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Assistant: THE REV. J. A. LANGSTONE, B.A., 105 Boulton Avenue, Gerrard 1854.
Deaconess: MISS MARY SHOTTER, 500 Kingston Road, Grover 1236.
Cemetery Chaplain: THE VEN. J. B. FOTHERINGHAM, B.A., Trinity College, Midway 8411.

Services:

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1st and 3rd Sundays in each month at 11 a.m.,
Saints' Days at 10.30 a.m., every Thursday
(with special intercessions) at 10.30 a.m.

MATTINS—On 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays.

LITANY—After Mattins on 5th Sunday.

EVENSING—Every Sunday at 7 p.m.

HOLY BAPTISM—Every Sunday at 4 p.m.,
except during July and August (2nd and 4th
Sundays).

CHURCHING—After Baptism or by appointment

CHURCH SCHOOL—Sunday at 3 p.m.

The Church is open daily for meditation.

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The Rector's Letter

My Dear People of St. John's:

Very soon now the youngsters will be home for the holidays, and we shall realize more than ever that Summer is here, and the season of intense activity in our Church life is over for a time. I always think it is a good thing that we have these few weeks of "lull" between the end of one busy season and the beginning of another.

It is a time of reflection and resolution—reflection on the turn of events which the last year has brought in its wake—resolution to do great things in the future because of the challenge of the past. That happy past was built on sure foundations, and we must lay equally secure foundations now, on which to build for the future. No "flash in the pan" will do; no present gain which will not be an ultimate benefit must stand; no expediency of making the future pay a costly price for the present can be ours.

I want it to be clearly understood that I think of my association with the people of St. John's not in terms of today only, or tomorrow or the next day, but a succession of years, in which we go on and on together in mutual trust and confidence. It is because of this long view that I am trying to lay foundations upon which we can build over a number of years; whether they have to do with the organizations in the Parish House, or to do with the beautiful services in Church, or to do with our personal relationship as people and Rector. Nothing else will do because nothing else can give permanence and worth to our efforts. In the story of the Hare and the Tortoise we all feel a strong affinity with the tortoise. He suits our Anglo-Saxon temperament and philosophy of life because he was out to win "in the long run"—and that is what really matters.

It is this "long run" which measures our constancy, our loyalty, our sagacity and good sense, as we strive to live the Christian life ruled, regulated and inspired by devotion to Jesus. His way of life is the way of consecrated common sense, in which all the scattered details of our daily lives are put through these two sieves—"Is it sensible?"—"Is it right?"—and then we educate our consciences to approximate the standard expected by our Divine Pattern.

The result of the elections at our postponed Vestry Meeting are given in this issue. It is with a feeling of real assurance that I contemplate the responsibility of so much in the Parish placed on the shoulders of those whom you have elected to office. Men and women of proved ability are at the helm of things, not only in this connection, but in the many separate units of organization.

There is a ready response to the suggestion that the Service of Holy Communion at eleven o'clock on the first Sunday of the month should be a Parish Communion, at which everyone who comes to this Service stays to the end. This Service is adapted, the sermon shortened, and the hymns limited so that the Liturgy itself may speak with

its own beauty. It must be a source of deep satisfaction to our Lord that there were more than three hundred on Whitsunday who lovingly communicated and obeyed His command: "Do this in remembrance of Me"—and last Sunday the number of communicants was approximately the same. After this service last Sunday morning a little girl timidly asked me outside: "Rector, should I have stayed—because I'm not confirmed."

"Yes," said I, "Jesus wants us all there, fathers and mothers, children and friends."

Surely this is what He meant when He said: "Where even two or three are gathered together in My Name, then am I in the midst of them."

During July the Evening Service will be used to introduce some of the beautiful tunes from the Revised Hymn Book. Will you all do what you can to obtain a copy? I suggest that we can give each other presents of "The New Hymn Book" so that by September we shall be ready to use it regularly. May I warn you always to buy a Hymn Book or a Prayer Book with good large print. They can be had for but a few cents more than those with tiny print that never ought to have been issued at all. I feel confident that there are many of you who would like to buy a Hymn Book and Prayer Book for St. John's. Write your name in it and give it to the Wardens as a memorial to one you love. The Book can be left in the Church for visitors to use. The members of the Choir have been supplied with Books, and they are seeking this co-operation of the congregation so that all may work together for God's glory.

Warmest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Dane on reaching the 62nd milestone of their married life. We are all happy to know that they are both so hale and hearty, and are glad to have them with us so regularly at Church.

BRIARLY BROWNE.

AFTERNOON BRANCH W.A.

Owing to the Annual Meeting and the holidays we were two meetings short this month which made us rushed to get everything ready for the sales which were packed Wednesday, May 21st.

Friday afternoon, June 2nd, the Juniors held their closing, when prizes were presented to the children for their study work for the year. The children presented Mrs. Punchard with a new Prayer and Hymn Book in love and appreciation of her work with them.

It being the occasion of Mr. and Mrs. Dane's sixty-second wedding anniversary, a number of our members called to extend their best wishes. We wish them much happiness on such a wonderful occasion.

We are pleased to have Mrs. Bond back with us again.

We are having a Plunkett Dinner on Wednesday, June 14th, at 1 o'clock. We hope to have a good turnout as it is our closing for the Summer.

We wish you all a very happy and restful Summer holiday.

MOTHERS' UNION

On May 12th at 8.30 p.m., the Mothers' Union held their Annual Get-together Night when three hundred members representing ten branches were present; also one lone husband who brought his wife then decided to stay and enjoy the fun.

Miss Shotter welcomed the visitors and was Master of Ceremonies. Rev. J. Langstone voiced a word of welcome to all. This year, each branch helped with the entertainment which proved very successful.

Miss Morton of the Deaconess House showed slides on the camp (one of our mothers saw herself in the movies). Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs from St. Bartholomew's created a good laugh. Movie Quiz from St. John's, songs and a sketch from the other branches made a good variety of entertainment.

Mrs. Powell presented a bouquet of flowers with best wishes from St. John's branch to Mrs. Browne, who graciously responded.

The Rector (who is by no means a stranger to the Mother's Union) came in and made everyone feel proud to belong to an organization like the Mothers' Union.

After the entertainment, refreshments were served. The evening came to a close with the singing of the National Anthem. Everyone agreed these happy gatherings are worth while. They strengthen the bonds of fellowship.

No branch meeting was held in May. Members attended the Annual Meeting of the Toronto Diocese at the Cathedral Parish Hall on May 18th at 2.30 p.m. The meeting opened with the singing of Hymn: "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds," followed by a word of welcome by the Rev. R. Seaborn. After the roll call, Mrs. Knight (Diocesan Secretary) read a very comprehensive report consisting of the activities and the growth of all the branches in the Diocese during the past year. There are twenty-two branches with a membership of 870 members.

In the absence of Bishop Fleming, the thanks of the people of the Diocese of the Arctic was extended by Miss Quirt (Secretary). Mrs. Nisbett

presented her with a cheque for fifty dollars and best wishes from the Mothers' Union. Twenty-five dollars was presented to Mrs. Ward Price, our contribution to help with the work of the Mothers' Union Caravan.

Miss Hamilton gave an interesting talk on the ways of the Japanese people and of her work with the mothers. She also spoke of working at St. John's (Norway) branch of mothers 25 years ago.

Mrs. Brain, with a few well-chosen words, extended a vote of thanks to the Diocesan Officers and Branches for their co-operation and good work during the past year.

Mrs. Ward Price announced a bouquet of madonna lillies were to be placed in a vase in the retiring room at the Parliament Buildings for Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth as a loving and loyal greeting from every member of the Mothers' Union over the Dominion.

The meeting was opened by the Rev. R. Seaborn and closed by the Chaplain, Rev. Briarly Browne.

An Enrollment Service was held in conjunction with the Holy Communion Service on Thursday, May 25th, at 10.30 a.m., the Rector officiating. Sixteen new members were admitted, bringing our membership up to 105 members. The Rector spoke of the ideals of the Mothers' Union and of mothers—how they are in close contact with the beginning and ending of human life. There will never be a time when we do not need a Mothers' Union. It is a world-wide organization, age long, with a membership of 600,000 women, including all races. The sun never sets on the Mothers' Union. It is the first time an Enrollment Service has been held in conjunction with a Holy Communion Service. We are hoping to have many more.

APPRECIATION

We are pleased to express in these pages our appreciation of the gift to the Church of a fine piano. It is through the generosity and thoughtfulness of Mrs. Stewart, one of our members, that this latest addition to our equipment has been made. We offer to Mrs. Stewart our sincere thanks.

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Some Churches in the Isle of Wight

By Elizabeth Gentian



CARISBROOKE [Photochrom Co.]

dations of a few village churches, notably Bonchurch and Newchurch.

Most of the churches built by the first Christian rulers of the Island were probably burnt by the heathen Danes who raided and ravaged its shores mercilessly in the ninth and tenth centuries. When they had reduced the towns to ashes and murdered the priests, they would say: "We have chanted the Mass of Lances; we began it when the morning dawned and it has lasted until set of sun."

