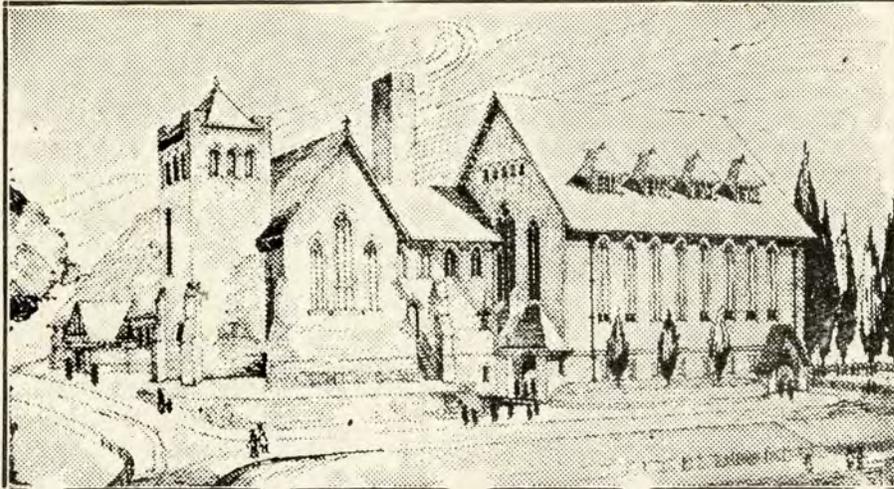


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Assistant: **THE REV. J. A. LANGSTONE, B.A.**, 105 Boulton Avenue, GERRARD 1854.
Deaconess: **MISS MARY SHOTTER**, 500 Kingston Road, GROVER 1236.

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MATTINS—On 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays.
LITANY—After Mattins on 4th Sunday.
EVENSONG—Every Sunday at 7 p.m.

INTERCESSIONS—Every Tuesday at 11 a.m.
HOLY BAPTISM—Every Sunday at 4 p.m., except during June, July and August (2nd and 4th Sundays).
CHURCHING—After Baptism or by appointment.
CHURCH SCHOOL—Sunday at 3 p.m.
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The Rector's Letter

April, 1940.

My Dear Friends:

At home in the old rectory up on the moors we had a housekeeper who was with our family for nearly thirty years. She had a favourite saying, with which she used to remind us seven youngsters periodically of the fleeting nature of Time. Just before we reached the teens she would say, "Yes, but you just wait until you get into your teens and you'll see how time flies." Then about six years later she would say, "Yes, but you just wait till you get out of your teens and you'll see how time flies!" 'Twas ever thus—and now that Mrs. Browne and I have been with you a year, the same old adage holds good. How time does fly by, with its crowded, busy days! We've had a wonderful year of encouragement at St. John's, and look forward with eager anticipation to the others which may follow.

The whole family responded well during Lent. On Good Friday more than five hundred were present during the entire three hours' service, and a hundred more came for devotions in the evening. On Easter Day there were thirteen hundred and fifty communicants, and during Easter Week it was such a great pleasure to me to take the Blessed Sacrament to thirty-one others who were unable to leave home. For the eleven o'clock service on Easter Day it was a good thing that we had an altar with cross and flowers in the Parish Hall, for not only was the Church filled, but more than two hundred and fifty joined with us in the Hall by means of the public address system of microphones and megaphones. The service was relayed without any impairment of sound, either musical or vocal, and the equipment has been well justified to warrant our using it again. I should like to express very great appreciation to all who have helped to make Lent and Easter what they ought to be. Especially at this time I would mention you who were so faithful in your coming to God's House as worshippers; the Sidesmen who never failed to welcome and look after such vast throngs as the weeks sped by; and the Choir members who in assisting us in our services carried us to great heights of devotion. The adult members of the Choir were present throughout the three-hour service, and the boys were with us for the last half. All this requires sacrificial devotion on all your parts, and with such sacrifice God is well pleased.

On Sunday, the 28th of April, we shall be putting our clocks on an hour for "Summer Time." This means definitely that "the Winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell." So it appears in the Song of Songs, and it is a pretty good description of Spring the world over. In Canada, Summer follows so hard upon the footsteps of Spring that it would be a word in

season to remind you that throughout the year our slogan for Sundays at St. John's is "Business as usual." God never takes a holiday from all His work which He has created, so it is with reverence that I use this expression. It is just that which our Blessed Lord used in the very Temple Courts: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business." For us, "My Father's business" is what in the Middle Ages was known as "Opus Dei"—God's Work and our response to it, "when we assemble and meet together to render thanks for the great benefits that we have received at His Hands, to set forth His most worthy praise, to hear His most holy word, and to ask those things that are requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul."

The first two lines of one of our favourite hymns run like this:

"The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never."

We must remind ourselves of the last two lines of the last verse, which set the standard of our praise, here and hereafter:

"Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy House for ever."

The lure of the picnic, the golf course, the bathing beach, the open road and the garden answers well to the call we all feel for God's outdoors when once "the Winter is past." Let us recognize with this lure, the lure of the Unseen World of Grace and abundant Life which is ours through Jesus Christ our Lord. — "Wist ye not that I must be in my Father's House about my Father's business—at least once a Sunday, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter."

Ever your faithful Pastor and Rector,

A. BRIARLY BROWNE.

AFTERNOON BRANCH W.A.

The Board meeting at St. John's West Toronto was well attended by our members in spite of the fact that it was so far from home.

At our business meeting March 13th it was decided to again have the miscellaneous booth at the Bazaar in the Fall. Mrs. Turff will be the convener.

Our guest speaker was Mrs. Jerreat, Little Helpers' Secretary of the Diocesan Board. She told us how the Little Helpers started. A wee lad staying with his aunt, who always bowed her head when the noon bells chimed, asked her one day why she did this. She explained to him she was praying for the missionaries. She noticed after that he would also bow his head. On being asked what he said, he replied: "I just say God bless all missionaries all over the world." The child decided he would like a box to keep his pennies in, so he pasted pictures on a tin box and put his pennies in it. Then he said: "Now I'm a Little Helper."

There is to be a Spring Sale of Work in the Parish Hall on Wednesday, April 24th, from 2 to 5.30. The admission of ten cents includes afternoon tea. Come and bring a friend.

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MOTHERS' SOCIETY

This report covers the February and March meeting of our Society, and is a record of interest. We had a different speaker each meeting. All had something interesting and important and different to tell us. Members who were away missed a great treat indeed.

At our first meeting in February we had Mr. Langstone who told us of the Sunday School and how it was managed. This was a very instructive talk and of especial interest to mothers who have children attending Sunday School. Members present, 53.

Our next meeting was addressed by Miss Emery, the Head of the Deaconess House, who, in spite of her many duties, makes a special effort to address our Society once a year. We were especially reminded to be thankful that we live in a country where freedom to worship God is our privilege. Members present, 49.

The speaker at our third February meeting was the Rector, who gave us the message of The Three Books, which he likened to three doors: 1st, our Hymn Book—opens to us the beauty of worship which should be in our hearts; 2nd, our Prayer Book—a two-way door from us to God, from God to us; and 3rd, the Bible—a record of the Revelation of God, wherein we are told "I am the Way." Let us use these Books for all they are worth, for they are worth everything there is. Members present, 53.

On February 29th, our speaker was Mrs. Wallace, the Field Secretary of the Deaconess House, who told us of the Deaconess House and of her work, which is contacting and obtaining students for training in the Deaconess House, and stretches across the country from Halifax to Vancouver. Mrs. Wallace read two very interesting letters to us: one from Miss Weymouth in India, and one from a Bishop's Messenger at St. Faith's Lodge, Swan River, Manitoba. Members present, 56.

On March 14th the speaker was our own Deaconess, Miss Shotter, who spoke of women who ministered to Jesus, especially Anna, who spent eighty years of her life serving God. So the

women of today are serving by trying to do whatever work God calls on them to do for His service. Members present, 57.

