

Subscription Price: \$1.00 per year, in advance.

Address communications to Treasurer, Mellor Dunham, 182 Kingston Road, Howard 6113.
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Church of St. John the Baptist (Norway) Kingston Road and Woodbine Avenue.

Services;

HOLY COMMUNION—Every Sunday at 8 a.m.
1st and 3rd Sundays in each month at 11 a.m. Every Thursday (with special 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.

CANON W. L. BAYNES-REED, D.S.O., V.D., L.Th., Rector, 156 Kingston Road, Howard 1405
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St. John's Parish Monthly

Editor—THE RECTOR

Volume 16

MAY, 1938

No. 187

Rector's Letter

Rector's Office,
May, 1938.

Dear Brethren:

We have just finished a very successful Lent, with services well attended throughout and crowned with a thronged Church on Easter Day and nearly thirteen hundred Communicants.

It certainly makes for thankful joy in the hearts of those privileged to lead and direct the worship of Almighty God in this Parish.

I wonder if one realizes the great privilege which we enjoy in worship at St. John's (Norway)? I was not thinking so much of the beautiful Church, the chime of bells to call us to worship, the excellent music and all the accessories to worship which make our Church so attractive, but I was thinking of the ministry of preaching. Our own Archdeacon would rank high among the leading preachers in Canada, and we have had him each Sunday morning in Lent. Then each Sunday evening and on Wednesday evenings and on Good Friday we have had the privilege of listening to the Gospel story presented by some eighteen leading clergy of the City. Surely a great privilege, and surely also connoting a great responsibility to the hearers.

I don't know of any Church which is more favoured in this respect than our own. And surely anyone who was at all regular in his attendance at these services must have been spiritually benefited. There is no standstill in natural life and there can be no standstill in our spiritual life. We are either better men or women today than we were at Lent a year ago or worse. There is such a thing as spiritual stagnation. People become impervious to religious impressions. Our hearts become hardened just as Pharaoh's heart was when he refused to let Israel go. So Lent comes as a time to shake us out of our spiritual deanness and call us to newness of life.

And Easter speaks to us of rising to this new life. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above." Our old sins we mourned in Lent and leave them behind with the grave clothes as we rise to higher things.

Longfellow, in "The Ladder of St. Augustine," says:

"St. Augustine, well hast thou said:
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame."

"Are common things—each day's events—
That with the hour begin and end
Our pleasures and our discontents
Are rounds by which we may ascend."

"The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumphs more than truth,
The hardening of the heart that brings
Irreverence for the dream of youth."

"Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes

We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies."

"Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain."

Ever your Friend and Rector,

W. L. BAYNES-REED.

THE CHURCH SCHOOL

The splendid efforts of Mrs. Saxon, Mrs. Savage and their loyal assistants culminated on April 21st and 22nd when large audiences enjoyed the School Concert. The thanks of the Church, parents and scholars are tendered to Mrs. Saxon and those who assisted her in training the children.

The hockey season ended with a Banquet for the boys and their presentation on April 8th. Although the inclement weather kept many of the parents home, the boys turned out in force. Cups and crests were presented to the winning teams, and the entertainment, in the form of a travelogue by moving pictures with talking effects, was provided by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Arrangements are now being made for the Picnic to be held on June 28th at Kew Gardens. It is hoped this year will be a real Parish picnic as the location makes it possible for everyone to come. The saving in transportation will be used for prizes and treats, and there is no more beautiful spot in Toronto than our own beach.

THE SILENT WITNESS

In the big City of London, not far from the Thames River, there is a parish church with a tower having a flagstaff, which had been there for many years. Time, however, had its effect on that staff, and at last it got so rotten that it could scarcely bear the strain of the flag, so the vicar ordered it to be taken down for fear of an accident.

The next day after its removal he received a letter from the Board of Trade, asking why it had gone, and requesting that it might be put up again at once; if a new one were needed, the Board would supply it. The reason was this: That flagstaff on the church tower was the point the vessels made for in coming up the Thames, and without it the captains or pilots of those vessels would have lost their bearings. A fresh flagpole was at once erected, and there it is today helping to guide the vessels into port.

Neither the vicar nor any of the people worshipping in that church knew of the **silent witness** from their tower, yet you see how it helped others on their course into port, even though it said nothing.

Of course, every person cannot be teachers and preachers, but all can be **silent witnesses for Jesus**. We can do His work, and keep close to Him, and live pure, true lives, showing who we are serving, and thus help to guide others.

—The Messenger.

PARISH ASSOCIATION

The two regular meetings of the Parish Association have been held during the month of April with a splendid attendance.

Mrs. Pollard and Mrs. Oetiker wish to take this opportunity of thanking all those who contributed clothing, etc., for the Rummage Sale which made it such a success. They were able to turn into the treasury over \$50.

Mrs. Coultas, convener of the Toilet Accessories Booth, held a card party at her home on the 21st of April. It was a very nice evening and enjoyed by all who attended.

The Court Whist was held on Thursday afternoon, April 28th, under the convenership of Mrs. W. Thompson and Mrs. Howden. Sixteen tables of cards were played. There were good table prizes. Refreshments were served. We thank the conveners for a successful party.

The days are getting long and bright so that it seems hard to get people out to play cards.

Mrs. Liddiard held a Home Cooking Sale at her home on Saturday, April 30th, in aid of the Candy booth. Mrs. Liddiard and her committee wish to thank all those who came to buy; also those who donated cakes, etc.

Our Annual Luncheon is to be held on May 12th. Mrs. Turff is convening it. It is an event greatly looked forward to. We will tell you about it in the next issue.

ST. JOHN'S (NORWAY) CHOIR

Easter Day is past and gone, but to those who were privileged to be present at the choral services it will be an occasion that will not be soon forgotten. According to comments which have been passed it was one of the greatest Easter Days in old St. John's. It was really a wonder sight to see the Church packed to overflowing, and to us of this organization who worked so hard to make this occasion a memorable one, coinciding as it did in the year of the Rector's fortieth anniversary, we can honestly say that if you enjoyed listening to the music as much as we did singing it, we feel amply repaid. We feel that we are extremely fortunate in having such an appreciative congregation, and to you also congratulations are in order as one would have to travel far to hear such good congregational singing as is to be heard in our Church.

We all very much regret that our beloved Rector's illness compelled him to take an enforced rest. This, I am sure, must be very irksome to him as he is so devoted to his duty. Latest reports are that he is much better and we are looking forward to the time when he will be back amongst us again.

A hearty welcome is extended to Mr. Burke who has returned to us after being away for a long period through illness.

Mr. Lythe is, we are glad to report, rapidly improving and is now back at home again.

MOTHERS' UNION

The monthly meeting of the Mothers' Union was held in the Ladies' Parlour on April 27th at 2.30 p.m. with the President and 33 members present. The meeting opened with the singing of Hymn No. 759, followed by prayers and the Litany. Miss Shotter read the lesson from the 21st chapter of the Gospel of St. John. Mrs. Punchard read a letter from the Stratfieldsaye link; also distributed Easter cards to members, which had been received from the links. Hymn No. 521 was sung before the address. Miss Shotter spoke of the wonderful organization of the Mothers' Union and how mothers can do so much with kindness and helping others, and also gave us some beautiful thoughts from the 25th chapter of St. Matthew. The meeting came to a close with the singing of Hymn No. 291, followed by special prayers for missions, the sick, (special mention being made for our Rector, Mr. Bonner and others), the unemployed, our Parish, our homes, and peace. Miss Shotter pronounced the benediction.

The Annual Meeting of the Toronto Diocese of the Mothers' Union will be held in St. James' Cathedral Parish Hall on May 12th at 2.30 p.m. Instead of holding our monthly meeting on Thursday, May 26th, we are attending the meeting at St. James on May 12th.

May 20th is our Annual Get-together Night at 8 p.m. sharp. Nine East-end Branches are joining us.

MOTHER'S SOCIETY

At the opening of our meeting on April 7th, our President was away helping to choose equipment for the kitchen, so Miss Shotter opened the meeting with hymn and prayer. A special prayer was said for the missionaries in China. The Epistle for Palm Sunday was read. The address, "Christ the Master who took on the marks of a servant, poverty, humility, obedience, deference and was finally betrayed for the price of a servant, thirty pieces of silver." Our President was back with us in time to give the closing prayer. Members present, 37.

At the meeting on April 21st, Miss Shotter read to us from St. Luke's Gospel, 24th chapter, 33rd to 48th verses, and spoke of the power of resurrection. Think of the Good Shepherd who suffered loneliness, misunderstanding and criti-

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cism, and who said: "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." At this meeting it was voted that ten dollars from our Lenten collection be sent to the Deaconess House to be used in whatever way is thought best. Members present, 48.

DEATHS IN THE PARISH

William Haines, a Government employee, residing at 305 Waverley Road, died after a long illness, aged 65 years.

Gertrude Reed, wife of John R. Reed, 39 Kimberley Avenue, died, aged 41 years.

William Baker, a plasterer, died of peritonitis, aged 66 years. He was buried at Scarboro Lawn Cemetery.

Harry Cannon Burgess, a fruit merchant, residing at 61A Herbert Avenue, met death of heart trouble with tragic suddenness. Coming to the eight o'clock Communion on Easter Day with his wife and daughter, he was taken ill in the Church porch and expired in the choir vestry.

Edward Olding, a salesman, died in St. Mary's Hospital of heart trouble, aged 51 years. His widow and sons, residing at 139 Elmer Avenue, survive.

Elizabeth Tilly, wife of Edward C. Tilly, 275 Silver Birch Avenue, died of apoplexy, aged 64 years.

Eliza Foley, a widow, residing at 16 Normandy Boulevard, died of coronary thrombosis, aged 64 years.

Mary Taylor, widow of the late George W. Taylor, 726 Woodbine Avenue, died after a long illness, aged 84 years.

Richard Boyes, a retired member of the Toronto Fire Brigade, died at 15 Kingsmount Park Road after a long illness, aged 63 years.

Alice Burrige, widow of the late Edwin Burrige, St. Quentin Avenue, died of broncho-pneumonia, aged 71 years.

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

EVENING BRANCH W.A.

As the end of our Spring season draws near, we are very busy finishing up our Indian outfit and several quilts.

Quite a number of the members attended the Annual Meeting held at St. Aidan's, and a very inspiring meeting it was.

Our share of the Spring Sale which was held by the Afternoon Branch of the W.A., was the home cooking counter, and we had a wonderful display of good things to eat which very soon disappeared amongst appreciative customers.

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ST. JOHN'S (NORWAY) SIDESMEN'S ASSOCIATION

The Sidesmen's Association is now meeting every Monday evening in the Parish Hall and every man of the congregation is cordially invited to join with us.

One Monday in each month we meet in the Bowling Alley for a game or two. We are a very friendly group, and evenings such as these surely break down any barrier of reserve, and if you are not well acquainted you certainly will be before the evening is over.

Going back several weeks: We attended the Congregational Meeting on February 7th and we congratulate our Rector on the completion of his fortieth year at St. John's. May he be spared many more years to look after us. We must congratulate the Choir on the excellent programme put on for this event.

Monday, February 14th, was Ladies' Night. It was a very stormy evening and while the attendance was not what we would have liked, it was a very enjoyable evening.

