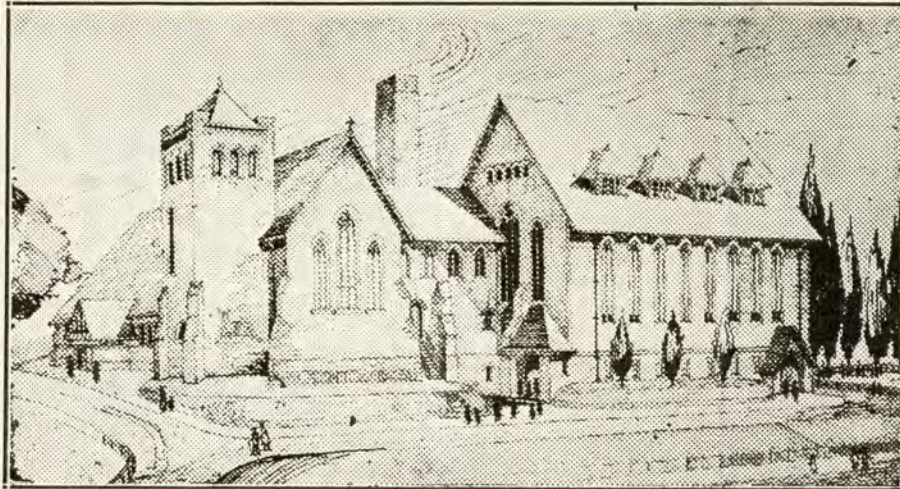


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**Deaconess:** MISS MARY SHOTTER, 500 Kingston Road, GROVER 1236.  
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Saints' Days at 10.30 a.m., every Thursday  
(with special intercessions) at 10.30 a.m.  
**MATTINS**—On 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays.  
**LITANY**—After Mattins on 5th Sunday.  
**EVENSONG**—Every Sunday at 7 p.m.

**HOLY BAPTISM**—Every Sunday at 4 p.m.,  
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## The Rector's Letter

My Dear Friends:

The sinking of the good ship "Athenia" has brought home to us more quickly than perhaps anything else that German "frightfulness" is again menacing the liberty of the world. In the way we dealt with it a quarter of a century ago we must deal with it again. What it will mean to our country, our parish, our homes and ourselves, no one can predict. The die is cast and we must grimly face whatever the future may bring, confident in the knowledge that we have taken up arms to uphold the sanctity of all that is highest and noblest in human affairs. Soon we shall know more particularly the special line in which we may place our best endeavors to ensure an early and complete victory. Much will be expected of us in a wide variety of ways, but I look forward with confidence to whatever comes, knowing the determination and loyalty of the people of St. John's. Take me well into your confidence so that no time may be lost in preliminaries which might be better used in our active co-operation.

On Tuesday mornings at 11 o'clock we shall have a Service of Intercession and Meditation, lasting for twenty minutes, with the special intention of the war in mind, starting on Tuesday, September 26th. The Chapel of St. Leonard is a fitting place for such a service when we think of the service of that other Leonard who gave so much for King and Country, as he was inspired by God to go forth to battle in the name of liberty and freedom.

Many enquiries have been made about the date of starting the next Confirmation classes, and I am glad to announce that they will begin on Thursday, September 28th, at 8 p.m. in Church. This is the second class this year. We had 63 candidates in the Spring, and we expect as many this Autumn. The Service of Confirmation will be held in the early part of December, so that we have two full months for preparation. In the meantime please everybody make it known that a warm welcome awaits those who join the class. Yes, you can come and take the course even if you have been already confirmed and just "sit in" with the others.

In many ways we are going to have to discipline ourselves in order to make our work as effective as possible in the Parish House. This discipline can take many forms, and there is one emphasis which I would like to make at this time—the matter of starting and stopping on time—really on time. There is no reason why evening meetings should not start on the dot at 8.30; or if you have a great deal to do or a long programme to carry out, start at 8 o'clock—on time. Then with regard to closing, we ought to be able to do all we want to do and have as good a time as we may by eleven o'clock. This gives two and a half or three hours for one evening's entertainment and work. On very special occasions, and

by special application, this rule can be stretched; but for all practical purposes the caretaker will ring a bell at eleven o'clock to close the gatherings, so that by a quarter past eleven he may put the lights out and lock up for the night. I am counting on the genuine co-operation of all executives to keep the spirit and the letter of this measure because I know that it has merely to be brought to their attention and they will see that it is carried out with fairness to everyone.

The Church is open daily for prayer. Drop in as you pass and make your supplications to God for our realm, our parish, those who carry on the work here, priests and people, and for yourself, that we may all do our duty in that state of life into which it shall please God to call us.

Ever your friend and Rector,

A. BRIARLY BROWNE.

## MOTHERS' UNION

All the mothers in the Parish are expected to try to be present in St. John's Church at 2.30 p.m. on Thursday, September 28th, when the Rector will conduct a Holy Hour. This is not just for members of the Mothers' Union, but for every mother who can possibly be there. It is the first of a series of Holy Hours to be held on the fourth Thursday of every month. Please consider yourself invited if you are a mother, whether young or old. The Rector would like to see the body of the Church filled at this time because there never was such a time when mothers are to be called upon to bear so much of the brunt of the anguish of the world. If you have no special problems of your own, come to encourage those who certainly have or soon will have. Link yourself with motherhood throughout the world in supplication, in praise and devotion. Thursday, September 28th, 2.30 p.m. in Church.

## A.Y.P.A. YOUNG MEN'S BIBLE CLASS

The A.Y.P.A. Young Men's Bible Class will open for the new season on October 1st. Class meetings will be held every Sunday in the Church at 2.30 p.m. under the leadership of Mr. H. B. Beerman and Mr. F. E. Belsham. Young men will be made welcome.

Two executive meetings have been held and an interesting and attractive programme has been arranged for the coming season. Activities for the first month include bowling, basketball, and a stag party on Monday, October 16th.

The officers and executive members for the year are as follows: Past President, Jack Coates; President, Cyril Little; Vice-President, Ken Whitehouse; Secretary, Harold Parsons; Treasurer, Charlie Fyfe; Publicity, Walter Ormerod; Membership, Timmy Collins; Programme, Bob Coates; Music, Jack David; Editor, Hedley Draper; Sports, Lloyd Henderson; Greeting Committee, Jack Cairns; Folio, Les. Woolnough.

ST. JOHN'S (NORWAY)  
LAWN BOWLING CLUB



**Tempus fugit**

It seems just only yesterday—

How time does swiftly roll—

Since Rector Browne—sans cap and gown. Sent up the opening bowl.

The annual open rink tournament for the Imperial Bank Trophy was held on August 31st. Clubs competing were: Balmy Beach, Cosburn, Runnymede, Kew Beach, Lynn Park,

Greenwood, Fairmount, Norwood, St. John's (2).

Lougheed's Kew Beach quartette got the silverware by scoring 31 for 3 wins; 2nd, Lee, Lynn Park, 3 wins and a score of 29; 3rd, Townsend, Greenwood, 2 wins, 35 plus 10. The high 1 win was a tie score of 30 between Pitfield of Fairmount and B. A. Smith of St. John's. The flip of a coin decided in favor of Fairmount. St. John's rink: A. Mort, A. J. Thompson, L. Wilcox and B. A. Smith (skip).

Harvey Spindloe skipped his rink to victory in the Hospital (club) Trophy. His aides were: Mrs. Rumley, H. Sloane and Miss A. Copleston. Runners-up were. Mrs. Johnston, T. Luxton, Mrs. Harrison and A. Graham (skip).