On March 14th we had a student of the Deaconess House, Miss Moors, who was introduced by Miss Shotter. Miss Moors spoke to us from the 6th chapter of Ephesians, 10th to 18th verses, a description of a soldier of the army of the King of kings. St. Paul says the Christian life is a battle, and the only safeguard is to be armed and ready with the shield of faith and trust. Miss Moors is a graduate from the Deaconess House this year. May God's guidance be with her when she goes out into the world to carry on His work in far places. Members present, 57.

We have a number of sick members who cannot attend the meetings, but to those who can come, we extend a special invitation to come and hear our speakers. You will find it worth the effort. Thursday afternoons at 2.30 in the Parish Hall.

PARISH ASSOCIATION

Meetings of the Parish Association are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock in the Ladies' Parlour. Visitors and new members are heartily welcome.

Proceeds of the Congregational Dinner amounted to \$92.32.

Mrs. Conner, who has been ill for the past few weeks is gradually recovering. All the members of the Association hope she will be able to be with us soon.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. E. Thompson fell and broke her arm by slipping on the side walk.

Members of the congregation are asked to keep in mind the 25th and 26th of April for the Rummage Sale. Any articles you wish to give will be appreciated. Just phone HO. 6719. Mrs. Pollard, the convener, will have someone call for them.

The Court Whist and Bridge was well attended considering the weather and the number who were ill. The ladies had an enjoyable afternoon.

The Luncheon will be held May 16th. We hope to have a large attendance.

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From Easter to Whitsunday

By the Bishop of Oxford (the Right Rev. K. E. Kirk, D.D.)



THE six weeks of Eastertide form a strange interlude in the history of Christianity. The work of

Sunday after the Ascension. The first of these tells of the sufferings of the CHRIST ("His hands and His side"); the second, of those with which His messengers shall meet; both alike remind us that in the coming of the SPIRIT these sufferings, whether of the

Miss R. Gore
St. John's Parish Monthly

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after labour, preparation

THE SUNDAY GOSPELS

The Sunday Gospels of the period are beautifully chosen to emphasize this aspect of the days from Easter to Ascension or Whitsuntide. They come, all of them, from the mystical discourses in St. John's Gospel; they breathe, one may say, the authentic atmosphere of a retreat. The picture of the Good Shepherd (Easter II) is a picture of the Redeemer Who has laid down His life for the sheep. The next two Sundays dwell upon the permanent relation between the Christian and his unseen but ever-present Master. Because He is unseen to our dim eyes we have cause to "weep and lament"; because He is ever present in the Person of the SPIRIT, Who "receives of Mine and shall show it unto you," we can rejoice unstintingly, and our joy "no man taketh from us." Finally (Easter V), we are reminded of the issue of the work of redemption, which is also the abiding basis of the work of evangelization, the intercession which, asking in CHRIST'S Name, cannot but receive, that "our joy may be full." That is the picture: it is framed by the Gospels of Low Sunday and the

of His disciples, are translated into victory. Christians have been puzzled by the fact compared with the full records of the last Easter, on the one hand, and the first Pentecost on the other, the Scriptures tell us of nothing of this intervening period. It itself suggests that the intuition whereby the Gospels of these weeks were selected is one. The Great Forty Days were days of rest; and things do not happen in retreat. All that happens in retreat is covered by names, *rest* and *preparation*. Any one who has ever been privileged to spend a week in retreat, still more any one who has been privileged to spend a week in a retreat, knows this to be true. *Rest* means not only rest but also renewal. We are cleansed

from the stains of conflict, stains many of them incurred by our own folly, frailty, and wickedness; and our renewed spirit is then able to submit itself to GOD to be *prepared* for further tasks.

Those, then, who follow the Church's year will endeavour to make the season between Easter and Whitsuntide a season of rest and preparation. Or, better, they will allow it to remind them of two great truths of our religion: the first, that rest is always possible to the Christian, however unrestful his circumstances may appear to be; the second, that to him the essence of rest is not relaxation, but preparation for further service.

A TIME OF REST

Will you think, then, for a moment or two of these two truths? *Rest is always possible to the Christian.* How wonderful that is! Amid the anxieties of everyday life, amid the pangs of physical suffering, amid the desolation of loneliness and loss, amid the harrowing contemplation of a warring and war-scarred world, we can always find relief if we will look to CHRIST for it. In the long run, we may say that there is one thought, and one

alone, which dominates the Bible from end to end—the thought that GOD, in the person of His SON, has borne the full horror of this world's sinfulness and suffering, and by that fact offers us respite when our own cup of sin and suffering overflows. None of us are good enough Christians to be able at all times to fall back with confidence upon this saving conviction that GOD has taken the full strain of all our burdens; that is why we so often groan and complain under those burdens ourselves. But few of us, thank GOD, are so utterly poor in the SPIRIT of CHRIST that we have not sometimes felt our burdens lifted by hands unquestionably divine. At such times, relief and rest have come to us, often altogether unasked. We have lain moaning our cruel fate; but suddenly the sunlight of GOD's love has shone through the clouds. Our groans have turned to joyful tranquillity; and for the moment, if no more, we have known what it is to rest in the LORD.

AND OF PREPARATION

We cannot be blamed, therefore, if we proclaim to a haunted and sin-ridden world that in CHRIST alone is rest and peace. But for ourselves at least there is a further truth. To the Christian, *rest means not mere relaxation or relief, but preparation for further service.* We must not possess CHRIST selfishly, treasuring Him simply as a medicine against our sin and sorrows. Indeed, if we think of Him as this and no more, our relief will be short-lived, and all the old fears and complaints will come crowding back once more. Like the Apostles we are to be His messengers and witnesses; and even the most fleeting moments of rest that we find in Him will miss their purpose if they do not equip us the better to serve Him in the world of men.

HOW WE SHOULD USE IT

There are many ways in which we draw near

to GOD through CHRIST: our Scripture readings, our mental prayer, our acts of contrition and confession, our precious moments of sacramental communion, our times of public worship. Each will lift us out of ourselves into a timeless world of rest and peace in GOD. But before the moment passes, we must remember that we are to return to the world of time, and we must resolve to take with us some new weapon snatched from the armoury of heaven. It may be a text, a "thought," a resolution; it may be a sense, too all-pervasive to be put into words, that GOD is indeed with us and that His SPIRIT has a lodging in our hearts. It may be heaven-sent—added to us in response to no known effort on our part; if so, then indeed GOD has been with us. Or we may have to wrestle in worship to attain it; then when it is achieved, we shall know that we have been with GOD.

But by whatever channel it comes, and whatever form it takes, it is for us to use it to the service of others when we arise from our knees and go about our daily business. The HOLY SPIRIT will teach us when to use it as reproof, when as encouragement; when in speech and when in silence; when in word and when in deed. What is essential is that we should *never* rise from our knees without the thought, "In these few moments which I have spent with GOD, I have been prepared for some new task which is to meet me on my journey to-day. GOD grant that I may recognize it when it comes; GOD grant that I may perform it as He would have it performed. In the strength of the rest which I have had with Him, I go forth prepared. To Him I entrust my doings of this day; to Him I look for strength and inspiration; to Him I dedicate myself, as one who has no other wish than to glorify His holy Name."

The Village of the "Magnificat" By H. Austen

IT has long been a matter of regret that the Religious Communities, which are so important a feature of the life and work of the Anglican Communion both at home and in many other parts of the world, should not be represented in the Holy Land itself. This reproach is now to be done away. Some time ago a property was most generously placed at the disposal of the English Bishop in Jerusalem and he invited two Religious Communities to occupy it. These were the Sisters of the Love of God and the Fathers of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, or "Cowley Fathers." The two Houses which they will occupy stand on the crest of one of the high hills overlooking the village of Ain Karem. This will be the first time that any Anglican Communities have had settled homes in the Holy Land; and there, within

sight of Bethlehem and Olivet, they will carry on their work of prayer for peace, for the unity of the Church, and for the forwarding of the kingdom of GOD.



