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MATTINS—On 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays.

LITANY—After Mattins on 5th Sunday.

EVENSONG—Every Sunday at 7 p.m.

HOLY BAPTISM—Every Sunday at 4 p.m.,
except during July and August (2nd and 4th
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CHURCHING—After Baptism or by appointment.

CHURCH SCHOOL—Sunday at 3 p.m.

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The Rector's Letter

My Dear People of St. John's:

First of all, a very hearty "Thank You" for the way in which you made our official "entree" all that it ought to have been. The Church was filled to capacity for the very beautiful service of Institution and Induction, when His Grace the Primate handed us over to one another. I have attended many Inductions, and I am always left with the same thought after each one, and it runs something like this: "Well, that's that! For all that life is worth now, these people and their pastor are linked in the closest union, bound up together in the great bundle of life." The friends go home, the visiting clergy go back to their own parishes, and it is very much like a bride and bridegroom are left after the wedding to work out their destiny together.

The reception in the Parish House after the service argues well for the very close link between people and pastor. All of you who could possibly come, must have been present, and Mrs. Browne and I went home that night happy in the evident tokens of affection and support. "God bless us, every one," as Tiny Tim would say.

This number of our Parish Magazine comes at a time when we look forward within a few hours of the coming of Their Majesties to Toronto. If the regular route is followed they will pass by our very doors, and we want to do all that is possible to welcome them by our presence, and by making our property as gay and garlanded as is fitting. Perhaps never again in our lifetime will such an event be repeated in the very heart of our Parish. They do represent us in so many ways. They are church-goers who find in the ministrations of Mother-church the best avenue of approach to life's problems; they are the epitome of all that is best in loyalty to the great ideals for which our great Empire stands; they are home-lovers who recognize, as did their royal predecessors, that the foundation of all true national greatness lies in the homes of the people; they are at heart simple folk who, amidst all the jangling discords of life, seek to attain significance in the path of duty. We welcome them for what they are and for that for which they stand. May they have great happiness as they pass through our loved Dominions, and may they return to their homeland satisfied that they have in Canada a people capable of separating the dross from the gold of life, determined that come what may, the call of God, King and Country will never fall upon deaf ears. Long may he reign—God bless them both.

During the past month there have been tremendous strides made in making the Rectory over for the new tenants. There will come a time later when I shall have opportunity of expressing gratitude that this is being done. We want to live with the people and near the Church; and the time cannot come too quickly for this to be accomplished in the interest of the great work of so thronging a parish. "Remote control" is alright for radios, but it is no good for a busy life like St. John's.

On Wednesday, May 3rd, more than sixty boys, girls and adults pledged a close allegiance to their Church in Confirmation. In a very impressive ceremony His Grace brought home to all of us the challenge of our acceptance of the guidance of God's Holy Spirit in all the scattered details of our daily life. May we all grow in grace as we grow in years, that we may continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto our lives' end. No less an aim than this will do; no more can be expected. Their first Communion will be on Whitsunday, either at 8 a.m. or 11 a.m.

Soon we shall all be thinking of holidays. Let us realize that God never takes a holiday, but is constantly on the watch, guiding, guarding and keeping us in His holy care. Wherever we may be in the Summer months, let us reckon the Sunday ill-spent unless we have worshipped Him in His House at least once in the day; and go forward into the successive weeks strengthened and inspired by devotion to Him.

BRIARLY BROWNE, Rector.

CHURCH SCHOOL

During the month of May we are conducting the tests and examinations on the basis of which prizes will be awarded. On Sunday, June 4th, the morning sessions will begin.

The Senior School Picnic this year is to be at Port Dalhousie, June 22nd. All pupils having attended 65 per cent or more of the Sundays since registration will receive free tickets. This does not apply to pupils registering after Easter Sunday. Pupils will provide their own transportation to the docks (boats leave at 7.50 a.m.), and sufficient food for their two meals at Port Dalhousie. Street cars will meet the 6.30 boat on the return trip and bring the children free of charge back to the Church.

Bona fide scholars who do not meet requirements for free tickets will be carried at cost. Milk and ice cream will be provided on the grounds. There will be no races in view of the bathing facilities provided at the park.

Details of the Beginners and Primary picnics will be announced later.

SIDESMEN'S ASSOCIATION

April 3rd: Sidesmen in a body attended Church. Holy Week Service was conducted by Rev. Canon Sawers.

April 10th: Business meeting—Plans for the duties of Sidesmen were consummated in connection with the Memorial Service and the Induction Service.

April 17th: It was pleasing to note the fine representation of the congregation at Rex Frost Night; and his interesting discussion on the Hitler Youth Movement which Mr. Frost so kindly contributed.

April 24th: Proceeds from the comedy drama, "A Southern Cinderella," were entirely pleasing. Our thanks to all concerned. The players deserve our sincere congratulations for their excellent performance; and the congregation for their wonderful support.

our humanity. Indeed, the very phrase "human nature" has become associated with ideas of unrestrained animal instinct. But the good news which is the Gospel of CHRIST is a complete contradiction of any such notions, and the first mark of our fellowship in the HOLY SPIRIT is the sharing of the Truth, for He is the Spirit of Truth.

LIFE WITHIN THE SOCIETY

We have seen that we must apply this truth within a society and not as isolated individuals. Within that society we are called to share a life, the life of a family, which is to be directed not by our personal interests but by the perfect love and wisdom of its Head, made known to us through His SPIRIT, Who gives us also the power to fulfil that perfectly wise and good will. So by study of the Holy Scriptures, by prayer and worship and sacramental grace, we must seek unto the one source of our common life. And we will remember that our loyalty to the Church of God on earth is loyalty to the divine family which has already lived through nineteen centuries of fellowship in the HOLY SPIRIT, and therefore is in itself a rich treasury of divine wisdom which it is our task to assimilate and enlarge. Moreover, the Church is a society where we not only learn from one another but where we also seek to study the eternal good of one another that we may individually and

together glorify God. So the second mark of the fellowship of the HOLY SPIRIT is a common loyalty and mutual love. Our gifts are given us that we may enrich not ourselves but the whole family.

OUR CONTRIBUTION

Faithful adherence to this way of life will inevitably involve us in the denial of self. Willing self-sacrifice for the sake of God and His children is the supreme mark of the fellowship of the HOLY SPIRIT. By this we show most perfectly our fellowship with JESUS, Who by the Eternal SPIRIT offered Himself without spot to God. By this self-sacrifice we create the perfect bond between ourselves and those for whom it is offered, and the self-giving of all for each and each for all is the fulfilment of unity and love. For this reason it does not lead to our loss, for although the way of it here is hard, it is the way to our final and perfect enrichment. To save our life is to lose it, to lose it for the love of God and man is to keep it unto life eternal.

We have in the Church of God that which every human heart longs for and which men to-day are seeking in blind alleys. So not for ourselves alone will we maintain the fellowship of the HOLY SPIRIT of God, but so that all men may be called into that fullness of life for which God has created them.

The Church and the Council Schools

By a Layman

THE Church's responsibility for the children of Church parents attending Council Schools is fully recognized in the Education Act of 1936. For under Section 13 of this Act provision is made for the withdrawal of children from Council Schools for instruction or services in church. Formerly, similar opportunities were provided under the so-called Anson By-Law, but the adoption of that By-Law by Local Education Authorities was optional. Consideration is now being given in the various dioceses of the country to the problem of how to make the best use of the opportunities available.

It has to be remembered that the decision whether children shall or shall not be withdrawn lies with the parents, and that decision has to be communicated, through the signing of a form, to the Local Education Authority. The question how the parents shall be approached and provided with forms is a matter for local arrangement. The Section provides that the Local Education Authority has to be satisfied that arrangements have been made for the children withdrawn, and it is therefore for the Church authorities to make these arrangements as regards their own children.

It has been found by experience that if full advantage is to be taken of the opportunities available, it is better to organize a scheme on a diocesan or deanery basis than to leave it to the individual parishes to make their own arrangements.

It is not possible in a short article to do more than indicate some of the practical issues involved. In the first place, it should be noted that satisfactory arrangements for withdrawal depend very largely on the cordial co-operation of the Local Authorities and the teachers of the schools. In this connection it should be borne in mind that in most areas good agreed

syllabuses of religious instruction are in use in the Council Schools, and the teaching of such syllabuses, which provide the necessary background for religious training in the widest sense, is being regarded more and more by many members of the teaching profession as one of their most important duties in the training of the children committed to their care.