At the Boulevard open rink tournament St. John's, represented by A. Mort, C. Rumley, A. Graham and H. Mort (skip), had 3 wins for second prize.

In the Lynn Park open doubles tourney W. E. Johnston and B. A. Smith, St. John's, got the high 1 win. At the same club in an open rink event St. John's came in for second prize. The participants: W. E. Johnston, C. Rumley, A. Graham, H. Mort (skip).

Indoor bowling starts next month. Members will be advised as to date. Tuesdays and Thursdays are the nights assigned.

New members will be made welcome and are asked to get their names in as early as possible if they want to be placed on a team. The Secretary's number is HO. 3621.

**AFTERNOON BRANCH W.A.**

The Afternoon Branch of the W.A. will resume its activities on September 20th. The monthly Diocesan Board meeting is to be held on the 14th of September.

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**UNITY CALL FEATURE "LEST WE FORGET"**

The 14th annual "Lest We Forget" remembrance service and parade of the East Toronto Veterans' Association was held Sunday, August 27th, 1939, in St. John's Cemetery (Norway). A ringing call for unity among all veterans in face of the critical European situation was given in a short address by M. McIntyre Hood, vice-president of the Ontario command of the legion.

Over 300 ex-service men, augmented by several groups of Canadian Legion ladies' auxiliaries, participated in the march. Among the units falling in were Legion branch No. 10, Legion branch No. 11, Legion branch No. 42, Legion branch No. 93 (tubercular veterans), Legion branch No. 22, Progressive Veterans' Association, Legion branch No. 73.

Music was supplied by the Oakridge Legion boys' band, directed by bandmaster William Nutt, and the Todmorden branch No. 10 pipe band led by pipe major John Howie and drum major R. Duff.

White uniforms predominated in the ladies' section with the Progressive Veterans' ladies' section wearing blue berets and blue capes with red linings.

Capt. Rev. E. Ralph Adye, L.Th., chairman of the Ontario Poppy Fund, officiated at the cemetery ceremony and led the veterans in a prayer for peace. Rev. J. A. Langstone, curate of St. John's (Norway) Anglican Church, assisted during the service. William Strachan of Branch 10, Todmorden, acted as chairman, Controller D. McNish spoke.

Before the Last Post and Lament a two-minute silence was observed in memory of Col. Rev. Baynes-Reed, D.S.O., late rector of St. John's (Norway). Sergt. G. L. Weir, late of the 30th Battery, sounded Last Post, and piper Alex Howie, Toronto Scottish Regiment, piped the Lament.

At the close of the ceremonies, presidents of the ladies' sections decorated each soldier's grave in the three veterans' plots with flowers and little wooden crosses. Representing the provincial ladies' section command, Mrs. H. Long led the decorators and placed a wreath on the grave of Col. Rev. Baynes-Reed.

Officers in charge of their units were: Clare Gould, Mr. Glendenning, J. Turner, T. Bates, W. Lister, Ray Law and W. Brigeman. Ladies' officers included Mrs. W. Davenport, Mrs. W. Jones and Mrs. M. MacManus. Len Falkner acted as parade marshal and J. Hinkley as cemetery marshal.

The committee included W. Strachan, J. McIlveen, T. J. Williams, Walter Ashton, J. McCracken and Gordon Gray.

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## Brass-Rubbing, and how to do it By Mrs. Esdaile

ONE of the advantages of brass-rubbing as a hobby is the extreme simplicity of the materials required. White lining paper from any paperhanger's, heel-ball from any cobbler's, will do, and cost together a matter of pence. But the very best results will be obtained by using Paper No. 97, made by Arthur Sanderson & Sons, 52 Berners Street, London, W.1, and the two types of heel-ball, No. 50F for large bold brasses, and No. 50 for finer ones, made by the Redio Company, Warwick Road, Hampton Wick, Kingston-on-Thames.

Now for some advice as to proceedings. Always ask leave to rub a brass; for certain famous ones a small charge is made, which is reasonable, and should not be resented. Always leave things exactly as you found them; and never rub over the edge of your paper, as the removal of heel-ball from stone is very difficult. Remember that the brass is the property of the church, yourself a privileged guest, and behave accordingly.

Lay your paper absolutely flat, securing it with weights at the corners; rub evenly and firmly, and take care not to shift the paper as you move your hand. You are really printing, as it were, from an engraved plate; only where a line engraving is inked so that the design appears in dark lines on a white surface, your rubbing will show the design in white lines on a dark surface. How close the connection is may be seen from the fact that one or two seventeenth-century engravers of plates for books also sign brasses, just as one or two silversmiths sign them. The drawing of lines on a metal plate is the same, whether the material is copper, steel, or "brass."

This brings us to a most important point.

Brasses are not made of brass in our sense, but of a soft alloy known as latten; the makers of mediaeval brasses were called latteners, and their material, which should be of a soft olive colour, is ruined by high polish. It is quite possible to rub out the design on brasses by using modern metal polishes, and the ardent but ignorant church-worker may ruin what she means to brighten. If highly polished brasses are discovered they should at once be reported to the vicar of the parish, or failing him to the archdeacon.

Not all brasses give an equally good result. The fine mediaeval brass with clear strong lines, or such noble seventeenth-century examples as the Archbishop Harsnett at East Sutton, will give clear white lines on a dark even ground; the pictorial brasses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries will be less good, as the lines are much smaller and the surfaces more broken. Brasses removed from their ledgers and set on a wall (a practice now universally deprecated) are both difficult and exhausting to rub, and should not be attempted by the beginner. Even at the best, with a nice flat brass and a nice flat paper, rubbing is tiring work, but that it is worth while will be disputed by no one who has seen the North Court of the Victoria and Albert Museum

transformed into a gallery of decorative art by the hanging of such rubbings on the walls. Small brasses mounted on fabric can be most effective on the panels of doors; even a large brass can sometimes be so used, and changed from time to time to give variety.

The best, indeed the only essential, handbook for the beginner is the *Catalogue of Brasses* published by the Victoria and Albert Museum at 5s., and excellently illustrated and arranged by dates;



ARCHBISHOP HARSNETT BRASS,  
CHIGWELL

from it you can find out what brasses there are near you, and of what periods. It also contains a valuable essay on costume, a note on palimpsest brasses, that is, brasses re-used at a later date with a complete design or (more commonly) a fragment visible on the other side—in short, much of the greatest interest. But it is permissible to protest against the statement that of seventeenth-century brasses “none are of any interest,” even though the two referred to above are admitted in the previous sentence to be “tolerable”; and the magnificence of the lettering on most brasses of the period is ignored.

Finally, if you have the time, and if there is no rubbing to be seen either in church or vestry,

offer to do a duplicate for the church in which you are at work. The habit of framing such rubbings where the originals are protected by mat or carpet is growing; it is a help to visitors, and a sign of real interest in the church itself. After all, you are getting something for yourself by rubbing brasses (and, I hope, remembering the alms-box too); it is surely pleasant to do something in return. And if by good luck you find that rarest of treasures, an artist's signature, make a note of it for the Monumental Brass Society, 267 High Holborn, W.C.1, or, better still, join that society by paying its modest subscription, and so help it in its work of preserving the brasses which are among the greatest treasures of English art.

## Over the Teacups



DELVILLE WOOD MEMORIAL, CAPE TOWN  
(Photograph by Miss F. M. Beck)

**Competitions**  
Most, perhaps all, of us have read Aesop's Fables, or some other well-known series of "Cautionary Tales." This month prizes are offered for the best *Original and Modern Fable* in the brief and pithy style of Aesop. These should reach us not later than the first post on Friday, September 22nd.