NUNS IN WORKING DRESS

Palestine has been a restless, unhappy country for the last few years, but the little village of Ain Karem lying well off the road from Jerusalem to Jaffa remains, on the whole, untroubled and free of alarms. The upper village has one of the loveliest situations in Palestine, and is honoured as the home of St. Elisabeth, and as the place where the Virgin was inspired to sing her lovely *Magnificat*. This tradition is very ancient, as St. Helena built a Church of the Visitation on the hill in the fourth century. Its ruins can be seen to-day.

It is said that Zacharias and Elisabeth had a "town house" and a "country house." The former,

where the Baptist was born, is shown in lower Ain Karem which is a pleasant Arab village. The "country house" was up above on the hill, and it was here that Elisabeth was staying when her cousin the Virgin came to visit her. Some people think that the "wilderness" in which the Baptist dwelt is in the neighbouring hills, but there seems little doubt that the "wilderness" of the New Testament was in the Jordan district, a far wilder and more deserted spot.

The Orthodox Russian Church has been chiefly responsible for the beautifying of the hillside of Ain Karem. Long before the War of 1914-18 this place was one of pilgrimage for Russians, who built a most charming little church, and settled a community of nuns here in cottages dotted all over the hill. The whole area was planted with such love and care that, to-day, while the average Palestinian village is shabby, hot, and dusty, Ain Karem is a little paradise of blue-white cottages, wreathed with vines, and shaded by great cypress and almond trees, while its paths are bordered with white iris. Looking sadly down on the little village is the great skeleton of a hostel for pilgrims, never completed owing to the War, and now inhabited by owls and flitting bats. So steep is Ain Karem's hill that the roof of one cottage may be just below the doorstep of another, and little winding paths radiate from the church in all directions. The village is remarkable for its queer humped chimneys, turning their backs on the prevailing winds; these are probably of Russian origin.

No Russian pilgrims come to Ain Karem now, and the cottages are inhabited by ageing nuns, though a few younger women have sought sanctuary here since the Russian Revolution. You meet them about the village, wearing their neat working dress with white hoods and full black aprons; or, if they are going to, or coming from, the church, they will be clad in black from top to toe, wearing long veils on their heads. They do their own housework and gardening, and once a year members of the community can be seen plodding round and round singing hymns, while the juice flows from the olive press to which they have harnessed themselves. The life of these Russians centres round the little copper-domed church where twice daily the old priest leads them in their services. Some of the women take important parts in the ritual, wearing a kind of tall black hat and veil, not unlike that of an Orthodox priest. The others stand or kneel, both inside and outside the church (for doors and windows are left open in summer), chanting the responses in high,

shrill voices. The service over, the semi-invalid priest is tenderly escorted home by one of his parishioners: he is an ex-missionary from China who only just escaped with his life from Bolshevik brigands.

Now is the time for the nuns to do their meagre shopping. Their Church can only allow them a few shillings each per week. Some of them go down to the Arab shops below the hill, while others bargain with the serious, turbaned Moslems who squat down outside the church each morning beside their baskets, patiently waiting for their Christian customers to finish their prayers.

The happiest time in the year for the community

is during the Feast of the Visitation when a touching and unique little ceremony takes place. The Ikon of the Blessed Virgin comes all the way from Jerusalem to visit the Ikon of St. Elisabeth at Ain Karem. The procession of priests and nuns walks the whole five miles, singing, praying, and reading the Gospel at intervals. When it at last reaches the birthplace of the Baptist, the nuns of Ain Karem come down the hill to meet the Virgin and joyfully escort her to the village well, where Elisabeth waits to greet "the Mother of my LORD." As the Virgin approaches the well, Elisabeth goes forward to meet her and the two Ikons kiss one another. "My soul doth magnify the LORD, my spirit hath rejoiced," quaver the tired happy old voices. The little scene is full of simple sincerity and takes one straight back to that long ago day when Mary first opened her heart to her cousin.

The outbreak of the present war has prevented the two Communities

from occupying their new homes, but when they are able to do so they will find themselves in a charming and hallowed spot.



THE VILLAGE OF AIN KAREM

(Exclusive News Agency)

THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Selina's Prayer An African Sketch

By Constance Thompson

SELINA'S home was in Pondoland, which is part of a large native reserve in South Africa. As few white people, apart from Government officials, live in these reserves, Kaffir girls seek employment in the towns after a period of training in one of the S.P.G. schools. Thus, not only the natives themselves are indebted to the missions, but also Europeans, who through their agency obtain servants, usually honest and conscientious, taught not only the fear of God but the decencies of life.

Unlike most native women, Selina affected sombre garments; even her *dookie*, a handkerchief headdress, was black in contrast to those of her friends who use the dookie as a means of self-expression and to express their love of flamboyant colour.

Selina explained why she wore dark clothing. It was, she said, because as a lone spinster she had to save out of her monthly wage of two pounds to provide for old age. "So long as you have something in your purse," she said, "your relations are pleased to see you, but if you have nothing, they stare at you with eyes that are blind."

She volunteered an explanation of her forlorn state. "There was a very nice gentleman at my church in Grahamstown, so I told him I liked him very much. He said he was sorry, because he could see I had a good heart, but my face was too ugly for him."

It came as a surprise to me to learn that Kaffir gentlemen were so difficult to please. I said this to Selina.

She laughed heartily and replied: "But, missus, I don't trouble about the men because I have an Elder Brother and His love is more than tongue can tell!"

His love is more than tongue can tell! This, then, was the old mission hymn which I had striven to recognize when sung by Selina's high-pitched voice as she washed the linen. The tune was obscured by extra runs and trills, not to speak of the banging of pails and splashing of water as Selina filled a huge zinc bath in the yard.

It was Selina herself who told me about her former employer who, just out from England, instructed her to boil the clothes. Selina indignantly declined. Everybody knew that food must be boiled but no one in their senses would boil clothes, she insisted. She was given notice to leave and her employer lost a faithful servant. Not that Selina was faultless. For example, she looked down upon her fellow-servant because Albert, although a Christian like herself, was also a despised Fingo. Life for the housewife would be simpler if our natives were not quite so race-conscious.

Selina upon one occasion came to me in tears, holding up a large iron cooking spoon. It appeared that Albert and she were eating their dinner peacefully when Selina asked him to hand her a spoon to eat her pudding with. Albert, a lively youth and addicted to leg-pulling, produced the aforesaid cooking spoon. It was too much.

"Every one," sobbed Selina, "knows that I do not claim to be beautiful but all my friends tell me I have a very small mouth!"

Once more, peace must be made. Albert grinned broadly when Selina told him that in future she would regard him as her daily cross.

When Selina returned from a visit to her kraal, she was in high spirits. As a rule, she said it made her heart sad to go home because so many of her family had died from "weak chests," pulmonary consumption being rife among these people. This time, she explained, something had occurred to make her heart sing. I will give the story of a "meteoric stone" as she told it.

"We were sitting inside the hut because the sun was so hot. I was making a work-basket of dried mealie-husks to bring to my mistress and my brother's wife was playing with her children when there was a terrible noise like thunder, and one of those hot stones fell from heaven. We screamed and hurried out of the hut. I had just time to say, 'My Elder Brother, save us!' and then as we looked back we saw the hut was in flames. The men helped us to carry water to put out the fire, and then all the people gathered round us. They could not believe we were still alive, and they said they thought one of God's children was in the hut and perhaps it was Selina. So I felt very happy and I told them about my little prayer, and they were all so glad. Next day all the people helped us to begin to build a new hut, and because everything was destroyed by the fire, everybody brought a present, a cooking pot or perhaps a stool or a mat, so we soon made another home."

Having finished the tale, Selina went back to her work, clapping her hands and crooning her favourite hymn.



"He said he was sorry."

COMFORT

"I WILL not leave you comfortless"—
O blessed voice of calm
That through our tempest of distress
Sends forth its tender balm!