February 21st the speaker was Mr. Cuttle, and his subject was "The Church of England From Its Formal Inception." We tender a vote of thanks to Mr. Cuttle for his able address.

On March 7th we were favoured with a visit from the Men's Club of St. James, Humber Bay. Rev. Payton and about forty men visited us. We spent the first part of the evening in the Bowling Alley and by the time the game was over, Mr. Eade and his able committee had refreshments ready and the tables were very tastily arranged.

Canon Baynes-Reed welcomed the guests and Rev. Payton replied very nicely. Evenings of this nature are very enjoyable and we are looking forward to more visits to other Clubs and from them.

We are always looking for new members and we would be pleased to receive names and addresses of prospective members.

Bishop Beverley will be with us for Confirmation on Friday, May 27th, at 8 p.m. The Rector hopes to present a splendid class of about 140.

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ST. JOHN'S LAWN BOWLING CLUB



Now is the month of
Maying
When Lawn Bowlers
start playing.

These last few weeks
the first question one
bowling enthusiast
asks another is, "When
does your green open?"
Here's our answer:
The official opening is
scheduled for Tuesday,
May 24th, at 2.30 p.m.

The Grounds Com-
mittee announce the
green is in excellent
condition and will be

ready for play on Saturday, May 21st.

A General Meeting will be held on Monday,
May 16th, to receive application forms for mem-
bership and transact any other business that may
arise for the benefit of our Club.

This year's executive will do their utmost to
create a feeling of friendship and goodwill among
the members and foster a spirit of esprit-de-cors
—which is the backbone of any organization.

Men of the congregation are cordially invited
to join our Bowling Club. Several have already
signified their intention of doing so, but there is
still room for a few more. Gentlemen, please
note:—The Secretary will be glad to mail an
application form if you telephone HO. 3621.

It is with great pleasure we report that our
Honorary President, the Rector, is making steady
progress toward recovery from his recent indis-
position. We had a telephone call today (May 4)
stating that he "called for his boots," so he will
soon be in the saddle and (D.V.) able to officiate
at our opening ceremonies.

Our sincere thanks is tendered to the ladies
and gentlemen of the various organizations who
patronized our Euchre and helped in making it a
success.

The following is by our Spring poet:

The Orangemen paraded
And it was noticed that
In marching to the play-off
They appeared to go "high-hat."

Team number four
Slid down the floor
All puffing choice (?) Havanas.
They lost the game,
But just the same
Yelled, "Viva-da-Bananas."

And so—this is our valediction
To indoor bowling fact and fiction:
Now "Cheerio" to one and all,
And "au-revoir" until the Fall.

NOTES—Great minds think alike.
Your thoughts dear readers are,
I surmise,
Spring poets should be shot
At sunrise.

WHO'S WHO IN WIBSEY

George H. Bottomley

Here in Wibsey is Canadian born George H.
Bottomley who is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wal-
ton Wright of Fair Road. Mr. Bottomley is in
Bradford making himself familiar with the busi-
ness of this city. Bradford he describes as a dirty
place, unlike Toronto. In Canada, we are told,
buildings are erected round a central square
block but here "the streets run anyway." The
petiteness of our motor cars surprises Mr. Bot-
tomley and their comparative slow speed. Whilst
hearing of tandems our Canadian friend had no
idea they existed until he came to this country.
"We have nothing like your seaside piers," he
told our reporter, "and we certainly haven't your
fogs." When questioned about our films, Mr.
Bottomley accused them of being out of date.
"The theme song is always old before the picture
arrives," was his comment. Criticism is not
George's only concern. He is thoroughly enjoy-
ing his stay, he is making many friends and will
take back to Canada many happy memories of
"Old England."—English Paper.

FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING

"I would rather have one little rose
From the garden of a friend,
Than to have the choicest flowers
When my stay on earth must end.

"I would rather have the kindest words
Spoken day by day to me,
Than flattery when my heart is still,
And this life has ceased to be.

"I would rather have a loving smile
From friends I know are true,
Than tears shed around my casket
When this world I've bid adieu.

"Bring me all the flowers today,
Whether pink or white or red;
I'd rather have one blossom now,
Than a truckload when I'm dead."

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever
made and forgot to put a soul into.

GEO. H. CREBER

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PRAISE

O LORD, we would give thanks,
And sing praise to Thee,
For eyes that see the beautiful,
And a heart that rejoices in it.

For the gladness of a summer day,
And the fairness of all growing things.
For the brightness of blue sky,
And the restfulness of green earth.
For fields white with daisies,
And yellow with buttercups.
For chestnut blossoms pointing skyward,
And gold laburnum hanging down.
For bluebells in a cool, dark wood,
And cowslips on a sunny bank.
For swallows flying high,
And ducklings diving in a pond.
For straight furrows of brown earth,
And strong horses ploughing.
For wide views from a steep hill,
And cottage gardens on a low road.
For joyous anticipation,
And warmth of loving welcome.
For hearts that find good in all men,
And love even the unlovely.
For these, and many blessings, we praise Thee,
And our spirits give thanks unto Thee.

EVA M. BREWER

RENE
LOKE

The Copper Belt

The Church's Task in Northern Rhodesia ✽ By the Rev. A. G. Rogers, U.M.C.A.

COPPER has put Northern Rhodesia "on the map." To-day, in a district which was primeval forest ten years ago, there are five great copper mines producing hundreds of thousands of tons of ore. This is the Copper Belt, an area about the size of the Home Counties, yet only a corner of Northern Rhodesia. Ndola, known as the capital of the Belt, has developed very rapidly. It is the last railway station reached before entering the Belgian



"The African Adam and Eve . . .

and of Africans fifteen thousand. This proportion of Europeans to natives is about the same at all the mines. The Europeans live in up-to-date bungalows with electric light, bathrooms, and gardens gay with bright flowers. The only discomforts are mosquitoes and flying ants, and occasionally a snake may come indoors. One snake found its way into the bellows of the family harmonium. Yet though life is fairly comfortable, it is by no means easy-going. Work in a machine shop in tropical heat may be almost unbearable. There are the dangers underground and there is always an element of uncertainty in taking part in a new venture.

What, then, is the Church doing for our own folk on the Copper Belt? There is only one priest. He travels round his five parishes in a Ford vanette, spending a Sunday at each in turn. At first services were held in hotels or the local cinema, and even in a milkshop. Now churches have been built at three places, almost entirely by local funds. If it is the first Sunday in the month he may be at Nkana. On Monday he may hear of a wedding or a funeral at Mufilira and off he goes on a run about as long as from Oxford to London on roads which during the rains may be deep in mud. Perhaps he has to get back to Ndola the same evening for a meeting of the Church Council, or it may be the Toc H evening. It is not surprising that sometimes he must telephone his apologies.

Congo. Here in 1934 the Bishop placed his seat, a beautiful throne carved by Africans, in a cathedral about the size of a village church at home.

Nkana, which is the biggest of the mine townships, has a white population of two thousand

A far greater problem faces the Church in the compounds where the Africans live. Northern Rhodesia is one of the dioceses for which the Universities' Mission to Central Africa has made itself responsible, and many of the Africans who work at the mines are practising Christians from the mission districts. Many more come from Nyasaland, a month's trek from their homes.

We need hardly stop to ask why the Africans are so eager to go off to the mines. They have discovered the power of wealth. As Mr. Basil Mathews says, in his valuable little book, *Consider Africa*, "It is a modern parallel of the Garden of Eden. African Adam and Eve did not know, until the serpent of Western civilization had led them to taste of its fruit, that they were naked of the thrilling accessories of the West." They are also moved by the spirit of adventure. He is considered to be only half a man who has not been away from his village to work.

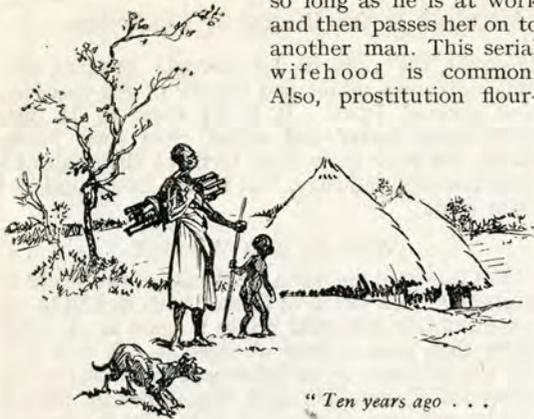


. . . don European clothes "

All this means a tremendous change for the African—leaving the tribal life of the distant village and coming into the glare and glamour of our modern world. At the first sound of an engine whistle he may run for his life. At present it is very largely an outward change. He soon dons European clothes, boots, a smart hat and perhaps sun-goggles. But deep in his heart he is still the same African with his belief in evil spirits and the powers of the witch doctor. A Government clerk has been known to spend his bonus of £15 entirely on native medicine.

The change for the women is greater than for the men. From Nyasaland only one man in ten takes his wife with him to the mines. More women go from the nearer districts. Enforced leisure is a danger for them in this new life. In the villages they cultivate the fields and there is the daily round of pounding and grinding. Here they draw rations of meal and often buy their relish—dried fish, mice, frogs, sweet potatoes, and "monkey nuts." Some men hire a woman to cook their food, paying her the princely salary of half a crown a month. It is possible for a man

to bring an unattached woman into the location as his sister or sister-in-law; he lives with her so long as he is at work and then passes her on to another man. This serial wifehood is common. Also, prostitution flour-



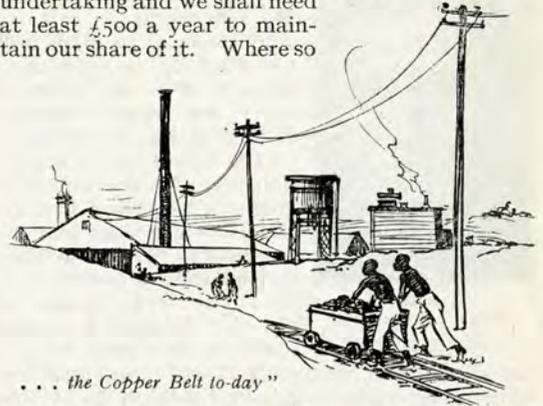
"Ten years ago . . ."

ishes in spite of the vigilance of the Compound Managers.

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The Copper Belt

The Church's Task in Northern Rhodesia * By the Rev. A. G. Rogers, U.M.C.A.

COPPER has put Northern Rhodesia "on the map." To-day, in a district which was primeval forest ten years ago, there are five great copper mines producing hundreds of thousands of tons of ore. This is the Copper Belt, an area about the size of the Home Counties, yet only a corner of Northern Rhodesia. Ndola, known as the capital of the Belt, has developed very rapidly. It is the last railway station reached before entering the Belgian



"The African Adam and Eve . . .

and of Africans fifteen thousand. This proportion of Europeans to natives is about the same at all the mines. The Europeans live in up-to-date bungalows with electric light, bathrooms, and gardens gay with bright flowers. The only discomforts are mosquitoes and flying ants, and occasionally a snake may come indoors. One snake found its way into the bellows of the family harmonium. Yet though life is fairly comfortable, it is by no means easy-going. Work in a machine shop in tropical heat may be almost unbearable. There are the dangers underground and there is always an element of uncertainty in taking part in a new venture.