Then there is another Competition for amateur photographers: *A Photograph of a Garden in Autumn*. Each entry must bear

the name and address of the sender written on the back, and must reach us not later than the first post on Friday, October 20th.

In each Competition the First Prize will be 10s. and the Second, 5s., and the address to which they must be sent is: "Over the Teacups," c/o The Editor, 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1.

### Report on Competition

*An Adventure Story for Children.* This has been a very successful Competition. A large number of interesting stories were sent in, and the competitors have followed our advice in avoiding gangster stories and horrors generally. Children finding treasure while "exploring" was a favourite subject, and there were also fairy stories, stories based on history, an African lion-hunt, an adventure in a balloon, and a thrilling account of a motor-race written by a boy of fourteen.

*First Prize*, Mrs. Cruse, "Sunnyside," Albert Road, New Milton, Hants. *Second Prize*, Mrs. Stockwell, "Rosebriars," Upton Way, Broadstone. *Very Highly Commended*: Misses Benbow, Bird, Byers, Park (a New Zealand story), Mr. Paton, and a jolly "Barts" story from Mr. Charles Webb. *Highly Commended*: Mrs. Hayes, Misses Clarke, Gordon, Knapton, Leech, and J. Cooper (aged fourteen). *Commended*: Sister Adeline, Misses Adamson, Bridgeman, Butterworth, Cook, Herbemont, Wiles.

**Michaelmas Recipes.**—September always brings thoughts of Michaelmas, and that in its turn suggests Michaelmas

Goose. But a goose is a big bird, and can become rather a "bore." Here is a recipe for using up *tough drumsticks*. Soak them for some time—the longer the better—in olive oil, salt, and pepper, turning them occasionally. Wipe well, cover with a good forcemeat, and wrap up in thin rashers of bacon, tying with thin string. Put in a baking dish, and bake for twenty to thirty minutes. Any bird, by the way, which possesses sizable drumsticks can supply the want.

*Savoury Suet Pudding.*— $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. plain flour, 4 oz. chopped suet, large teaspoonful baking powder, 4 oz. chopped cooked meat, 2 oz. chopped onion, 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful powdered herbs, salt and pepper to taste, about 1 gill water or sour milk. Mix all dry ingredients thoroughly, then add sufficient liquid to bind stiffly. Steam, in a greased basin, for about two and a half to three hours. Serve with a good gravy.

*Pears* are in season, and here is a luscious sweet. Peel, core, and slice the requisite number of pears, and put in a dish with sugar (demerara is best), and a small piece of butter between each layer of fruit. Bake slowly until soft and brown, and serve with cream.

**A Household Hint.**—Now summer is over, the B.B.C. no longer implores people to subdue the tones of their loud-speakers by shutting their windows. One often wonders why a similar plea is not made to dwellers in flats, whose wireless sets often make themselves heard through the floor down to the neighbour in the story below. This trouble can easily be obviated, especially when the offending floor is covered with linoleum, under which layers of newspaper are placed, to act, so to speak, as a "sound absorber." Linoleum, though, is apt to crack unless well waxed and polished. *Mansion Polish* is excellent, for it really does keep floors in good condition with a minimum amount of labour. It is, fortunately, antiseptic, and so helps to keep away the influenza germ which rears up its ugly head in the autumn.

"Feed me with food convenient for me."

WITH food convenient let me be fed,  
Food for the heart and head.  
I do not ask the things that travellers tell,  
The splendour of the tropic night,  
The desert's changing face, the white  
Of the far northern snows: it were not well  
To feed my spirit on such alien food.  
I ask no more than gentle England yields,  
The cowslips carpeting the wide green fields,  
Primroses in the wood,  
Small rivers, sliding softly to the sea,  
The creamy line of foam on little beaches,  
The rustling corn-field's murmured melody,  
And when the year's bright wheel, in turning, reaches  
The days of autumn's mists and frosts again,  
The scent of burning weeds pervading  
The stubble fields, and sunset fading  
Over the farmsteads rich with garnered grain.

Helen Grey

## Gentleness

By the Rev. H. W. Reindorp, Rector of Harlington, Middlesex



REV. H. W. REINDORP  
(Wykeham Studios Ltd.)

WHAT visions this word gentleness conjures up, and alas, how often it is misunderstood. Nay, not only misunderstood but there are times when it is used in a wrong sense. The writer was once at a gathering where the question of hymns suitable for children was being discussed, when a speaker got up and said, "We should banish from our Children's Services all such hymns as 'Gentle JESUS, meek and mild' and teach the children hymns such as 'Strong SON of GOD, immortal Love.'" The speaker in a sense was right and yet in another sense wrong. He was right if the word "gentleness" is synonymous with weakness, flabbiness, possessing no backbone; but does the word mean this? No, most emphatically it does not, though it must be confessed that this idea seems to prevail in the minds of many people as one can judge from the saying, "She is so gentle that she would not hurt a fly." Gentleness does not consist of mere negation, not doing this or that; on the contrary, it has very definite attributes.

### WHAT IS GENTLENESS?

But you ask, What is gentleness? Let me try to define it. Gentleness is love in society. "It is love holding intercourse with those around it. It is that cordiality of aspect and that soul of speech which assures us that kind and earnest hearts may still be met with here below. It is that quiet influence which, like the scented flame of an alabaster lamp, fills many a home with light and warmth, and fragrance altogether. It is the carpet, soft and deep, which, whilst it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a creaking sound. It is the curtain which from many a beloved form wards off at once the summer's heat and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head and forgets half its misery.

"It is considerateness. It is tenderness of feeling. It is warmth of affection. It is the promptitude of sympathy. It is love in all its depths, and all its delicacy. In short, it is everything included in that matchless grace—the gentleness of CHRIST." So wrote an eminent Presbyterian divine, the Rev. Dr. J. Hamilton, who died in 1870. And can one find a better definition? Does it not sum up for us the positive attributes of gentleness?

### GENTLENESS GIVES STRENGTH

It is no wonder, then, that St. Paul reminds us that it is one of the gifts of the HOLY SPIRIT, and must be cultivated. But before we pass on to think of this cultivation let us ask ourselves a

question, Which achieves most, gentleness or violence, in the long run? Is it not gentleness? If you think it out you will see that gentleness is far more successful in all its enterprises than violence; indeed, violence generally frustrates its own purpose, while gentleness scarcely ever fails in the long run.

The reason is not far to seek, for gentleness contains fixed principles, while violence is often based on expediency.

Our Blessed LORD was in the true sense of the word gentle. Think how tenderly He dealt with the sinner, though never condoning the sin. Yet He could still be very stern, as witness His words at the cleansing of the Temple, "Take these things hence; make not My FATHER'S house an house of merchandise" (*St. John ii. 16*). I need not recall the many incidents in CHRIST'S life where He displayed gentleness, they must immediately spring to your mind. Thus in the gentleness of CHRIST one may perceive the attribute of kindness.

Kindness has resistless charms,  
All things else but weakly move:  
Fiercest anger it disarms,  
And clips the wings of flying love.

### HOW IT MAY BE CULTIVATED

In fact, throughout the New Testament the meaning of the word we are discussing is kindness. And does not kindness at times demand firmness, and even pain? Who so gentle and kind as a surgeon? Gentleness or kindness is like a scalpel in a skilful surgeon's hand, it cuts away with the lightest of touches the offending growth. It is swift and sure, but oh, so gentle and kind. The reason is that the hand is controlled by the surgeon's mind, it is a controlled hand. If we would exhibit true gentleness, we must first of all learn "self-control." That is why St. Paul says it must be cultivated. It is something which springs from within, and not from without. Gentleness is not something that we can put on at a moment's notice, like a coat, and put off when we will. It is a very vital part of our character, what we really are, it is part of our disposition. And it grows, just in so far as we permit it to have sway over our everyday lives.