The hill is steep, the wind is cold,
And shadows cloud the day;
Faith slips so quickly from our hold
Hope seems so far away,

Love has so little chance to live
When war and hate are near,
Life has so little joy to give
To hearts made sick with fear.

"I will not leave you comfortless"—
O Christ, bid tumult cease,
Send down in strength and gentleness
Thy living Breath of Peace.

Beatrice Gibbs

Music in Parish Churches

By Harvey Grace,
Mus.Doc. (Cantuar), F.R.C.O.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—These articles were written before war broke out. No alteration has been made in the text, however, because the principles set forth are not invalidated by the changed conditions, although they may be more difficult to put into practice.

III. PRACTICE

CHOIR PRACTICES

AS a rule, the requirements under this head cannot be met fully save in parishes where there is a more or less full-time professional choir-master. In most places two practices for the boys and one for the full choir are all that can be managed; and in many only one practice for boys alone is possible. An extra bit of time for the boys is often squeezed in by getting them to attend the full practice half an hour earlier than the men—a good plan. The full practice should be developed similarly in its second half by giving the men a period after the boys have left. If the choir-master can set apart at least two hours, they should be shared thus: 7.30 to 8, boys; 8 to 9, full; 9 to 9.30, men. The half-hour for the men should generally be used in preparing their parts for next week's full practice. This enables the work to be done thoroughly; it saves time, for when all the choir members are present all should be kept well employed; to ask the boys to sit quietly while the men wrestle with their parts is to ask for trouble; and men naturally dislike breaking down (often with comic effect) in the presence of the boys.

If the music is so easy or familiar as to need little or no separate practice by the men their half-hour can be usefully employed in other ways. There are always details, even of a simple service, that need revision from time to time; the men's vocal methods can usually be improved (if the choir-trainer has himself been taught singing he can greatly improve his tenors and basses and at the same time increase the attractiveness of the choir, especially among the younger men) and the much-neglected subject of sight-reading may be given a little of the attention that it deserves. But the disposition of the periods should be elastic. It may be advisable to increase the boys' portion, especially during one of those awkward crises that follow the loss of two or three of the leading boys. During a period when both boys and men need less separate attention than usual, the "full" period may be extended, and extra care given to variety of power, balance, blend, attack, and so on. Or some simple "extra" in the shape of an anthem may be taken in hand.

This raises the question of music for the choir alone. There is ample precedent for this. The earliest of all Church music—plainsong—contains examples so extended in compass and so difficult that they could have been rendered by none but skilled singers; and there is also an abundance, moderate in compass and simple in style, that was no less clearly intended for the congregation. There are two arguments in favour of a similar division to-day.

(1) If a voluntary choir is to develop its abilities

and maintain its interest, something more exacting than the round of familiar hymn-tunes and chants should be practised from time to time. A long unrelieved spell of routine work is apt to lead to dullness and apathy. Here the Diocesan, Deanery, and the School of English Church Music festivals come in, with their practices of special music and the stimulating experience of singing with some hundreds of other choir members.

(2) One of the most primitive and still one of the finest of musical effects is the contrast between small and large bodies of performers. Even a small choir that is reasonably efficient and well-balanced should be encouraged to sing something alone on occasion—it may be a simple anthem or even a quiet expressive hymn, preferably one that is about to be added to the congregational repertory. Familiar hymns may sometimes be divided between choir and congregation, especially hymns of the verse-and-chorus type; and in hymns consisting of three longish verses the first and last may be sung full, the second by the choir; where there are four verses, the congregation may take the third; and so on.

In whatever way it may be applied, the principle of dividing the music thus should be recognized. The bulk should, of course, be for choir and congregation combined; a small, even minute, portion should be for the choir alone; and an occasional verse of a hymn sung by the congregation alone adds further variety and serves to remind them of their responsibilities in these parts of the service.

CONGREGATIONAL PRACTICES

These are highly desirable, but where there is a tradition of congregational singing backed up by a good accompanist fine results can be obtained without preparation. In one respect, however, the regular congregational practice is indispensable: it is the only means of introducing new tunes in a satisfactory manner. No more can be said here about such practices than to recommend that they should be held regularly on a given Sunday in the month; before the service is generally a better time than after; the best time of all is in the place of the sermon at Evensong—a plan that is meeting with increased approval among both clergy and laity.

THE SCHOOL OF ENGLISH CHURCH MUSIC

Reference has been made to various organizations that exist for the purpose of helping those responsible for parish church music. In my work as Commissioner for the School of English Church Music (work which consists chiefly of visits to choirs of many types) I have been so impressed by the practical benefits conferred by the School that I cannot in fairness omit a reference to it.

It was founded by Sir Sydney Nicholson ten years ago. In affiliation with it are now over fifteen hundred choirs, who benefit by advice,

visits from officials, festival activities (the music of which they obtain at half price), and other advantages; at the School's headquarters (the College of St. Nicolas, Chislehurst) courses of training are held for ordinands, choirmasters, boys, students preparing for the profession of Church musician, etc. The S.E.C.M., in fact, represents the largest and most comprehensive effort on behalf of Church music ever made in the Anglican

or any other communion, and the marked improvement in parish choirs is largely owing to its activities. Those who would like to consider becoming connected with the School (which means also helpful fellowship and co-operation with neighbouring choirs) may obtain full information from the Secretary, S.E.C.M., S.P.C.K. House, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2.

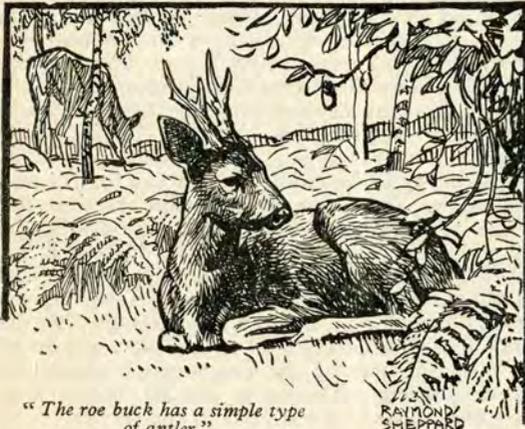
(To be concluded)

The Wild Life of Britain

By Marcus Woodward

II. THE DAINTY ROE

TO be walking in the woods of a homely southern English county, and to rouse from its lair a graceful little antlered deer perhaps not two feet in height, which stands to stare a moment, alert



"The roe buck has a simple type of antler."

and tense, gruffly barks, then springs away and is gone as lightly as might a swallow, is a thrilling and delightful experience which will live long in memory. Especially thrilling is it to any one unaware of the existence of so small a deer in our southern countryside. The exquisite little creature will be a roe deer, the descendant no doubt of parents which strayed from a deer-park, to become naturalized in some woodland of Surrey, Sussex, Dorset, Wiltshire, or farther West, and to enjoy wild, free, but marvellously secretive lives.

Few people know the roe deer in the South Country, for they are nocturnal creatures at heart, and more elusive and secretive than any other British deer, or other kinds familiar in parks. By day they lie low, like Milton's nightingale, "in shadiest covert hid." They are so small as easily to escape notice, and wear cloaks of invisibility, so that they blend magically with woodland scenes. Always they are lovers of woods. So it may be that though they haunt a country-side many of its inhabitants may never see one.

Charming as they are to the eye, alas! they are always in the black books of foresters, gardeners, and farmers. With their wonderful powers of jumping they take hedges and fences in their stride, and play havoc with young trees, being partial to the leaves, and with farming and garden crops on

which they browse. As park deer they prove disappointing, because they so seldom show themselves, and sooner or later will be likely to break out of bounds, and become a serious nuisance in a cultivated countryside. They leap as lightly as they gallop, and seem to make no effort as they rise from the ground to soar over a stream or a fallen tree, and when they are stalked they vanish like wraiths.

Formerly it must have been abundant in the Border counties, judging by the bones which have been found in the peat-beds. It is generally at home in the great forests of the Continent, and also in Western Asia.