The Norman Conquest had a great effect on church building in the Isle of Wight. William the Conqueror gave the land to his kinsman and faithful follower, William Fitz-Osbern, who endowed his recently-founded Norman Abbey of Lyra with the revenues of Arreton, Godshill, Whippingham, Freshwater, Niton, and Newchurch, six of the richest parishes. The monks of Lyra came regularly from Normandy to collect their dues, until, about 1150, they founded the

MUCH of the history of our country is written in the stones of its churches. For the Isle of Wight this kind of history does not begin until after the Norman Conquest, for though Christianity was introduced by Caedwalla the Saxon in 686, nothing remains of pre-Norman work but the foundations of a few village churches, notably Bonchurch and Newchurch. This priory was dissolved by Henry V, and very little now remains of its buildings, but the church is remarkable for its tower, one of the finest attached to a parish church in the South of England. It was built in 1470 by the monks of Sheen who owned the church at that time. A hundred years later, Elizabeth's minister, Sir Francis Walsingham, came into possession of the church, and finding the upkeep of the chancel too costly he pulled it down, thus ruining the proportions of the building. The main body of the church dates from the late twelfth century, and there is an interesting Transitional doorway in the south wall. The middle recess in the north wall contains some scratched pictures, evidently the work of an idler of the fifteenth century who could not resist trying his skill on such an inviting blank wall space.

The Cistercian Abbey of St. Mary, Quarr, was founded by Baldwin de Redvers in 1132, the second abbey of that Order to be built in England. Naturally, it received many grants and bequests of land and tithes in the Island, and it too played its part in building churches. Arreton Church shows the influence of the monks most clearly. It was handed over by the Abbot of Lyra to Gervase,

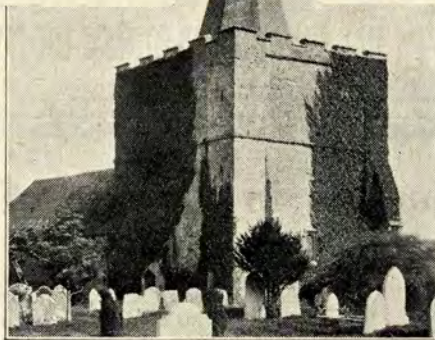


GODSHILL

[Frith, Reigate]

Abbot of Quarr, in 1140, and its new owners immediately set about enlarging the nave and aisles, and continued in each succeeding century, until the Dissolution of the Monasteries, to reconstruct and enlarge it in some way. Nearly all the Island churches are thus built in several styles, because in the centuries after the Conquest the countryside became far more prosperous and more populous than it had been, and so it was continually necessary to make more room in the churches by lengthening or widening the aisles and adding chancels. This process of enlargement seems to have stopped at the time of the Reformation, but in some places it began again in the middle of the nineteenth century, when the Victorian restorers made their mark in many villages.

The sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries have left us little of interest but elaborate tombs and wooden Jacobean pulpits. There is a good example of the latter at



SHALFLEET CHURCH [Frith, Reigate]

Newchurch. The pulpits at Shorwell and Yarmouth are provided with hour glasses in wrought iron stands, a



ARRETON CHURCH [Frith, Reigate]

hint to the preachers of three hundred years ago not to exceed their time.

The Island has many fine church towers. That at Shalfleet is almost unique. It is early Norman work, built between 1070 and 1085, with walls five feet thick. In all probability it was used as a refuge by the villagers, for Shalfleet is close to Newtown, at that time the capital of the Wight, and a temptation to raiding Frenchmen. Shalfleet Church is also remarkable for its carved Norman tympanum, the only one in the Island. It is a rude representation of a human figure between two conventional beasts, and may be Daniel in the den of lions.

Chale church tower is fifteenth-century work and had a beacon stage above the present roof. Calbourne and Brading have thirteenth-century towers; Arreton and Brighstone towers were built in the fourteenth century; and those at Freshwater, Gatcombe, Newchurch (lower part),

and Godshill (two lower stages only) belong to the fifteenth century.

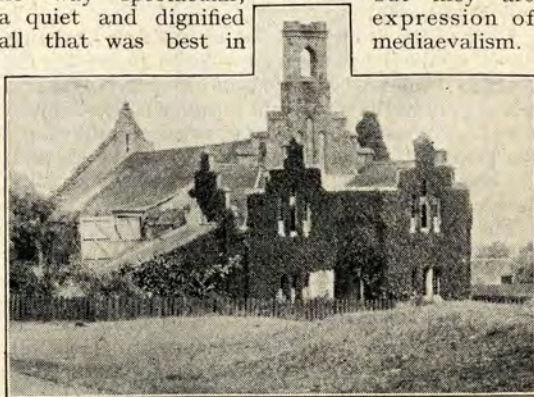
About the year 1440, a talented artist was working in the Island. Traces of wall paintings have been found in the churches at Whitwell, Chale, Arreton, Godshill, and Newport, and at Shorwell one survives in excellent condition over the north doorway. It shows the story of St. Christopher's life and martyrdom very vividly. The important figures are obviously the work of a master hand, though the fish and other decorations were probably left to pupils. Shorwell Church has also the unusual feature of a fifteenth-century stone pulpit incorporated in the north arcade, and two interesting seventeenth-century tombs.

There is a good example of a memorial brass of the late Decorated period in the church at Calbourne, and others of the sixteenth century at Freshwater and Shorwell.

Among the manorial chapels built by the landowners in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries for the use of their tenants (many of them were later converted into parish churches), the most worthy of notice is that at Yaverland; it has some very well preserved Norman archways.

At the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the monks were driven from Quarr Abbey and the buildings were sold to a merchant of Southampton, who pulled most of them down and sold the materials for what they would fetch, robbing the Island of its chief architectural gem. Excavations on the foundations show that it was built on a plan very like that of Beaulieu and Netley Abbeys. Close to the ancient site a new abbey has risen, and is inhabited by monks of the Benedictine Order who were exiled from France and came to Quarr in 1908.

The village churches of the Isle of Wight are in no way spectacular, but they are a quiet and dignified expression of all that was best in mediaevalism.



QUARR: THE OLD ABBEY [Photochrom Co.]

Humility By the Rev. G. B. Vaux

MR. Baring Gould has put into verse some quaint German legends, one with the strange title, "The Devil's Confession." Satan strolls into Cologne Cathedral in Holy Week, watches the happy penitents as they pass from their shriving, and conceives the hope of his own restoration. He seeks a vacant confessional and, in uncouth posture and strange words with occasional bursts of laughter, he unfolds a terrible tale of wickedness. The confessor, patient man, questions his "penitent" as to how he could do all this evil in the short space of human life, and then he learns who it is that has sought his aid. Is it possible that a lost spirit can be restored? The priest answers that there is no limit to the power of the All-Merciful, but that contrition is required of the sinner, and that contrition must be proved by submitting to a penance. This the devil is quite prepared for, and he suggests a long course of excruciating torments which he will cheerfully undergo, if only he may reach at last the heaven he has lost.

"Son," said the pastor, "no such task be thine,
As thou didst fall by thine unbounded pride,
Bow to the image of the Crucified
But once, and mutter with a broken sigh,
"I am not worthy to look up to heaven.
O be free pardon to the rebel given."
"What," said the devil with an angry scoff,
"Bow to a God so lost to sense of shame
As to take human nature and man's name.
Bow to a God Who could Himself demean
To mind the house and sweep the kitchen clean,
And saw up logs for Joseph. One Who died
Upon a gallows with a mangled side!
Ha! when another turn of fortune's wheel
Had raised me up and sent Him down below,
Ha! to the SON of Mary shall I bow?"
And with a curse he turned him on his heel.

If pride is the beginning of sin, and the fatal obstacle to repentance and restoration, humility is the most fundamental of all virtues, more truly fundamental than the supernatural equipment of faith, hope, and charity with which we are endowed at our Baptism. Humility is the first rung of the ladder of the beatitudes, poverty of spirit, the recognition of the One Eternal, self-existing, perfect Being, and the true estimate of the relation of the creature to the Creator, in his limitation, his dependence, his sinfulness. Pride is the beam in man's own eye which blinds him to facts; humility the virtue by which a man through true knowledge of himself is lowly in his own eyes. Pride is the "perverse imitation of God." Lucifer sought to be like his Maker in power, Adam in knowledge. Man is invited to an imitation of God which is not perverse, "as the children of His love" with child-like simplicity, "Be ye holy as I am holy."

The character of the heroes of the old covenant was grounded in humility. Job, who exclaims, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes": Abraham, who dared to speak to the LORD though only dust and ashes: Isaiah, who saw the LORD seated on His

throne and cried, "Woe is me that I am a man of unclean lips": David, whose best effort was to give to God what he had received, since all of his own that he could give was a broken and contrite heart. Pass from the Old Testament to the New and you find the Blessed Virgin Mother responding to the congratulations of Elisabeth by giving all the praise to God; and her Divine Son stripping Himself of the beams of His essential Godhead to be found in fashion as a man, girding Himself with a towel, clothed with humility, to wash His disciples' feet, and bidding us all to take His yoke upon us and learn of Him, meek and lowly in heart.

Humility is not a popular virtue. Man who of late years has won such victories over nature and harnessed its forces to the advance of civilization, is not disposed to apologize for his existence. The thought of God, of His holiness and majesty and of our dependence on Him, is dying out among us, and His love, which burns like a fire to shrivel our pride, is regarded as a tolerant good nature which aims at making things easy and pleasant all round. Those who half a century ago withheld their allegiance to revealed truth, honoured in theory and practice the Christian virtues which Christian belief enforces and sustains. Now this is no longer so. Humility and the like virtues are repudiated in certain countries as unworthy of the men of this generation, Christian civilization is disparaged as lacking the virility of paganism; and what Gibbon said of the virtues of the early Christians as being tame and ineffective would be applied to the Christians of to-day, that it is "not in this world that they are desirous of making themselves either agreeable or useful." And if we do not go to this length in England to-day, there is the lurking suspicion that while humility is theoretically the only intelligible standpoint of the creatures of an Almighty Creator, it may impair man's capability in the affairs of life, and, as it has been said, "humility is only an attempt to make sloth and cowardice and inefficiency look respectable."