Now where there is growth there is life, and where there is life there is spirit, so we can understand something of what St. Paul meant when he wrote, "But the fruit of the SPIRIT is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, self-control (temperance)."

All these virtues may be said to be attributes of gentleness. Does this not urge us to pray that our lives may be so controlled by His SPIRIT that the sweet perfume of gentleness may pervade our homes, soothe the sorrows of others, spread happiness around us, and display that fearless gentleness which is born of modesty and love?

# The Angel Window

A Story of Michaelmas

✻ By Olive F. Evans

"And some, when He commands them, go  
To guard His servants here below,"

sang the children, Dick Glover's voice sounding louder than the rest.

Dick sang without regard to time or tune, otherwise he might have been a member of the choir, and yet it is doubtful whether he would have behaved himself well enough. Notorious as the rebel of the village, Dick knew he had neither talents nor good qualities to his credit. He consequently suffered from what it is now the fashion to call an inferiority complex, which most people misinterpreted as defiance.

"An unfortunate lad who cannot help getting into mischief," his schoolmaster confided to the new curate, who, strange to say, had already succeeded in attracting Dick where every one else had failed. Actually the boy, orphaned in babyhood, was more to be pitied than blamed since an impecunious maiden aunt had adopted him more from a sense of duty than affection.

It was the custom for the village children to attend church on the greater festivals. Usually Dick found this irksome, but this particular service appealed to him.

"If I didn't fidget I might be a server," he thought, while unconsciously he swung his right foot to and fro until it struck the back of the pew.

"There was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels."

The words thrilled Dick so much that he stopped swinging his foot and listened more intently. He enjoyed a fight better than anything so long as his opponent was as big or bigger than himself. Only yesterday he had told the curate, "Fighting is the only thing I do really well. I'll be the bravest soldier ever when I grow up, and I hope I'll have the chance to fight many battles."

"You don't need to wait until you grow up, Dick," the curate answered gently. "You are a soldier now. When you were baptized you promised manfully to fight under CHRIST'S banner against sin. First you must conquer self. Remember, too, that peace is better than war."

It was difficult to connect the curate's point of view with this portion of Scripture, during the reading of which, if you had any imagination at all, you could plainly hear the clash of swords. That was why Dick liked Michaelmas, better even than Christmas with its message of goodwill to men. He looked up at the stained-glass windows. There were pictures of the Presentation of CHRIST and the Worship of the Magi. Why wasn't there one dedicated to St. Michael? "If I were a rich man like Squire I'd have one put there," he thought.

The service ended and the children trooped out into the street. Dick went alone, past cottage gardens riotous with golden sunflowers and Michaelmas daisies, over which hovered Red Admiral butterflies, and bees working against time to extract sweetness.

At dinner-time he was so quiet that his aunt wondered what fresh mischief he was planning. Presently he sauntered off through the village and down a lane until he came to a stile leading to Farmer Brown's meadow. Sitting astride the stile he began to whistle softly:

"And some, when He commands them, go  
To guard His servants here below."

Across the meadow a little stream wandered like a silver ribbon, extending an invitation to trespass. Dick would have accepted the invitation but for the fact that Farmer Brown's bull was often let loose in the meadow.

A blob of scarlet in the meadow to the left of him attracted his notice. Dick looked more closely and recognized Jessica, the Squire's four year old daughter, in her red frock stooping to pick the late harebells. Evidently she had entered the meadow through a gap in the hedge. A hurrying, thudding sound to the right made Dick turn his head, and to his horror he saw the

bull charging down the field at a terrific rate. There was no chance for Jessica to escape, unless—unhesitatingly Dick jumped down from the stile and bravely ran to intercept the bull. He could feel the breath from its nostrils. Then he shrieked at the sharp pain which cut him like a knife, felt himself hurtling through the air, and landed unconscious on top of the high, broad hedge. Jessica, hearing his cry, turned, then dropping her flowers she fled through the gap to safety and rushed home to tell the news.

It was impossible for Dick to recover the doctor

said, after the boy had been taken to his aunt's cottage and put to bed. Later he regained consciousness, and despite his pain tried to reason the matter out with his friend the curate:

"The angels didn't keep watch and guard over Miss Jessica," he said.

"Why, Dick, of course they did. That is how you happened to be there. The angels knew she was in danger, and so they sent you to protect her."

Dick nodded his head to signify that he understood. "I'm glad of that," he replied feebly. "But I'm disappointed I can never be a soldier like St. Michael. I wasn't a bit afraid of the bull, but now it's getting dark all round and I'm tired." His voice faltered.

For answer the curate repeated softly:

"So shall no wicked thing draw near,  
To do us harm or cause us fear;  
And we shall dwell, when life is past,  
With angels round Thy throne at last."

and Dick with a smile upon his face passed into the Fuller Life.

There is a stained-glass window now above the children's Corner in the village church. The window, which is dedicated to St. Michael and All Angels, was a gift from the Squire in memory of Dick Glover.



"Dick . . . bravely ran  
to intercept the bull"



# The Path to Holy Orders

Some Practical Hints for those who wish to be ordained

By the Ven. R. V. H. Burne, Archdeacon of Chester

ONE of the most remarkable signs of the times is the way in which the "black-coated" professions, as they are called, have been thrown open to the poorest in the land, if they have the ability to seize their opportunities, and amongst these professions we may include the Ministry of the Church of England. But surprisingly little is known of the way a prospective candidate for Holy Orders should proceed, and this article is written to tell him quite simply what he ought to do.

The subject may be considered under three heads, spiritual, educational, and financial.

## SPIRITUAL

No man should think of being ordained unless he believes that he is called to that work by God. Ordination is lifelong and irrevocable, like Christian marriage, and should be approached with as much care and forethought. In particular, parents should be very shy of bringing pressure to bear upon their boy in this matter. Let him know their wish for him, by all means, but leave it to him to decide whether "it is his job," as he would put it.

In this connection it should be remembered that a boy can hardly be in a position to judge whether he has a vocation before he has reached the age of eighteen and before he has seen something of other kinds of work. The best preparation he can have, therefore, is some kind of secular employment while he is in his teens, where he can get to know the world and his fellow men. He should also remember that he will be ordained to be a "fisher of men" and not a glorified sacristan, and that his work outside the walls of his church will be at least as important as his work inside. A love of services and ceremonial is not in itself a sign of vocation; a desire to teach in the Sunday School is a much better sign.

## EDUCATION

No man can begin his theological training until he has passed matriculation, which admits him to a University or a Theological College. The three commonest are those of London, the Northern Universities, and Durham. The School Certificate (generally taken as a leaving certificate at the Secondary Schools), if passed with credit in five subjects, is equivalent to matriculation, but for ordination candidates two of those five subjects must be English and either Latin or Greek.

This matriculation is often a great stumbling-block to those who have left school before reaching that standard. They can study for it by a Correspondence Course in the evenings, and some people succeed in matriculation by this method. Others find the strain too great and fail to keep pace with the lessons which are sent them. An alternative is to go to a school which exists specially for this purpose. Such a school is the

Knutsford Ordination Test School at Hawarden, near Chester, which has been inspected and approved by both Church and Government. There is room for thirty-five men and the course is either one year or two. There is also Tatterford School, near Fakenham, Norfolk, which is doing the same sort of work. Full particulars can be obtained from the respective Principals.