The occasions on which the children are withdrawn may profitably be used for implanting in the children's minds a belief in the Church's conception of Christianity as expressed in the life and worship of practising Christians. The background for that belief is provided by the Biblical instruction given to the pupils by the teachers in the school.

There are normally five periods a week devoted to religious instruction, and if each age-group is withdrawn once a week, or even less frequently, much can be done to supplement the school teaching in regard to the denominational presentation which in Council Schools teachers are prohibited by law from including in the instruction.

It often happens that the number of clergy available is insufficient to cope with the children in separate age-groups from one or more large Council Schools. In such cases it may be possible to enlist the services of lay helpers, and arrangements for training these lay helpers for this special work should be made.

It is to be hoped that the operation of this Section, if undertaken wisely, will make for co-operation between clergy and teachers, the clergy contributing their knowledge on the subject-matter of religious instruction and the teachers their expert skill in the methods appropriate for children of different ages. Such co-operation, if fully effected, will truly serve the objects of both Church and State.



*East-Leach
Martin*

St. Mary's

KEBLE BRIDGE
East-Leach, Turville
with St. Andrew's

Where Keble Lived

An Ideal Spot in the Cotswolds

THE twin villages of East-Leach Martin and East-Leach Turville stand on either bank of the River Leach in one of the most beautiful valleys of the Cotswolds. The two villages are connected by an old stone bridge known as Keble's Bridge, for it was here that the saintly John Keble lived and ministered for about nine years before he became Vicar of Hursley.

Of these two churches which stand looking at one another from their opposite banks, that in the village of East-Leach Martin bears the dedication of St. Mary (the Martin being derived from a former dedication to SS. Michael and Martin) and the other of St. Andrew.

It was here that Keble wrote many of his earlier poems, and some of the well-known hymns that we sing seem to have been inspired from the beautiful surroundings of the Cotswolds. The Whitsuntide hymn, "When GOD of old came down from heaven," or the morning hymn, "New every morning is the love," and the hymn on the Bible, "There is a book," may well easily have found inspiration from these surroundings.

The Church of St. Andrew, Turville, still retains much of its old mediaeval atmosphere. The tower is unique, and the fourteenth-century "saddle back" roof is a remarkable feature. St. Mary's, Martin, dates from Norman times. Some of the old work is still left to us in the pillars and capitals of the chancel arch. The fourteenth-century transept contains three very beautiful windows.

So these two villages standing in a remote part of the Cotswold Hills on the borders of Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire are well worth a visit.

A Friendly Hand

Some Practical Hints for the Fit

By V. M. Christy

I. THE BLIND

An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words, so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless:
The world is wide—these things are small,
They may be nothing, but they are All.

Richard Monckton Milnes

MOST of us take for granted that we possess eyes, ears, limbs that can be relied on, and minds that are able to think, plan, and remember. So we sometimes forget that as Christians we have a duty towards those who are not so fortunate. Yet, with all the present-day emphasis on the value and importance of national fitness, a sadly large number of people exist in our own land, to say nothing of those outside its borders, who are far removed from that state of fitness which is regarded as so enviable an attainment. We who have our faculties unimpaired are inclined to shut our eyes to the existence and the lonely plight of people who are in some degree crippled, blind, deaf, defective in mental equipment, or otherwise ailing or afflicted. Or when we do chance to think of the "unfit" we are apt to indulge a sentimental pity and to assume that beyond that they are no concern of ours. It may not be wholesome for a normal person, and especially for a young normal person, to dwell too much upon the sad plight of so many human beings. But it is quite wrong to assume that because most of us are not in daily contact with those who are handicapped on life's journey that we therefore have no personal obligation to them.

It is easy to think that our fellow beings who are not so "fit" as we are should be left to the ministrations of paid officials and experts. Yet experts themselves welcome co-operation, and frequently testify to the immense value of intelligent, tactful, voluntary work in many spheres of prevention, cure, and restoration. Every one, men and women, young and old, should endeavour to equip themselves to be "fit" for giving some type of friendly service to the "unfit" when opportunity occurs, perhaps quite unexpectedly.

Have you ever, for instance, chatted with your blind neighbour? Does the sight of a person with a "guide-dog" or carrying a white walking-stick make you cross rapidly to the other pavement? Are you letting shyness, no matter how natural and instinctive, deprive you both of the pleasure of mutual exchange of views? Do you hide behind the pretence that you do not know how to say the right thing? Just try the experiment. Don't be afraid to employ ordinary terms of sight in conversation. You will probably become conscious for the first time, when you talk to a blind person, of the great number of phrases used in ordinary speech which have some reference to "looking" or "seeing," but do not try to avoid these expressions. For the blind can "see" a

joke or the point of an argument as well as you can, and will probably also tell you that they "saw" a friend recently. Partly because of their use of such phrases, and also because of careful training, some blind persons do not appear to be blind. A proper understanding would often prevent unintended but tactless discourtesy.

So when you meet your blind acquaintance, even if you have only time to call a cheery good morning as you pass on your way to work, remember to address him by name, so that he is at once aware that your greeting is for him. Then he will respond, but he may not care to risk acknowledging your greeting just because he has heard it. He would not be so discourteous as to claim for himself what is perhaps meant for some one whom he cannot see. Similarly, when in company with a number of people, those who cannot see may require the same repetition of names when you speak to one or the other. Without it they cannot be sure whom you are addressing. At a first introduction to a blind person, or on meeting after some time, don't forget that, until he has shaken hands with you, he knows you simply as a disembodied voice, though at later or more frequent meetings the handshake may not be so necessary, since your voice has become a clue to you as a tangible person.

The blind—have you noticed it?—are almost always particularly courteous and anxious to cause as little inconvenience as possible. They are very sensitive in such matters, and appreciate courtesy towards them on the part of the sighted. So receive gracefully the apologies of the partially blind woman, or the young man with misleadingly defective vision, endeavouring to make way for you on the footpath. Do not display embarrassment at the profuse thanks of the girl to whom you render some slight service at the concert, where, though she listens with rapt delight, she cannot see the flash of the fiddle-bows nor watch the movements of the great conductor's baton.

Among those who have been blind since childhood a very great number have had the benefit of a good general education, and many have received specialized training in some craft, trade, or profession. Moreover, these have been *trained to be blind*. They lack much of the awkwardness which makes ordinary existence so difficult for those who have lost their sight in later life. The former, when realizing the special trials of the latter, display a sympathy for them which may well shame many of us who are blessed with the gift of sight.

People who can see depend greatly upon the written word, not only in the form of books and newspapers, but also to enlarge and express ideas, and to aid memory in trivial details. Above all there is the enjoyment of continuing spoken conversation by means of writing and receiving letters. How greatly would the blind benefit if more people with sight would take up the interesting art of

writing in braille or one of the other "raised" methods. Its uses are many, besides the supreme value of exchanging correspondence. It is by no means either difficult or tedious to acquire a tolerable proficiency, and practice can soon produce ability to transcribe, say a short story, a brief summary of local news, an outline of a scientific lecture, or whatever may appeal most to individuals. Then there are Church men and women, dependent on the guidance of a friend's arm to reach their parish church, who would not only welcome that

kindly escort, but also such aids to full participation in the service as could be supplied beforehand in the shape of a brailled copy of an unfamiliar hymn, references for the special lessons, and so on.

Writing for the blind to read by touch brings into play many of the faculties which we regard as important, and not least our powers of memory and forethought, without which physical fitness can bring us no pleasure. And how the blind value good reading aloud!

(To be continued)

Pure Gold

By Kathleen B. Banton

THE village "simple" paused by the gate of the big house. Two magnificent cars had just turned out from the drive, the chauffeurs in their uniforms looking to the child like gallant knights.

He liked to linger by the big house; there was always something interesting going on. After a while the young village doctor walked down the drive. He smiled at the little boy by the gate—a very little boy for his nine years, with great dark questioning eyes. Not a half-wit, but a sub-normal child, with a very nice cheerful little air about him.

"Well, Richard," the doctor asked, "where have you been to-day? Have you found the snipe's nest I told you about?"

Richard shook his head. "I have not been down there to-day. Mother is ill again. I knew you were up here somewhere. I have waited. Will you come?"