A glimpse of the pretty creatures quietly standing in the heather beside a Scottish loch, in the shade of pines and birches, makes so charming a picture that we feel that much must be forgiven them for all their wanton feeding habits. To a quiet southern woodland they bring a sense of the life of primeval days.

We rarely see more than three or four together: the buck, the doe, and their one or two fawns, a family group, for these deer, unlike red deer, go faithfully in pairs, each buck content with one doe. It is a strong buck which stands a clear two feet high at the withers. They pair in July and August, though the fawns are not born until May or June. Usually the doe is blessed with twins. Family ties are strong, the buck and doe keeping together through most of the year, and not seeking the general society of their kind. In May they grow a light russet coat which shades to brown in autumn. Like

other deer the bucks are then restless and quarrelsome, but there is little real fighting between them compared with the desperate duels fought by

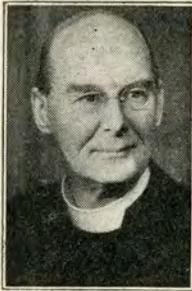


"... then springs away and is gone as lightly as a swallow."

Bath Abbey

THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL AT BATH

By the Ven. W. M. Selwyn, M.A., Archdeacon and Rector of Bath



VEN. W. M. SELWYN
(Cyril Howe, Bath)

THE City of Bath is one of the most beautiful cities in England. Founded originally by the Romans it still possesses many of their remains, the most famous of which are the well-known baths themselves. These are reputed to be older than any of the baths in Rome itself. Tradition tells that when Bath was a Roman city there was a temple of Minerva on the present site of the Abbey, and as the baths and the Abbey are close to one another it is more than likely.

As the City of Bath is one of the most beautiful cities in England, with a dignity and atmosphere of its own, so the glory of Bath is its Abbey. As one comes into Bath by the Great Western Railway the Abbey dominates the City, and so it has done since 1499. Built in the reign of Henry VII, despoiled by Henry VIII, partially restored in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, visited by James II and Queen Anne, attended by Beau Nash and the fashionable crowd of the eighteenth century, it has been a silent but magnificent witness to the Faith.

Since the days of the Roman temple many Christian buildings have stood on the site. Away back in A.D. 775 Offa, King of Mercia, founded a College of Secular Canons upon it. This was soon followed by a Saxon church, in which on Whitsunday, A.D. 973, Edgar was crowned King of England. Then in 1089 John of Villula pulled down the Saxon church, built a huge Norman cathedral, and removed his episcopal throne from Wells to Bath. The next four bishops were called Bishops of Bath, without any mention of Wells. The last Bishop of Bath was Bishop Jocelin who died in 1242. After that the throne was moved back to Wells, and ever since the diocese has been called Bath and Wells.

The clergy and monks who had charge of the Norman cathedral proved themselves unworthy of their charge, and at last it fell into complete disrepair. Then in 1499 Bishop Oliver King, in response to a dream, pulled it down, and upon the foundations of the nave began the present lovely Abbey. His dream is represented on the west front. He beheld, as Jacob did, angels ascending and descending a ladder from heaven,

at the foot of which was an olive tree supporting a crown, and he heard a voice say, "Let an Olive establish the Crown and a King restore the Church." He had already helped to establish the Crown, and he then began to restore the church. However, he did not live long enough to see his dream fulfilled, for in 1503 he died. The work was finished by Prior Byrde, and now ranks as the latest example on a large scale in England of Perpendicular work.

Unfortunately it was hardly finished when fresh troubles arose, and Henry VIII suppressed it. The glass, iron, bells, and lead were sold, and nothing but the skeleton of the church was left standing. It was a wicked and irreparable deed. But with the coming of Queen Elizabeth came also generous benefactors, and good Churchmen like Bishop Montague and Thomas Bellot, re-roofed, re-glazed, and restored the Abbey, so that once more the worship of GOD could be carried on. A final restoration under Sir Gilbert Scott in 1860 was made possible by the munificence of the then rector, the Rev. Charles Kemble.

The chief glories of the Abbey are its roof of fan-tracery and the Prior Byrde Chantry. The latter is a perfect little gem of Perpendicular work, the roof being a miniature of that of the Abbey. In the centre of its east end is a demi-vault above which are the Prior's insignia and escutcheon.

No account of the Abbey would be complete without a reference to the tablets on the walls. There are still over six hundred of them, and before the restoration in 1860 even the pillars were covered with them. The great number of these memorials inspired the famous



BATH ABBEY (Frith & Co.)



THE WEST PORCH (Frith & Co.)



A New Estate

A Serial Story

By J. AITON COWDROY

SYNOPSIS

ON the death of her mother, HILARY LEIGH was adopted by her wealthy aunt, LADY LESTER. Eight years later she decides that she must return to keep house for her father, who is in comparatively poor circumstances. The decision is the more easy since Dr. ROGER MEREDITH, whom she finds very attractive, has joined the staff of an Everest Expedition. Hilary enters on her duties at her father's cottage. She finds that a new building estate is being developed, and her quick mind evolves a plan by which this fact may be utilized to the advantage of her family.

The story continues—

CHAPTER VII

THE SEEDLINGS

GEORGE stared at his excited sister in amazement.

"What on earth are you talking about, Hilary?" he demanded. "White's is the nearest nursery garden there is."

"But, darling boy, it need not remain the nearest. Why shouldn't we start a nursery for ourselves, the Leigh Nurseries, of Inglethorp, eh? We have the ground, the chief necessity. You love the work and know a great deal more about it than I imagined, though I might have guessed it from the flourishing condition of our own vegetable patch. Have you studied any horticultural books?"

"Well, yes, I have," he grinned. "But it is only theoretical knowledge as regards flowers, at present."

"Well, that is where I come in. McIntyre, Aunt's head-gardener, is a first-class man, with all sorts of prizes to his credit. And when he saw that I was really keen he put me through a whole practical course. And made me do the seed-planting and potting and bedding out myself. I've been doing it for years under his stern eye, and I had complete charge of the house plants and bulbs, besides my special borders, this year."

"But, my dear girl, that was different. There was Aunt Helen behind you and her gardener ready to foot the bills. You don't realize the enormous outlay of capital it would need to start a real business. One would want greenhouses, frames, manures, and composts, not to mention the actual stock."

"But surely it could be begun on a much less grand scale than that at first," Hilary argued, sobering slightly, but clinging to her idea. "Just a few frames for seedlings—you have four in use now, though I own they are pretty ramshackle—and a small stock of perennials for division. I have five pounds still to spare from my last quarter's allowance, and we could use that for bare essentials. Small nurserymen don't attempt to grow all the stuff they sell to their customers. They get it

from the big growers on trade terms I suppose. O George! it does seem a real opportunity, a line we could strike out in for ourselves when I see all those bare gardens. So many of the houses are inhabited already."

"Yes, many of them have been built to order, but the people have been too busy settling in to think about their gardens yet," George answered thoughtfully. "But they'll have to start soon with the digging if they want any show next Spring. I see your point about seizing the opportunity now, at the beginning of things," he added slowly. "In fact, that was what Cramp did. He guessed all these newcomers would want a lot of household stuff, curtains and dusters and things, so he laid in a tremendous variety of such stock almost before a house was occupied. Otherwise they'd have all bought their stuff at Heighlea or Birmingham. As it was, he captured the first trade, and now they deal with him steadily."

"Exactly. The man on the spot has the first chance. If only we could do the same for those people's gardens when they wake up to it that they want seedlings in the Spring! Oh! Tom, what is the matter?" she cried in a changed voice as Tom met them, white-faced, at the gate.

"Do come quick to Lance. He's got an awful pain with sitting so long in that chair. And Dad's out, and he won't let me lift him."

They raced to the garden where they had left the child in the sunshine, wrapped in rugs, playing with his paints, and found him half fainting in the agonies of cramp. George carried him indoors, and Hilary flew for hot water bottles and a warm drink, and soon warmth and a relaxed position eased his pain. But his need of her ministrations put all thought of horticulture out of Hilary's head, and she read to him and amused him for the rest of the evening.