Once past matriculation the candidate has to consider his specialized theological training. He will find full particulars about this in a little pamphlet called *Training for the Ministry*, which is published by the Church Assembly for 1s. There he will learn that before being made deacon he must be twenty-three years old and have passed the General Ordination Examination or some recognized equivalent, such as the Durham L.Th. or the London A.K.C. The best form of preparation is a degree course at a University followed by a year or eighteen months at a Theological College. The alternative is three years at a Theological College only. Some bishops are now insisting that all their candidates must have degrees, and one way of complying with this condition is to spend three years at a Theological College which is affiliated to Durham University, pass the Durham L.Th., and proceed to Durham for a fourth year, thus qualifying for a degree. There are nine of these Theological Colleges besides three Missionary Colleges.

The above courses have been agreed upon by the bishops, but any bishop has the power to alter them to suit special cases, and this is often done for men over thirty. Such men, by the way, should be provisionally accepted by a bishop before they begin their training.

## FINANCE

"Aye, there 's the rub." Residence at Oxford or Cambridge costs anything from £200 a year. Durham is a little cheaper. Theological Colleges range from £120 to £140 a year, and there are also vacations to be considered as well as clothes, books, and travelling. Candidates in need of help should apply first to the Central Advisory Council of Training for the Ministry, 2 Wood Street, Westminster. They should also apply to the Training Committee of their own diocese. Most Theological Colleges and some of the Colleges at Durham give bursaries. There are also Mirfield and Kelham, who each in their own way cater for the poor man and will, if necessary, train him free of charge. Mirfield expects some repayment to be made after ordination. Their candidates must be between eighteen and twenty-two and must have matriculated. The course is three years at Leeds University and two years at Mirfield. Kelham take their men from the age of sixteen to twenty-two and give them their own special training which lasts six years.



## SYNOPSIS

LILAC HEDGES gives up her work with the firm of Eames & Fallow without explanation at home. 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. SIMON KEITH tells her the house is haunted. A month later the "hauntings" begin, but Lilac is not afraid. She meets WALTER TYLER, a young friend from her home, and partly confides in him. Lilac hears more about the "ghost" when she meets MR. and MRS. REED; and events move quickly. Simon Keith tries to get her to leave her rooms, and she hears that Mr. Sheppey is making inquiries. Lilac is very disturbed and perplexed.

The story continues—

## CHAPTER XVI

## TELLING MR. GREEN

THE rush and hurry of her daily life kept Lilac from brooding over things after Simon Keith's departure, which was lucky, for she found herself missing him to an extent which surprised her. The first night of his absence was her supper-duty night and she did not reach home until half past nine. She had only time to run in to No. 1, pick up the suit-case she had left ready packed, say good night to Bessie, and hasten round to Mrs. Stebbing, who had passed the evening with a friend along the Terrace, and who welcomed her as a ship-wrecked mariner might welcome a rescuing boat.

Lilac rather repented having consented to leave her familiar quarters and to occupy this small room; but she was made very comfortable and she felt glad to realize what a support her presence was to the nervous woman. There was a connecting door between their rooms and Lilac urged her hostess to rouse her should she be alarmed or disturbed during the night; for which, however, there was no necessity.

The night following, the girl promised to be in earlier, but on leaving the Hostel she managed on her way home to keep an appointment she had made to see Mr. Green, and to lay her difficulties before him.

He heard her story with the same sense of surprise and shock that Mrs. Beaufort had done. He questioned her very closely about all that had passed between herself and Sheppey, wishing particularly to know whether she had any written evidence of the fraud she had detected. She had nothing at all. It was a problem that needed reflection, and Mr. Green found it impossible to give definite advice at the moment upon so grave a dilemma. He wished to know the exact state of her feeling for Walter Tyler, whose letter she showed him.

"If you told him everything, this young man might offer to help you—to take some step in the matter himself."

Lilac's "No" to this was very decided. "I wasn't sure, but I have now found out that I don't want to marry Walter," said she. "I don't feel as if he trusted me; and he has his position to consider. The head gardener at the Manor couldn't afford to have any scandal connected with his wife. If all this were to come out Sheppey would certainly find some way to make me pay for it; and Walter and his family would suffer, not to mention Mother and Julia and Herbert."

"You have really taken this matter into your own hands, you know, Lilac, by writing to refuse this young man's offer of marriage before consulting me," said Mr. Green with a smile. "Are you quite sure you are wise? You say Mrs. Beaufort knows and believes your story? Surely she could influence young Tyler and all the village in your favour?"

"But it mustn't be known," said Lilac desperately.

"How are you going to prevent it? You see what your young man says in his letter; the story that you are in hiding will be all over the village. I must have time to consider this matter, for it is highly complicated. What I am going to ask you to do is to give me leave, should I see fit, to communicate with Mrs. Beaufort on the subject. I quite see her motive—how anxious she was to get you away, out of this man's reach—but for all that I don't think she was wise."

"What would you have done?" asked Lilac point-blank. "If you tackled Sheppey he would at once say that he knew all along I was dishonest, that he found me out, but for my mother's sake said nothing about it, only stipulating that I went right away. What could we say or do against that? Nothing but make the whole thing public, as far as I can see."

"I don't quite understand the man Sheppey, his attitude, I mean," said Mr. Green thoughtfully. "He cannot wish really that the thing should be talked about. Surely it is clean against his interests that there should be any kind of comment. I should have imagined he would be only too glad to leave it all hushed up."

"But, you see, he doesn't trust me. Wants to get at me through Walter. He feels sure that I should inform against him if I dared. And he reasons that if I were to become engaged to Walter Tyler I should tell him the whole story. He is right there. I could not marry anybody without telling him, could I?"

Mr. Green walked up and down the room.

"Will you authorize me either to write to Mrs. Beaufort or to go and see her?" he asked.

"It seems too bad to give her more trouble, doesn't it?"

"Is that your only objection? You would trust me in the matter, knowing your secret was safe with me?"

"Oh, yes."

"Very well. I regard that as permission and I will ask you to take no further step of any kind until you hear from me again."

"Walter is sure to write."

"Give me your promise to refer to me before you answer any further letter from him."

"Yes," she told him, "I will agree to that"; and added a few halting words of thanks for his interest in her. She knew she trusted him utterly, and when he had prayed with her she felt strangely comforted and better able to face her difficulties.

Thereafter ensued a series of summer days during which the country-bred Lilac would have felt like a washed-out rag had she not had the Great House park in which to rest and breathe. Fortunately, the pressure of work began to slacken at the Hostel. Many of the girls left for their holidays, some to go to a job elsewhere and thus not to return to St. Joan's. The staff also began to go away for holidays in rotation, and Lilac, as having so lately arrived, would not be eligible for any holiday yet awhile.

Laura would have liked much to have a holiday together with her friend, but as that could not be at present, she managed to get her firm to allow her, instead of a consecutive fortnight, two periods of ten days each, of which one was not to be until the beginning of October, when the two girls planned to go to Belgium together if possible.

Meanwhile, the short nights and long light evenings did in part diminish Mrs. Stebbing's fears. She liked Lilac, was in fact rather inconveniently fond of her company, but Lilac coaxed her out into the gardens in the cool of the day, which did both her health and spirits good. Her husband was still in hospital, but as the doctors declared him to be on the road to recovery, there was no fear of his losing his job, which was a real relief to his wife, even though she was always declaring that anything which enabled her to live anywhere else would be a godsend to her.