The doctor said he would, though he knew there would be no payment.

Richard's mother was beyond medical aid now, but he might be able to ease her pain. If she were to die at once it would be better for the child, he reflected. The poor little chap would get a better home and decent food in an institution.

As they walked to the cottage the doctor asked, "What form are you in?"

"I am still in the bottom," the child answered shyly. "Figures and letters fly away from me so quickly. I cannot catch them in time to put them together. What were the great cars at the big house for?"

"The red one contained the Squire's solicitor, the man who looks after the Squire's affairs up in London; and the other car belonged to a famous surgeon."

"What is a surgeon?" the boy asked.

"Another kind of doctor. A very great one. He is coming again to-morrow."

"What time will the great doctor come to the big house to-morrow?" Richard asked.

"Same time, three o'clock."

"How much money do you pay him?" the child questioned, having visions of the splendid car.

"I do not pay him, Richard. The Squire pays him.

An awful lot of money. More than you could ever add up or ever dream of, Richard."

"Yes, but how much?" the boy persisted. "Is he paid in boxes of silver?"

The doctor smiled to himself. "No, not silver, but untold gold." He felt it was no good saying a big cheque because he did not want to explain cheques.

They came to the cottage and the doctor saw the mother. Poor thing. He must send some one down with something for her at once. "Is the district nurse calling regularly?" he asked.

"Yes, twice a day, thank you, doctor."

"And the pain?" She looked so wan.

"A lot—thank you—doctor."

He sighed. Pain seemed cleaner in the country somehow. Funny thought.

The next afternoon the great surgeon walked the length of the drive with the young country doctor, and coming to the white gate on to the road, they found Richard sitting by the roadside. The surgeon's car was waiting. The child had seen that only the chauffeur was in it. Now as the doctors drew near he rose, grasping in his frail arms a

large washing basket. It was covered with an old white cloth, and until the doctors were near he did not remove the cover.

The surgeon noticed him and said, "What's his trouble?"

"The village 'simple,' Sir Ralph. Very nice little chap, though. His mother is dying, she's—"

The boy came forward, dropping on to his knees before them, whipping the cover from his basket and revealing to their surprised eyes the glowing gold of hundreds of king-cups, freshly gathered from the marshes. Not a dead one or a single green leaf showed in the mass.

"Sir," he addressed the surgeon, "I have brought you King's gold and will bring you more. As much as you like. Will you stop my mother's pain? Our doctor says he can do nothing for her. She says herself that she will die, but you can cure her pain, because our doctor says that you are the greatest doctor that he knows. He says that you are only paid in gold, and this gold is God's gold."

The surgeon looked hard, not at the gleaming flowers,



"The surgeon looked hard, not at the gleaming flowers, but at the child."

but at the child. He was murmuring so that the young man beside him could gather his meaning, but not the child.

"This is no village idiot type," he said. "Arrested mental development, from malnutrition and gland trouble." And to the boy, clearly, "King's gold? Who is the King?"

The child replied, with his great pleading eyes upon the surgeon's own, "God is the King!"

"I will see your mother, my child. My wife in London does not often see gold like this." He beckoned to the chauffeur. "Put the basket into the car," he told him.

Then they walked, the simple child and the men skilled in healing, to the cottage where the woman lay.

She was afraid when she saw the well-dressed man the doctor brought in to her.

"Sir Ralph Winter-Mayfield," the country doctor introduced him.

Fear clouded the woman's face. "I have no money to pay," she gasped.

"Your son has paid in bright clean gold," he answered simply. He held her hand for a moment and whispered to his young colleague. "You shall have no more pain, mother," he said finally.

She thanked him, and kept her eyes on him until he had vanished through the low doorway. The boy followed them still.

As they walked the surgeon gave a few directions about treatment for the mother. Then he said, "I can put that child right. When she is dead he must come to my nursing home. I give her two days more, poor soul."

And that is why the head gardener at the big house is so fond of *Caltha Palustris*, because he dare not call them king-cups or marsh marigolds in the Squire's garden. They give him grateful memories of the day the great man took him to make him as other boys—to read and write and swing strong limbs. And he will smile when he tells you how he followed the great man back to the car to reclaim his mother's washing basket.

He Ascended into Heaven

By the Rev. G. E. Griffiths

AFTER His Resurrection our LORD had appeared to the Apostles from time to time. These appearances were necessary because He wanted them to preach about His Death and Resurrection. No one can preach convincingly unless he really believes what he preaches, and if the Apostles were to be effective witnesses of His Resurrection, they had to be sure of the truth of it themselves. By many infallible proofs, incontestable evidence, our LORD sought to show that He had, in actual fact, risen from the dead, leaving behind Him an empty tomb. By the sound of His voice, the touch of His hand, the handling of His Body, He convinced them to the bottom of their hearts that He had indeed risen from the dead.

The appearances of the forty days could not go on for ever. We can understand why. Had they done so, the Apostles would have lived in a very unsettled state of mind. Imagine their outlook. Every time they came together they would be filled with excitement, expecting Him to appear among them. Round every corner they turned they would long to find Him waiting for them. They would live in a perpetual state of expectation and would never have been able to concentrate on their work in the world. Sooner or later the Resurrection appearances had to come to an end. There must be some final climax, a definite sign that our LORD would not continue to make Himself visible to the faithful on earth for ever.

The Ascension was our LORD's method of doing this. He appeared to them in Jerusalem, led them out into the country district near Bethany, and then, while He was speaking to them, and "while they beheld, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight" (*Acts i. 9*). We need not suppose that the Apostles watched Him go up and up into the air. The text simply states that He was "taken up," or, as St. Mark

says (*xvi. 19*), "received up into heaven," and a cloud hid Him from their sight.

It is helpful to compare it with the story of the Transfiguration of our LORD. On that occasion, after the night of prayer, the cloud overshadowed Him and He was transformed in the vision of GOD; the glory of GOD shone through Him and out of Him. After the vision He returned again to His life and work on earth. But this time He did not return, and His going was of such a nature that the Apostles knew they must not expect to see Him again with their earthly eyes. It was

His way of saying good-bye, a final and definite sign that the Resurrection appearances would no longer occur.

The outward form of the Ascension was designed to meet the imagination of the Apostles, and the ideas of the time. They naturally thought of heaven as a place beyond the stars. Today we no longer think of heaven as a place geographically situated in the universe, but we still use the old language just as we do about "sunrise" and "sunset" in spite of our modern knowledge. For this purpose, we need no new phrase to express our practical meaning. But when we say "He ascended," we mean much more than that our LORD went up into the sky. We use the word

in the same sense as when we say, "The king ascended the throne." Ascension denotes the beginning of a new kind of life, a life lived under new conditions.

The essential meaning of the Ascension of our LORD is that His work on earth finished, He returned again, in our human nature, to the unseen spiritual world, there to complete His work before GOD, as our Great High Priest, for us men and our salvation. "I came forth from the FATHER, and am come into the world:" He said, "again, I leave the world, and go to the FATHER" (*St. John xvi. 28*). There is no better way of describing our LORD's return to the Unseen GOD and FATHER of us all than by saying, "He ascended into heaven," where He is "Man to GOD, and GOD to man."

THREEFOLD JOY

WE have kept the Feast of Easter
In the sunlight of sweet spring,
Circled round by God's fair flowers
And His songbirds on the wing.

Now we hail the glad Ascension,
Pledge of our eternal gain,
For the perfect Intercessor
Still is touched by human pain.

So the Comforter He promised
Comes to us in holy flame,
Cleansing our imperfect worship
When we bless the Triune Name.

A. E. HODGES

The Live Heart of Australia

By the Rev. E. K. Leslie, Rector of Alice Springs, Central Australia

A SHORT post of mulga wood marks the place which surveyors tell us is the centre of the Continent of Australia, and for many hundreds of miles around this post extends the largest parish of the Diocese of Carpentaria, a parish which begins where the great Bush Brotherhoods end, and contains the whole of the Northern Territory from the rail-head at Birdum in the north to the South Australian border in the south, a parish nine hundred miles long and six hundred miles wide.

At present the staff of this parish of Alice Springs consists of one priest, one Church Army Captain, and one lay assistant. The nearest priests are seven hundred miles to the south, eight hundred miles to the east, and one thousand miles to the north. The parish church is a fine two-story building, church above and rectory below, situated in the pleasant little township of Alice Springs. A few years ago there was nothing here but a telegraph station and a hotel; now there is a population of five hundred whites, consisting principally of Government officials and business people.