What, then, is the Church doing for our own folk on the Copper Belt? There is only one priest. He travels round his five parishes in a Ford vanette, spending a Sunday at each in turn. At first services were held in hotels or the local cinema, and even in a milkshop. Now churches have been built at three places, almost entirely by local funds. If it is the first Sunday in the month he may be at Nkana. On Monday he may hear of a wedding or a funeral at Mufilira and off he goes on a run about as long as from Oxford to London on roads which during the rains may be deep in mud. Perhaps he has to get back to Ndola the same evening for a meeting of the Church Council, or it may be the Toc H evening. It is not surprising that sometimes he must telephone his apologies.

Congo. Here in 1934 the Bishop placed his seat, a beautiful throne carved by Africans, in a cathedral about the size of a village church at home.

Nkana, which is the biggest of the mine townships, has a white population of two thousand

A far greater problem faces the Church in the compounds where the Africans live. Northern Rhodesia is one of the dioceses for which the Universities' Mission to Central Africa has made itself responsible, and many of the Africans who work at the mines are practising Christians from the mission districts. Many more come from Nyasaland, a month's trek from their homes.

We need hardly stop to ask why the Africans are so eager to go off to the mines. They have discovered the power of wealth. As Mr. Basil Mathews says, in his valuable little book, *Consider Africa*, "It is a modern parallel of the Garden of Eden. African Adam and Eve did not know, until the serpent of Western civilization had led them to taste of its fruit, that they were naked of the thrilling accessories of the West." They are also moved by the spirit of adventure. He is considered to be only half a man who has not been away from his village to work.



. . . don European clothes"

All this means a tremendous change for the African—leaving the tribal life of the distant village and coming into the glare and glamour of our modern world. At the first sound of an engine whistle he may run for his life. At present it is very largely an outward change. He soon dons European clothes, boots, a smart hat and perhaps sun-goggles. But deep in his heart he is still the same African with his belief in evil spirits and the powers of the witch doctor. A Government clerk has been known to spend his bonus of £15 entirely on native medicine.

The change for the women is greater than for the men. From Nyasaland only one man in ten takes his wife with him to the mines. More women go from the nearer districts. Enforced leisure is a danger for them in this new life. In the villages they cultivate the fields and there is the daily round of pounding and grinding. Here they draw rations of meal and often buy their relish—dried fish, mice, frogs, sweet potatoes, and "monkey nuts." Some men hire a woman to cook their food, paying her the princely salary of half a crown a month. It is possible for a man

to bring an unattached woman into the location as his sister or sister-in-law; he lives with her so long as he is at work and then passes her on to another man. This serial wifehood is common. Also, prostitution flour-



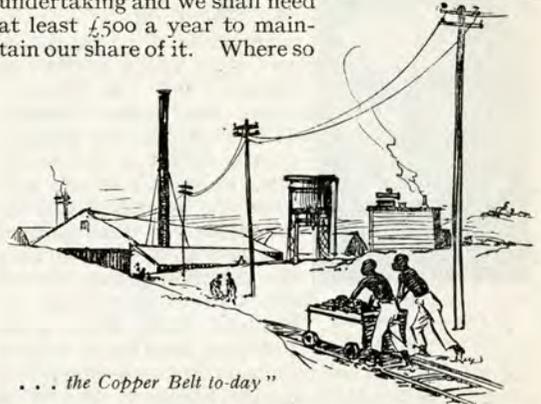
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(E. Staniland Pugh)

"All the Days" Thoughts for Ascensiontide

By the Rev. Henry de Candole, Liturgical Missioner in the Diocese of Chichester



THE REV.
HENRY DE CANDOLE
(Vawdrey, Brighton)

ASCENSIONTIDE opens to us the doors of the eternal world—"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors." For the King of Glory has passed through. It is as if, like the disciples on the mount of the Ascension, we, who love and gaze after the ascending CHRIST, are allowed in these glorious ten days to catch a glimpse through those heavenly doors into the wide spaces of heaven. None of the great Feasts of the Church centres

our attention so completely on what we cannot see. Christmas gives us the manger, Epiphany the humble home, Eastertide the garden of the Resurrection, Whitsuntide the upper room. But the focus of Ascensiontide is beyond the bounds of sight. It is, what we call, heaven. And perhaps that word may make us pause to ask, What is heaven? Where is it? What do we mean by our LORD returning thither?

Heaven, it has been said, is where GOD is. If GOD is everywhere, then heaven is everywhere too. And at the Ascension JESUS crossed "from the here to the everywhere." His life on earth was one of bounds and limitations: if here, He could not be there; if there, not here. But His Ascension meant that now He was freed from those bounds. Henceforth He had passed into that unseen world, so close behind all that we can see or touch, just beyond the veil of the visible, to be available not to one person or one group or one place only at one time, but to all and every one of His disciples at every time and every place. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

OUR PART IN THE ASCENSION

But it is more than a Presence outside of us that the Ascended CHRIST brings to His people. St. Paul pictures CHRIST and His people as one: where He is, they are. Crucified and raised with Him, they are lifted up also to "sit in heavenly places" with Him. Living still their lives on earth, yet "in heart and mind," as the Ascension Day Collect puts it, they "thither ascend and with Him continually dwell." They belong elsewhere. Therefore while they take their full part in the life and duties, joys and sorrows, of this world, they cannot be absorbed by it like their fellows who think of no other. They see it in right proportion. Their eyes are focussed on the eternal, and they see the temporal in its true significance. Thus they are witnesses of CHRIST in the midst of the world; witnesses, as He sent them forth to be, of Himself, showing by their lives the reality of the

spiritual, the glory of the eternal; bringing into this world the power and beauty of the ascended and glorified JESUS. It is for them to do their daily work better, not worse, than their neighbours, for they show Him forth by their faithfulness, honesty, industry, "as to the LORD and not unto men."

WORSHIP AND WITNESS

Yet it is hard amid the sordidness of this world to keep alive that vision of CHRIST with us and in us. Ascensiontide each year brings it again to us. But more than once a year we need it. Is this why (by the guidance, as we believe, of the SPIRIT of the Ascended CHRIST Himself) the Christian Church has taken over and moulded to her use the ancient Jewish day of worship? No longer a Sabbath, made wearisome by fencing and restrictions; but the Christian LORD'S Day, glad with the gathering of the LORD'S people, with the Presence of CHRIST realized and renewed among them. At the heart of the "keeping of Sunday" is the offering of praise and thanksgiving, the Christian Eucharist, the LORD'S Service above all others. For there the week's life is offered, hearts are lifted up unto the LORD, His Presence vouchsafed in all His ascended power, to bind together His disciples to each other and send them forth one Body in Him to live out afresh their lives of witness in the week to come. So seen, Eucharistic worship is not an "obligation," as of slaves, but the glad offering of those who love their LORD, and know that Sunday is not Sunday without the seeking of the vision of His face to renew the dullness that comes of contact with the world.

And Sunday worship takes us back to weekday witness. Each needs the other. CHRIST ascended to link together the two worlds—seen and unseen, "secular" and "religious," earth and heaven. It is told that when the Duty towards GOD in the Church Catechism was being composed, there were some who objected to the interpretation of the Fourth Commandment by the broad, profoundly Christian phrase, "to serve Him truly all the days of my life." They desired to see it qualified, "especially upon the LORD'S Day." But that would spoil it all. All days are CHRIST'S, weekday work and Sunday worship. Each has a special outlook. If on weekdays we are bidden to live heaven on earth, the LORD'S Day is to raise us from earth to heaven, that "where He is, thither we may also ascend," to return refreshed and bring heaven again to earth.

—◆—

THERE is no better way of reading the Old Testament than that of trying to realize from it the character of GOD: His glory, His praise, His wondrous works; the might of His marvellous acts; His greatness; His abundant kindness; His righteousness, graciousness, mercy, long-suffering, goodness; His dominion, His eternity.—K. D. MACKENZIE.

The Flower Fairies' May Day

A Story for Children
By Edith E. George

IT was a sweet May morning, just before dawn. There was a stir among the birds, beasts, and flowers of the Woodland, for the Flower Fairies were to hold high festival that day.

The bluebells were preparing their sweetest chimes, the toadstools had all been carefully dusted, the kingcups had been polished till they shone like gold. All the other flowers had been bathed in dew, while pimpernel foretold a fine day. The horse chestnuts promised to glow with



"Down came an ugly old Witch"

their brightest red and white candles, and all the Woodland Flower Fairies were tip-toe with joyous expectation.

Suddenly there was a rush of bitter wind which made every one shiver, and a great clatter that frightened all the birds so that they stopped singing, and down came an ugly old Witch.

"Oh! so you are thinking to have a festival to-day, are you?" she cried. "I wondered what all the stir and fuss was about."

She glared round on the poor little Flower Fairies till they shrank back round their lovely Wild Rose Queen.

Then the Witch laughed a wicked laugh and said, "There will be no sort of festival to-day unless by six o'clock you have brought me fifty different kinds of flowers and laid them on that bank under the hawthorn tree. If there is one short, woe betide you all, for there is such a thing as a hailstorm, and then where would you all be?" So saying she flew away, screaming with laughter.

As soon as she had disappeared Wild Rose Queen set all her little folk to collect every kind of flower they could find.

At first it did not seem so very difficult, for soon there was a nice little collection, and by working very hard indeed the Fairies gathered forty-nine.

But, alas! search as they would, they could not see another one, and the time was passing very swiftly.

The little folk hunted and searched and peered into every bush, and peeped under all the trees, till they were quite exhausted, but not another one could they find.

At last one brave little Fay said, "I will have one more try," and off she flew, although her wings ached terribly.

She flew on and on, till she reached the high brick wall that marked the end of the wood. Here

she sank down, worn out and weary, and burst into tears of disappointment and fatigue.

"Tu-whit, tu-whoo," cried an old Owl from a tree near by. "Why, whatever are you sobbing like that for, little Fay?"

"Oh! I am looking for just one more flower," she cried.

"Well! surely there are flowers enough for any one in the woods on a May morning," the Owl exclaimed.

"Yes, but not enough for the Witch," replied the Fairy, and she told the Owl all her trouble.

He listened very patiently, and was silent for a little while, thinking deeply.

At last, when the Fay was thinking he must have gone off to sleep, he opened his eyes and said, "Have you got one like those on that wall?"

"On the wall?" the Fairy gasped. "I can't see any flowers on the wall."

"Then you must be blind," the Owl grunted, and he flew down and showed her the lovely little moss-flowers, so tiny that they were hardly ever noticed.

"Oh! no, we have none of those," she cried joyously. "Oh! thank you dear, kind Mr. Owl," and she kissed him right on the soft white feathers on his head, and she had gathered an armful of the moss and was half-way back to the hawthorn tree before he had recovered from his surprise.

The church clock was just striking six as the little Fay reached home and laid her precious moss on the bank.

At the last stroke of the hour there was another blast of cold wind, and with an even greater rush and clatter the Witch again swooped down.

"Well! have you got me all my flowers?" she screamed. "Fifty was the number I demanded."

"Yes, my sister, they are all here," replied the Queen, very gently. "Count them, please."