Wat Tyler, terribly hurt and upset by Lilac's "No," wrote a short and angry letter to which she sent no reply.

Except that Mrs. Stebbing declared that she now and again heard footsteps overhead, there were no alarming occurrences. The Reeds invited Mrs. Stebbing to tea, and then, finding that Lilac could not accept tea invitations, asked them both to play whist one evening. Mr. Reed roguishly inquired whether the ghost had been active lately, and Mrs. Stebbing said that never had she known it so quiet. She really believed that the presence of Lilac in the house kept it on its good behaviour.

"And when do you expect your nephew back again?" inquired Mrs. Reed; to which Mrs. Stebbing answered that there was no saying. The hay harvest depended upon the weather, and the crop that year was so heavy that the work was hard, "and they find it

difficult to get labour on the farm in spite of all they keep saying in the papers about unemployment," she complained.

Mr. Reed very sensibly pointed out that unemployed men want regular jobs and that haymaking is a very temporary thing. To which Mrs. Stebbing retorted that in her Essex girlhood men from the towns used to take their holiday by doing a spell of haymaking, but nowadays every one's idea of a holiday was to do nothing at all. Lilac laughingly said that the two Mr. Keiths had better invite down a contingent of girls from the Hostel to do a day's work. "I'd love a day in the hay myself," she added.

She thought no more of her words, but Mrs. Stebbing must have conveyed the hint to Simon; for a few days later Miss Delane called Lilac into the office and showed her a letter from Crown Acres Farm, asking for enough girls to fill a motor coach and offering, if the girls in question would give a fair day's work, to pay for the journey and give them their meals.

The girls went quite crazy at the prospect. The weather was set for a fair spell, and Miss Delane selected a group of those she and Sister Emma thought the strongest and most dependable, adding a few who looked as if a day in the country might do wonders with them. Lilac was to be sent down in charge, and Laura, whose holiday began that day, made up her mind to be one of the party.

Lilac begged that Bessie Ford might come too, as she knew what a delight the day off would be to her; and Mrs. Stebbing gladly undertook the care of old Mrs. Ford for the whole day.

## CHAPTER XVII

### CROWN ACRES

IT was wonderful how quickly and soon the powerful motor coach carried the chattering, excited girls out of London. Burnwell is not far from Epping Forest, the beauties of which were greeted with rapture. The party set out at six o'clock, while the morning was still cool, and soon after seven found themselves approaching the village of Thatchers which, as it lay three miles off a main road, had not so far been built over or spoiled.

Crown Acres was not far beyond the village, a typical East Anglian farmstead, the house itself some centuries old. It looked prosperous and well-worked; and the two brothers Keith, who stood to welcome their guests, were a fine pair of sturdy Englishmen. With them, much to her amusement, Lilac recognized Tom Glynn, attired like them in a shirt, trousers, and wide straw hat. She saw that his presence was as much a surprise to Laura as to herself, and greetings were hearty and joyful.

It was charming to see how politely Simon welcomed Bessie, and assured her that no work would be expected from her, to which she cried out that she was going to do her bit and that she expected she could hold her own with any of these permed young ladies!

This produced roars of laughter, for truth to tell the Hostel girls one and all seemed to have been



"Mr. Green walked up and down the room"

"permed" for the occasion. But anything made everybody laugh on that brilliant morning.

Breakfast was waiting for them in the long barn, plates and plates of cut ham and hard-boiled eggs, and any quantity of tea from great hissing urns.

There were two Keith sisters, one already married and the other about to follow her example and forsake the bachelor brothers. Both were present that day, and as soon as his duties as host were performed, Simon introduced Lilac to Jessie and Marian, as well as to big brother Bill.

Lilac was conscious that she liked them all.

The young men waited on their visitors, warning them that they would be expected to start away forthwith on their duties, and also that shady hats absolutely must be worn. That was an order, for cases of sunstroke were apt to be serious. The girls had been duly warned and had all brought hats, but were loth to hide the charms of their furrowed heads beneath them. Conditions are so improved nowadays that all these London-employed girls were in the habit of playing games, cycling and so on, and the work they did that fine morning surprised and gratified the Keiths.

"Funny whim of Simon's, having down these girls," big brother Bill had remarked the previous day to Jessie and Marian.

"Bless you, Simon's paying for the lot just because he wants to see one of 'em," Jessie had answered with a laugh. "Fancy old Simon! He never was one for the girls. I hope she's good enough for him."

When Lilac and Laura were brought up to the sisters by their brother to be introduced, the family felt that, as far as looks went, either of these would do.

"Thought there was something up when he was so slow to come home," said Bill with a sigh. "He's not so fond of his old Auntie Stebbing but that he could tear himself away from her."

But he was not altogether displeased for, although he was not himself a marrying man, yet he wanted a Keith to inherit the old place.

All the morning the work went on in most business-like fashion. Dinner was brought out into the field in big washing-baskets, vast sandwiches of cold meat, bread and butter, cheese, and plenty of it; and was rounded off by baskets full of strawberries.

After a short interval for digestion, during which the Keiths foregathered with Lilac, Laura, and Tom Glynn, on went the work again. By evening, Lilac was healthily tired. There was no afternoon tea; urns stood on a table in the shade and all workers were free to ask for a drink when wanted. At eight o'clock the professional haymakers dispersed, and the girls from the Hostel were entertained as they had been for breakfast, the family sitting down with them and all waiting on one another. The driver did not propose to start upon the drive back until ten, so there was some time after they had eaten for roving, or romping in the hay, as best suited the individual taste. Jessie invited Lilac and Laura into the fine farm-house, with

its great kitchen and delightful sitting-room, oak-beamed and lattice-windowed.

Keith came in and asked if they would care to go over the house, himself keeping close to Lilac and watching her face as though it mattered greatly to him what she thought of it all.

The tour completed, Lilac found herself standing at the young man's side gazing out from a landing window at the western sky still glowing a sulky, purplish red. Under the gable, on the landing, stood a table and two chairs.

"This," said Simon, "was a favourite place for my mother to sit of an evening with her needlework. Downstairs the rooms get dark very early, as in all old houses. Here she got the last of the daylight. Sit down a minute, I'll show you where she kept her work."

He pushed her gently into the wooden arm-chair in which his mother had habitually sat, and pulled out a kind of hanging drawer from under the table. It still held the needles, thread, yarns, buttons, and tapes, just as their last owner had left them.

"Oh!" said Lilac, catching her breath with a quick little sigh of sympathy. "Oh! How long is it—since she—since you lost her?"

"Nearly ten years. She was able to bring us all up and to leave the whole farm in excellent order. My father had gone years before that. He was killed in the war."

"And she took on all this big place?"

"Yes. Best farmer in the county, the Lord of the Manor called her. Bill worshipped her. He'd do anything she thought right, and she was very proud of him."

"And of you?" asked Lilac, looking up with a smile.

She met a glance that caused her to drop her own lids and busily to inspect the dead woman's thimble and scissors.

"I was ten years younger than Bill. Jess and he were the eldest. I was three when father died and Marian a baby in arms. I used to come up here and say my hymns and things to Mum of an evening in this window seat. I—I've been very lonely since she went."

There was a long silence. Lilac's heart was behaving in curious fashion, seeming to her to take little runs and then stop. It was dawning on her that she was very much in sympathy with Simon Keith, and with this thought came another. Her dreadful dilemma! She was not free. Her dark background had never looked so black until now.

"What sort of a house do they give their head gardener at the Manor?" she suddenly heard him ask in a curious, choked kind of voice.