The Commonwealth Government has also established at Alice Springs an Institution for Half-castes, known locally as the Bungalow. Here the Church has the spiritual care of some sixty or

seventy people of all ages and shades of colour. As is usually the case, they are welcomed by neither the whites nor the blacks and tend to form a sad little community of their own. But they love their church, and it is an inspiration to be present at their Sunday Eucharist, to hear the hearty singing and to experience the atmosphere of reverent devotion.

Five years ago gold was discovered near the over-land telegraph line three hundred and twenty miles north of Alice Springs, and now this place, called Tennant Creek, is a prosperous township in the centre of an extensive mining field. In town all the buildings are of galvanized iron, but out on



ALICE SPRINGS

[Exclusive News Agency

the mines men, women, and children live in huts made of thick boughs of mulga and gum, which afford excellent protection from the blazing sun and from the flies.

It soon became necessary to provide a church for this community and the present priest-in-charge at Alice Springs spent a year at Tennant Creek. A building was urgently needed, so a disused baker's shop was purchased and adapted to form church and living quarters. So generously have the people given and worked that now only £70 is needed to make it free of debt. "The Church of the Holy Name" was dedicated by the Bishop on August 7, 1938. It is not an inappropriate transformation,

Pilgrims' Corner

May

OTHERS

Pilgrims, what of the travellers not taking the road we take? What of the pleasure-loving souls who are making a sad mistake? What of the timid and the faint, whose lives are hedged with fear?—of those who never read The Book, nor count the Lord's Day dear?

What of the lonely and the sick, the hungry and the sad? If they could only know our Guide they might be happy, glad. They'd find the world a lovelier place—life purposeful and grand. They'd set their homes in order here and seek the Promised Land. So when—the day's trek at an end—we kneel upon our knees, let not our prayers be selfish prayers, but oh! remember these!

is it? The Bread of Life comes again to Bethlehem, the House of Bread, to be the Food of faithful souls.

A Church Army Captain is at work at Tennant Creek and the parish priest now makes a monthly journey northwards to administer the Sacraments. Let us go with him on one of his longest tours. Time is short because he can only be away for one Sunday in each month.

The loading of the car is an interesting business in itself. Besides packing our personal belongings such as blankets, food, and water, we fill our tanks with forty gallons of petrol and roll another forty-four gallon drum into the back of the truck. Then come a four gallon tin of oil, some spare springs and tyres, a bundle of magazines for distribution along the track, a leather case of vestments and Communion vessels, sundry parcels for people at mines and stations, a leg of mutton for the Captain (mutton is a luxury at Tennant Creek), and last but not least "Ditto," the parish dog, who thinks he owns the car.

And so we take the road. In twelve miles we are out of the ranges and on the great plains of the north which stretch for hundreds



CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION
ALICE SPRINGS

of miles, broken occasionally by low lines of hills. The track to Tennant is now good and can be covered without difficulty in ten hours, only four houses being passed on the way.

At Tennant a few busy days are spent in visiting various mines. After the Sunday morning service the Captain goes out to one of the leases for Sunday school while the priest celebrates the Holy Eucharist again for a faithful little band of communicants at a battery seven miles from the town. In the afternoon there is Sunday school at the Church of the Holy Name, followed by Baptisms. After Evensong we take the road northwards again in the cool of the night. At 4 a.m. we unroll our "swags" and snatch a few hours' welcome sleep.

Lunch on Monday is at Newcastle Waters, the junction of four roads and stock-routes. This is quite a pleasant little township consisting of a cattle-station, hotel, two stores, a works department, and a police station. However, time presses and we cannot hold a service here until

our return journey. Nightfall sees us at Daly Waters, two hundred and eighty miles from Tennant Creek. In recent years Daly has developed into an important aerial junction with regular planes from Darwin, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, so the store-keeper is a busy man. He and his family make their Communion next morning before we start again for Birdum.

Birdum is a typical railway terminus, a few gangers' huts, a hotel, two stores, a boarding-house, and nothing else. The population comes to Evensong in the boarding-house dining-room and at half-past six next morning there is a Celebration.

We have now reached the limit of the parish, six hundred and fifty miles from Alice Springs, and the time has come to turn back once more to the south, much to the delight of "Ditto," who cannot understand why men should be mad enough to live in a temperature of one hundred and ten degrees in the shade.

From Daly Waters we speak to the lonely Powell Creek Telegraph Station, sixty miles the other side of Newcastle, in order to warn the staff that we hope to camp on their doorstep in the small hours of the morning, and to ask them to wake us up in time to give them their Communion before breakfast. This enables us to hold Sunday school and Evensong on the verandah of the Newcastle Hotel before driving on through the night to Powell Creek.

Six o'clock seems very early when we are aroused by the telegraphist with the news that all is ready for the service, but a cold shower soon brightens us up. It is "killing-day" and we are pressed to take with us on the road some choice portions of a freshly-killed bullock as well as numerous offerings from the magnificent vegetable garden. These Powell Creek men are always glad



A BUSH ALTAR



AUSTRALIA, SHOWING THE DIOCESE OF CARPENTARIA

to see visitors as they are off the main road and few call except the monthly mailman. Two more cattle stations are visited before we reach Tennant Creek again in the small hours of Friday morning.

Another detour from the main road on Friday brings us at midnight to yet another cattle station, where the Holy Mysteries are celebrated once again on Saturday morning.

So far we have had a lucky trip, no punctures, blow-outs, or breakages. But on our last day a crack and a lurch tell us that the main leaf of one of our springs has given way. This involves two or three hours of messing about in the sun and the dust. Woe betide the traveller in this country who has not learned the art of "bush mechanics." It may be two or three weeks before anybody else passes his way. Eventually a satis-



TYPICAL HOUSE AT TENNANT CREEK

factory repair is made and we arrive back in Alice Springs in time for supper after covering thirteen hundred miles in eleven days.

As well as this long run north there are other visits which have to be made periodically. And so the work goes on. The infants are being received in Baptism into the congregation of CHRIST'S flock, the children are being taught the rudiments of the Faith, and the Church's scattered sons

and daughters are receiving the ministry of the Word and Sacraments. The Holy Communion is celebrated in all sorts of places—in the dining-rooms of cattle stations, in telegraph offices, in tents and miners' bough-sheds, and sometimes in little improvised open-air sanctuaries, but always with reverence and devotion.

Over the Teacups

Competition

This month we are having a **Competition for Housekeepers.** This is for a Set of Six Cheap and Nourishing Dinners for Four People. The cost of each meal should be given, including that of gas, or other fuel needed. The entries should reach Over the Teacups, 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1, not later than the first post on Tuesday, May 16th. The Prizes will be, as usual, 10s. and 5s.

Report on February Competition

The Competition for "*Planning a Small Kitchen Garden*" brought in some very interesting papers indeed, and many invaluable hints. We hope to publish some of these in a future number.

First Prize goes to Mr. Guy Johnston, No. 3 Railway Cottages, Bolton Percy, Yorks. Second Prize to Mr. W. T. Horrocks, "Pine Hayes," Anthony's Avenue, Lilliput, Parkstone, Dorset. Then there is a Very Highly Commended paper, sent by Miss M. G. Leech, Alcyone, Gloucester Road, New Barnet. Highly Commended: Misses M. Crane, B. Richardson, W. M. Smith, S. Topps, and Mr. Elliott. Commended: Mrs. Cantwell, Mrs. K. Neale; Misses M. Billing, E. Dyer, A. M. Fells, M. Hughes, Jean Smith, N. Waite.

All the delicious vegetables which May produces are tempting our palates now, and even non-vegetarians are relishing dishes made entirely of them. **Sea-kale** is not so often used as it might be in England. Here is a recipe. Wash the kale thoroughly, and cut away all discoloured parts, and trim; tie up in bundles and cook in boiling salted water till quite tender, about twenty-five minutes. Untie, drain, and lay neatly in a baking-dish. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, and put on some dabs of butter. Bake gently for ten minutes. Melt 1 oz. butter in a pan, add

pepper and salt, stir in 1 tablespoonful breadcrumbs, and fry gently for a few minutes; when well mixed pour over the sea-kale in the baking-dish. Serve very hot.