The Witch began to count them, but as she did so

a wonderful thing happened. She grew taller and taller, and thinner and thinner till she looked like a big post. Then the moss crept up and covered her all over, and all the flowers nestled in the moss, and so she became a gaily-decked May-pole.

When the birds saw this they burst into their sweetest songs; the bluebells pealed a merry chime, and all the Flower Fairies and the little Woodland Folk gathered round and danced with great delight.

So after all the festival was held, and it was the happiest May Day the Woodland had ever known.



"She became a gaily-decked May-pole"

A Goodly Heritage

Notes on the Litany ✨ By I. Shipton

SINCE all Sundays in the year are feast days, and since the Litany is penitential in nature, it follows that in many churches its use is relegated to Lent, to the loss of worshippers. The loss is the greater inasmuch as in a majority of churches the Litany is said, not sung, and so the full significance of this stately and lovely intercessory prayer is missed. For the Litany is intended not to be said on our knees in church, but to be sung in procession.

We first hear of Litanies in the Eastern Church in the fourth century. In Europe their beginnings are connected with the institution of the Rogation Days. About the year 470 a series of earthquakes caused terror and distress among the people of Vienne in Gaul. Accordingly their bishop, Mamertus, ordered the three days preceding Ascension Day to be observed as days of intercession with litanies sung in procession. In due course the observance of these Rogation Days made its way into England.

The regular weekly use of the Litany dates from the sixteenth century. In 1544 Henry VIII, being at war with both Scotland and France, ordered processions to be held throughout the realm, and wrote to Archbishop Cranmer bidding him draw up "godly prayers and suffrages in our native English tongue," to be used during these processions.

Cranmer took as the basis of his "Litany and Suffrages" three sources—the Sarum Processional, Luther's Litany, and the Orthodox Greek Liturgy. The use of the Sarum Litany had not been confined to Rogationtide. It was also sung on Holy Saturday, at the ordination of deacons and priests, and on Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent. Cranmer's Litany omitted the ancient introductory *Kyrie Eleison*, and reduced the invocations of the saints to three, "to St. Mary, Mother of God," "to Angels and Archangels," and "to all the saints in the blessed company of heaven."

At first the Litany was a separate service. In 1547 it was ordered to be used "before High Mass," and in 1549 on Wednesdays and Fridays before Holy Communion. In 1552 it was also prescribed for Sundays, and the Prayer Book of 1662 directs that it shall be "said or sung after Morning Prayer."

The Litany falls naturally into two main parts: first the more regular and systematic portion up to the *Kyrie Eleison* ("LORD, have mercy"), which precedes the LORD's Prayer; and, secondly, the remaining section which is more broken and varied. The first part of the Litany contains three clearly marked divisions, called the Deprecations, Obsecrations, and Petitions. The Deprecations are supplications for deliverance from all evil, to each of which we respond, "Good LORD, deliver us." First comes prayer for deliverance

from spiritual evils, then from temporal evils, and lastly a prayer against those evils which attack society, political (sedition, privy conspiracy, rebellion), ecclesiastical (false doctrine, heresy, and schism), and spiritual ("hardness of heart and contempt of Thy Word and Commandment").

Then follow the Obsecrations, or appeals for deliverance by the redeeming virtue of CHRIST's life. Here the great articles of our Creed are put before us, the Incarnation and Nativity, Cross and Passion, Resurrection and Ascension. In addition to these we note the stress laid on those acts of our LORD which mark His humanity, the Circumcision, Fasting and Temptation, Agony and Bloody Sweat. The whole of this section is summed up and brought to a close in the petition covering our whole life, in poverty and wealth, in life and in death.

Next come the Petitions, chiefly intercessory, for the Church, the King and all in authority, and for all men. Then we pass to prayer both for ourselves and others, for all the chief needs and graces of human life, and for special forms of trial. This is followed by two petitions for temporal blessing ("the kindly fruits of the earth," that is, the fruits of the earth after their various kinds) and spiritual blessing (repentance and the grace of the HOLY SPIRIT). This portion of the Litany closes with the *Agnus Dei* ("O Lamb of God"), again emphasizing the redemptive life of our LORD.

The second part of the Litany opens with the threefold *Kyrie Eleison* in English. While the first part of the Litany is addressed to our LORD JESUS CHRIST, the second Person of the Blessed Trinity, we note that the last part of the Litany is addressed to GOD the FATHER through our LORD JESUS CHRIST. Most of the material is taken from ancient sources. The collect beginning "O GOD, merciful FATHER," is taken from a "Mass to be used in tribulation of heart," and seems to have been originally composed in time of persecution. The versicles which follow the antiphon and *Gloria* are taken from the old Sarum Litany for St. Mark's Day, where they were appointed for special use "in time of war." These versicles, like the petition "to show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives," seem at one bound to take us back over the centuries to the days of the Crusades, and indeed the very threads of ten centuries of our history is woven into the texture of our Litany. It is a heritage of which English Churchmen may well be proud.

God claims our loving service, because we have been redeemed and set free. He asks it of us, when He might justly compel us, because He would have from us the loving service of children rather than the forced service of slaves.—G. D. CARLETON

More Graysmere Experiments

By Fedden Tindall

IV. CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE

BRIAN was sitting in his study discussing the big question of Christian marriage with a shy, red-faced lad, Edward Golding. The Vicar had begged him to "have a straight talk with Ted," saying that he might be more ready to listen to advice from a layman.

"You are sure of yourself, Ted? May is the one woman for you, and you can live together happily?"

"Why, yes. We've been together for three years now. We ought to know each other pretty well, and I've never even looked at another girl, so to say, since I knew her."

"Then why should you want a hole-and-corner business in a register office, instead of being married in church, as if you were proud of the girl?"

"We both hate a lot of fuss, and we don't altogether hold with the service neither. Oh, yes, we've both been to weddings more than once. May had a sort of fancy for going to church together, so we looked up our Prayer Books and had a read at it. Do you think any decent chap would be over keen on having his girl told that getting married was a remedy against sin, when he knows she's straight and honest, and he's treated her respectful all through their courting?"

This was a poser, but Brian knew he must not hesitate.

"I quite agree with you, Ted. I shouldn't be keen on it myself. We need not go into a state of things in the past which possibly justified what seems to us very queer language. But suppose I read you the words which may be said to-day. They may make you see things differently." He drew a small book from his breast pocket and found the place carefully. Then he read aloud, "'It was ordained in order that the natural instincts and affections, implanted by God, should be hallowed and directed aright.' Plain speaking, I know; but you can follow it, can't you? You don't need me to say anything about the difference between your feelings for May, whom, as you say, you have always treated respectfully, and what you might feel for a girl you didn't respect."

Ted, flushing a deeper crimson than ever, muttered huskily, "I see that."

Brian went on, "Then, loving and honouring her as you do, can't you also see the difference between merely signing your names in a book and making your marriage legal by the law of the land, and having God's blessing pronounced on it? Don't you care enough to make that solemn promise to love and honour your bride?"

Ted once more gathered his arguments together.

"I think the world of May, as I've tried to tell you, but I wouldn't go so far as to say out before everybody that I worship her, or that I don't want to have a say in the spending of the money that I earn. 'Tisn't reasonable."

Brian suppressed a smile. "Would you have any objection to saying, 'With my body I thee honour and all my worldly goods with thee I share'?"

"Sounds a bit grand, but I guess I feel something that way, and I'm out to treat her generous and to hand over best part of my wages—fine little manager she is."

"You are honestly in love with her, and you believe she feels the same about you. All the same, you know as well as I do that marriage means give and take. You must sometimes disagree and one or perhaps both of you be cross or unreasonable."



"I see that," Ted muttered huskily

Ted broke in. "We've had a row now and again in three years, but that don't make any real difference."

"Of course it doesn't. What I am trying to say, badly enough I admit, is that you are neither of you perfect. Don't you think it needs God's grace for any man and woman, however well they suit each other, to live together happily, bearing and forbearing and making the very best of their lives? Are you and May so cocksure that you

fancy you can do without it?"

"If you put it that way, I suppose not. Look here, I won't make any promise, but I will talk it over with her again and tell her what you've been saying."

With that Brian had to be contented. He could spare no more time just then, for Dr. Robins was giving his long-talked-of "Keep Fit" lecture at the Gyp that evening. Round at the Parish Hall Margaret was putting things in readiness. Wearing a big apron, and with a dust-pan in one hand and a brush in the other, she was on her hands and knees when the Doctor came in and found her.

"Hullo, what are you doing?"

"Trying to make this place less of a piggery. I don't believe old Hammond has touched the floor since the Scouts were here last night."

"Let me do that job. I'm more intimately acquainted with germs than you are, and that dust must be full of them."

"I doubt if you'd be any better than Hammond," she said laughing. "It is such a bad example for the girls if this hall isn't kept decently."

"Yes, I suppose it is; but—look here, Margaret—I never seem to get you alone now. During the epidemic in the winter we were constantly running across each other. Do put those wretched things down for a minute."

"No time," she said, brushing away energetically.

"Indeed, there is time, for I mean to make it." He came to her side and captured the dust-pan and brush determinedly. "Now you know what I want to ask you?"

"About the resolution on smoking during the debates? You can speak on it if you like though you are a new member."

"No, not about any resolution. Margaret, don't play with me. You *know*." She did.

When Brian walked in a few minutes later they were standing talking and the floor was not finished. Somehow he guessed what was in the wind, though he said nothing, and they all three hurriedly put things in readiness. There was a good muster that night and the whole evening went with a swing. Somehow or other the news leaked out that the Doctor and Miss Gilbert were engaged, and they were both overwhelmed with congratulations and good wishes.

Two months later they were married. The same solemn vows were made by Thomas and Margaret that

Edward and May had taken a few weeks before—a man and a woman plighted their troth "in the sight of God and in the face of this congregation." There was a general air of happiness and rejoicing in Graysmere, for the new doctor was popular already and Margaret had become a universal favourite. The pair went off for their short honeymoon amidst ringing cheers. They would be back again in a fortnight and then Daisy was going to their new home, where Margaret had made a job for her as a sewing maid, and to help with other light household duties.

"Doesn't it all feel jolly and friendly?" Joyce Harris said to Anne, as the Doctor's car disappeared round a bend in the road. All Graysmere seemed to have joined in the send-off, not merely the guests invited by Mrs. Gray to the reception. "It's just as if we were one big family."

"Which is what we were meant to be," said Anne, as she got into their own car beside Brian, who had offered a lift to Hammond, the wheezing and puffing old Hall Caretaker.

The Twin Churches of Bywell

By the Rev. Canon Holmes, M.A., Vicar of Bywell St. Peter



CANON HOLMES

TRAVELLING west from Newcastle-upon-Tyne you journey by the side of a largely-unknown but beautiful river and will notice soon, nestling side by side within a bend of the stream, two picturesque churches, each with its own churchyard, but with only three houses in sight—the Castle, the Hall, and the Vicarage.

The village of Bywell is gone, though there was once a considerable population with a market-place, which four hundred years ago had in it fifteen shops. The market-cross still stands close by. The inhabitants of this village were iron craftsmen, working at agricultural implements and military weapons. But why two churches side by side? They are both pre-Norman and both still in use as separate parish churches, which can be said, I believe, of none of the other pairs of closely-adjacent churches. What does it all mean?