Humility is indeed often misunderstood and parodied. The poverty of spirit which has a blessing upon it, the truthful acceptance of dependence upon God, is something very different from the humility of Uriah Heep, who cynically admitted that it paid him well. It is not the cringing spirit or the untruthful spirit which disparages the gifts with which God has endowed us and forgets Him from Whom they come, nor the affectation which belittles what we are able to say or do in the hope of challenging contradiction and confirming us in our good opinion of ourselves. Humility does not disqualify a man for the highest efficiency in public service, for the humble man's weakness is made perfect in a strength that is not his own, and the man of science is, or should be, the humblest of men in his reverence for truth and the pursuit of it, picking up, like Sir Isaac Newton, shells on the shore of knowledge.

The Green Finger By Christian Burke

"AUNT Rachel, I believe if you stuck a bit of firewood in the ground it would grow! However do you manage it?"

Celia Lorimer gazed contentedly across the sheltered garden where all the June flowers that blow seemed congregated, making a tapestry as many coloured as Joseph's coat.

Mrs. Trevor smiled as she busied herself with the tea-table, and said thoughtfully,

"I don't quite know, my dear. It's good soil, you see, and I study my plants as well as love them. I fancy it must just be what the country folk call having 'a green finger.'"

Celia laughed. "That's only answering one puzzle by another. What do they mean by that?"

"I'm not quite sure. Something is luck, and something is caring, but the largest part, I'm certain, is a sort of intuition. Perhaps it's understanding what things want when they don't seem to know themselves."

Celia stirred her tea thoughtfully as she said,

"But how can one know what people need? If any one could tell me what Gilian needs, I should be deeply thankful." She sighed somewhat hopelessly as she thought of her fifteen-year-old step-daughter, whose antagonism had done so much to cloud the happiness of the home, and to spoil her enjoyment of her husband's long leave.

She had been married abroad and had not met any of her step-children until she and her husband had returned to England with their three-year-old son, Michael.

Mrs. Trevor looked at her sympathetically as she asked, "Are things as bad as ever?"

"Worse, I think, as regards Gilian. The boys are all right. I believe they had such dreary holidays, shunted about to relations of their mother's who didn't want them, and they seem only too glad to have a home again. Stephen and Roger are dears, and Christy was only two when Kate died, and seems pathetically glad of a little mothering. It's just Gilian I can't reach, however hard I try, and as for wee Michael, she seems positively to dislike him, and yet he is always wanting to trot after her."

"Can't her father do anything to improve matters?" Mrs. Trevor asked.

"No. He does try, but she holds aloof even from him. I do believe it is a sort of twisted loyalty to her own mother, in part. But it makes Basil very unhappy. He has just had her room turned into a charming study-bedroom, thinking to please her, but she hardly even thanked him."

"Doesn't she like it, then?"

"I fancy she thinks it a plan to keep her out of his way and mine. So, of course, it is a fresh grievance.

But there, Aunt Rachel, it's too bad to trouble you, only we were so happy in India, Basil and I; and when I think of what it will be like when his leave is up, my heart fails me."

Celia jumped up, blinking away the gathering tears as she added jestingly, "Certainly I haven't 'a green finger' as regards my particular flower."

"Flower! Rather more like a thistle or a nettle," replied Mrs. Trevor wrathfully. "But don't despair. It took me quite a time to find out what my snowdrops wanted, and this year we had a regular carpet of them."

"O Aunt Ray, what a wise woman you are! Anyway, I feel all the better for airing my trivial woes, and now I must go back, it is nearly Michael's bedtime."

"My poor Celia!" Mrs. Trevor remarked confidentially to the rough-haired terrier who lay beside her chair. "That tiresome girl! I should like to shake her!"

Celia Lorimer walked home somewhat sadly, and as she entered the garden she expected to find Michael and his young nurse playing on the grass. There was, however, no sign of either of them, and wondering a little, she went quietly in and upstairs. As she approached the nursery she heard Michael's shrill treble, and a burst of baby laughter, and through the half-open door, unseen herself, she saw him sitting on his step-sister's knee, fresh and rosy from his bath, and warmly wrapped in a blanket, playing the time-honoured game of the marketing pig.

For a moment she stood there utterly bewildered. What had become of Jane? And what was Gilian up to? She was arrested by the sound of the latter's voice,

saying as she rained down kisses on the little golden head,

"O Mickey-mouse! Do you love poor sister? No one wants her now. Even Dad thinks of no one but just *her*," with an indescribably forlorn emphasis on the pronoun.

Michael, however, grappled with the matter promptly. Pathos was not in his line. He grabbed at Gilian's tawny hair, and lifted up his face to be kissed, as he said reprovingly, "Don't ky. Naughty to ky. Mike will love you all that," and the little arms were extended to their widest capacity.

It cost Celia a really tremendous effort to slip noiselessly away, leaving Gilian in possession of the field. At the foot of the stairs she met a somewhat breathless and shamefaced Jane, who had been indulging in a gossip in the kitchen.

"O Ma'am," she stammered out, "I didn't expect you back so soon—and Miss Gilian, she begged me to let her look after Master Baby."

"So I see; but you know it was your business," said her mistress reprovingly. "Now go and see if the cot is ready before I come up." And Jane fled, thankful to have got off so easily.



"Playing the time-honoured game of the marketing pig"

When Celia herself entered the night nursery there was not a sign of Gilian. All was in peaceful order, and Michael, drowsy and fragrant in his cot, was singing a lullaby to his favourite Teddy Bear.

"Muzzer, kiss Teddy," he murmured, "and Mike," and the command being solemnly complied with, he sailed away into the land of dreams, and his mother descended the stairs pondering over events, and how to make the best of them.

Neither she nor Gilian alluded to what had happened. Indeed, the girl had no idea that her step-mother had returned. But one evening a few days after Mr. Lorimer asked his wife to come for a walk, adding mournfully, "We shall have so few more together."

"Of course, Basil, directly Michael is in bed," and then, as if a sudden thought had struck her, she turned to Gilian who was lounging discontentedly in a garden chair, she added,

"Gilian, do you think you could bath Baby for me?"

The girl coloured up, and muttered half-unwillingly, "Yes. I don't mind."

"But can you?" laughed her father as he went out of the room. "You've never done it before."

"Yes I have," she began indignantly, and then, realizing that she had given herself away, she added defiantly to Celia,

"I did the other night when you were out. But I didn't mean you to know."

She was thunderstruck when the other answered calmly, "Yes, I know you did. And I saw how cleverly you managed."

"And you're not angry?"

"Angry—because you love your little brother! O Gilian," she added with a burst of feeling, "can't you look on me as an elder sister? And then you wouldn't hate me so much."

Taken by surprise, Gilian blurted out, "But I don't hate you. I've been trying for weeks not to like you," and when, overcome by the absurdity of it all, Celia sank laughing into a chair, Gilian threw down her arms and cried, "Well, I can't help it. I must have Michael to love, and if you'll let me call you Celia, I could—like—you too. But I can't and won't forget my own mother, you know."

"My dear, I should be very grieved if you could," Celia answered gravely, adding more lightly, "And I don't feel in the least in need of a daughter, at present, but I have always wanted a younger sister."

"Celia, are you coming?" shouted her husband, and Celia vanished. But the shutters between her and Gilian were down at last.

"Well, I do congratulate you," Mrs. Trevor said a few weeks later. "That girl is like a different creature. All the same, it must have cost you a big effort to leave those two together, and yet if you had gone in it would have all been spoilt."

"I must confess it did. But you know after all it was Michael who had the 'green finger.'"

"I daresay he has," Mrs. Trevor responded tranquilly. "No doubt he inherits it, from his mother!"

A Friendly Hand

Some Practical Hints for the Fit

By V. M. Christy

II. THE DEAF

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

WHILE so much is done for the care, cure, or welfare of the fit by the State and by semi-official bodies, it is important to remember that the Church still remains the chief welfare agency for the deaf. Church Missions to the Deaf through their chaplains and workers, paid and unpaid, supply not only spiritual ministrations to those who dwell in the lonely world of silence, but also constantly render them indispensable aid in the conduct of their worldly affairs, especially where the services of an interpreter may be necessary, as in law cases, interviews about employment, and so on. The Church, moreover, offers what are often the deaf person's only opportunities for social intercourse, mental stimulus, and physical recreation. The deaf, perhaps more than others, badly need the unofficial ordinary friend.

The triple cord of service to humanity, which is being spun by the Church, the State, the voluntary societies, requires for its full strength and power the addition of the thinner, flexible, but no less vital, strand of individual personal friendliness such

as each and every one can offer. Willingness counts for much, but preparedness counts for more, so that when opportunity offers none need hesitate.

What about that stone-deaf woman? Can she be awaiting your friendship? Are you withholding it through ignorance of how to approach her? She looks dull, morose, even rather stupid, perhaps. So, probably, would you in her position. But did not some one mention that she makes charming water-colour sketches, and that she loves flowers? Is there not a link between your mind and hers, considering your delight in beautiful landscape, and that you spend your spare time among your cuttings and seedlings? Find that link; forge it more strongly. When next you meet her, at a parish gathering, perhaps, or a tea-party, touch her on the arm, point to that bowl of pansies on the table. How varied are their faces! They smile at you, and you at them. The strained face near you breaks into a smile too. You have "made friends," as the children say.