From **Asparagus tips** it is possible to make a dish "fit for a king." For this is needed, in addition to the tips, 1 gill milk, 1 oz. butter, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 egg, pepper, and salt. Steam the tips, and when well cooked, drain. Melt

the butter in a stewpan, stir in flour, and mix until it becomes quite soft and smooth, add milk, and cook slowly till the mixture thickens. Cool, add pepper and salt, the well-beaten egg yolk, and the prepared asparagus tips. Add finally the egg white beaten to a stiff froth. Turn into a buttered soufflé dish and bake till brown.

Some cooks think **Meringues** are "tricky" to make, so we are giving a detailed recipe, and it will be found they are really quite simple. 4 whites of eggs, a pinch of salt, and one of baking-powder, flavouring (if desired), icing sugar, and, if possible, whipped cream. Add the salt to the egg whites and beat to a very stiff froth, using a soup plate or very shallow bowl. The froth must be firm enough to keep any shape. When firm, fold in a little icing sugar, and beat again. Continue to add

sugar gradually, beating all the time, until about $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sugar has been worked in. Then add the flavouring, or, if liked, any colouring, and beat again. Place on a sheet of butter paper in heaps, using a tablespoon to mould. Place heap two inches apart from the next; lay the paper on a baking-tin, and put in a very cool oven. Remember the meringues do not require to be *cooked*, but *dried* only. When they appear crisp (which may be not till after three and a half hours) take from the oven, slip them from the paper with the aid of a knife ("palette" knife, for preference), and place on a wire tray to dry. Scoop a portion from the underside of each and fill with whipped cream, if desired, or place two together with a filling of whipped cream.

OMNIPRESENCE

GOD is in the springing flowers
And in the leaves unfolding,
God is in the rainbowed showers,
Whose hand has wrought the moulding.

God is in the joyous songs
That herald spring's awaking,
Unto God alone belongs
The gift of music making.

God is here, and God is there,
Creation tells the story;
God we know is everywhere,
The earth reflects His glory.

JESSIE B. HEARD



SYNOPSIS

LILAC HEDGES gives up her work with the firm of Eames & Fallow without explanation to her mother, or to her brother HERBERT and her sister JULIA. But she confides in MRS. BEAUFORT, the lady of the Manor, that she had found that MR. SHEPPEY, the head cashier, was falsifying the accounts and he had forced her to resign. Mrs. Beaufort obtains for her the post of Secretary at St. Joan's Hostel in London, which is presided over by MISS DELANE, assisted by SISTER EMMA. Lilac lives with BESSIE FORD, who occupies an old house. She is somewhat perturbed when SIMON KEITH tells her the house is haunted.

The story continues—

CHAPTER VIII

LIFE GOES ON

NEEDLESS to say, Lilac poured out to Laura Jennings, as they sat over their scrambled eggs and chocolate in the restaurant that evening, the whole story of Lucy Edgeworth and the haunting of the Great House.

Laura had heard something of it herself. In fact the legend of the young lady's unhappy love affair and suicide was known all over Burnwell.

"That's another reason why we'll join the Club—so that we can sit in the tea-room and see what she looked like," observed Laura. "But I always think when you see the portrait of any well-known beauty you're disappointed. Look at Mary Queen of Scots, for instance. All the pictures I ever saw of her make her look a perfect fright. However, it's interesting to know what folks thought beautiful in other ages."

"Yes. Our own taste changes so quickly," said Lilac thoughtfully. "Only a few years ago it was the fashion to wear the hair on the jaws, wasn't it? And to ram on a hat like a flower-pot down to your eyes."

"And now we think we look nicer than people ever did before," laughed Laura. "At our early summer parade yesterday I heard a woman say, 'I don't see how any one *could* look better than that mannequin in the pale green.'"

The two girls talked, as was their custom, about all kinds of things, from clothes to plays, from plays to religion. St. Joan's Hostel was run on Church lines, and all the girls had to come to prayers once a day; but many of them resented this and made fun of those who were in earnest. There was, however, only one opinion about the stout, elderly priest who was their chaplain. In the eyes of almost every one, Mr. Green was "a perfect dear."

"He is so pleased to hear about you, Lilac," said Laura. "I've always been rather one by myself, and I'll be ever so much more use to Mr. Green if I have an ally. He says that a couple of girls who are really keen on their faith can do more good among other girls than

forty sermons. The worst of it is, one is so afraid of letting him down—one has to be so consistent."

"The trouble with these girls is that they are not in earnest," said Lilac thoughtfully. "They never stop to think."

"That's it, they are always in such a hurry to have done their meal so as to be off, to have finished work and get to play, to be on their cycles, or at a show, or even just strolling along High Street—anything rather than ask themselves any questions. They won't do sewing because it gives their mind a chance to work. If they sit down, they must have a film to watch, so as to stop them from thinking."

"Mr. Green spoke so nicely to me on Sunday, welcoming me," said Lilac. "I do hope they keep me on here, and I think they will because I seem to be able to do what they want me to; Sister Emma has never complained of anything I've done so far."

Laura laughed. "She said to me yesterday that she was afraid you were too good to be true. I told her not to worry. Of course there are some that are all honey for the first week or two and then begin to get tired of it. But I don't think you're made that way."

"No," said Lilac, "I'm really a person who likes quiet and regularity. I wouldn't a bit mind living in a village and just keeping house day after day. I'm one of the very few nowadays that really *like* domesticity."

"Sez you," said Laura rather scornfully. "You try it for seven years or so, my girl. I'm one that likes adventure. I think I shall try for a post abroad at some big shop in Paris or Munich or Vienna. Why stay put all one's days?"

The two girls had quite a long argument on this point. How Lilac longed to tell her friend that she was living right in the middle of a most unpleasant adventure, and would welcome nothing so much as to know that for the future she was safe and might return to her village and see Wat Tyler again.

At last they had to get up and leave for the theatre, where they spent a most delightful evening.

"Wish you lived at the Hostel," said Laura when they parted, "but I must say you have a delightful room there in the Terrace. Don't let yourself be put off by any nonsense from that young Keith. There's nothing in ghosts, my dear."

Lilac agreed, but for all that it cheered her very much when she got back to No. 1 to find that Bessie had sat up and had a cup of Bovril and a buttered scone waiting for her.

Her room had never looked prettier than it did to-night. The window was wide open to the lovely night, and the moonlight slanted over the roof of the Great House down to the Italian garden where the carved balustrades looked like ivory. Late though it was, she could not help sitting for a few minutes gazing out into the calmness and peace.

"The LORD Himself is thy Keeper." The words floated through her thoughts, "So that the sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night."

She drew her casement curtains presently, switched on her light, and prepared for bed, quite unruffled by any thoughts of hauntings. As she crossed the floor she noticed with surprise that a little white powder had been spilt on it. This was odd, for she could not remember handling white powder until she remembered that Bessie had spoken to her of a new tooth-powder, and said she would put some on her shelf for her to try. She looked at the shelf in question and saw a tiny glass dish with some powder in it, so knew that Miss Ford had kept her word.

The quantity spilt was very small, so she wiped it up with a duster and went to bed, falling asleep almost at once and only awaking to the din of her alarm next morning.

CHAPTER IX

THE VIOLIN PLAYER

THE next fortnight or so passed uneventfully. Lilac was quite untroubled by any mysterious sounds in her room, and she saw nothing of Simon Keith because she took care not to go into the grounds. Indeed, she had no time to do so, since her work at the Hostel was very exacting, and she spent her free hours for the next two weeks going to tea in the little house where Mr. Green lived, with an elderly sister keeping house for him.

He was not the Vicar of St. Michael's, nor one of its paid staff. He had retired a year or so previously from his exacting parish work and now acted as chaplain to St. Joan's Hostel, as well as helping at St. Michael's whenever needed. He was a good preacher and was much in demand all over the neighbourhood, but he always put St. Joan's first. To be asked to tea by Mrs. Greyson, his sister, was a great honour, and it was also a great pleasure to Lilac, for the chaplain's sister was an excellent hostess, full of fun and go. She had two sons, both missionaries in Africa, where she herself had spent many years as full of adventure as even Laura could desire. She held the two girls spellbound as she told them stories of journeys through crocodile-infested swamps and other perils which she had encountered.