There is an oft-told tale of two wealthy sisters of quarrelsome disposition and diverse architectural tastes, each of whom built a church to her own

fancy; but an interval of at least a hundred years between the age of the two buildings sufficiently disposes of this legend.

Their history in fact is very clear. A road divided two estates and each landowner built, close to this road but on his own side of it, a church for his own people; and each provided by a gift of tithes for the maintenance of a priest. Deeds of confirmation of this gift to St. Peter's still exist. It was in this way, we may observe, that most of our old parish churches were built and endowed. The State had nothing to do with it.

The smaller and older of the two is dedicated to St. Andrew. It was built about the year 950; but inside the church is preserved a sculptured cross-shaft which had been used as building material and must have belonged to an earlier church. This original church was doubtless built through the influence of Bishop Wilfrid, who also built the abbey church of Hexham, eight miles further west, dedicating both to his favourite saint. Of this original church all that is known is that in it, in the year 803, when Lindisfarne had been destroyed by the Danes, the twelfth Bishop of Lindisfarne was consecrated.

The tower of the church, built in 950, has remained practically untouched, and it is claimed,



THE TWIN CHURCHES OF BYWELL

[H. O. Thompson

with some reason, that it is the most beautiful of all our Saxon towers. The body of the church was re-

Countess of Pembroke, who owned the property for a short time between the Baliols and the Nevilles.



ST. ANDREW'S

(Gibson & Son)

built and enlarged by chancel and transepts in the thirteenth century.

St. Peter's, the larger of the two churches, was built in the middle of the eleventh century. Much of the original fabric remains; but in 1220 a beautiful chancel was added. Then, after a fire had destroyed the west end, a tower was raised on the ruins, a south aisle was presently added, and on the north side in about 1350 a school-chantry was built. In its floor is an incised slab—Bywell's "Unknown Warrior." The armour worn by the figure engraved on it is of the fashion of 1420 and the stone doubtless marks the grave of one of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmorland, probably the founder of the chantry.

Until 1849 this chantry remained the only school in a wide district. It should be remembered that nearly all our ancient schools were originally connected with the parish church, though usually a room in the tower or over the south porch was used, not, as here, a chamber built on the north side.

The Baliols held this estate from the days of William Rufus. John Baliol, the sixth in succession, married Dervorguil, the heiress of Galloway, whose son John became in consequence King of Scotland. When, however, his property was forfeited to the Crown, it was given to the Nevilles, one of whom built Bywell Castle as a protection against the Scots. Until then, when raiders came from north or west, the women and children would seek refuge in the fortress-like tower of St. Peter's. To the Nevilles was granted also the neighbouring estate, forfeited at last through the disloyalty of the Bolbecs, another Norman family to whom it had been granted by Henry I. The two estates have remained one, and all is now the property of Viscount Allendale, whose great-grandfather purchased it in 1820.

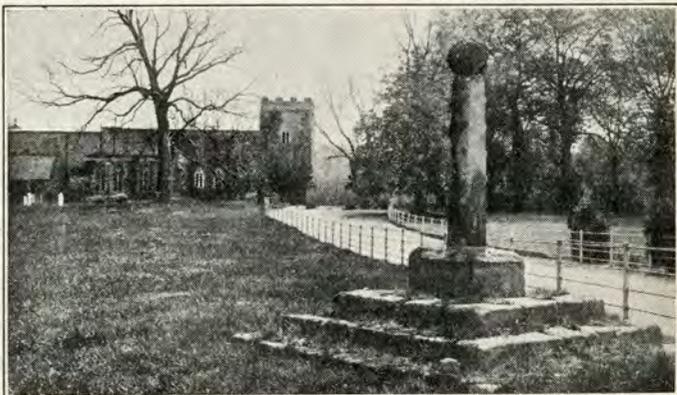
The Lady Dervorguil and her husband are famous as the founders of Balliol College, Oxford; and it is remarkable that a Cambridge College (Pembroke) also owes its foundation to a Bywell landowner—the

Each church possesses an altar of Roman workmanship (there was a Roman road not far away); each has a Communion cup three hundred years old; each has two pre-Reformation bells; and in the south wall of St. Peter's is a scratch-clock, a very rare thing in the north. Its presence is probably due to the influence of the Abbey of St. Albans, under whose care the church was placed by Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, who held the property before the Baliols. St. Andrew's similarly was placed under the care of the neighbouring priory of Blanchland. In this way, from the colour of the robes worn by the monks at these two places, the churches became known as the Black and White Churches and the priests as the Black and White Vicars.

Each church possesses quite a number of mediaeval sepulchral slabs, St. Andrew's having the unusually large number (though some are only fragments) of twenty-five. St. Peter's possesses also two stone altar slabs.

Until a century ago the two vicarages stood side by side, as well as the two churches; but only that of St. Peter's remains, a building probably four hundred years old, with a beautiful garden. St. Andrew's vicarage is now two miles away and all Bywell is in St. Peter's parish, but the two churches are used on alternate Sunday mornings and many of St. Andrew's parishioners love to travel the two or three miles in order to worship in their beautiful old parish church.

It is mainly through the disappearance of its iron trade that the village has disappeared; but a great flood in 1771 destroyed ten houses. The waters carried a baby in her cradle to the river mouth, twenty miles away, before she was seen and rescued. Her descendants still love to tell the story and to show the cradle.

ST. PETER'S AND THE MARKET CROSS *(Gibson & Son)*

[The author of this article, Canon R. E. Holmes, M.A., has lately observed the jubilee of his ordination, all fifty years having been spent on the banks of the Tyne: twenty-five years in South Shields, seventeen years in North Shields (Tyne-mouth), and eight years at Bywell.]



The HARP of LIFE

by

H. F. WINTER

SYNOPSIS

IN the opening chapters we are introduced to THE VICAR of Little Wattlebury and his family of four daughters: DEBORAH, RUTH, DIANA, and ELSIE. Trouble arises when MR. JUDD, the village schoolmaster and organist, has to resign because of intemperance; the Squire's son, DICK MARTIN, is also involved. Elsie goes to London to have her voice trained, and makes friends with MABEL RITCHIE and her brother ARTHUR. She also, quite unexpectedly, meets Mr. Judd, who has obtained a post as organist at a Cinema. Elsie's friendship with the Ritchies grows. Then comes bad news from home; the Vicar has sustained a serious financial loss.

The story continues—

CHAPTER XI

MABEL LEAPS TO CONCLUSIONS

HALF an hour later the solace of tears had brought Elsie to a calmer state of mind, but in a very short time Arthur, Rupert, and Mabel would call for her. What could she say to them? Slowly she rose and crossed to the mirror. Red, swollen eyes confronted her, a face smudged with weeping. Elsie sighed. How was it that heroines in books could cry for hours and then go out looking their best? In any case her frock was torn. There was no help for it, she must ring up Mabel and say she couldn't go.

She was about to go down to the hall to telephone when she caught sight of Deborah's letter lying on the floor, and picking it up, she read it through again. Actually it was no speculative investment that had failed her father, but the man he had asked to invest the money for him.

"Father doesn't want it mentioned to anybody," Deborah wrote, "and he won't even tell us the name of the man although he says it is nobody we have ever met. The wretch has written to father and confessed that he used the money for himself and lost it, but he promises that he will make a fresh start and keep straight, and father says that nothing must ever leak out that might prejudice his future."

Elsie smiled. How like her father! He was probably far more worried and distressed over the downfall of some man he scarcely knew than he was over the loss of the money. But if he didn't want the matter mentioned, it mustn't be mentioned, not even to Mabel, and apart from that she would rather not tell her. She knew the other's generous impulse would be to heap invitations and presents on her, and Elsie couldn't bear to think that her friendship might become a burden.

However, Mabel must be rung up without an instant's delay, and Elsie hurried down to the telephone. She got through at once and, despite herself, the tears flowed again when she heard her friend's cheery voice.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said, "but I've had a

letter from home, and I've been rather upset, and I can't possibly come to-night."

She realized as she listened to Mabel's surprised protest that her explanation had scarcely been adequate.

"It's bad news, you see," she added. "No, not illness. Not really anything serious, but I was rather upset for the moment, and—Mabel, I can't explain over the phone, but I've trodden on my frock and ruined it, and I can't possibly come."

Full of eager solicitude, Mabel was immediately anxious to come round and comfort her, but Elsie begged her not to.

"I've done enough to spoil your evening as it is," she explained, "and I shall never forgive myself if you don't go and enjoy yourselves."

When Mabel had reluctantly agreed, Elsie settled down to write home. The Vicar had expressed the strongest wish that she was on no account to give up her training, and Elsie knew that if she suggested returning home it would only add to his distress, so she contented herself with a loving, sympathetic letter. To the girls, she wrote at greater length, for there was the marvellous news of Deborah's engagement to be gone into, and in writing to each member of the family the evening passed not unpleasantly.

The following morning was Sunday, and she had just finished breakfast when she was called to the telephone.

It was Herbert Judd, who hoped that he might accompany her to church, to which Elsie gladly assented. He was, as always, eager to hear the latest news of her family, and when they were walking back through the park after church, she told him of Deborah's engagement.

"Your sister and Dick Martin!" he repeated, almost incredulously. "Why people used to say he was rather wild—"

"Stupid rumours!" Elsie interrupted scornfully. "I'm sure they were quite unfounded. Everything becomes magnified in a little village. Some of the old people there think London is such a wicked place that everybody who visits it is wicked too. I expect they're saying that about me by now."

"I'm quite sure they are not," said Judd emphatically.

"Well, I shall know for certain what they are saying before long," said Elsie. "I shall be going home for the holidays at the end of the month. Won't it be lovely seeing everybody again?"

Talking of her family quite restored Elsie to high spirits, and she was talking and laughing animatedly when, rounding the corner of the street in which the Hostel stood, she saw Rupert and Mabel descending the steps. Momentarily forgetting last night's fiasco, she ran forward to greet them.

"I thought you would be at home," Mabel greeted her. "You seem to have recovered your usual spirits, Elsie."

There was a hint of reproach in her tone, and Elsie flushed. "I'm terribly sorry about last night," she said. "I hope it didn't spoil the evening too much."

"We didn't go," said Rupert. "Arthur was too worried about you to feel like going, unnecessarily, as it appears, so Mabel and I went to dinner alone."

"I must explain," said Elsie. "I had a letter and—" She paused. "Mabel, it sounds terribly silly, but I burst into tears, and then I tore my frock to shreds. Do please forgive me."

"Well, I know one does get in these states at times," said Mabel undecidedly, "but I wish you could have chosen some other occasion. Won't you introduce your friend?"

Elsie recollected Judd with a start. He had been standing out of earshot, awkwardly regarding the passing traffic. He shook hands heartily when Elsie had made the introductions.

"It is good to know Miss Elsie has so many young friends," he said, "but she is popular everywhere."

Elsie managed to laugh deprecatingly, but the atmosphere was strained and awkward, and she was relieved when Judd said he must get back and bade them farewell.

Mabel and Rupert took their leave almost immediately afterwards, and Elsie was left feeling that she had behaved far from well.

"Don't worry any more about it," said Mabel, when she and Elsie met for coffee next morning. "I was horrible yesterday. I suppose hearing from home made you feel homesick."