But George pondered deeply over their talk. As Hilary had said, there were all those gardens waiting to be dug over and planted. He was a gardener by practical experience, for he had grown, and sold, first-class vegetables for years. Cramp's took all he could spare from home consumption. The nursery scheme might be far-fetched, but why should he not at any rate turn jobbing gardener and do the rough preliminary work in some of them in his spare time? The Major's for instance. The Major had seemed half inclined to suggest employing him, but George's shyness had made him cut off. Well, he could surely face a snub. What was being turned down? One can but try.

Hot-faced, he called at Dalhousie, as Major Graham called his house after old Indian days, that evening; he said nothing at home till that night he whispered to Hilary that he had got the job.

CHAPTER VIII

HILARY, THE HOME BIRD

"EILEEN darling, do stand still a moment while I get your sleeve measurements. I must get this done."

But the younger members of Hilary's family were all trying to claim her.

"Hilary, you promised you'd get me some fresh sprays to paint. Those marigolds are as dead as door-nails, and besides, I've painted nothing but marigolds for weeks and weeks."

"I know, my poor Lance. But flowers are so scarce. You shall have some Christmas roses to-morrow, honour bright."

"O Hilary, do stop fussing over Eileen's frock and help me to let this skirt hem down. It takes me so long."

"Do try to go on hemming where I have tacked it, Molly."

"Hilary, it's nearly four and you promised to help me with my French before tea. I'm simply wasting the whole afternoon."

"Oh! Tom? I'm frightfully sorry, your Wednesday holiday, too. Let's begin at once. There you are, my duck. Run away and be good."

She slipped the frock she had tacked together over her small sister's head and dropped a kiss on the bright hair. "Molly, what cotton are you using on that skirt? Darling! That is cream, and it ought to be dark brown."

"I know, but the brown is finished. Won't it do? Oh, I can't bother to undo it all again."

"What about putting it away till after tea, and running down to Cramp's for a brown reel, dear? You could take Eileen with you. A run will do you both good. Lance boy, it is really getting too dark to distinguish shades, and you've been stooping over that board for hours. Won't you let me put it away and make you comfy?"

She rearranged his pillows, and as she laid him down she caught his sigh of relief. His fretful tone had told her that he was aching with fatigue.

"There's the post!" Tom dashed to the door and came back with a letter that he tossed to his sister.

"From Aunt Helen!" she exclaimed as she saw the well-known writing and French stamp. "But let's tackle the French grammar first, Tom."

With a few quick touches she had folded the litter of work away, and while Lance lay half dreaming on his couch in the pleasant firelit warmth of the room, she and Tom bent studiously to their books, the worried frown smoothing from Tom's brow as he leaned against his sister's knee on the hearthrug.

It was a chilly day in January, and Hilary had been at home for over three months. The leisure of Chantrey House seemed far away, like the memory of a bright dream recalled during a busy day. She carried her letter to the kitchen when she went to prepare tea and read it while she waited for the kettle to boil.

"Dear Hilary,

"I understand from your last letter that Mary has left school and has no present prospect of outside

employment. She cannot be required at home now you are there, and, if she would like to come to me here for a change and holiday, my friends the Hammonds, who are crossing next week, on the 19th, have kindly consented to take charge of her on the journey. She will no doubt require a small outfit for the journey which you can choose for her in London. (I write to you rather than your father because you will better understand how to carry out my wishes.) Mr. Hammond will see about her passport and defray her travelling expenses on my behalf, and I will supply further deficiencies in her wardrobe myself.

"I am sorry to interrupt the bucolic life that you have chosen for yourself, but I daresay you will be glad that your sister should be given some of the advantages which you threw away. You had better put up, with Mary, for a couple of nights at Ware's Hotel as Chantrey House is closed and Mrs. Hammond will not want visitors at the Rectory while she is busy packing. I enclose a cheque for £50, £40 for Mary's outfit and pocket-money, and £10 to cover your expenses. In any further difficulty that may arise you can consult Mr. King of 703A New Square, Lincoln's Inn, and of course, the Hammonds.

"Your affectionate aunt,
"Helen Lester."

For a minute Hilary felt hot and angry at the tone of Lady Lester's letter. "She writes to me exactly as she might to her cook or housekeeper," she thought, indignantly. "Or Molly's governess. 'Sorry to interrupt my bucolic life.' 'My friends the Hammonds.' As if I did not know the Rector and dear Mrs. Hammond."

But her indignation was suddenly swept aside by the thought of Mary's pleasure. Dear little Molly, who had scarcely been out of Inglethorp in her short life, a little country mouse setting off to see the world! Of course their father would consent and equally of course she was not going to let her own hurt feelings spoil the child's enjoyment of this wonderful invitation.

Fortunately Mr. Leigh came in at that minute, and she was able to break Lady Lester's proposal to him before the two girls came flying in, flushed from their run in the brisk, cold air. He immediately told Molly the news.

At first she could scarcely believe it true. "But she means *you*, Hilary! She must mean *you*!" she kept exclaiming. But when at last she understood that it was actually she who was to go to shop in London with Hilary, and then go off on a long journey by boat and train with strangers, she became almost hysterical with alarm.

"But, Hilary, suppose those terrible new people hate me," she cried.

"Goose, they aren't in the least terrible," Hilary laughed. "Mr. Hammond is the Rector of St. Thomas's, and he and Mrs. Hammond are perfect dears. You will love them both as every one does. Mr. Hammond



"But, Hilary, suppose those terrible new people hate me," she cried."

was ailing all last Autumn and I expect that is why they are taking this holiday."

A very cordial letter came from the Rectory next morning, and thereafter the house was filled with the bustle of preparation. Hilary's chief concern was over Lance, but George assured her that he would look after the lad, and Miss Hazelrigg agreed to give Eileen her meals at school. After all, it was only for two days, and Hilary cooked food for the men before she left.

The two days in town rushed by in a whirl of activities. Hilary's first task was to rig her young sister out in a sensible, well-fitting coat and skirt, with hat, shoes, and stockings to match, before presenting her at the Rectory. With her soft brown hair nicely dressed, in her suitable clothes, and her shy, gentle manner, Molly made a very pleasing impression, while Mrs. Hammond at once won the girl's heart. Molly felt that she was living in an ecstatic dream during those days. The quiet hotel seemed palatial to her unaccustomed eyes, the lift, the page-boy, even the running water in her bedroom, struck her as marvellous sights, and Hilary's competence in dealing with buses and taxis, with menus and waiters, filled her with admiring awe. In the shops she was too bewildered by the astounding variety of goods displayed to exercise any judgement of her own.

"O Hilary, you choose," she whispered always, "I simply can't!" The girl required clothes of every description, and Hilary, with knowledge of what her aunt would like, as well as a clear idea of the style and colours best suited to Molly's rather dumpy figure and fresh, round face, carried her methodically from department to department of the great shops, marking off her lists, and feeling absurdly like a mother fitting out her girl for her first peep at the world. Their bedroom, stacked with parcels delivered during the day, looked like a gay bazaar that evening as Hilary opened each in turn and folded their contents into the new travelling boxes.

"I do wish you could have had a few rehearsals, dear, to give you a chance to get used to so many new clothes all at once," she said. "You can put on this blue semi-evening frock to-night for dinner, but the luggage must be ready to-morrow evening. You should have a long night's rest before the early start for Victoria. You will only want this small suitcase for the journey, and the others can be registered straight through. . . . Why! darling, what's the matter?" For suddenly Molly, who had been roaming about touching her new possessions with loving fingers, ran across the room and flung her arms round her sister's neck in a flood of tears.

"O Hilary! It all seems too good to be true. I'm sure I'm going to wake up presently in our attic at home and hear George stoking up that awful old kitchen range," she sobbed.