Now move nearer the window where the light can fall full on your mouth, and speak naturally, normally, a trifle slowly, perhaps, and in rather short sentences, but above-all naturally. What shall you say? Why, talk of your garden, the wide view of downland, and clouds over your rose hedge. You will find you are using more than mere speech. You are unconsciously using facial expression, though you need not grimace. You

are using gestures which are graphic and eloquent ; but so you do when talking to your hearing friends. Then listen, too, as you do to them. You will find her mind as alert as yours, though speech may be hard for her and difficult for you to understand. Because she cannot hear she fails to detect the faulty modulations of her own voice, but you will grow accustomed to that. When she is tired with the strain of speech and of lip-reading, you can continue to converse by means of pencil and paper. Or perhaps you have some knowledge of finger-spelling, usually called by hearing people "the deaf-and-dumb alphabet." Don't hesitate to venture even a few slow, stumbling sentences, if you find that your new acquaintance is accustomed to that method. Such a number of people learn to spell on their fingers just "for fun," and so few are prepared to make use of their knowledge to talk with those among the seriously deaf who depend on such methods of communication. Experience shows that even if one has very slight facility, one's attempt as an unpractised performer may be appreciated, even by a deaf person normally accustomed to the very rapid finger-spelling and signing of a skilled expert interpreter. Many deaf people can lip-read and may prefer to do so. The great thing is to face the fact that communication with the deaf may be difficult and slow, but that it *can* be accomplished.

In this connection it is necessary to distinguish between various types of deaf people. Those deafened, even to a severe extent, in later life and those termed "hard of hearing" are usually able to speak quite well and are of course able to read and to understand speech. But those whom we rather vaguely and often inaccurately class as "deaf and dumb," are generally those who have been deaf from early childhood, and their "dumbness" is due, for the most part, to their never having picked up the sounds of human language in the way that a normally-hearing child does, naturally and unconsciously. Even the most expert training can never serve as a real substitute for the normal

acquisition of a knowledge of speech through hearing it spoken. Those who have been taught to speak or to understand words can only know what they have been taught and no more. Their power of linguistic expression is limited, and cannot, without deliberate learning, extend beyond commonplace things like food and sleep, chairs, trees, and the sensations of comfort, cold, fatigue, pleasure, into the abstract expression of ideas. Even the clear distinction between moods and tenses, the actual and the problematical, the literal and the metaphorical, may present great difficulties. If some deaf people seem sometimes irritable, what wonder, when they are so liable to encounter so much misunderstanding? The genius and perseverance of those so afflicted who have attained high place in the intellectual world could have reached no such place unaided by the devoted patience of friends.

Even spiritual perception must be incomplete without conscious contact with fellow-members of the family of God, and our contact with other human souls depends, for most of us, upon sight, speech, and hearing. Yet there are those among us who are both deaf and blind. There are nearly three thousand in the British Isles alone who are cut off by this double barrier from sight and sound and the normal intercourse with other minds. For them has been devised, as a means of communication, a special form of the manual alphabet. This is as easy for an ordinary person to learn as that with which so many are familiar, and it is almost exactly similar, except that the signs are made by touch and movement upon the hand of the person addressed. Some blind friends of the writer have been learning the manual alphabet as used by the deaf-blind, in order that should they, lacking sight, happen to meet with a blind deaf-mute, they would be able, without hesitation, to "talk" and "listen" with him.

Dare we, with our faculties of movement, sight, hearing, and speech, do less than this?

(To be concluded)

Pilgrims' Corner

June

THE FRAGRANT LIFE

June morning, all a-scent with roses—the pilgrim's life can be like that, or as June evening when day closes calm and serene, how one could chat of a grand way by field and hedgerow, where the lark soars in the full air, where the heart soars to praise its Maker, seeing His beauty everywhere!

Father, when lives are in their summer, when all our powers are at their prime, lead us in ways of useful service, help us to consecrate our time. Let us be humble as the daisy, let us be fragrant as the rose; our faith as flaming as the sunset when in the western sky it glows. And when Thou walkest in the garden, at eventide beneath the trees, may we be quick to feel Thy Presence, may we be found upon our knees.

The Bonny Princess and the Brave Bogbean

A Story for Children ✨ By Grace Gordon

AUNTIE Fan said to me, "Come along, Tiddly-winks, and see my fairy wood."
So we went through the door in the great high wall, and we came into the wood.
In the wood there was the beautifullest little pond you ever saw.

There were trees round it, and one tree bent down and dipped its branches into the pond.

There wasn't much water, but the pond was very beautiful because of the trees with their mossy banks round it, and because of the flowers called bogbeans that stood up all over it. They looked like chestnut-tree candles jumped down on to the pond, or like fairy boys all waiting for the fairy King and Queen.

We sat down on the mossy bank and watched them. Then the sky grew soft, and dark, and sleepy, and I leaned my head on Auntie Fan's knee to look up at the stars coming out.

And what do you think those stars did?

As I looked up, they began to come down, quite quietly, and quickly too. As they came, I saw the five points of their gold hats, and their smiling faces, and their frocks all white and wavy.

There were seventy-nine stars who came down and took their places by seventy-nine of the Bogbean boys.

Then I called out, very loud indeed: "Oh! But there are *eighty* Bogbean boys. Won't one more star come down?" (because I'd counted).

But it didn't.

And I thought that the eightieth little Bogbean boy was going to cry.

But he didn't.

He screwed his face round from a disappointed sort of look into a funny one. Then, when the others smoothed their hair, and pulled down their waistcoats, and made their best bows to their partners, he did the same ever so properly and politely, and he just made-believe that he had a star partner too.

There was music in the air. I think the birds were playing on tiny bird-violins, but I couldn't see them. It was just a sweet and lovely sound that made the Bogbean boys and their star partners tap their feet and want to dance, and dance, and dance.

Then a very grand fairy came and said, "Hush!" And they all hushed.

And he said, "Make way for our King and Queen, and our bonny little Princess." And they made way.

So the King and Queen of the Fairies, looking just like you see them in pictures, came in and sat on their throne with the Princess at their feet.

Everybody turned and bowed to their Majesties. Then the King said, "Let the dance begin" And the Bogbean boys danced with their lovely partners, and looked so happy. But the lonely Bogbean danced by himself. He never let any one see (only I knew) that he wasn't quite happy.

Just then I looked across at the bonny Princess, and suddenly I saw that she saw too.

She clapped all the dancers as they whirled past her, but she clapped the lonely Bogbean most because he was brave. He didn't look at her though, only his chin went up higher afterwards, and there was a *very* shiny smile in his eyes as he followed the others round.

When they had all passed the throne three times, the Princess whispered to the Queen, and the Queen whispered to the King, and they both smiled and nodded to her.

Then she put up her hand to her curly head (to feel if her coronet was quite straight), and she tucked her velvet train over her arm, and ran after the dancers till she caught up the lonely boy. She put her hand on his, and he looked so surprised that he nearly forgot (but not quite) to make her the very politest bow and give her his arm.

Then they waited till they were at the head of the procession of dancers, instead of at the tail, and then they led the dancing round

and round more merrily than ever. I never saw such dancing, or such lovely dancers, especially those two.

At last everybody stopped, and there was a great clapping, and I clapped too.

Then suddenly the lights went out, and there wasn't anybody there, except Auntie Fan and me.

Only I just caught sight of the seventy-nine stars flying up into the sky again all in a twinkling. And I thought (only it was too dark to be quite sure) that there was a smile on the face of one of the bogbean flowers—one that stood a little away from the rest.

I heard Aunt Fan singing:

Come along, old sleepy-head,
Time for you to be in bed!

And she carried me all the way home, she did!



"She put her hand on his"

God gives to all. He has no favourites. He may indeed give more to some, and less to others, according to their capacity. But we are all His dear children; and He wants us all to be good and worthy children. He does not despise nor reject any one of us. No, not even when we refuse to receive, or wilfully and foolishly misuse, what He gives us. He is a true Father; and therefore He is determined to make the best of us; and He means to win us and perfect us in the end by His patient, fatherly love.—BISHOP PHILIP LOYD.

Bible Tableaux

By the Rev. G. Lacey May, Rector of Easton, Winchester

NO side of Church activity has seen a greater development in the last twenty years than the dramatic. Our grandfathers, who took their religion always with serious faces, would have been horrified at the idea of acting in church, or, indeed, of religious acting at all. Times have changed; we now welcome in Church work and worship colour, movement, appeals to the imagination. Religious drama has regained some of the position it held in mediaeval Church life; even religious films are coming to the front as a means of appeal.

Personally, I have found Bible Tableaux a great help in various ways—in making Sunday school attractive and lively, in raising funds for missionary work, and in arousing new interest in the Bible. For the last ten years, with the help of my Catechism children and Sunday school teachers (who see to

The children, of course, love all the dressing-up and acting which the many rehearsals and the actual performances involve. Every Sunday for some weeks ahead I impress upon them that they are going to act not for their own amusement, but for God's cause and to help African children; and during this time we pray about the tableaux at catechizing and at weekday intercessions. It might seem that costumes would involve a great expense, but we have always managed it without any expense at all. Church folk are most willing to lend the simple white or coloured articles which are



"WE LOVE THE PLACE, O GOD"

necessary to give the required Oriental effect; and it is astonishing how Oriental simple coloured drapery looks in the sunshine of a June afternoon. Dressing-gowns, cloaks, shawls, blouses, and antimacassars can be used with effect. We make no attempt at accuracy of costume, and are content to follow the illustrations of the ordinary coloured Scripture book.

As an example of the kind of scenes we portray, this is the programme of our tableaux last summer. I. The Finding of the Lost Coin. II. The Boy with the Loaves and Fishes. III. The Good Samaritan. IV. "Suffer Little Children." V. The Finding of the Baby Moses. VI. The Pharisee and the Publican. VII. The Prodigal Son.

