated by Canon John Wyld—now in his ninety-seventh year—who was Vicar of St. Saviour's for more than half a century before his retirement in 1929. The church was built between 1842 and 1845 by Dr. Pusey and the central tower was left incomplete. Two years ago the temporary wooden tower was wrecked by a gale, and efforts were made to raise money to build a stone tower in accordance with the original designs for the church. Eventually a life-long supporter of the parish promised to be responsible for the new tower.

Several correspondents have kindly pointed out that in our recent paragraph on bridge-chapels we omitted to refer to that at Rotherham which is perhaps the most famous of all. It measures only 32 by 14 feet, and was built by Thomas Rotherham, who was Archbishop of York and Chancellor of England in the latter part of the fifteenth century. After the Reformation it ceased to be used for religious purposes, and became a prison. For this reason the bridge on which it stands was at one time known as "Jail Bridge." Later still the chapel was used as a shop. After its restoration it was reconsecrated by the Bishop of Sheffield in 1924, and services are now once more held in it.



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BRIDGE CHAPEL ROTHERHAM

(Boots Ltd.)

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.*.*

At this time of world anxiety and unrest we can nevertheless detect a whisper "We must be members one of another." We Christians know that—

"Tis but as men draw nigh to
Thee, our LORD,
They can draw nigh each other
and not hurt."

Let that be our keynote for 1938, in our own circles, in our parochial life, as well as, so far as our influence extends, in public affairs—the Team Spirit, "members one of another."

To help our readers in their personal or parochial difficulties is the purpose of *THE SIGN* and in a special sense of this page. We are glad to know from our correspondence that our answers are found useful by many, and we invite our readers to write to us for any such help they may desire. Only a few of the many questions we receive on all kinds of subjects can be answered on this page, but all questions are answered by post, to the best of our ability, if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

May we add a special note for our friends in WALES? Many of the questions we receive are concerned with points of Church law, the rules governing Parochial Church Councils and the like. The answers given to these (unless the contrary is expressly stated) are based on the law of the Church of England, which in some points differs from that of the Church in Wales, to which, therefore, these answers do not necessarily apply. The same of course is true of the branches of our Church in Scotland, Ireland, and Overseas, so far as Church law in those provinces differs from that of the Church at home.

2858. Why are there no translations of Latin hymns except "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire" in the Prayer Book? Has there ever been an officially authorized Hymn Book in the English Church?

It seems certain that Cranmer intended to translate some of the Latin hymns, and was only deterred by the consciousness that his verse did not reach the standard of his prose.

Metrical Psalters were issued by Royal permission from the middle of the sixteenth century onwards. Hymns were added to the Psalms, and in this form the Psalters persisted well into

last century. No hymnal has ever been authorized by Convocation.

For a full treatment of these questions consult Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology* and the Historical Edition of *Hymns A. & M.* edited by Dr. Frere.

2859. Who is responsible for the organ? Who may be allowed to use it?

The incumbent has by law control over the use of the organ. From this

JANIVEER

THE nights are long in Janiveer,
The frostiest month of all the year :
Bright hearths we need, and thatching
stout,
While Janiveer he storms without.

Old Janiveer, New Year he brings
And the glad Feast-day of the Kings,
Maid Agnes, snowdrop-garlanded,
And Charles, for England's Faith who
bled.

The Kings across the snow-bound plains,
Haste with their glittering bridle-reins,
And swift rides Saul, the Pharisee—
Henceforth the LORD's Apostle, he.

The Kings, from coffers all a-gem,
Spread forth their gifts at Bethlehem:
And to Damascus Gate draws near
The Blessed Paul in Janiveer.

Beatrice Rosenthal

it follows that he can give or withhold permission for the organist or any other person to use it for practice or for giving lessons.

This, as we have said, is the strict legal position; but in the ordinary course we think such matters should be arranged when the organist is appointed. If this is not done no doubt they can be adjusted later in a friendly talk. Speaking generally, we should say that an incumbent would not wish to prevent the organist from using the organ for practice at reasonable times. If he desires to give lessons on it he would do well to obtain the incumbent's permission in writing.

The Parochial Church Council is now responsible for the care, maintenance, and insurance of the organ, but this does not affect the right of the incumbent to control the use of it.

2860. Should a paid organist and choirmaster, and choirboys who receive only a small bonus at Christmas, be insured under the Workmen's Compensation Act?

The organist and choirmaster must be insured under the Workmen's Compensation Act, and we think in the circumstances you name it would be wise to insure the choirboys also. We should advise you to apply for further information to the Ecclesiastical Insurance Office, Ltd., 11 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.2.

2861. What is the authority for saying that a bishop can confer an additional Christian name at Confirmation?

You will find legal authority for the statement in Blunt's *Book of Church Law* (11th ed., 1921), pp. 60-1, and in Cripps, *Church and Clergy* (8th ed., 1937), p. 520. As regards present-day practice we know that some bishops are willing to do this if they are informed beforehand of what is desired by the priest who presents the candidate.

2862. A friend who has recently come under Roman Catholic influences says that she wishes to "enter the Catholic Faith." What should I say to her?

We think from what you tell us that your friend does not fully understand the position. If she will look at the Prayer Book she will find that we are baptized not into the Church of England but into the Catholic Church. In the same way we are confirmed as members of the Catholic Church, not any particular part of it. Consequently there is no reason for your friend to think that she "wishes to enter the Catholic Faith" because as a baptized and confirmed member of the English Church she is already in the Catholic Faith.