"It did in a way," admitted Elsie, "but I had one wonderful bit of news. My eldest sister, Deborah,

is engaged to be married to a great friend of ours."

Mabel started. Was this the news that had so upset Elsie? In a flash she leapt to the obvious conclusion. Poor Elsie was in love with her sister's fiancé.

"My dear—" she said, and stretched out her hand. She felt profoundly sorry for her friend.

"We are all tremendously pleased," Elsie continued.

Mabel noticed the "we." Elsie might have broken down on Saturday when the news came as a shock, but she was courageous enough now, and unselfish enough to be glad that her sister should have the happiness denied her.

"I am sure you are, Elsie," she said gently. "News like that sometimes comes as a great shock though."

"And I'm glad it's Deborah," said Elsie. "It's right that she should be engaged first as the eldest. I expect Diana will be the next."

"And then Ruth and then you."

"Me? I don't suppose I shall get married at all, Mabel. I wouldn't in any case if all the others had left home. I should stay and look after Daddy."

"You mustn't say that. I'm sure your father would never forgive you if you let him stand in your way."

"No. He wouldn't. But it's early days to be worrying about that."

Mabel agreed, and fell silent. She had spoken as she had because she felt sure her brother Arthur was

beginning to care for Elsie. She had been delightedly watching the progress of the romance, and it was a sad blow to her to think that Elsie loved some one else. Probably she would get over it fairly soon, but meanwhile Mabel felt it her duty to tell Arthur what had happened, and that evening she introduced the subject at supper.

"Elsie seems feeling much better," she told him, "but I'm afraid she did have rather a blow on Saturday. Her sister Deborah is engaged to be married."

Arthur raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Was that a blow?" he asked. "Doesn't she approve of the young man?"

"She—" Mabel paused, hardly knowing what to say. "Arthur, I'm terribly afraid she approves of him too much. I suppose she didn't realize her sister was the one he liked, and she—"

"You mean she is in love with the man herself?"

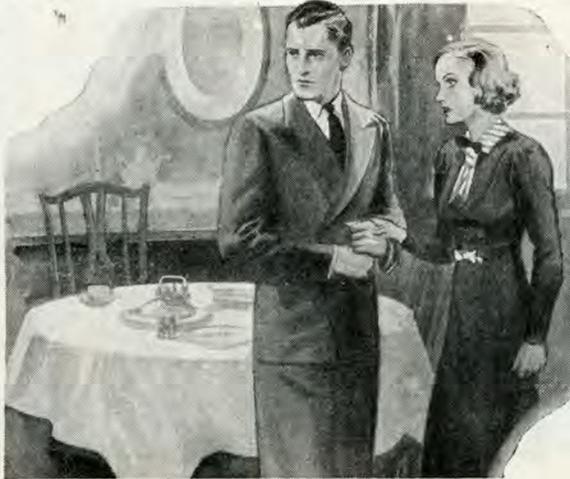
Mabel was silent.

"Elsie is very young," she said at last. "She should soon be able to put him out of her heart. She will, if it is humanly possible, for her sister's sake."

"I know what you are trying to say, Mabel," said Arthur in a low tone. "You've guessed that I—"?

Mabel nodded. "I hoped so much it was like that," she said. "Arthur, I am sure if you wait everything will be all right."

Arthur rose to his feet. "Thanks, old girl," he said. "You won't mind if I leave you now? I think a walk might help." Leaving the house, he set off walking with a rapid, heedless stride.



"I think a walk might help"

CHAPTER XII

STRANGE ENCOUNTER

THOUGH Mabel had done her best to soften the blow, Arthur was badly shaken. Somehow he had never considered the possibility of Elsie being in love with another man. His feeling for her had developed so gradually, almost imperceptibly, that he had only recently recognized its existence, and he had never stopped to wonder whether or not that feeling might be returned.

Steadily turning over the problem, Arthur walked swiftly on without heeding the direction his steps took, and it was with a start of surprise he realized that he had wandered some miles. The street he was in was a depressing one. Save for the street-lamps, the only patch of light came from the public house a few doors ahead. Even that was abruptly dimmed, and Arthur realized that it must be closing time. He stood and watched idly as the customers began to stream from the bar, and was about to move away when his attention was fixed by signs of a disturbance. The door, which had been swinging regularly to and fro as one after another passed into the street, was caught back from within and held open. Two struggling figures could be seen on the threshold. Evidently a rowdy was going to be evicted. Arthur was about to turn away when he saw that it was a woman who was causing the trouble.

A strong thrust of the landlord's elbow sent the

woman staggering across the pavement to where he stood, and had she not clutched wildly at him for support, she must have fallen.

Arthur's first instinct was to disembarass himself, but the laughter of the bystanders caused him to change his mind. Whatever fate had brought her to this, it was a woman who clung helplessly to him, and Arthur could not abandon her.

"Don't take any notice of them," he said gently, and glancing down saw with pity the ravaged face of a youngish woman who must, not long ago, have been beautiful. "Tell me where you live and I will see that you get home."

Possibly it was the fresh air, possibly it was sheer surprise at Arthur's words, that pulled the woman together.

"Sorry," she muttered. Then, as she regained control of her voice, "Don't worry. I shall be all right now. It's the air in there. So stuffy I must have fainted."

Arthur was greatly relieved at her return to something like composure.

"I expect that is what it was," he said. "Do you really feel better now?"

"Right as rain. Get along home now." She took a pace forward, but a sudden lurch belied her words.

"I think I had better see you home after all," said Arthur holding her up. "Is it far?"

"Twenty-six Peniston Gardens. I'm all right."

"I know," said Arthur soothingly, and was glad to see an empty taxi coming towards them.

A moment later, he had given the address to the driver, safely deposited his charge inside, and taken his place beside her. It was only when the vehicle was moving off that he realized it would have been wiser to have settled the fare and gone his own way. However, it was too late to change his mind, and sitting back beside his new acquaintance he wondered rather amusedly what Mabel would say when he told her.

His companion seemed to have sobered down, and taking a small mirror from her bag, she adjusted her hat and patted sundry strands of hair.

"I must say I'm much obliged, Mr.—er—"

"Ritchie," said Arthur.

"Mr. Ritchie. I'd better introduce myself after that. Judd's my name. Mrs. Herbert Judd."

Arthur started violently. "Judd!" he echoed. "Surely—"

"You know the name? Well, there! It'd be a different matter if I'd told you my professional name. Flossie Bonati, I was. Plenty of young men knew me in those days."

"But—"

"You needn't look so surprised. It wasn't so many years ago as all that. Lovely voice I had, though I say it myself. On the right road, I was, and then I got a cold on my chest, turned to bronchitis, and my voice hasn't ever been the same since. That's when I started taking an occasional drop, if you know what I mean. Disappointment.

Not but what I can still manage top C when I'm in form. Listen!"

Arthur had no choice but to listen as the lady's efforts to find top C rang out.

"It's the damp," she explained apologetically, abandoning the attempt.

Arthur seized the opportunity to change the subject to one on which his curiosity had been aroused.

"But your married name," he began.

"Judd. Mrs. Herbert Judd. Not that it's ever done me any good. Too high and mighty for me by a long chalk he is."

"Your husband is still alive?"

"And kicking," said Mrs. Judd tersely. "Organist at some grand Cinema he is now."

Arthur drew in his breath sharply. He had hoped that the name was a mere coincidence, but now there could be no doubt. Once started, Mrs. Judd seemed prepared to unfold her life story.

"We hit it off at first," she explained. "It was my voice that attracted him. He thought I might do big things in opera with a bit of training. So

did I, for that matter. And I suppose it was his romantic sort of way that fetched me. We married and were together about six months. Then one thing led to another, and I was suddenly offered a part in musical comedy. He wouldn't hear of it, so I went off one day when he was out. I went up to Yorkshire where they tried the show out, and when it came to London he had gone off on his own. Not that I cared—not then."

"You cared later?"

"Had to," said Mrs. Judd tersely. "The show hadn't been playing for more than a few

weeks before I found I should have to leave it."

"Three years old my baby is now," she explained.

"Sweet little thing, and the image of me, but he's never so much as seen her. He'd got some job in the country and naturally he couldn't afford to chuck it. He sent money, I will say. Now he gets paid any amount at the Cinema, and he's generous enough with it, but he won't come back to me and little Dolly. Not him. He thinks we'd lower him." She paused, and suddenly realizing that her confidences were being poured into the ears of a complete stranger, altered her tone.

"Look here," she said, "you'd better forget all this. And if ever you run across a Mr. Herbert Judd, don't say a word to him about me."

"Why not? I should have thought—"

"Very likely you would, but he wouldn't. He made me promise never to tell a soul he was my husband. Said nothing would ever make him come back to me, and if it got round he'd chuck his job and leave the country. I need the money he sends. Promise you'll forget all this."

Arthur hesitated.

"Promise," repeated the woman urgently.

"Very well," said Arthur reluctantly. "I promise."

His mind was still in a turmoil when the taxi drew up at its destination.

(To be continued)



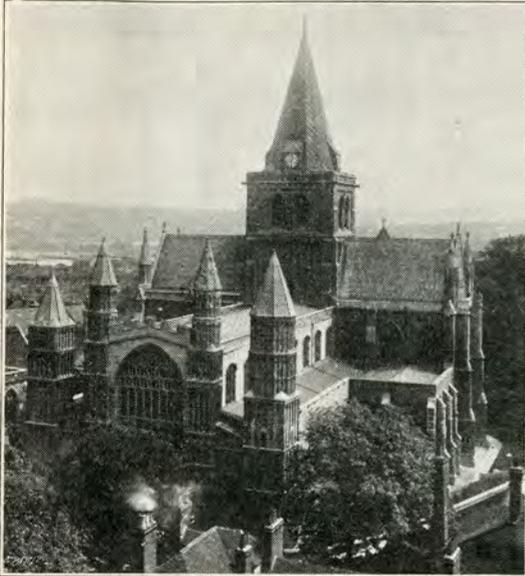
"It was a woman who clung helplessly to him"

Church Life To-day

Some Points of Current Interest

STEADY progress is reported in the third Annual Report of the **Friends of Rochester Cathedral**. A start has been made with the restoration of the

the staff of the well-known London church of All Saints, Margaret Street.

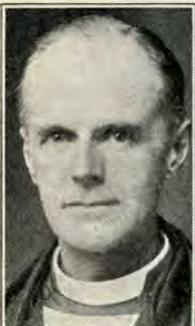


ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL

(Frith & Co.)

Norman Cloister, towards which the Friends have contributed largely. This work is of great interest, and will open again to the public the Cloister Garth, which has been occupied by a private house and garden for more than a hundred years. Excavations have also been undertaken on the south-west side of the Cathedral with a view to further investigation of the site of a possible second Saxon church. The roofs of the choir and the eastern and north-west transepts have been cleaned, and the woodwork treated. During the course of this work nearly five tons of dust and rubbish were removed.

AFTER fourteen years as Bishop of Colombo the **Right Rev. Mark Carpenter-Garnier** has been obliged to resign



THE RIGHT REV. MARK CARPENTER-GARNIER
(Russell)

his see on the ground of ill health. Doctors, both at home and in Ceylon, have told him it is time he left the tropics and returned to a temperate climate. After a period of rest he hopes to take up fresh work in England.