The priest, vested in cassock, introduces the scenes by explaining that they are to be given as an act of devotion, and asks that the spectators shall not applaud. He introduces each tableau with a word or two of explanation or a short Scripture reading. This year the scenes ended with all the actors turning towards the old parish church (visible from the acting-ground) and singing, "We love the place, O God." The scenes were acted twice, tea being sold between the two performances. No charge was made for admission,



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

the dressing), I have presented these tableaux every second or third year. Last summer we improved the standard by enlisting our Church Youth Fellowship to help.

In bygone years we had acted small missionary plays, until it seemed to me that to use the Bible would be answering the twofold purpose of acting and of familiarizing spectators, as well as the child actors, with the old Bible stories.

Our first tableaux were dumb, but of late years I have written simple words, largely in Bible-language, round the scenes. We have been fortunate in having beautiful out-of-door surroundings; first, a rectory lawn and shrubbery, and later, a field-playground with a fine sycamore tree and a delightful background towards a river. The gain of such surroundings is immense, although the scenes could be acted in a large hall or schoolroom.



THE GOOD SAMARITAN

but a bowl for offerings stood by the entrance, and missionary boxes on the tea-tables. Church workers and parents gave the provisions for the tea; and a total profit of £2. 2s. was made for U.M.C.A. It is needless to say that such tableaux should be undertaken only by those who have absolute control of the



PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER FINDS THE INFANT MOSES

children and are on terms of affectionate friendship with them. Under such conditions the children invariably rise to the occasion with a delightful blend of solemnity and joyous gusto.¹

¹ Further information, with illustrations, will be found in a 6d. booklet published by S.P.C.K., *Bible Tableaux*.

OVER THE TEACUPS

Competition

THIS month we are offering Prizes (First, 10s.; Second, 5s.) for *An Adventure Story*, suitable for children. This ought to prove popular, and there must be many amateur detectives who could write a "thriller," or historians or naval "authorities" who could produce something really delightful. Please do not send in anything of the gangster type of film story. These stories are to be for real children, and not such as to give bad dreams to the smaller ones, or bloodthirsty ideas to their elder brothers and sisters. They should reach The Editor of "THE SIGN," 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1, not later than the first post on Friday, June 23rd, and should be not more than eight hundred words long.

Report on March Competition

AN Essay on *My Favourite Character in the Old Testament*. At a time when we often hear that Bible reading is neglected we were glad to receive so many essays showing knowledge of the Old Testament and interest in it. In fact a number of competitors remarked on the difficulty of making a choice among its many noble and attractive characters. In the end Joseph and Ruth headed the list with an exactly equal number of votes. David came next and then Abraham. Samuel and Jonathan were also favourites. But it was a pity that more competitors did not think of Jeremiah whom Dr. Nairne described as, of all the prophets, "the deepest and kindest, the most like our LORD JESUS CHRIST."

In all twenty-three different characters were chosen. Besides Ruth, the women selected were Esther, Hannah, Pharaoh's daughter, and (we were glad to see) the little maid who waited on Naaman's wife. Naaman himself was rather an unexpected choice, and so were Enoch and Ebed-Melech. Readers might care to look up this last, and see for themselves why one competitor pitched on him. He will be found in the Book of Jeremiah.

First Prize, Miss Dorothy Yates, Gloucester Villa, Bisham, Marlow, Bucks., whose Essay on Nehemiah we print below. *Second Prize*, Mr. R. J. Paton, Benison, Purkess Close, Chandlers Ford, Eastleigh, Hants. Mr. Paton argues in favour of Joseph, as a "splendid example of our greatest need, straight thinking." There was an admirable paper by Mr. Charles Webb on David, which was unfortunately disqualified through far exceeding the appointed number of words. *Very Highly Commended*: Mrs. Chadwick (a charming little essay on Enoch), Mrs. Carter Rendell, Misses Dorothy Allen, A. M. D. Ashley, A. G. Chapman, E. Crowder, Mary Lansdale, and D. P. Pocock. *Highly Commended*: Mrs. W. Apps, Cruse, A. E. Harris, B. Lack, Tace, Tregaskis; Misses M. Ansell, "M. J. E. B.," M. Chase, H. A. Coombe, E. Davies, E. George, Huggett, R. E. Knapton, M. G. Leech, Alma Norrish, G. Saunders, Tretthewey, and Mr. F. E. Rutland. *Commended*: Mrs. M. Deards, H. E. Jennings, A. Jones, Scovell, K. E. Smith, Whitfield; Misses Ellen Browne, C. Chadwick, C. E. Childs, B. Davidson, E. E. Ellsmore, Franks, E. Fullard, Grounds, Hancock, Hibberd, J. Lovett, D. L. Painter, E. M. M. Pearson, L. Parsons, E. Raven, Mr. S. W. M. Davey, A. Wakefield, and Charles Angrove.

First Prize Essay

There is no picturesque figure in the Old Testament more appealing to modern men and women than Nehemiah, cup-

bearer to the King. Here was a man of prayer and a man of action whom God used in a special way to aid his country in the time of their need.

Throughout his own life story, as we picture the kind of man he was by events as he tells them and his part in them, our admiration of his character grows. His personality had something to do with the accomplishment of that great work of re-building the walls and gates of the broken-down city of Jerusalem, but he succeeded in a still greater work when he restored the sanctity of the House of God and the Sabbath Day.

We do not see Nehemiah's character unfolding gradually as we do so many of the Biblical heroes, but in those days of exile in the King's palace, in a strange land far from home and countrymen, he learnt what afterwards came naturally to him, reliance on God in need and success. Who knows the self-control he gained amid so much that gave him anxiety, to be able to say, "I had not been beforetime sad" in the presence of the King?

His brave heart was touched with the sufferings of his fellow countrymen, but he was not afraid to confess his own shortcomings before asking God's blessing on his proposals. "Both I and my father's house have sinned," he said. And surely a special part of his prayer finds an echo in our hearts to-day—"Let not all the trouble seem little before Thee that hath come upon us."

I admire Nehemiah for his practical, fearless spirit and for the resource and courage that made him great. When his task was progressing in spite of the threats and jeers of Sanballat and the rest of his enemies, these words proclaim what manner of man he was. "Should such a man as I flee?" he asked when told his life was in danger. "And who is there that, being as I am, would go into the Temple to save his life? I will not go in." But most of all I admire him because he fulfilled God's purpose for himself and his nation by being a man whom God could use.

Summer Hints

Here are one or two "Household Hints" which may be useful in the summer days.

To lengthen the life of silk stockings sprinkle a little carbonate of soda in before putting them on. This will neutralize the acid which causes the delicate fibres to rot.

Children's voile frocks are improved with a little stiffening. Do not use starch. Add a few lumps of sugar or a little powdered borax to the rinsing water. Dissolve separately in a cupful of hot water, then add to the rinsing water. Iron the frock while still damp.

When tying down jams and jellies it is a good plan to moisten the string so that the knot does not slip.

To soften water when washing linens a useful hint is this. Dissolve a little pipe-clay in the water before putting in the articles to be laundered. Less labour and soap are required and the fabrics are kept a far better colour.

Recipe—Fruit Purée. Fruit purées may be used as a foundation in creams or as fillings for flans or open tarts. The fruits are stewed with just enough water to prevent burning, with the addition of sugar, the amount depending on the sharpness of the fruit being prepared. When it is cooked almost to a pulp, the remaining juice is strained off and may be used as a fruit syrup; the fruit itself is then pressed through a sieve and the purée collected and used as desired.



LILAC

A Story of To-day

By Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS

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. A month later the "hauntings" begin, but Lilac is not afraid.

The story continues—

CHAPTER X

LILAC BRANCHES

YOUNG Keith offered the fragrant lilac branches to his companion and after a momentary hesitation Lilac took them and said, "Thank you." It occurred to her that he might be slightly ashamed of himself for his bad manners, and wished to make amends. His gloomy face cleared a little when she accepted his offering and he almost smiled. Evidently he intended to walk with her to the Hostel, and she could think of no reason for getting rid of him, so they went on together, chatting of this and that.

Presently, after a pause, he said abruptly, "You're not bluffing, are you? You seriously tell me that you were not frightened when you heard the ghost music last night?"

"Even if it had really been ghost music, I don't see why I need have been frightened exactly," was her reply. "But, you see, I am practically certain it was not."

"What makes you certain?"

"Why, I have some common sense. For reasons that I can't even guess at you want to get rid of me, out of that big garret. You tried to frighten me with a ghost story, you told me what to listen for, and then you did your stuff with a gramophone record to clinch the matter. You came round this morning to see if you had succeeded; and unfortunately you haven't. You're too transparent, Mr. Keith."

"Well," he said, after a stupefied sort of silence, "you do beat all! You still insist that I faked that music, although I have told you straight out that that isn't so?"

His manner was so downright that for a moment she wondered if he really was sincere.

"Why should you think I'm lying? Why should I lie to you?" he persisted angrily.

"As I just told you, I can't think why you should. I'm a stranger to you and I've done you no harm that I know of."

"That," he said thoughtfully, "is another question. Perhaps you have. But I don't bear any malice. Only I should like you to understand that I'm not a liar. These noises scare my aunt horribly, so I thought they might scare you too, all alone up there." He hesitated a moment. "I didn't want you scared," he said with an odd simplicity. "I told my aunt you ought to be warned. Much good I've got out of my anxiety for you, haven't I?"

"Well," said Lilac, much surprised at this new view of his motives, "you've done this good, you've found out that I'm not so easily daunted."

He said, "I didn't think girls were brave."