Lilac could not help the thought crossing her mind that if she could train as a missionary and go out to Africa she would be safe from Sheppey for ever. But her stay-at-home tastes winced back from that idea.

She had been almost a month at the Hostel when Mrs. Beaufort wrote to let her know that a man, presumably Daniel Sheppey, had called at the Lows' shop in Battersea and asked for her address which, needless to say, had not been furnished to him. Low said he was very well dressed and spoke of himself as a particular friend of Miss Hedges, to whom he wished to make an important communication. Low told him that if he would put his message in writing it would be duly delivered. He then began to bully, threatening

to inform the police that the address was withheld; but finding that Low was quite sure of his ground and not to be intimidated, he tried another tack, saying that if Low could oblige him it might be worth a couple of pounds to him. "So then," wrote Low, "I gave him a taste of the rough side of my tongue and he went off with his tail between his legs. I said if he tried to bribe me there'd be two of us to talk about the police; so I don't think I shall see him again."

Lilac was at first much relieved to think that the enemy had come and gone and been routed. She hoped that, having realized that she had disappeared, Sheppey might leave her alone in future.

Only a day later she got a letter from Wat Tyler, saying that the Squire was sending him up to London in a fortnight's time for the Chelsea Flower Show and asking if they could meet, as he was to be in town two days and should have an evening to himself. This was pleasant to Lilac who, happy though she was, could not be quite free from home-sickness; but it made her realize how extremely difficult it was going to be—not less difficult but more so as time went on—to keep her whereabouts a secret.

If she saw Walter face to face, how could she refuse to let him have her true address? And yet it was impossible to give it him, because he would know of no reason at all why it should not be public property. Life seemed full of complications. It had appeared to her beforehand that it would be the easiest thing in the world to go to London and disappear. Now she knew it to be so difficult as to be almost impossible.

She went to Miss Delane and asked if she could have the desired time off, and then sent a line to Walter to tell him she would meet him as he suggested, at the British Museum. But she felt puzzled as to what she

had better do about it all, for she simply dared not take young Tyler into her confidence; he would want to go and punch Sheppey's head, or do something equally ill-advised.

She lay awake long that night, thinking it over. Usually she came home so tired that she dropped asleep the moment she was in bed. But on this night she lay awake; and in the lovely, fragrant silence she became aware of the sound of music, very faint. Some one was playing a violin, softly and most skilfully, a little tune that somehow sounded old-fashioned. It was a charming little melody, and the player was evidently a first-rate one. It sounded very close to the head of her bed; and after listening to it for several moments she got up and switched on her light. Nothing was to be seen.

As has been said, the roof of her garret sloped pretty sharply on the side next to the Great House wall. Under the part of it which was too low for her to be able to stand upright, she had placed her suit-cases and hat-box. To-night she realized for the first time that this must be the point at which the secret passage through into the Great House had been contrived. She could see where the low door had been, but the wall as well as the roof was of raftered wood, with no wall-paper, and did not look like a door at all.



"He is so pleased to hear about you, Lilac," said Laura

Bessie's assurance that Miss Delane had had the old passage securely closed quite contented her. The strains of the violin drifted softly on the night air for some minutes more, then ceased, and Lilac was left to wonder whether it could possibly be true that she was listening to the sound of music which had been played two hundred years previously. It didn't seem likely; but it was certainly curious.

Then, as she got once more into bed and switched off her light, a thought darted into her mind. It was Simon Keith who had told her of the haunting. He had mentioned the violin playing. For some reason that she could not guess at he did not want her to remain in the room she now occupied. Was it not quite possible, even probable, that he was arranging for her actually to hear the sounds for which he had prepared her?

She thought it very likely. A gramophone record would supply just the kind of strains to which she had been listening.

And another thought came on the top of this. In the old story, the lady had been in the adjoining house; it was the lover who had occupied this room in the Terrace. Therefore the sound of violin playing should have proceeded from Lilac's side of the wall, not from the Great House.

So strongly did this thought strike her that she felt sure she was on the right track, and that Simon Keith was at the bottom of the manifestation just given.

She no longer felt nervous dread, but only indignation. What a mean thing to do! And why should he do it? She could think of no reason, but all her suspicions were strengthened when next morning, as she emerged from the front door to go to work, she saw young Keith come round the corner from the Great House and advance towards her.

Had she turned and run it would have looked as if she feared him. Moreover, she thought it would amuse her to let him see how completely his cowardly little plot had failed, so she went calmly on.

"Good morning," said she drily as he caught up with her, "I am not at all surprised to see you."

"Not? But I don't often come this way. This is the first time we have met."

"Agreed. You are here this morning because you want to see if your little trick duly came off, eh?"

"My little trick?" he growled, stammering; but she had the pleasure of seeing him turn scarlet. "Will you speak more plainly, Miss Hedges?"

She laughed. "As plainly as you please. I heard your violin last night."

"My violin? I haven't got one," he said indignantly.

"Oh, I know it wasn't a real one. It was just a gramophone record. Added to moonlight and silence and the summer night, however, the effect was wonder-

fully good. It only just didn't 'get across,' as they say."

"Didn't get across! What do you mean?"

"That it just wasn't well enough done to convince me, that's all."

There was quite a long pause before he answered. "Well," he said at last, "I'll be hanged if I know what you're talking about."

"Mr. Keith, I don't know why I should expect you to tell the truth, for I don't think you're a truthful person, but I challenge you to look me in the eyes and say you did not hear the violin played last night."

They both came to a standstill, facing one another, and the man met her eyes fully and steadily. "I did hear the violin," he replied very quietly, "but I swear I had nothing to do with causing it to be played."

"But you know who did," she cried swiftly.

"No. I do not know. Only it's driving my poor aunt crazy. She came and woke me up last night to listen. She's scared to fits, and she says she shall have to ask the Town Council to change her rooms if it goes on."

Lilac again laughed, light and scornfully. "I'll tell you something to comfort your aunt. Give her a message from me. The person who is playing ghost will have to do so more carefully if we are to be convinced. I think you told me that the young man lived in my garret and the girl in the Great House."

"Yes."

"And it was he who was the musician."

"Certainly."

"Then he ought to have been playing on my side of the wall, and I am dead positive that he was not. What do you say to that?"

"Only that according to the story he used to go through and visit her. He may have been calling on her last night, eh?"

Lilac's face fell. She had to admit that this was possible.

"But I still am quite sure I was listening to a gramophone record," she maintained.

They passed a street flower-seller, his barrow heaped with fragrant purple lilac. Young Keith stopped and bought a bunch. "Isn't it lovely?" he said. "Makes me think of you."

She flushed. "How do you know my name?"

He grinned triumphantly. "Oh, there's ways," he said. "Plenty of girls in the Hostel, you see; and they're not all of 'em as stand-offish as you are, not by a long way."

(To be continued)

TAKE always, not the popular side, but that which is high, and noble, and acceptable to God.

A. H. MACKNOCHIE



Church Life To-day

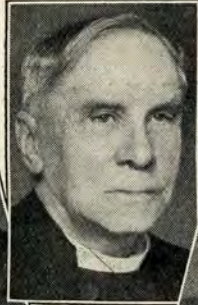
Some Points of Current Interest

THE Bishop of Sheffield, the Right Rev. Leonard Henry Burrows, D.D., is to retire on August 2nd. Dr. Burrows, who is eighty-one years of age, feels that the time has now come to commit the care of his diocese to a younger man. Dr. Burrows was ordained priest fifty-seven years ago as Curate of Dorking, and he was later Vicar of Godalming for eighteen years. In 1904 he became Vicar of Croydon, and in 1909 was consecrated Bishop-Suffragan of Lewes. He was translated to the newly-constituted see of Sheffield in 1914.



RT. REV. L. H. BURROWS, D.D.
(Russell, London)

THE late Ven. M. B. Williamson, Archdeacon of Bodmin, was one of the best-loved priests in the Diocese of



THE LATE
VEN. M. B. WILLIAMSON
(Elliott & Fry)



THE REV. C. E. RAVEN, D.D.
(Elliott & Fry)

THE Rev. C. E. Raven, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, has been elected Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, in succession to Dr. C. G. Darwin, who resigned on being appointed Director of the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington. Dr. Raven, who is a distinguished writer and preacher, was ordained in 1909, when he became Dean, Fellow, and Lecturer at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He has had a varied experience: pastoral, as Rector of Blechingley; educational, at Cambridge and at Tonbridge School where he was for a time an assistant master; and cathedral, as Canon and Chancellor at Liverpool. In 1932 he was made a Canon of Ely, Regius Professor of Divinity and Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge.