Before his consecration Bishop Carpenter-Garnier had worked for several years on

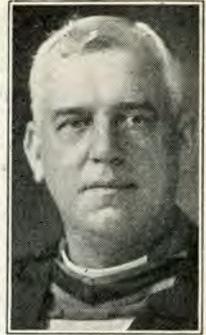
THE little church of **Gunness** (or Gunhouse), near Scunthorpe, dates from 1659, and enjoys the distinction of being one of the two churches built in the Commonwealth period. It has now become so unsafe that the Insurance Company refuses to renew its policy. The seating capacity of the church is only fifty, and as the population of the district is growing rapidly it is thought advisable to build a larger church rather than spend money on retaining the old one. In the meantime the rector holds services in a spare room of his rectory nearby, to which the church altar and furnishings have been brought.

THE caravan work in **Western Canada**, which was initiated by Miss Eva Hasell eighteen years ago, continues to flourish, and there is now a fleet of twenty caravans touring the Western Provinces. In addition to the Sunday School by Post, of which there are now sixty thousand members, there is extensive relief supplied to the people in clothing and medicine. Many are living far from doctors or nurses, and have been reduced to poverty by a succession of droughts.

The caravans are Ford lorries with two workers to each van. They visit lonely women, relieve their needs, and instruct their children, prepare them for Confirmation, and sometimes drive a priest to their homes to baptize their children. The work entails great hardship owing to difficulties of transport and the isolated position of the homes that are visited. One woman visited by the caravanners had not seen another woman for seventeen years.

DR. Stanley Baker, who has been a Minor Canon of **Salisbury Cathedral** for more than forty years, has for many years been collecting and patiently piecing together fragments of old glass formerly belonging to the Cathedral. He has offered these to the Cathedral authorities, but they have not been able to accept them. Portions, however, will be inserted in the windows of the retro-choir of Winchester Cathedral. Others will go far away to the new church of All Saints, Aklavik, which in two years' time is to be consecrated as the Cathedral of the Diocese of the Arctic. Aklavik is one hundred and twenty miles north of the Arctic Circle.

THE **Very Rev. W. J. Margetson** has resigned the Provostship of St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, which he has held since 1925. Dr. Margetson, before going to Edinburgh, was benefited in South London, at Wimbledon, Surbiton, and Newington.



He will be succeeded as Provost by **Bishop E. D. L. Danson**,

BISHOP E. D. L. DANSON
(Russell)

who for the last seven years has been working in the Diocese of Carlisle. Dr. Danson was educated at Aberdeen University and Edinburgh Theological College, and began his ministry at St. Paul's, Dundee. He went to Singapore as chaplain of the Cathedral in 1911, and in 1917 was consecrated Bishop of Labuan and Sarawak.

"As a thank-offering for a life of great happiness and many blessings, and also in some measure to atone for the desecration done to the beautiful work of the monks of old," a woman Friend of **Tewkesbury Abbey** has offered to defray the cost of the restoration of the ancient sedilia on the south side of the high altar. The sedilia, wrought during the reign of Edward III, are noteworthy for their design and colouring. The artist responsible for the restoration will co-operate with the Diocesan Advisory Board and the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, and nothing will be attempted until the best advice on the subject has been obtained.



TEWKESBURY ABBEY: WEST FRONT
(Call, Monmouth)

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.* *

2880. When were the Canticles first used in Christian worship?

This question cannot be definitely answered. We know only that it must have been at a very early period. The three Canticles from St. Luke's Gospel (*Benedictus*, *Magnificat*, and *Nunc Dimittis*) together with the *Benedicite* were appended to the Psalter for use in the services of the Church, at least as early as the middle of the fourth century.

2881. Did the Roman bishops some time ago renounce all claim upon cathedrals, etc., on behalf of their branch of the Church in this country?

We have never heard of any such declaration as you mention having been made by the Roman Catholic bishops. It occurs to us that you may be thinking of a declaration made by the leading English Roman Catholics in 1829 at the time of what was called "Roman Catholic Emancipation." In this they undertook to refrain from certain kinds of propaganda but no reference was made to Church property. Indeed this would have been quite unnecessary as there is no foundation for any suggestion that the property in question belongs to them. The Roman Catholics withdrew from the Church of England in 1573 and that Church continued to hold its property as before. Still less could the present Roman Catholic bishops suggest that they had any claim to this property as their organization in England dates only from 1850, and was called by one of the most eminent "a new wave from Rome."

2882. Should a P.C.C. rescind a resolution?

Normally, any Council or Committee may rescind any previous resolution, but this should not be done without serious reasons, and then it should be made clear to all the members before the meeting that a proposal to rescind a certain resolution is to be brought forward. A usual method of doing this (in addition to placing the proposal on the agenda) is to require the member who wishes to propose that the resolution be rescinded to give notice of his intention at the previous meeting. In small matters, a chairman may inform the meeting that it has proved impracticable to carry out a resolution and ask for another action to be sanctioned. In no case should any departure from the resolutions pass without notice. The inconvenience or impracticability of a careless decision often teaches the members to act more carefully on another occasion.

THE WAY

Points for Church People

THE SEVENTH DAY

I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day

Before all things the Christian community is a fellowship united by worship of the GOD and FATHER of our LORD JESUS CHRIST. The grace of GOD is offered and secured to us through the common faith and worship of the Society. And if Christians do not share together in this central and primary experience can they remain a community at all?

MAY, 1938

Date	THE GREATER FEASTS
1, S.	SS. Philip & James, AA.MM. Second after Easter
8, S.	Third after Easter
15, S.	Fourth after Easter
22, S.	Fifth after Easter [Rogation Sunday.]
26, Th.	Ascension Day
29, S.	After Ascension Day

DAYS OF FASTING OR ABSTINENCE

Fridays, 6, 13, 20 (not 27).

SPECIAL DAYS

Rogation Days, Prayers for the Needs of the Country and the World, 23 to 25.

COMMEMORATIONS

2, *Athanasius, Bp. of Alexandria & D.*, 373; 4, *Monnica, Matron*, 387; 6, *St. John Evan., ante Portam Latinam*; 19, *Dunstan, Archbp. of Canterbury*, 988; 25, *Aldhelm, Bp. of Sherborne*, 709; [26, *Augustine, first Archbp. of Canterbury*, 605;] 27, *Ven. Bede of Jarrow, P. & D.*, 735.

2883. How should a Canon or Prebendary be addressed?

The custom of addressing a Canon as "Canon X" instead of Mr. has grown up in modern times, but although there is no precedent for it until within the last sixty years or so it seems now to be firmly established. More recently still the same custom

has been applied to those who in some cathedrals are Prebendaries and in others Honorary Canons. When they are Prebendaries they are often addressed as "Prebendary," but as the word is rather cumbersome for ordinary use the form Canon is frequently used instead. Letters should usually be addressed "The Rev. Canon (or Prebendary) X."

As a matter of interest you may like to know that in some cathedrals where the stalls represent prebends each stall carries the obligation to say every day a certain psalm or psalms as a contribution to the daily recitation of the whole Psalter by the Greater Chapter.

2884. Should a boy now intending to take Holy Orders have any special education?

You do not mention the boy's age but from what you say we infer that he is still at school. As he could not be ordained until he reaches the age of twenty-three the best course would be for him to complete his ordinary school and possibly college education and then consider the special training required for the ministry. In the meantime we think you would do well to talk the matter over with one of your local clergy, who could advise you better than a stranger.

2885. Being obliged to play the organ for a village church, without experience, what can I do about making the Psalms intelligible?

Modern Church musicians are agreed that in the singing of the Psalms the words and not the music must have priority. If this rule is not observed the result is often meaningless and therefore irreverent.

You might consult some friend or acquaintance who is an experienced organist and would be willing to help you with advice, which with steady practice will enable you to overcome the difficulty you now find. You might also discuss the question with your vicar and the senior members of the choir, explain the position to them, and with their support teach the choir to do what is wanted: perhaps new and modern psalters are needed.

Finally, we should advise that for a time you should not attempt to play all the chants that are set in the book, but should confine yourself to the use of a few which you know thoroughly. This restriction is sometimes beneficial to the congregation as well as to the organist. A village church should as a rule attempt few things, but do those as well as possible.

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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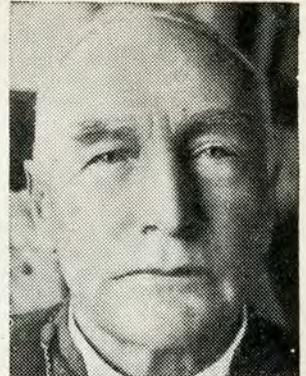
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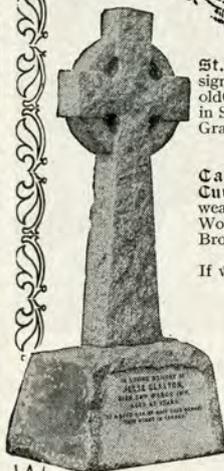
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"All that is Beautiful shall Abide for Ever"

GOD-MAN AND MAN-GOD: 1938-2000

By Archdeacon J. B. Fotheringham

Our years are dated by the birth of our Lord: the place of that birth was determined by Caesar Augustus, Emperor of Rome. Jesus was born not in Nazareth, the home-village of Mary and Joseph, but in Bethlehem. This was due to the decree (St. Luke tells us) of the Emperor. He ordered that a census be taken of the inhabited world and each citizen must be enrolled in his or her city of origin. Joseph, of the lineage of David of Bethlehem travelled therefore with Mary to that city and there Jesus was born. But 1938 opened with another decree issued from the same city of Rome. This decree of today declares that this is the year 2000—the birth year of that very Augustus—and that the whole twelve months are to be kept in commemorative celebrations, not the year of our Lord, but the year of Augustus.

1938 and 2000 are significant for the history of the world and of the Church. The former presents a God-man, the latter a Man-God. Jesus died on a cross counted among the malefactors, Augustus died near Rome counted among the divinities. On the third day Jesus rose from the dead to be King of a new Kingdom. On the day after Augustus died the Roman Senate formally declared that Augustus was to receive worship and that temples were to be built for his worship throughout the Empire. The citizen of the first century was offered the choice between the God-man and the man-God. Upon that choice depended the history of the world. Today events are focussing the issues to the same choice: Rome or Bethlehem, Augustus or the Christ.

The age of Augustus was the golden age of Rome. He gave the Empire its constitution. He found (he himself says) Rome brick and left it marble. He was the patron of Horace, Virgil and Livy. He brought a world-peace by the might of his legions. He made the Mediterranean Sea a Roman lake. He organized a totalitarian state in which the word of the State was the supreme authority.

There is 2000, the model for 1938 in the judgment of Mussolini. Augustus was born plain Octavius: he became Imperator, Pontifex Maximus, Augustus, Divus: his will was law, his empire world-wide. Today one born in 1883 Benito Mussolini is now Il Duce: his corporative state is totalitarian: his dream is an empire.

"And it came to pass there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled and Joseph went up out of Nazareth to enroll himself with Mary in Bethlehem and she brought forth her first-born son and laid him

in a manger because there was no room in the inn."