"Haven't you got any sisters? If so, are they all of a dither when they hear a ghost story?"

"Yes, I've got two sisters. But I think they'd both be scared of ghosts. You're very plucky; but still I can't help being afraid something might happen that would perhaps give you a shock."

"Such as?"

"Oh, I don't know. Such as seeing something, perhaps."

"Now listen. I'm going to tell you what our Vicar said. Down at my home there's a path in the churchyard that they say is haunted, and the choirboys wouldn't come down it after dark on choir-practice nights unless there were several of them together. So our Vicar said he would give us a little talk on ghosts; and what he said interested me very much—it made me think."

"Tell me."

"It's not very easy to repeat, for I'm not learned, like the Vicar, but here goes. He said *thoughts are things*. I mean, an *idea* is a thing. It actually makes a mark on the stuff our brains are made of. Some feelings are extraordinarily strong, much stronger than others, so they make a deeper mark. They really do affect the air round about us, so that something, either in us or in our surroundings, is conscious of the fact. You know sound makes a mark on a gramophone record, and in some such way it may be that actual things, wild hopes, great terror, bitter grief, get themselves recorded, and now and then, nobody quite knows how or why, they are reproduced so that some one hears them. I'm afraid this is not a bit clear."

He said, "It's clear enough to me, and I never thought of it before."

"The Vicar pointed out that we all know now that it is possible to bottle up people's voices on records, so that after they are dead, given the right conditions, you can hear them speaking. Nobody would have believed that a century ago; but to us it is hardly even wonderful because we are used to it. The Vicar says hauntings are like that. They are records of some kind, records of human sorrow or sin or suffering."

They are not—they cannot be—the return of those who have gone before. The dead have passed into another plane. They are in God's keeping. But if they went through very violent things here on earth like suicide or murder, their passion, their anguish, may have left traces, so that just now and again we are conscious of them. Oh, how I am chattering. Are you bored stiff?"

"I never was more interested in my life."

"So that you see there is really nothing to be afraid of in such records."

"No. I see that. I wonder if I could put it like that to my aunt. I'll have a jolly good try."

"But remember," smiled Lilac as they reached the Hostel and she pulled out her key, "I don't admit that your haunting is even as real as that. I feel almost positive that some one is playing ghost and, if it isn't you, then you had better give your mind to finding out who it is."

"If only I have time," he said rather fretfully.

"My brother keeps on at me to go back home, but really I hardly dare leave Aunt Sally, I don't believe she'd stay here at all if I left; and the old man won't be out of hospital yet awhile. His leg is giving trouble."

"Well, then, if you are leaving perhaps I shan't see you again," said Lilac in a voice which to Simon sounded abominably cheerful. "Thank you for your kind efforts to reassure me. And don't worry about me any more. Good-bye."

He could say no more, for she had opened the door and was passing in; but he looked so crest-fallen and hurt that Lilac felt quite sorry for him; and several times during the day she found herself thinking about him and puzzling over the queerness of the whole thing, the ghost, which she did not believe in, and his anxiety lest it should give her a shock.

What she should have been thinking about by rights was her meeting with young Tyler which was to take place the following afternoon. It would be pleasant to ask after village friends and get village news, let alone seeing Walter. But her present life was full of interest, and she was at the moment wondering whether at the last committee meeting she and Laura Jennings had been duly elected to membership of the Great House Club. They would be hearing in a day or two. She did so want to go and have tea in that stately panelled room and to gaze upon the portrait of Miss Lucy Edgeworth in its oval plaster medallion over the mantelpiece!

These thoughts, and the queer ways of Simon Keith, somehow blurred the picture of Walter in her mind; and as she worked away at her type-writer, ran up and down to consult Sister Emma, and interviewed various callers on various subjects, the whiff of scent from the lilac on her desk brought the thoughts of the big, abrupt-mannered young man vividly before her.

CHAPTER XI

CONFIDING IN WALTER

SEATED in the omnibus on her way to the British Museum next day, Lilac felt so uneasy about what she could say to Walter without telling lies that the pleasure of the coming meeting was half spoiled. Sister Emma, who watched her as she ran down the steps, turned with a sigh to Miss Delane.

"We shan't be keeping Lilac long," she remarked.

"Why? Isn't she as nice as we thought?"

"Too nice. She'll be married before we know where we are. She's gone to meet a young man from her own village to-day, and yesterday she arrived here escorted by that young Keith who is doing his uncle's job at the Great House, and I fancy he's in a very good position

and is only here because Mrs. Stebbing is his mother's sister and the family thought he ought to give her a helping hand."

Miss Delane looked a trifle cast down. "Well," said she, "we won't cross our bridges till we come to them. She and Laura have just become members of the Great House Club, so she looks like settling down. At least, we'll hope for the best."

The morning had been rainy and Lilac had hesitated to put on her pretty summer frock, but had decided to risk it: and as she ascended the huge wide steps of the Museum, picking her way



"She saw Walter standing there with his hat in his hand eagerly yet shyly watching her approach"

among the pigeons, she saw Walter standing there with his hat in his hand eagerly yet shyly watching her approach.

They greeted each other cheerily and stood a few moments looking at each other with some embarrassment. Walter, being nervous, took refuge in saying the first thing that came into his head, which was not perhaps the best thing.

"Well, Father would say he was right, Lilac. London has made you look pale."

"Why, you know very well I'm always pale, Walter," said Lilac, not best pleased. "Sorry you're not satisfied with my looks."

This was not at all the way the young man had planned to begin, and he started at once to apologize, to explain, to say she looked a peach, and to tell her how he had been counting the hours till they met.

"In fact," he said as they entered the great hall, "I should have dashed over to see you yesterday evening for half an hour, only I suddenly realized that I didn't know where to find you."

"Oh, well, I knew where to find you all right," said the girl cheerfully. "O Walter, is it really true that the Squire has given you two tickets for the Flower Show? Will you take me to Chelsea?"

"Why, of course; I wasn't quite certain whether it would interest you," said he eagerly. "But, as a fact, I shall be very glad to go again, as the crowds were so tremendous this afternoon and there are several things I want to have another look at. We'll have supper there," he added with satisfaction. "I am so glad it has cleared, I was afraid we were going to have a wet day, but at Chelsea there are always the tents, we can be out of reach of weather, and I can take you all the way home, so it won't matter how late we are. At least, I hope it won't."

Lilac shelved the question of his taking her home, and they strolled through one or two of the galleries, then went and had a light tea, and in spite of her expostulations upon his extravagance, Walter took her the whole way to Chelsea in a taxi.

The weather finally made up its mind to be fine, and in the long summer evening the gardens at Chelsea were wonderfully beautiful. Walter was in his element there, showing her various things that he had been commissioned to order for the Manor and talking of what he meant to do now that he was actually head gardener.

"But I can't get the cottage yet awhile," he said. "Not till next year, certainly."

"Oh, that doesn't matter, you're very comfortable at the Lodge," said Lilac airily; to which this terribly direct young man replied,

"Yes, as long as I'm single."

Lilac said very calmly that the single state was not a thing to be lightly given up, and turned the talk to other things. Walter had plenty of sense, and he gathered by degrees that she was happy and interested in her work and that he would be wiser not to disturb their pleasant friendliness by rash words. All went well until the girl announced that she must catch a certain bus at a certain corner at a certain time.

"All right," he unwillingly agreed, "we'll be making for the gate."

Lilac said no more until they were outside in the road, and even allowed Walter to climb up beside her on the roof of the bus that would take her as far as her tube station.

Then she explained to him that she would have to get out and take the train presently, and she added quite calmly, "I shall say good-night to you then, Walter."

"I am coming all the way," said Walter obstinately.

"No you are not, because I say No," replied she with equal determination.

"Don't you want me to know where you live and work?" he asked in sudden, sharp vexation.

"Not only do I not want you to, but it is quite essential to me that you should not," she replied steadily.

He said nothing for a while. Then, "Will you explain?" he asked.

"If you will make me a solemn promise first. You see, you are the only person from home that I have met since I came to town, and I hesitated a good long time before deciding to let even you come. I thought you were a person I could trust and that you wouldn't let me down."

"I hope not," said Walter, clearing his throat.

"Well, then, will you give me your promise, first that you will accept what I tell you and not try to force me to say more than I wish; and next that you won't breathe a word of what I have said to any one else? I warn you that if you do I shall have to run away, somewhere where I can't be found, and you will probably never hear of me again."

"Lilac!"

"I'm in dead earnest. Nobody must know that there is a secret—not Barbara—not my own mother. You are the one person who is to know even this much. Can you promise? Not only not to tell, but *not to let anybody know there is anything to be told*. It isn't easy, I warn you, and I shan't be a bit hurt if you tell me that if that's the way of it, we part company altogether. You must make up your mind. If you would rather be out of it, you have only to say so and we shan't meet any more."

"Lilac!"

"Yes, I know it's not an easy thing I'm asking. It's—*it's something like the old fairy-tales, where the prince is made to give his word to something he can't understand*. Well, I'm not a princess or anything like one, but I'm in a bit of a jam, and I can't help myself. You must choose, yes or no."

"But—but can't I help you out of the jam?"

"No. Certainly not yet. One day perhaps—but I don't know. It all depends."

Of course it ended in Walter making the required promises. Then Lilac owned that she was, as a fact, hiding from a man. Walter did not ask for further particulars. He quite took it for granted that it was a man whom she did not like, and who was persecuting her to marry him.