Miss Eva Hazell recently gave an interesting account of the progress of the **caravan work in Western Canada** which she inaugurated in 1920 with Miss Iris Sayle. An account of this work appeared in *THE SIGN* in 1936. To-day there are twenty-three vans and forty-six workers engaged in visiting lonely people in ten dioceses, enrolling and re-visiting members of the "Sunday-school-by-post," starting Sunday schools, finding children for Baptism and Confirmation, and doing other religious and educational work. Another important part of their duties is the distribution of blankets and parcels of clothing to people living in extreme poverty. Last year fifteen hundred families living in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Northern Alberta, and British Columbia received parcels from one hundred and four bales conveyed from England free of charge by the steamship and railway companies.

Dr. W. S. Lloyd Webber, organist of St. Cyprian's, Clarence Gate, has been appointed to the responsible post of organist and choirmaster of All Saints', Margaret Street, one of the best-known churches in London, and perhaps in the world. Dr. Webber, who is still in his early twenties, is well acquainted with the great musical traditions of All Saints', for he has been connected with the church since boyhood.

St. Paul's Church, Gloucester, which was built fifty-five years ago, has now been completed by the addition of a bay and narthex at the western end in Cotswold stone, in keeping with the rest of the church. A stone gallery has also been built at the west end for the choir and organ, and the sanctuary has been enlarged. A new chapel has been added, where the organ formerly stood, and a Children's Corner, paid for by the children of the parish, has also been provided. The Bishop of Gloucester, who dedicated the new work, also gave his blessing and dismissal to the Rev. A. Lough who, after four years in the parish, left the next day for work in the Diocese of Bombay.

Truro, and a trusted confidant of four Bishops of Truro. The early part of his ministry was spent in the Diocese of Exeter. He came to Truro in 1904 as Vicar of Padstow, and was later Rector of Calstock, a semi-rural parish with many churches. In 1918 he was appointed Rector of Falmouth, where he built a fine set of Church schools, and in 1924 the late Bishop Frere appointed him Archdeacon of Bodmin.

HERE are two interesting records of long choir service. Mr. E. Barrance has just completed fifty years' service as a chorister at Holy Trinity, Hove.

The other example is provided by Mr. C. R. Cawte, whose service began as a solo choirboy at the age of seven, sixty-four years ago. During his sixty-four years as a chorister, Mr. Cawte has sung several times in St. Paul's Cathedral, and for the last twenty-five years he has sung regularly at Holy Trinity, Hounslow.

Two days after landing in England from Queensland the **Rev. A. E. N. Hughes** was instituted by the Bishop of Chichester to the West Sussex parish of Slinfold. Mr. Hughes was born at Slinfold Rectory during the incumbency of his father, the late Rev. F. G. Hughes, who was Rector from 1902 until 1921.

In a recent number of *THE SIGN* it was stated that a statue of St. Osmund had been placed in Salisbury Cathedral in memory of Lieut.-Col. Balfour. We regret to find that this was an error. It is the statue of St. Nicholas that was given in memory of Lieut.-Col. Balfour by his wife and children. That of St. Osmund commemorates Canon C. Wordsworth.



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The Patient in the middle was a Commercial Traveller and a Company's Secretary; married with two young children, and has been suffering from tremors in the hands and feet for the last eight years. He came to our Home two years ago.

The Patient on the right was manager of a Stationery business until Paralysis of the legs forced him to give up in 1922. Is 54 years of age and has now been a Patient in the Home for 3 years.

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ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL, TORONTO

By The Rev. Briarly Browne, B.D.

A seven minute broadcast sponsored by Department of University Extension and Publicity, University of Toronto, under the auspices of the Ontario Association of Architects over C.R.C.T., at 6.00 p.m., January 13th, 1937.

Every Cathedral has its own story; that of St. James', Toronto, is particularly interesting. This evening we deal not so much with her history as with her character—her architecture—remembering all the time that all architecture is in its essence "symbolic."

In the Toronto paper, "The Oracle," for Saturday, June 4th, 1803, there appeared the following advertisement: "Wanted—a quantity of boards, scantling, stones and lime for building a church in this town. Any person inclined to furnish any of these articles will please give in their proposals to the subscribers to be laid before the Committee. Signed: D. Cameron, W. Allan, York, 1st June, 1803."

In 1807 the building was ready for use—facing East with the approach from Church Street. It was described at that time as "a mere meeting place for Episcopalians in the midst of a great grove, with stumps of various sizes in the foreground." An old print shows us the frame building, 60 x 40, bounded on Church and King Streets by a snake fence. In this homey setting we discover the genesis of the holy and beautiful house which is known as "St. James' Cathedral, Toronto." Our present building, reckoned one of the finest examples of Early English Gothic in America, is like the Minster at York the 5th to occupy the site, and was opened for service on June 19th, 1853. Majestic in structure, rich in historical association, and known throughout the Dominion for the glory of her fabric and the beauty of her windows, St. James has long been the pride of Toronto and Upper Canada.

The first feature which strikes the eye as we view St. James, either from the city or from the waterfront is the beautiful spire, completed in 1874, rising from the pinnacled tower to the height of 324 feet. Supported by flying buttresses from the pinnacles, it stands symbolic of the soaring aspirations of the Christian life embedded in the belief in the unity of God, the "Father-Creator." Since Christmas, 1865, the bells of St. James have rung out from her steeple in times of Joy and Sorrow, in Peace and War, in Victory and Defeat, as spokesmen expressing the lights and shadows in the life of the young country.

The ground plan of the Cathedral is cruciform—formed by the Nave, the Baptistry and the middle west porch. The airmen of Toronto obtain a birdseye view of this cross, emblematic of man's highest ideals, as they wing their way across this busy quarter of the City.

Approaching the Cathedral by the great west door (ecclesiastically speaking) from King Street we might well be standing before the west porch of Byland Abbey or the Chapter House of York Minster. The inner doorway is divided into two by a pillar of clustered shafts, making two lancet-shaped arches. The circle of geometrical-decorated design which fills the head of this inner arch is of exquisite beauty.

On entering the Cathedral we are struck by the proportions of the Nave, which is built in six great bays, and gives the impression of orderly grandeur, divided as it is on each side by pillars of clustered columns which lead through their capitals to follow the line of the beautiful arches, reaching neary to the clerestory.

When the eye has ceased roving around it concentrates on the two magnificent arches which span the chancel, one behind the other, and lead from the Nave to the Sanctuary. Space and size, coupled with genuine elegance, are the keynote of the first impression and bespeak at once the breadth of vision which inspired both architect and builder to do great things in this search for the beauty of holiness. The building plan which produced the Nave had in mind a larger chancel

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and an extended sanctuary. Some day St. James may enter into her full glory in the crowning achievement of right proportions; but at present the effect is an obvious foreshortening of the east end.

Proceeding up the Nave we approach the very beautiful chancel and fan-vaulted sanctuary in their setting of old oak, and having an appropriate background in the great expanse of the eleven lancet windows which form the east end. Fortunately, none of these lancets have been encroached upon by an exaggerated reredos, and their beauty is unimpaired. Time permits only a cursory glance at the great central window with its joyous message of "Ascension" above the conventional de Vinci "Last Supper." The window is a lesson in restraint, giving away in form and colour, so as to act as a "foil" for the Altar and Cross, symbols of Devotion and Self-dedication.

The windows of the Nave, all of unusual beauty, comprise in chronological order a scheme of Church History stretching from the Birthday of the Church in the Upper Room at Jerusalem, through the days of Early Christianity to the Middle Ages; then by way of the Reformation to the coming of the Church to Canada, and finishing with a ground plan of St. James' Cathedral in the hands of the first Bishop of Toronto, "Strachan"—and photographs of his two great masterpieces—The Cathedral and Trinity College. To the student of history this cavalcade of events-in-glass is intensely interesting; the student of period costume will find much of enlightenment in the panorama and the conventional church member discovers the timelessness of the setting of his faith.