She flushed crimson, but even as she opened her lips to reply there came steps and voices. Bessie Ford had come to remind her of duty. She must shepherd her flock back into the motor coach for home.

(To be continued)



"Oh! How long is it—since she—since you lost her?"

# Church Life To-day Some Points of Current Interest



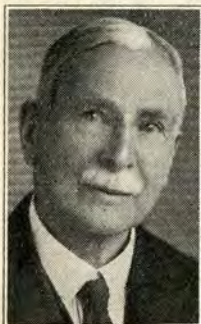
THE VEN. L. S. HUNTER  
(Elliott & Fry)

**THE VEN. L. S. Hunter**, Archdeacon of Northumberland, has been nominated to the Bishopric of Sheffield in succession to the Right Rev. L. H. Burrows. Archdeacon Hunter, who is forty-nine years of age, is the son of the late Dr. John Hunter, a noted Congregationalist minister of

his day. His early appointments included curacies at St. Peter's, Brockley, and St. Martin-in-the-Fields. In 1922, when only thirty-two years old, he became a Residentiary Canon of Newcastle. Four years later he returned to the south of England as Vicar of Barking, but returned to the Diocese of Newcastle in 1931 on his appointment to the Archdeaconry of Northumberland. His is the third appointment from the Diocese of Newcastle to a bishopric in Yorkshire in the last eighteen months.

☪

**Mr. E. F. Jeffries**, a solicitor of Market Harborough, who has just celebrated his ninety-first birthday, is still an altar-server at St. Hugh's, Little Bowden, on the outskirts of the town. Born in Wales, Mr. Jeffries was articled in London, where he was a disciple of the late Father Stanton of St. Alban's, Holborn. Ever since he went to Market Harborough in 1884 he has been a stalwart champion of the ideals of the Oxford Movement. Prominent among his works for the Church was the building of the parish church schools in the 'nineties.



MR. E. F. JEFFRIES  
(A. Hudson, Leicester)

Another notable record of long service is that of **Mr. E. L. Wyatt** of Bishopworth, near Bristol. Mr. Wyatt, who is ninety years old, has sung in the choir of Bishopworth Church for eighty-one years, having joined as a boy of nine. He is still employed at the offices of a Bristol firm of solicitors, where he has worked for seventy-five years.

☪

**St. John's, Blackburn**, which has just celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, was the first chapel-of-ease to Blackburn Parish Church, and from it sprang one of the earliest Day and Sunday Schools in the town. Like many of the older churches, it was built entirely by a local cotton

magnate, and the weather-vane took the shape of a weaver's shuttle as a symbol of the church's connection with the staple trade. St. John's is widely known for the excellence of its choir—probably the best parish church choir in Lancashire—which has won over three hundred and fifty awards in music festivals.

☪

THOUGH the late **Father Waggett, S.S.J.E.**, had been living in retirement for several years, his name was familiar to many as that of a distinguished scholar and brilliant preacher. Born seventy-seven years ago, he was educated at Charterhouse and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a brilliant degree in science. After a year's study of theology he was ordained, in 1885, to a curacy at the Christ Church Mission, Poplar, of which the Rev. H. L. Paget (later Bishop of Chester) was Head. Four years later his old school offered him the headship of its mission in Southwark. After three years here he entered the Society of St. John the Evangelist, where in due time he was



THE LATE FATHER WAGGETT  
(Lafayette)

professed and then sent to take charge of St. Philip's, Capetown. He returned to England in 1899 and began a great work as a scholar and preacher. His service during the War was varied and brilliant; beginning as a chaplain in 1914 he finished in 1920 as a Major on the General Staff. He became Vicar of Great St. Mary, Cambridge, in 1927, but after a severe breakdown was forced to retire from active work in 1930.

☪

**Dr. O. C. Quick**, who has been appointed to succeed the late Dr. H. L. Goudge as Canon of Christ Church and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, is a theologian of distinction and the author of several important books.

Since 1934 he has been Professor of Divinity and Ecclesiastical History in the University of Durham and Canon of Durham Cathedral. Dr. Quick was ordained in 1911 to a curacy at St. Paul's, New Beckenham. He worked in London during 1914-15 at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and for the next two years was Resident Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was a Residentiary Canon of Newcastle, 1920-23, and of Carlisle, 1923-30. In the latter year he became Canon and Precentor of St. Paul's Cathedral.



DR. O. C. QUICK

☪

**The Old Palace School, Croydon**, which recently celebrated its jubilee, is one of the most interesting church buildings near London. Its history goes back nearly a thousand years, and tradition tells us that the Archbishops of Canterbury lived there from the time of Edward the Confessor. Some of the original structure still remains. In 1780 the Archbishops abandoned the use of the building, and in the same year it was sold, and was used in various ways for nearly a century. In 1887 the Duke of Newcastle bought it, and gave it to the Community of the Sisters of the Church, to ensure its being preserved for religious uses. Since 1889 it has been in use as a school, and it is interesting to note that some of the original eighteen pupils who came on the opening day were present at the jubilee celebrations, including the first pupil to be entered on the roll.



THE OLD PALACE SCHOOL, CROYDON [Croydon Advertiser

## 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.\*

### 2981. What is the meaning of the phrase, "Prayer Book Catholic"?

Briefly we should say that the phrase denotes that type of Churchmanship which maintains that the Church of England is essentially a part of the Catholic Church founded by our LORD HIMSELF—it was no new religious sect started at the Reformation—and that the Prayer Book services and formularies are in accord with Catholic tradition and teaching. It is not possible to enter into details in a letter, but we would recommend you to read such books as *The Catholic Religion* by Vernon Staley (Mowbrays, 2s. 6d.), or you might be able to borrow *A New History of the Book of Common Prayer* by Procter and Frere (Macmillan, 12s 6d.).

### 2982. What is a monk? Should the two Kelham priests who work in our parish be regarded as monks?

The word "monk" has been used with a variety of meanings, but it is commonly employed to designate the members of certain Religious Orders for men. These reside in a monastery, where they live a community life of religious observance under the three-fold vows of poverty, celibacy, and obedience. We understand that the members of the Society of the Sacred Mission do not claim to be regarded as monks. The headquarters of the Society are at Kelham, and its principal work is the training of candidates for Holy Orders. It also assists in missionary work abroad, and in parochial work in England. Professed priest-members of the Society are usually referred to as "the Kelham Fathers." If you wish for further information on the subject, you will find it in *Monks and Nuns in Modern Days* (Mowbrays, 6d.; postage, 3d.).

### 2983. Why are seats reserved for sidesmen and others in our church?

The churchwardens are responsible for the seating of the congregation in church and (where there are no rented pews) have the right to direct any person where to sit. It is a usual custom and obviously useful that seats should be reserved for those whose duties prevent them from occupying their seats until the beginning of the service. The churchwardens may also as a matter of courtesy allow those who attend regularly to have their usual seats reserved for them, at any rate until the organ begins to play.

The common sense of the matter is expressed in the following advice given by the Free and Open Church Association.

**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.

## WAY-MARKS

### Points for Church People

#### GENTLENESS

Through Thy precepts I get understanding; therefore I hate every false way

Trample not on any; there may be some grace there thou knowest not of. The Name of God may be written on that soul thou treadest on. *Archbp. Leighton*

### SEPTEMBER, 1939

Date. THE GREATER FEASTS

3, S. Thirteenth after Trinity.

10, S. Fourteenth after Trinity.

17, S. Fifteenth after Trinity.

21, Th. St. Matthew, A.E.M.

24, S. Sixteenth after Trinity.