To leave the English Church for that of Rome is a very grave step which should not be taken without much thought. Though we hold many things in common with the Roman Catholics we refuse to accept those that are of "Romish" origin; and the differences between us and them are concerned with very important matters. We could recommend books on the subject, but in the first place we should advise your friend to consult some wise priest as she evidently does not yet understand the doctrines of the Church of which she is a member.

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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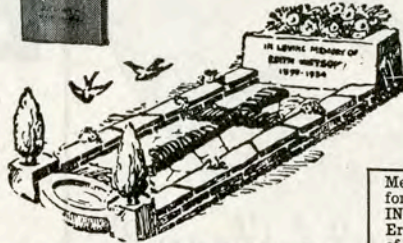
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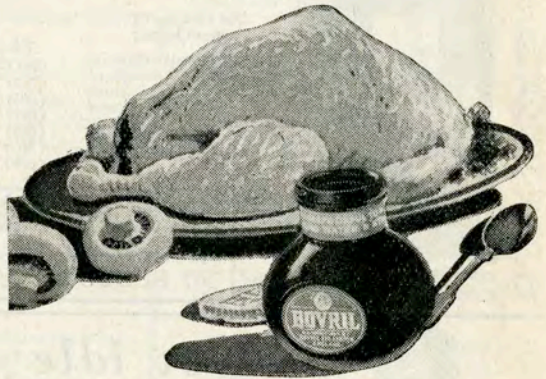
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keeping a close record of missionaries. Those only evangelistic they disregarded, but those with ideas of leadership in social life and education they recorded carefully. Also Chinese leaders, graduates of mission schools, they intend to banish. They do not want Christian thinkers in their conquered land. The Wise Men who have come to the Saviour they think too potent to be left at large.

* * *

The Wise Men were led to the Saviour by a star and it was the thing with which they were familiar. They were trained in the stars. I heard a man say once that he was led to Christ by mathematics. Now the shepherds were led by angels. They were Jews and trained from infancy in the lore of angels. Any night, at any time, they would not have been surprised to see the shimmer of angels' wings. By angels they were led to Christ.

There is one constant thing in both cases: They were led along old paths and by things they knew well. Could it be that some of us are expecting wonders when God's will for us is that we be led by the old paths of God's word and prayer, public worship and the Holy Communion. As each one of us fronts life's great questions for himself he should see what he is doing along this line. It is impossible to live a life of grace and ignore the means of grace.

The Wise Men and the shepherds came to Christ along different roads. The chief thing is that they got to Christ, not the road they came. It will never do for anyone to criticize the path of anyone else. The illustration that caught and turned your friend may seem stupid and pointless to you, but keep your eyes on your friend and the evident change for the better in him. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, after all. The preacher who stirs your friend to seek salvation may not so move you, but don't minimize your friend's experience on that account. Belittle no man's experience. If the stimulus through which he received it does not stir you, ask yourself if you are stirred at all. If the page of print which turned your friend does not move you, ask yourself if you have ever really turned and, above all, are you turned now? Angels and stars matter little; the great point is getting to the Saviour. Then again, the shepherds got to the Saviour quickly, and the Wise Men took a long time. I suppose that was to encourage people who do not get there as fast as they would like. The block is always in the person concerned. Then, too, there are the two great ways of turning to the Saviour, the gradual and the immediate. Timothy and Paul are the two examples in the New Testament. Timothy was born in a Christian home, trained in Christianity by his mother and grandmother he opened like a flower in the sunlight to

the Christian religion. Grown to manhood, Timothy could not point to any conversion in his life but it was there nevertheless. It was at the time when he ceased taking the things of Christ on the word of his parents and took them as his own. There are thousands who need to do that today, to change their religion from the realm of the ideal and theory to the realm of reality and experience.

The other example is Paul whose turn was sudden and striking, but the point about Paul is that when he was old he could say with truth, "I was not disobedient to the Heavenly vision." The proof of his turn or conversion was his life, a present thing. It was not that his turn was sudden and spectacular that counted; it was the change in his life, a continuous and permanent change, that was the important thing.

Many people in the Church who call themselves Christians need to be converted into living faith in Christ. Their lives are not really Christian. The great need of the Church today is the conversion of Christians.

* * *

One thing the Wise Men gave the Infant Saviour was gold, and I am very glad it was among the gifts. Some people dislike sermons about money (gold). They remind one of the darkie preacher who said of his people: "It is all right when I preaches about de sunset and it's all right when I preaches about de moon playin' on de water, but it seems like a kind of coolness comes over dis congregation when I teches on de Ten Commandments." There is one thing sure in any case and that is the person who complains about sermons on money is the very person who needs them.

The first question about money is: Where did you get it? Is it honest? If, as you read this, God flashes through your mind a dishonest act in your life, you will be wise to set it as straight as lies in your power, and anything you can't straighten out, you can count on God straightening out for you. It is marvellous how things arise in people's mind when they get in God's presence and ask about honesty.

The next question about money is: How do you regard it? Do you consider it yours to do with it as you like? Or do you realize that it is only yours for a brief period? As a friend of mine said, "There won't be a nickel in your coffin." It is a revolution and nothing less when anyone lets God control his money.

—Canadian Churchman.

6 Wheeler Avenue, Toronto.

December 11th, 1937.

Dear Canon Baynes-Reed:

This is to say how very much my family and I appreciate your kindness and sympathy during our recent loss. You were, indeed, a good friend who helped and counselled me through the first shock of sudden bereavement. We appreciate, too, your part in the service at St. Monica's Church, and the beautiful floral tribute from you and your congregation. Will you please accept my sincere appreciation and kindly extend the same to the members of St. John's congregation?

Yours sincerely,

KATHRYN M. TUPPER.

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