As we leave, we must take a minute to see the beautiful Baptistry on the south wall—recently enhanced by its stone panelling exquisitely carved in the motif of the Cathedral. Then we must linger a moment in the Chapel of St. George, expressing as it does all that is fairest in the ideals which "Gothic" can mean: "Virility," "Optimism," "Confidence" and "Enlightenment" spring forth from the rich colouring of roof and reredos, from altar and window lights. Perhaps in its unique way this little sanctuary expresses the very qualities which through many generations have impelled the congregation to seek ways of renewal in the setting of older things. St. James' Cathedral is more than a shrine—of tomb and flag, of memorial cross and plaque, she has woven into the fabric of her being the warp of human aspirations and the woof of stirring national events. She stands a "dual personality," old, yet ever young—a venerable mother in a young country, and a stately damsel in the age-old Church of God.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN THE UNDERMENTIONED TOOK PLACE

AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT

will be given at Boston Hall, Monday, February 13th, 1899, by the young people of St. John's Church (Norway) . . . presenting Mrs. Gamp's Tea; the renowned Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works; and concluding with the amusing farce, "Who's to Win Him." Wax works under the charge of Miss E. G. Hill. Tickets 15 cents—proceeds in aid of the Church debt.

* * * *

THE ANNUAL HARVEST TEA

will be held in the Schoolhouse of St. John's Church on Friday evening, September 30th, 1898. Tea from 5 to 7. Harvest service in the Church at 8 o'clock. Tickets 15 cents.

* * * *

THE GUILD OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD

of St. John's Church (Norway) requests the pleasure of Mr. ——— and friends at a Parlour Social to be held on Thursday evening, January 19th, 1899, at the residence of Mrs. Paget, Berkeley Ave., at 8 o'clock. Proceeds in aid of the Building Fund. Silver collection at the door. Children not invited.

* * * *

ST. JOHN'S (NORWAY)

There will be a Service of Baptism at the Children's Service on Easter Sunday, April 15, 1900, at 3 p.m. The Rector hopes that all who have children unbaptized will endeavour to have them present at that service.

* * * *

A SPECIAL SERVICE FOR MEN

will be held at St. John's Church (Norway) Kingston Road, Sunday, November 6th, 1898, at 4 p.m. Address by Mr. N. Ferrar Davidson. All men invited. Short service—no collection. Come and help to make the service hearty and useful.

MARTIN LUTHER TO HIS FRIEND SPALATIA

"It is my plan to make vernacular psalms for the people; to seek therefore everywhere for poets. And as you have such skill and practice, I entreat you to work with us in the matter, and to turn one of the psalms into a hymn after the pattern of an effort of my own, that I have sent you. But I devise that new-fangled and courtly expression may be avoided, and that the words may all be exceedingly simple and common, such as plain folk may understand, yet without price and skilfully handled."

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Still Another Slur

It is said that in certain parts of Scotland the superstition still lingers that it is unlucky to be the thirteenth man to light a cigarette from one match.

* * * *

Halting the Waste

An old woman saw a man setting off pigeons in a race.

Suddenly an idea came into her head.

"I say, mister, you might give me a pair of these for my Johnny before you throw them all away."

* * * *

Quite Business-like

Suitor—"I would like to marry your daughter."

Business Man—"Well, sir, you can leave your name and address and if nothing better turns up we can notify you."

* * * *

Getting Even

Little Gladys—"Doggie eated my ice cream cone, mummy."

Mummy—"And what did you do, darling?"

Gladys—"I eated doggie's dinner."

* * * *

Poor Approach

"So you didn't sell those people at No. 10 a vacuum cleaner after all?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ask to see the head of the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well?"

"That simply started an argument."

* * * *

Hope Dashed Down

Boss—"On your way there you will pass a baseball park."

Messenger Boy (hopefully)—"Yes?"

Boss—"Well, pass it."

SOME COMMON RELIGIOUS WORDS

XI.—GLORY

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

Glory is one of our most common religious words; but though such a common word, it transcends all human thought. It is a word of earth reaching up to heaven. Gloria in Excelsis.

The word has overflowed into our common speech, more especially through its adjective "glorious." We often use this term in describing something of peculiar splendour, radiance, magnificence. We speak of "glorious" scenery, "glorious" works of art, "glorious" achievements in action or daring. So far perhaps, we cannot quarrel with this usage; we even take the same liberty with "divine." But we must never forget that the true glory belongs to God alone; the word really loses its own meaning when we give it any lower significance. When it is once removed from its proper sphere, it is on the way to becoming not only common, but vulgar. At the risk of appearing too punctilious, may we ask if it is not already far gone in the process of deterioration which has overtaken some of our finest words "Glory"—and particularly "glorious"—sometimes is perilously near slang; and in this case slang is very near profanity.

Perhaps is it actually because of its transcendent nature that the word has become a prey to loose expression. Profanity itself is the reverse side of religion. The word is an effort of the mind to grasp something which is beyond human comprehension. The earliest conception, as in the Old Testament, seems to be that God radiates His glory, as it were through a physical medium, in an aureole of light. Moses momentarily reflects this light, but the people cannot look on it and live. God's glory, as seen by men, is only a vague representation of His divinity.

But as the conception develops in the New Testament, there is no longer any mere representation of God's glory. The veil is taken away. In Christ the earth has beheld the glory of God in itself; man has looked on God's face. Above all,

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the glory of God is revealed in His moral being, as well as in the grandeur of His works, and the glory of God may be reflected as in a mirror in the lowly mind and heart of man.

"Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord most high." Let us strive to keep this common word in its sovereign splendour, on its throne of time and eternity.

—Church Messenger.

Holy Baptism

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

April 2—Sydney Herne Mugford, Joanne Mae Mugford, Marcia Marrin Lawson.

April 9—Joyce Darlene Davis, Barbara Joan Marshall, Roy Nelson Dawe, Lawrence Hugh Ritchie, Marlene Dolly Wood.

April 16—Patricia Mabel Clarke, Robert Anthony Ivor McKinstry, Cecelia Arlene Pollard, Patricia Mary MacFarlane, Reta Mary MacFarlane, Allen James MacFarlane, Donald Henry MacFarlane, Douglas Walter MacFarlane, Frederick Hugh Gavin.

April 21—June Marilyn Johnston, Virginia Johnston.

Holy Matrimony

"Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

April 6—Albert Edward Lea and Lorraine D. Arrowsmith.

April 8—James Vincent Scott and Phyllis Lawrence.

April 22—Alexander Richard Potter and Evelyn Lenore Mellor.

April 29—Sydney Hallworth and Dorothy Marion Chapelle.

April 29—Irvin Thomas Semple and Kathleen Nora Brown.

April 29—Norman Paxton Smith and Betty Rose Oliver.

Holy Burial

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

April 6—Fred J. Sanders57 years

April 11—Arthur Murcott65 years

April 13—Lawrence Hess74 years

April 18—Frederick Vaughan Philpott86 years

April 21—Elizabeth Monson73 years

April 25—Amy Eleanor Aiken75 years

WARDENS' REPORT—APRIL, 1939

Receipts

8 a.m. Communion	\$126.19
Envelopes	321.37
Open	454.79
Missions	105.36
Easter Envelopes	187.68
Lenten Offerings	35.43
Good Friday for Jewish Missions	35.01
Norway Bible Class	20.00
Badminton Club	32.96
Rents	211.50
Bowling	42.10
Total	\$1572.39

Disbursements

Stipends and Salaries	\$403.32
Coal	147.80
Gas and Electric	33.22
Telephone	13.41
Books and Printing	41.98
Synod—on Allotment	344.71
Repairs and Supplies	31.10
Clerical Help at Easter Services	20.00
Archdeacon J. B. Fotheringham	200.00
Total	\$1235.54

A PRAYER ATTRIBUTED TO ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Lord, make me an instrument of your Peace.

Where there is hatred, let me sow love;

Where there is injury, pardon;

Where there is doubt, faith;

Where there is despair, hope;

Where there is darkness, light;

Where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek

To be consoled, as to console;

To be understood, as to understand;

To be loved, as to love.

For

It is in giving that we receive;

It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;

It is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

"Youth Sunday this year is to be celebrated on May 21st on the first Sunday to be spent in Canada by Their Majesties the King and Queen. On that day a great service will be broadcast over the North American Continent from Vancouver. Last year the congregation at Vancouver numbered over 8,000."

—National Council of Education of Canada.

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