"You are going to put on that blue frock and come down to dinner with me like a grown-up young lady, in half an hour, so stop being a little goose at once," Hilary said firmly.

"I only wish you were coming too, Hilary. I'm sure I shall put on all the wrong things at the wrong times without you to tell me."

"Oh no, you won't. In a few days you will feel just your natural self, my dear. Now be quick, and I will help you."

When she sat down to her first late dinner in the simple frock that was just right for a girl of her age, she was bubbling over with merry spirits.

"Hilary, I feel terribly grand," she whispered across the flower-decked table. "I never had a dinner like this before in my life. Do you think I shall make awful mistakes?"

"No. You can always watch what other people use

for any strange dish. But in any difficulty don't hesitate to ask Mrs. Hammond, dear. Just be your simple, honest self, and you will be all right. It is only silly, pretentious people who are really vulgar, and you can never be that."

Next day was as busy as the last, but Molly was fresh after a long night's sleep, though Hilary had been busy with packing till long after midnight, when she set off gaily, after an early breakfast, to Victoria with her sister. The Hammonds appeared in good time, and greeted the sisters cordially, and while the Rector saw to the luggage Molly watched the cheerful crowds with fascinated interest.

"I wish you were coming with us, Hilary," Mrs. Hammond said. "But be sure that we will take good care of Mary. What shining saucers of eyes the child has!"

"This is her first trip abroad, and she is enjoying every minute of it." Hilary laughed, then started as a tall young man presented himself before her. "Why, Henry! What are you doing here?"

Henry Nebraska grinned all over his boyish, freckled face.

"Going to join the parent at Mentone. How d'you do, Mrs. Hammond. I've just met the padre. I say, Hilary, this is positively great. Are you travelling with Mrs. Hammond?"

"No; but my sister is." She felt oddly shaken at this unexpected encounter, but though her cheeks grew white she managed to control her manner and voice to steadiness. "Molly, this is Henry Nebraska, the son of Aunt Helen's friend of whom I have told you."

Molly shyly extended a hand. With her shining eyes and pink-flushed cheeks she looked positively pretty, and the youth evidently, from his expression, thought so.

"Your sister and I are great pals. What rot it is her not coming with us. Look here, Hilary, change your mind and hop in now. You can't possibly want to stop on in this ghastly town."

"You know you adore London, and don't consider it in the least ghastly." Hilary laughed. "But I'm not stopping in any case. I'm going back to the country as soon as all you people have set off on your travels. Here comes Mr. Hammond, and it's time you got in and took your seats. Good-bye, Molly darling. You have got your bag and keys, haven't you? Have a good time and send a line when you arrive. We shall be yearning to hear all your adventures. If it is cold on the boat there is a warm woollie just inside your case, and your rug is strapped outside it."

"Chuck it, Hilary. Do you suppose I can't look after your sister?" Henry protested. "I'll see she is all right, though I still think you're mistaken in not coming too."

In the usual hustle of good-byes and cheerful waving of hands the great train steamed out of the station, and Hilary, her eyes full of tears, hurried away.

(To be continued)

COMPETITION

We offer a First Prize of 10s. and a Second of 5s. for *A Photograph entitled "A Spring Scene."*

Please note that professional photographers are not eligible for this competition; all entries must have the name and address of the sender clearly written on the back, and no photograph can be returned. Envelopes should be marked "Photograph," and should reach the Editor of THE SIGN, 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1, not later than Friday, April 26th. Prizes will be sent out in May and the result announced in the August SIGN.

Church Life To-day

Some Points of Current Interest

In succession to the late Canon Hugh King, the Rev. A. N. Mukerji has been appointed Head of the Cambridge University Mission to Delhi. Mr. Mukerji is the first Indian to become Head of the Mission. He comes of one of the leading Bengali Christian families in Calcutta and was educated at the University of Calcutta. Ordained in 1923 he was Superintendent of the Boys' School, Delhi, 1923-26, and in the latter year was appointed first Principal of the United Christian High School. Since 1936 he has been assisting Canon King in the general work of the Mission.

At the celebration of the **ninety-third birthday** of **Prebendary Carlile**, founder of the Church Army, a prominent feature was the birthday-cake, with its ninety-three candles. The cake was an exact model of the Church Army hut for the troops which stood in Hyde Park during the Great War. Beside it were smaller cakes representing the mobile canteens which serve the troops to-day and the tents which they visit. It is hoped to raise funds for a Carlile Hut for use during the present war.

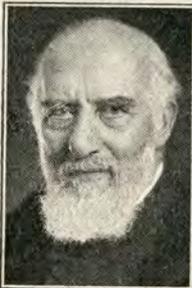


PREBENDARY CARLILE
(Elliott & Fry)

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The late **Dr. A. F. Kirkpatrick** will long be remembered as a man of impressive presence as well as brilliant scholarship. Born in 1849 he was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became a Fellow in 1871. Before he was thirty-five he was appointed to the important post of Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge, and in 1903 he became Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity. He was also Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, 1898-1907. In 1906 he was appointed Dean of Ely, an office which he held until his retirement in 1936. Dr. Kirkpatrick was a profound student of the Old Testament, and his commentary on the Psalms, first published in 1901, is still one of the best short commentaries in English.



THE LATE DR. A. F. KIRKPATRICK
(Elliott & Fry)

He was the father of the Rev. A. P. Kirkpatrick who is known to our readers as a frequent contributor to THE SIGN.

THE MOST REV. J. C. ROPER, D.D., who died recently in Toronto, was until a few months ago Archbishop of Ottawa. Dr. Roper came from an old Kentish family, one of his ancestors, William Roper, being the son-in-law of Sir Thomas More. From the age of seven he set his mind on being ordained, and even before he became an undergraduate he held open-air services for Londoners in the Kentish hop-gardens.



THE LATE MOST REV. J. C. ROPER, D.D.
(Elliott & Fry)

He was ordained deacon in 1882 to a curacy in Sussex and was later chaplain and lecturer at Brasenose College, Oxford. Here, through the influence of Edward King—afterwards Bishop of Lincoln—he determined to serve the Church Overseas and offered himself to the Universities' Mission to Central Africa but was rejected on grounds of health. He went out to Canada in 1885 as Professor of Divinity in Trinity College, Toronto. He was Rector of St. Thomas's, Toronto, 1888-97, and then for fifteen years Professor of Theology in the General Seminary, New York. He was consecrated Bishop of British Columbia in 1911 and four years later was elected Archbishop of Ottawa and Metropolitan of the Province of Ontario.

The Diocese of London has decided to go forward with its **building programme for 1940**, if the necessary materials can be obtained. Among the reasons which have led the diocese to this decision are the need for the Church to give a definite lead by undertaking works of construction in a time of destruction, and the growing need in the new housing areas for the permanent church as the centre of Christian fellowship and spiritual witness, a need not diminished but increased by all the perplexities and anxieties of war.

It is hoped, therefore, that a further six churches will be erected during 1940, in addition to the five which are now in course of erection.

The **Bishop of Monmouth**, Dr. G. C. Joyce, is resigning because of age and ill health. The resignation has been accepted by the Archbishop of Wales, and will take effect on April 30th.

Dr. Joyce, who is seventy-four and recently underwent a serious operation, was educated at Harrow School and Brasenose College, Oxford. He was for seven years Canon of Galfridus Ruthin in St. Asaph Cathedral, and in 1916 was appointed Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter. He was consecrated bishop in 1928.

The late **Prebendary Denison** was a priest of unusual distinction who proved himself a great pastor in two very different types of parish. Born in Tasmania, where his father was Governor-General, he was educated at Winchester and Christ Church, Oxford, where he learnt the principles of the Oxford Movement under the Rev. Thomas Chamberlain, the famous Vicar of St. Thomas's, Oxford.

He was ordained in 1871 and became curate at East Brent, Somerset. Here his vicar was his uncle, Archdeacon Denison, who from his active championship of Catholic principles was known as "the militant Archdeacon of Taunton."