It is easy to be dazzled by the splendour of the man-God. But look from his Palatium to his people. There were more slaves in Rome than freemen and they were branded with the name of the owner like Western steers. A woman could be bought or sold—a beautiful one might bring two thousand dollars. A slave eating some quail left over from supper was ordered by Augustus to be crucified as a deterrent to others. Babies—unwanted—were left on the streets to be picked up by the night-hags and sold. Might was right: the individual did what was right in the eyes of the state. Professional gladiators fought with tigers and lions while the crowds gambled and cheered. Unnatural sins (as St. Paul tells us) abounded. Religion was a state ceremony into which the citizen was initiated by being plunged into a font of bull's blood.

And Jesus went about doing good, teaching the people, founding a Kingdom of love and brotherhood, dying at the last on a cross for a world of men, made free by His truth. His followers defied the man-God and worshipped the God-man. The Roman citizen by imperial decree cast his handful of incense into a brazier of charcoal before the temple of Augustus: the Christian passed it by on his way to worship a world-Saviour in a little Church where there was neither Roman nor Scythian, bond nor free, and was content to be thrown to the lions for his allegiance to his Master. It is recorded that within three centuries a proud Roman sneered at the Christian and said "And what is your carpenter doing now?" He is making a coffin for your master," was the answer and it is his answer today.

The hours are with Augustus: the centuries are with Christ. But the choice still lies between Bethlehem and Rome.

—Church Messenger.

PRAYER

The other day I came across this beautiful prayer by Bishop Brent:

"O God Who hast drawn over weary day the restful veil of night, wrap our consciences in heavenly peace. Lift from our hands our tasks, and all through the night bear in Thy bosom the full weight of our burdens and sorrows, that in untroubled slumber we may press our weakness close to Thy strength, and win new power for the morrow's duty from Thee Who givest Thy beloved sleep." Amen.

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MR. AND MRS. A. M. STRETTON CELEBRATE SIXTY-ONE YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE

A descendant of militarists, himself connected with Canadian regiments for about 40 years, Regimental Sergeant-Major Alexander M. Stretton, W.O., celebrated with his wife their 61st wedding anniversary at a quiet reception in their home, 7 Edgewood Avenue.

It was attended by their children, their grandchildren and near relatives. They were the recipients of many beautiful gifts and felicitations from friends as both are well known for their church and military work.

Born in London, England, about 81 years ago, Mr. Stretton came to Canada with his parents when only a child. He was educated in Toronto and was for some time a commercial traveller, then for about 32 years an issuer of licenses at the City Hall. From the latter position he was superannuated in 1935. His wife, now in her 80th year, was born in Kingston, Ont.

Mr. Stretton's military ancestry can be traced back to his father's cousin, Sempronius Stretton, who was Colonel of the Bengal Lancers. A brother of the latter was Colonel Sevirus Stretton, another well known militarist of his time. His grandfather's cousin was Sir Edward Haithwaite, who was knighted for his service, 50 years of which was spent in India.

Starting his military career with the Queen's Own Rifles when about 17 years of age, Mr. Stretton remained with that Regiment for about five years. Then he went to the Governor-General's Body Guard, where he remained until 1904. During his sojourn with the G.G.B.G.'s he saw service in the Riel Rebellion; was selected as one of four representatives of the regiment picked to attend Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, and was picked as one of an escort for guard of honour to the late King George V. when he visited Toronto as the Duke of York.

While with these two regiments he was twice called out to help quell strikes. As a member of the Queen's Own Rifles the regiment was sent to Belleville to quell the Grand Trunk Railway strike; then later, when with the Governor-General's Body Guards, they were called to keep order during the Toronto Street Railway strike.

They have four daughters living. They are: Mrs. Smith, wife of Dr. G. W. Smith of North Bay; Mrs. G. M. Porter, Bowmore Road, Toronto; Mrs. Stevenson, wife of Dr. H. G. Stevenson, New York; and Miss S. P. Stretton, at home. There are eight grandchildren.

Adherents of the Anglican faith, they were for many years active workers in the church life of

St. John's (Norway). At one time Mrs. Stretton was President of the Parish Association there. Her husband was for 14 years Rector's Warden.

May this venerable and venerated couple be spared to us for many years.

SOME COMMON RELIGIOUS WORDS—FAITH

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

Faith is the human response to divine grace. These two words stand face to face with each other in all our Christian thought and language.

Faith, like its divine counterpart grace, is a word which has often been put to unwise, and even ignoble, use. Faith is more than intellectual belief; it is the surrender of man's entire being to God. Faith has been perverted into an excuse for a lawless life. Faith has been loaded with traditions and accretions that have no part in it. The sentence of the Spanish Inquisition, with its execution in the burning of the heretic, is known to history as the "act of faith." Faith has always been a favorite word with eccentric sects. We are specially familiar in our own day with faith-healing, which, it is true, has some basis in the Gospel records, but in its cruder forms is a gross misinterpretation of our Lord's intentions in His gracious acts of help and healing towards the suffering race of men.

Faith, like grace, is a most comprehensive word. The New Testament writers approach it from various points of view. The first three Gospels ring out the invitation of the divine grace in the simplest and clearest tones. "Have faith in God"; in that brief, tremendous sentence is contained the whole secret of peace and power for mortal men. In the fourth Gospel, faith is refined into a mystical union of the soul with Christ; human faith and divine grace are almost inwoven into each other. In St. Paul's writings faith is an integral part of his doctrine of grace. We are justified by faith. As all the great blessings of this life are given to us from above, we have only to open our hearts to receive God's gift of redemption from sin and newness of life in Jesus Christ. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, faith rises us above this world of sense and time, and sees in the things of this world a copy of the things that are laid up in heaven and are waiting to be revealed to us there in all their perfection.

Yet these various aspects of faith do not confuse us, but only help us to understand the term in its breadth and richness. It is our faith that overcomes this present world; it is with our faith ever going before us that we march onward to our immortality.

—Church Messenger.

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For renewing Heaven and adjusting stars....	7.14
For Touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls	3.06
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For putting new stone in David's sling, enlarging head of Goliath	6.13
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For taking the spots off the son of Tobias..	10.30
For putting earrings in Sarah's ears.....	5.26
For decorating Noah's Ark and new head on Shem	4.31
	\$67.30

NOTES

Mr. Forsey Page, the architect, has been preparing plans for the enlarged church and is calling for tenders, so that when a Vestry Meeting is called in the near future we may know what the cost will be. It promises to look very well and will fulfil all our needs.

The Toronto Branch of the United Empire Loyalists will attend Church on Sunday morning, May 15th, and invitation has been extended to the Simcoe Branch to attend also.

"I AM JESUS, YOUR SAVIOUR"

- When criticised and misunderstood, I am saying that you are my co-worker. I love you and offer you grace and strength for today.
- When the world is worrying and grieving you, I am saying Peace be still. Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.
- When helpless and faint, in the struggle of life, I am offering you My body and blood to nourish and inspire you along the way.
- When your heart is bleeding through the loss of dear ones, I am whispering, Thou shalt be with me in Paradise. Absent from the body to be present with the Lord.
- When sin laden and weary, I am offering forgiveness and joy. "Come unto me and I will give you rest."
- When desirous of helping the needy and sad, I am bidding you, Go, preach and heal and love and toil as I have done for you.
- When discouraged and uncertain of the path to go, I am saying, Follow me, I am the Way, the truth and the life.
- When perplexed about appreciation and opposition, I am emphasizing that you receive a hundredfold now in reward for your services.
- When lonely and discouraged, I am whispering, Fight on, I will never leave you, I am alive for evermore.

VESTRY MEETING

A vestry meeting is called after due notice for Monday, May 16th, to receive a report of cost of new aisle and of approval to sanction increasing mortgage on church.

We have added to our Records a framed photograph of Joseph Davids, who was churchwarden in 1884-1885. There is a tablet to his memory in the church. Mr. Rupert Davids, his son, was the donor.

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Baptisms

- April 3—Wendy Elizabeth Dwight, Marilyn Mae Dwight.
 April 10—Judith Ann Partridge.
 April 17—Robert Wayne Beckley, Arlene Evelyn Pettitt, David Nugent Lewis, Janice Marian Metcalfe, Barbara Ann Rudd, Kenneth Albert Watson.
 April 24—George Arthur Powell, Mildred Elsie Powell, Roy Herbert Powell, Nancy Barbara Gibson, Paul Ernest Gibson.

Marriages

- April 2—Gordon McIntyre Soper and Mary Catherine Meade.
 April 16—Percy Seddon Brady and Winnifred Mary Hollobon.
 April 18—Ross Nattress and Olive Lillian Linge.
 April 20—John Jardine and Margaret Ann Eagling.
 April 21—Frank Barnard and Margaret Kathleen Corti.
 April 23—John St. Ours and Mildred Lillian Harrison.
 April 23—William Henry Smith and Mary Ann Adamson.
 April 27—Ralph Edward Griffin and Edith Olive Caunter.
 April 30—John Harrison and Zena Ada Morris.

Burials

- April 4—William Eric Haines69 years
 April 13—Gertrude Reed41 years
 April 18—William Baker66 years
 April 19—Harry Cannon Burgess64 years
 April 19—Edward Olding51 years
 April 20—Elizabeth Tilly64 years
 April 22—Eliza Foley64 years
 April 23—Mary Taylor84 years
 April 27—Thomas Henry Boyes63 years
 April 28—Alice Burridge71 years
 Total interments in Cemetery for April.....97

ALTAR FLOWERS

The Altar flowers for the month of March were the gifts of Mrs. Albert Wilcoke, Miss Black, Mr. C. Rumley, Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Bird, Mrs. Bond and Mr. C. Waters.

The altar flowers for the month of April were the gifts of Miss Meade, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Turff, Miss Millar and Mrs. Bennett.

The Rector has been laid up for some time with a bad leg but is making satisfactory progress and hopes to be on duty again in the very near future.

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WARDEN'S REPORT—APRIL, 1938**Receipts**

8 a.m. Communion	\$122.92
Envelopes	237.26
Open	262.91
Missions	113.99
Lenten Offerings	53.16
Good Friday for Jewish Missions	30.58
Easter Offerings	221.09
Synod Endowment Interest	15.75
Rents	84.00
Bowling	10.42
Total	\$1,152.08

Disbursements

Stipends and Salaries	\$444.99
Coal	103.95
Gas and Electric	24.70
Telephone	13.67
Stationery	5.94
Synod Assessment	376.22
Repairs and Supplies	33.21
Sundries50
Total	\$1,003.18

MY PRAYER

If there be some weaker one,
 Give me strength to help him on;
 If a blinder soul there be,
 Let me guide him nearer Thee.
 Make my mortal dreams come true
 With the work I fain would do:
 Clothe with life the weak intent,
 Let me be the thing I meant;
 Let me find in Thy employ
 Peace that dearer is than joy;
 Out of self to love be led,
 And to heaven acclimated,
 Until all things sweet and good
 Seem my nature's habitude.

—John G. Whittier.

To find himself famous hasn't been asleep—
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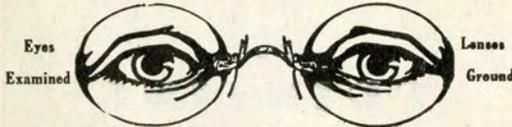
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