"For your comfort I will tell you, Walter, that Mrs. Beaufort knows my secret, knows more than I am telling you. She is helping me to hide. I expect you can see that in order for me to hide successfully nobody at home, *nobody at all*, must know where I am to be found. If even one person knew it, I should be done for. Mother isn't worrying, because she knows Mrs. Beaufort is behind me. She hears from me regularly, and that's enough for her. You must not say one word to suggest to her that she should make further inquiries. O Walter, you don't know how much I am going through! I ought not to have allowed myself this day's freedom with you. But I did so want to see somebody from the old place. Oh, do tell me I was not mistaken in thinking you would help me."

"And this is all I am to know?"

"Yes. You must take the rest for granted. Now, I have your promises and I believe you will keep them. You see, don't you, that if you knew anything, and somebody tried to get it out of you, it might be difficult for you not to tell any untruths, whereas if you don't know anything, you can't tell anything? Tell Barbara we met, tell her we had a grand time, tell her we are going to plan another day later on; don't let her think there's any mystery."

"And what," asked Walter, "do I get out of all this? Eh?"

"The knowledge that I've put my trust in you, Walter," she answered frankly. "Is it good enough?"

Reluctantly he replied that he supposed it was—for the present.

(To be continued)

HOW WONDERFUL IS GOD

HE made the morn
That peeps through clouds, enshrouding
sleepy night.
The noon created He
To shed upon our toilsome day its light.
And eventide endowed
With myriad stars that burst upon our sight.
How wonderful is God in all His ways!

A. W. Lenkeit

Church Life To-day Some Points of Current Interest

Two interesting old relics have been restored to the church of **Udimore**, near Rye, Sussex. One is a barrel-organ, which had been replaced by a harmonium about forty years ago. Though it will no longer play, it has been reconstructed and painted in its original bright colours. It stands about ten feet high and the barrels are about twenty-two feet long. Air was blown into the pipes and the barrels turned by the one operation of turning a handle, and the tune could be changed by pulling a lever. The other relic is a beadle's staff inscribed, "Hundred of Gostrow, 1838."

☪☪☪

GREAT interest was aroused recently at Gloucester by the **Baptism of a Chinese mother and her baby daughter** at Christ Church, the rite being administered by the Vicar, the Rev. C. R. Purser, who formerly worked for twenty-one years in Burma, where there were many Chinese among his people. The mother is the wife of Mr. George Chang, a Chinese Christian who is at present working in a local aeroplane factory. He was married at St. Paul's, Hong Kong, and Mr. Chang promised the priest there that his wife should be baptized at the first opportunity. The Baptism was performed in the presence of a congregation of about five hundred. The Oriental decoration of the font, a banner extending across the chancel and a scroll hanging from the pulpit, both inscribed in Chinese characters, and the bright colours of the baby's robes all went to make the scene as delightful as it was unusual.

☪☪☪



DR. G. F. FISHER
(Bishop of Chester)
(Russell, London)

THE second mission church—St. Barnabas, at Sutton, near Macclesfield—built out of the funds raised by the **Bishop of Chester's Appeal**, has already fully justified its existence, for on Sunday evenings there is usually an attendance of about one hundred and twenty people.

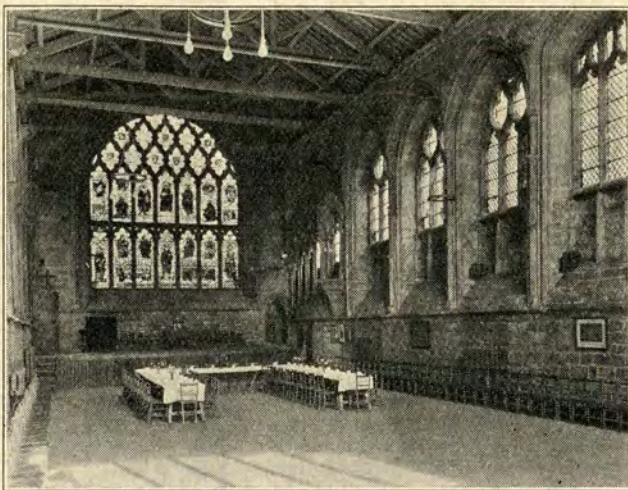
The Bishop of Chester, Dr. G. F. Fisher, has been appointed to succeed Dr. A. F. Winnington-Ingram as Bishop of London.

☪☪☪

WHEN the magnificent **Cathedral Refectory of Chester** was restored to use

by Dean Bennett it was only possible to provide it with a temporary deal roof, the original roof having been

THE Rev. A. Briarly Browne, who has just been appointed Rector of St. John's, Norway, Toronto, comes from a noted English clerical family. His father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather, as well as his father's six brothers, have all been priests of the Church of England.



CHESTER CATHEDRAL REFECTORY (T. Chidley, Chester)

destroyed in the eighteenth century. The generosity of an anonymous benefactor has now made it possible to provide a new hammer-beam roof in oak. Work on this will take several months, but when it is completed the finest existing Cathedral Refectory in the country will have a roof that will be worthy of its mediaeval dignity.

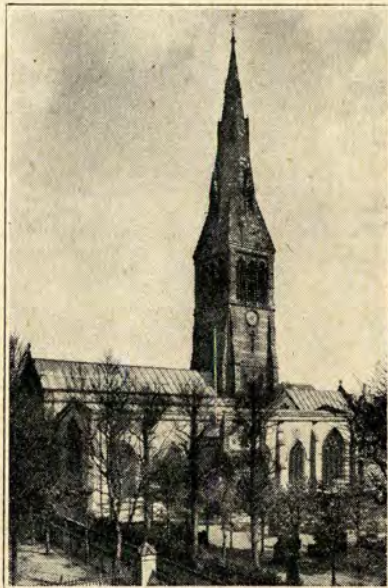
☪☪☪

THE late Rev. P. A. Nash, who retired from the active ministry in 1934, was educated at King's College and at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. His first curacy was at New Radford, Nottingham, from 1885 until 1892. From 1892 until 1897 he was secretary for the West Midland District of the Missions to Seamen. In that year he was appointed to a curacy at the Parish Church of Cheltenham, and two years later to the vicarage of St. James in that town. In 1911 he was appointed Rector of Trowbridge, in 1924 Vicar of Wilcot, and in 1931 Rural Dean of Pewsey. Mr. Nash was one of the last surviving members of the famous race on the Trent in 1890 between a four of the Nottingham clergy and a four of the Derby clergy. He coxed the Nottingham four, which won a magnificent race.

☪☪☪

THE present vestries of **Leicester Cathedral** are of wood and are most unsightly as well as inconvenient. Through a generous bequest, permanent vestries will shortly be provided. They will be built of Darley Dale stone, in harmony with the rest of the Gothic architecture, and will consist of a music and robing room for the choir, with a private vestry for the Bishop. It is hoped to complete the work by October.

A NOTABLE discovery of wall-paintings has been made at **Potter Heigham** church, Norfolk. Some thirty years ago various paintings were revealed in the north aisle and over the chancel arch, and a considerable section has now been cleaned and treated by Mr. E. T. Long, of Oxford. In the north aisle is a fifteenth-century painting of St. Christopher, and further east three rows of Nativity scenes of fourteenth-century date. The work is of high quality, and the colour scheme is confined almost entirely to red and yellow, with some outlining in grey. In the south aisle nothing was visible until recently except a charming female head in red outline, of fourteenth-century date, but as a result of careful treatment two scenes from the Corporal Works of Mercy—Visiting the Prisoner and Harboursing the Harbours—have been revealed. There are clear indications of other subjects, which it is hoped to uncover later.



LEICESTER CATHEDRAL
(Alfred Newton & Sons)

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.*.*

2963. What is the Spens Report?

It is the Report (Stationery Office, 3s. 6d.) of a Consultative Committee on Secondary Education. Not only teachers but all interested in education should study it in view of its suggestions for solving well-known problems in present experience. Most interesting to those who wish for more and better religious instruction is the chapter on the teaching of Scripture as a foundation for any other religious education given in the school or subsequently. The recognition of the importance of religious instruction with special reference to grammar schools and technical high schools is a landmark in educational plans, and the needs of the teacher's own position and of provision for effective treatment of the subject are very clearly stated. Other chapters should by no means be neglected. Good schools, "Church" and "Council" alike, are already carrying out some of the work, but even they are hampered by difficulties which the past has left for the present and future to solve.

2964. Does a churchwarden, resigning his office, lose his seat on the Council?

The position which a churchwarden, if qualified, holds on the Parochial Church Council naturally passes to his successor; but he is of course eligible to stand for election as a member of the Council. If it is desired to include him as a member without waiting for the next election, the Council could co-opt him, unless it already has the full number of co-opted members allowed by law—not more than one-fifth of the elected lay representatives.

2965. Why are there several altars in some cathedrals and churches? As a young Churchman I should like to know of books which explain what is done in church.

There were a number of altars in some old churches where there were many priests. Now there is always the "high altar" at which the principal celebrations of Holy Communion take place, and usually at least one smaller side altar for celebrations attended by only a few. But other altars are sometimes given as memorials, where those concerned like to assemble on anniversaries.

You are quite right to want to understand the meaning of what is done in church, and you would find much interesting and helpful information in such books as *The Ceremonial of the English Church* (Mowbrays, 2s. 6d.) and

WAY-MARKS

Points for Church People

HUMILITY

They had disputed one with another in the way.

It is the oneness of the soul's life with GOD's life that makes us try to be like Him and brings forth our unlikeness to Him. It is the source at once of aspiration and humility. The more aspiration, the more humility. Humility comes by aspiration.

Phillips Brooks

JUNE, 1939

Date THE GREATER FEASTS

4, S. Trinity Sunday.

11, S. St. Barnabas, A.M.
First after Trinity.