29, F. St. Michael & All Angels.

∴ (1) Harvest Festival this month or next. (2) In some places Oct. 1 may be kept as Dedication Festival. See Local Notices. ∴

#### DAYS OF FASTING OR ABSTINENCE

Fridays, 1, 8, 15, 22, 29  
Ember Days, 20, 22, 23.

#### COMMEMORATIONS

1, *Giles of Provence*, Ab., c. 720; 8, *Nativity of the B.V. Mary*; 13, *Cyprian, Bp. of Carthage & M.*, 258; 14, *Holy Cross Day*; 16, *Ninian, Bp. in Galloway*, c. 430, of the SCOTTISH CHURCH; 19, *Theodore of Tarsus, Archbp. of Canterbury*, 690; 30, *Jerome, P., Doctor*, 420.

tion. "Seats should be reserved for the officials, and for those making application for the same, who by their long years of worship in their church are thereby entitled to use still the seats to which they have always been accustomed."

### 2984. How do you pronounce Toplady, the name of the author of "Rock of Ages"?

As no doubt you realize, there are no definite but some customary rules for the pronunciation of proper names in English.

As regards *Toplady*, the traditional pronunciation, we believe, was to place the accent on the first syllable;

followed by unemphasized "a" in the second; and the third with an unaccented "y," equivalent to "ie" in "belief." Top-lad-die would be as near as we can get to what it was called.

### 2985. Is the P.C.C. liable for the insurance of a verger over sixty-five?

The Ministry of Health has stated that a verger is insurable under the National Health and Pensions Acts. If an employed man is over the age of sixty-five, the employer must pay a special contribution of *gd.* a week and no part of this is recoverable from the worker. From this it seems to follow that in the case you describe the P.C.C. is legally liable for insuring the man and paying the employer's contribution.

### 2986. Why do some priests say a prayer for the blessing of the ring in the Marriage Service?

The prayer commonly used for this purpose is a very old one, and is to be found in the old Service Books of the English Church. Its use serves to impress on those who are being married the significance of the symbol, which shows the sacred and life-long obligation they are undertaking.

### 2987. Is the vicar *ex-officio* Chairman of the P.C.C.? Can he postpone a vote?

The incumbent is by law Chairman of the P.C.C. In the circumstances you describe it is evident that there was a strong difference of opinion, and we should say that the chairman probably did well in not putting the question to the vote on that occasion. He was within his rights in this refusal. No doubt he thought that if an interval were allowed to elapse before the adjourned meeting some compromise or agreement might be reached. If there is no prospect of such agreement, we do not think a decision can be postponed indefinitely. If the motion is placed on the agenda for the next meeting and is formally proposed and seconded, we do not think the chairman could refuse to leave it to the decision of the Council.

Some time ago we answered a question about the story that our LORD visited Glastonbury as a boy. Those who are interested in the subject should read a new pamphlet, *Glastonbury—Truth and Fiction*, by Beatrice Hamilton Thompson (Mowbrays, 6d.). The author, who is a historian of distinction, examines the authority for the story and shows that it is a mere fabrication.



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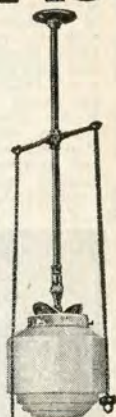
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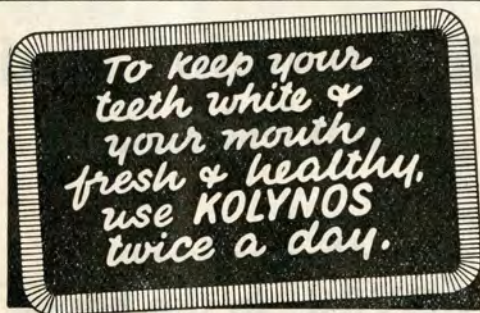
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Bishop Daniels, now 54 years of age, was born in Hemel Hemstead, Hertfordshire, England. In 1905 he moved to Canada and seven years later to the United States.

After attending Mt. Herman school in Massachusetts and Wesleyan University in Connecticut he was graduated in 1918. Two years as curate at Pittsfield were followed by eight years as a missionary at Thermopolis with a one-year interlude as superintendent of city institutions in St. Louis. He came to Helena as dean of St. Peter's pro-cathedral in 1927.

Bishop Daniels has often preached in St. John's Church (Norway).

Doctor—"Your wife seems to have eaten something that has disagreed with her."

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finally grant them to see the fruits of their sacrifice in a world made peaceable and pleasant. We ask in the Blessed Name of the Prince of Peace, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

### Holy Baptism

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

- August 13—Brian John Francis Lea Bettens, Carol Ann Potts, Edward Lea Harding Metz.  
 August 27—Allan Ross Wood, William Edward Renardson, Fern Patricia Boyes, Lois Eileen Boyes, Barry Arthur Brooks, Howard Frederick Vaine, William John Huether, Thomas Lawrence Montieth Wood, Floyd Robert Beatty, Betty Lorraine Pulleyn.  
 August 30—David Turnor Mathias.

### Holy Matrimony

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

- August 5—John Alfred Steele and Emma Ethel Bird.  
 August 8—Norman Herbert London and Grace Trotter.  
 August 10—Robert Gordon McKibbin and Audrey May Burns.  
 August 12—William Horace Downes and Rosemary Chatterton.  
 August 12—William Graham Fidler and Iva Bell Robinson.  
 August 14—Leonard West and Dorothy Vere Potter.  
 August 18—John Verdun Roundell and Elma Irene Barrett.  
 August 18—Harold Rol Colbourne and Irene Florence Newmarch.  
 August 19—John Edward Powell and Mary Isabel Grace Warriner.  
 August 26—William George Stewart and Elizabeth Marion Bailey.

### Holy Burial

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

- Aug. 1—Charles Edward Cresswell.....81 years  
 Aug. 4—Frank Blaylock .....55 years  
 Aug. 5—Susan McKenzie .....71 years  
 Aug. 8—Sarah Coope .....78 years  
 Aug. 12—Elizabeth Coates .....73 years  
 Aug. 15—Arnetta Noble .....83 years  
 Aug. 19—Carol Louise Haight .....3½ years  
 Aug. 19—Ida Dowsweet Foster .....58 years  
 Aug. 22—David A. Torrens .....59 years  
 Aug. 28—Charles H. Wheatley .....60 years  
 Total interments in the Cemetery for month—62

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## WARDEN'S REPORT—JULY, 1939

### Receipts

8 a.m. Communion .....	\$ 12.25
Envelopes .....	124.06
Open .....	185.15
Missions .....	54.90
Induction Service .....	59.61
Synod Endowment Interest .....	14.88
Rents .....	100.00

Total .....\$550.85

### Disbursements

Stipends and Salaries .....	\$419.99
Gas and Electric .....	25.20
Telephone .....	13.39
Books and Printing .....	72.52
Repairs and Supplies .....	79.30

Total .....\$610.40

## WARDEN'S REPORT—AUGUST, 1939

### Receipts

8 a.m. Communion .....	\$ 10.72
Envelopes .....	105.96
Open .....	140.29
Missions .....	51.35

Total .....\$308.32

### Disbursements

Stipends and Salaries .....	\$419.99
Gas and Electric .....	24.25
Telephone .....	13.15
Books and Printing .....	9.65
Choir Picnic .....	100.00
Repairs and Supplies .....	37.33

Total .....\$604.37

A Euchre will be held in the Parish Hall on Friday, September 29th, at 8 o'clock. Proceeds in aid of the toy booth at the forthcoming bazaar.

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