18, S. Second after Trinity.

24, S. Nativity of St. John Baptist.

25, S. Third after Trinity.

29, Th. St. Peter, A.M.

DAYS OF FASTING OR ABSTINENCE

Fridays, 2, 9, 16, 23, 30.

23, Vigil of St. John Baptist.

2, 3, Ember Days.

COMMEMORATIONS

5, Boniface, Bp. of Mainz, M., c. 755;

8, Thanksgiving for the Institution of Holy Communion;

9, Columba, Bp. of Iona, 597;

14, Basil, Bp. of Caesarea in Cappadocia, D., 379;

22, Alban, M., c. 304;

28, Irenaeus, Bp. of Lyons, D., 202.

Church Customs: Briefly Described and Simply Explained (1s.), both by the late Canon Vernon Staley.

Most Church customs have their origin in history, and there are many good books of Church history which you might study.

2966. Can a priest insist that godparents shall be communicants?

The mind of the Church on this subject is expressed in Canon 29 of 1603. "Neither shall any person be admitted godfather or godmother to any child at christening or confirmation,

before the said person so undertaking hath received Holy Communion."

It is obvious that in present-day practice this rule cannot be strictly enforced. Indeed, we do not think that a priest could refuse to baptize the child of a parishioner on the ground that the godparents were not communicants. On the other hand, it is clearly most desirable that they should be so. It is part of the duty of godparents to see that the child is instructed in the Christian Faith, and in due course presented for confirmation. And this is a duty which they can scarcely perform satisfactorily if they are not themselves communicants. Therefore, while we do not think that a hard and fast rule can be laid down, it seems desirable that the clergy should give instruction on the subject privately to individuals and also in sermons and through the Parish Magazine.

2967. Why do the clergy and people in some churches stand during the psalms while in others they sit?

As you probably know, our services of Morning and Evening Prayer are in great part based on the Offices of the Religious Orders. In these it was the custom for the monks to sit on the "misereres" while reciting the psalms which made up a large part of the Offices. Although there is no direction in the Prayer Book that the congregation should stand for the psalms it became the practice to do so, presumably on the principle that we should stand while praising God. The other practice of sitting during the psalms has come into use at a number of churches recently. In such matters it is usually best to follow the custom of the church in which one finds oneself.

2968. When is a Faculty necessary for alterations in churches, and what does it cost?

A Faculty is defined as a legal instrument necessary at law to sanction any alteration, addition, or diminution in respect of any consecrated building (other than a cathedral) or its contents, or any consecrated burial ground or glebe building. It is not necessary for such trifling matters as hassocks or book-boxes, nor, as a rule, for mere repairs. Application for a Faculty is made to the consistory court of the diocese by petition presented by the incumbent and churchwardens, with or without other parishioners, and can be opposed by any parishioner.

The fee for an unopposed Faculty varies, we believe, from £2. 2s. to £4. 14s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications as to the literary and artistic contents of this Magazine should be addressed to the Editor of THE SIGN, A. R. Mowbray & Co. Limited, 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1.

Every care will be taken of MSS., sketches, or photos submitted, but the Editor cannot be responsible for accidental loss. All MSS. should bear the author's name and address. If their return is desired in the event of non-acceptance STAMPS to cover the postage must be enclosed. Letters on business matters should be addressed to A. R. Mowbray & Co. Limited, at their London House as above.

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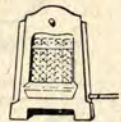
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MOTHERS' SOCIETY

Our first meeting of the month was held on May 4th. Miss Shotter continued her talks on "the Musts of the Christian life." We must worship Him in spirit and in truth, for "God is a Spirit." We must worship from the heart, not just an outward form of worship. One of the musts of Christian life is spiritual worship. Members present, 52.

At the meeting on May 11th it was passed that as a special Memorial to our founder, extra flowers be provided for the altar in St. Leonard's Chapel on Mother's Day. The Mothers' Society, as in former years, also provided the flowers for the altar. The address spoke especially of "Mothers." We were asked to read the 31st chapter of Proverbs which contains advice given by a mother to her son. We were asked to be praying mothers. Members present, 52.

On May 25th at 10.30 a.m., a number of our members attended the Holy Communion Service and embodied in this service was an Enrollment Service for the Mothers' Union. Afterwards a number of us went into the Parish House and prepared a luncheon which was served at 1 p.m. We had as guests at the luncheon, the Rector and Mrs. Browne, and Mr. Langstone. This is the first time we have had our Rector with the Mothers' Society and we very much appreciated having him amongst us. His few words to us and his toast to the King will be remembered. At 2.30 p.m. we opened our meeting with Hymn No 379 and prayers. The address was taken from Hebrews, parts of the 4th and 5th chapters, speak-

ing of Jesus as our great High Priest; also as the Captain of our salvation who in bringing many sons to glory, was made perfect through suffering, and who has gone before to prepare a place for us. We must hold fast with patience to this hope as an anchor of the soul. Members present, 57.

The closing meeting before the Summer will be held June 15th. Our Picnic this year is to be a bus ride to Niagara Falls on June 27th. We are looking for a good turnout of members at the picnic.

CHOIR

Members of the congregation will undoubtedly have noticed a difference in the rendering of the music of the service recently. The new responses and music for the Communion Service have been introduced. While this may seem strange to some of us at first, we find, as we become more accustomed to it and familiar with it, that it has a beauty of expression all its own; a quality that is not found anywhere outside the Church. We, the Choir, are doing our best to adapt ourselves to these changes, and we would like to take this opportunity of requesting your co-operation, and perhaps indulgence, until we have had time to adjust ourselves to the new conditions.

The Choir Picnic will be held on Tuesday, July 11th. In spite of the bad weather experienced last year, we have again arranged to cross the lake to Queenston, and we hope to have the same enthusiastic support to which we are accustomed from the congregation. Tickets may be obtained from any member of the Choir.

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VESTRY MEETING

The deferred Vestry Meeting was held in the Parish Hall on May 2nd and was attended by a large and enthusiastic representation of the congregation. The Rector was Chairman of the meeting and his opening remarks of counsel were based on four words beginning with the letter "P": People, Pastor, Purse Strings, Prayer. He stated that the future success depended upon the blending of these essentials in one great co-operative effort. It's hats off to the past, a great and glorious one, and coats off to the future.

As the express purpose of the meeting was for the election of officers, that business occupied most of the available time. The Rector announced with regret that Mr. F. P. Whitehouse was unable to continue as Rector's Warden and announced the appointment of Mr. Geo. Dodd. Mr. T. W. Turff was re-elected People's Warden. Those elected to other offices are as follows:—

Wardens: Rector's—Mr. Geo. Dodd; People's—Mr. T. W. Turff.

Advisory Board: Mrs. R. Connor, Mrs. C. Southgate, Mr. F. G. Thompson, Mr. G. Crosgrey, Mr. G. M. Porter, Mr. B. A. Smith, Mr. F. M. Mathias, Mr. W. Stratton, Mr. A. Eade, Mr. W. H. Mould, Mr. G. Armstrong, Mr. A. Allen.

Lay Delegates to Synod: J. W. Hamly, F. G. Thompson, W. T. James, Geo. Dodd, T. W. Turff, F. E. Belsham.

Cemetery Board: Geo. Dodd, T. W. Turff, A. Eade, F. P. Whitehouse, F. G. Thompson.

Parochial Tribunal: Geo. Munro, C. Rumley.

Auditors: E. J. Evason, C. W. Walker.

Envelope Secretary: T. W. Turff.

Vestry Clerk: F. E. Belsham.

Holy Baptism

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

May 6—Patricia Jean Laurason.

May 7—Ruth Audrey Louise Jackson, John David Walker, Marilyn Ruth Milnes, Linda Dorothy Hudson.

May 14—Anne Edith Foster, John Franklyn Martin.

May 21—Brian Edward Collins.

Holy Matrimony

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

May 4—James Grant Wilson and Elizabeth Andrews.

May 6—Leonard Jesse Fox and Patricia May Gardner.

May 6—Alexander Rae and Bertha Grace Gibbison.

May 18—James Smith Millican and Olive Brockbank.

May 20—James Harry Titherington and Elizabeth Kathleen Sayers.

May 23—Thomas Lunn and Gertrude Emily Mead.

May 27—John Smith and Grace Eileen Richardson.

May 27—James Henry Wright and Emily Harper.

Holy Burial

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

May 2—Margaret Jane Bird46 years

May 2—Bruce Jack Adams8 days

May 6—Edwin Yard78 years

May 13—Richard Purvis86 years

May 17—Percy Thorpe44 years

May 30—Thomas Henry Murrin56 years

Burials in Cemetery for month78

WARDENS' REPORT—MAY, 1939

Receipts

8 a.m. Communion	\$ 24.73
Envelopes	181.89
Open	255.30
Missions	65.30
Confirmation Service	27.72
A.Y.P.A. Bible Class	25.00
Ecclesia Girls' Bible Class	15.00
Knights of St. John Bible Class	10.00
Synod Endowment Interest	14.88
Rents	61.50
Bowling	26.86

\$708.18

Disbursements

Stipends and Salaries	\$403.32
Coal	73.90
Gas and Electric	34.07
Telephone	13.40
Books and Printing	19.81
Synod Assessment	348.46
Synod Luncheons	15.00
Repairs and Supplies	10.05
Sundries	11.26

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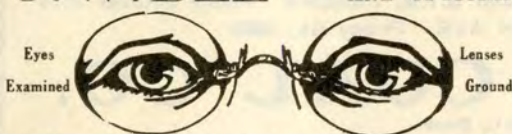
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