Here he remained for twenty-five years till his uncle's death in 1896, when in recognition of his services at East Brent he was made a prebendary of Wells. At the same time he accepted the living of St. Michael's, North Kensington, a very poor parish in which he worked for twenty-two years, thus completing an active ministry of forty-seven years in which he had held only one curacy and one living.

In 1918 Prebendary Denison retired to Wells where he devoted himself to the interests of the Cathedral. He was well known as a preacher and his clear and forceful books were widely appreciated.



THE LATE PREBENDARY DENISON
(Elliott & Fry)

The strange-looking milestone shown in our illustration is to be seen on the main London to Eastbourne road at Golden Cross, near Lower Dicker. It is a relic of the old



Photograph E. J. Elphick

Sussex iron industry, and its purpose is to tell the passer-by that he is fifty-one miles from Bow Church in London, home of the famous Bow Bells.

This it does by means of the figures 51, beneath which is a bow from which are suspended four bells. The figures, bow, and bells are made of iron and fixed to a wooden post.

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. * *

3028. I find the words "the Resurrection of the Body" in the Creed difficult to understand.

We think some sentences written by the Oxford theologian, Dr. Walter Lock, about this article of the Creed might help you.

"I think that the Church . . . wished by its addition to secure two truths. . . . (i) That the actions of the body in this world carry with them eternal issues and effect the personality beyond the grave. They wanted to give a greater dignity to the human body. (ii) That beyond the grave there would be the possibility of mutual recognition, of life with others and with CHRIST. They knew that here on earth the body is the chief, if not the only, means of self-expression, by which the spirit comes into contact with another spirit, and for this reason, too, laid stress on the Resurrection of the Body. I also cannot doubt that the fact of the Resurrection of the LORD and the nature of appearances attributed to Him greatly affected the conception of the Resurrection to which they looked forward for themselves." If you can obtain Swete's *Appearances of Our Lord* it will certainly help you to avoid making difficulties and to realize our limitations: "God shields us every time from premature truths."

3029. What, according to law, is the correct number of sidesmen?

There is no rule of law about the number of sidesmen. It is usually fixed according to the number required to carry out the duties and also the number of people available for the position. The number can be altered from time to time if desired.

3030. Should flower vases stand on the altar when there is a ledge above it on which they have hitherto been placed?

The practice of placing flower vases and candlesticks on a shelf above the altar is a comparatively modern one and was much in favour in the later Victorian time; but it is now recognized that it is better and more in accordance with Church custom to place them on the altar itself. It is best to comply readily with the wishes of the incumbent in such customs, which vary between one church and another and are not in any way matters of principle.

If you are interested in questions of church decoration and ceremonial you may like to consult *The Sacristan's Handbook*, by Dr. E. Hermitage Day (Mowbrays, 2s. 6d.; post 2½d.), and *Flowers in Church*, by Irene Caudwell (Mowbrays, 2s.; post 2d.).

THE GUIDED WAY Points for Church People

ITS SECRET

No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, save in the Holy Spirit.

We offer the Sacrifice of Praise with exultation. Alleluia, Alleluia. I will receive the Cup of Salvation and call upon the Name of the LORD.

The Book of Deer, c. A.D. 1100.

JESUS, out of every nation, hath redeemed us by His Blood.

FROM EASTERTIDE TO ASCENSION DAY, 1940

March THE GREATER FESTIVALS

- 24, S. Easter Day
- 25, 26, Monday and Tuesday in Easter Week
- 31, S. First after Easter (Low Sunday)

Those unavoidably prevented by sickness or other urgent cause from communicating on Easter Day should not fail as soon as possible to do their duty in and enjoy the blessing of Eastertide Communion.

April

- 2, Tuesday (or see local notices).
The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary (transferred from March 25)
- 7, S. Second after Easter
- 14, S. Third after Easter
- 21, S. Fourth after Easter
- 25, Th. St. Mark, E.M.
- 28, S. Fifth after Easter (Rogation Sunday)

May

- 1, W. SS. Philip & James, AA.MM.
- 2, Th. Ascension Day

SPECIAL DAYS

Rogations, April 29, 30, May 1.

DAYS OF FASTING OR ABSTINENCE

Fridays, April 5, 12, 19, 26
Eve of Ascension, May 1.

COMMEMORATIONS

- 3, Richard, Bp. of Chichester, 1253; 4, Ambrose, Bp. of Milan, D., 397; 11, Leo the Great, Bp. of Rome, D., 461; 19, Alphege, Archbp. of Canterbury, M., 1012; [21, Anselm, Archbp. of Canterbury, D., 1109] 23, George, M., Patron Saint of ENGLAND; 30, Catherine of Siena, V., 1380.

3031. May a priest from another parish prepare a boy for Confirmation and present him to the Bishop?

As a general rule, it is desirable that candidates should be prepared by one of the parish clergy, but this is not necessary if there is any reason against it in a particular case, such as that you mention. The parents of the candidate should ask the priest they wish for if he will prepare their son for Confirmation, explaining the circumstances, and if he consents the matter would then be left in his hands.

The priest who prepares the candidate would also present him at the Confirmation and would make the necessary arrangements with the Bishop and with the authorities of the cathedral or church in which it is held.

3032. I have read some historical novels, and should like to know of any dealing with the Early Church.

We agree with you that Church History is a most interesting study and that it is possible to learn about it from works of fiction. These, however, should be carefully chosen. We can recommend the books of the Rev. A. D. Crake, a careful and conscientious historian as well as a very interesting writer. His stories of Early Church History are *Aemilius* (5s. 6d.) and *The Victor's Laurel* (2s. 6d.).

A number of stories written in the fifties and sixties of the last century were very valuable in teaching people about Church History. Most of these are now only obtainable in second-hand copies. If you can procure any of those by Dr. Neale or Miss Charlotte Yonge we think you would enjoy them.

You might also like to know of Archdeacon Clarke's *Everyman's Book of Saints* (6s.) and *Saints and Heroes of the Christian Church* (2s. 6d.), which tell a number of interesting stories, both historical and legendary, in a very attractive way. These are published by Mowbrays. The S.P.C.K. publishes a very good elementary *History of the Christian Church*, by Mrs. Duncan-Jones (6s.; in three parts, 2s. each).

3033. If what appeared to be an excessive fee was charged for a burial is there any remedy?

The burial fees are in some places fixed by local custom and in others by the authorities of the diocese. Each church should have a copy of the authorized Table of Fees which those concerned could consult if they wished to do so. If the fees you mention are in excess of what is authorized for your parish you would be entitled to refer the matter to the Archdeacon.

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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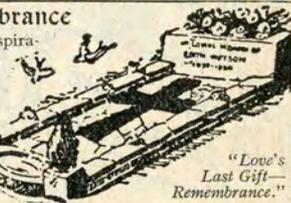
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P.513A



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MOTHERS' UNION

The Mothers' Union held their monthly meeting on March 28th with 55 members and several prospective members present.

The meeting opened with the singing of Hymn, "Ye Choirs Of New Jerusalem," followed by prayers and the Litany. The lesson read by Mrs. Walker was taken from the 24th chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke. After the singing of Hymn, "Jesus, Stand Among Us," Miss Shotter gave a word of welcome to the prospective members, afterwards addressing the meeting, choosing the story of the Cross, explaining how the Cross is the centre of religion. The Cross is love, God's Justice, God's Love and God's Purity, and for us to realize the power we can have in our lives through Christ. The poem, "The Incomparable Christ," was read. The meeting came to a close with the singing of Hymn, "At Even' When The Sun Was Set," followed by special prayers for the missionary work of the Church, the sick, our Parish, our homes, men on active service, and peace. Miss Shotter pronounced the Benediction.

The annual service of Corporate Communion and Chain of Prayer was held in St. James' Cathedral on Tuesday, April 2nd, at 10.30 a.m. This service is one of the happiest events of the Mothers' Union year. The Chaplain, Rev. A. Briarly Browne, took the service, assisted by Rev. R. L. Seaborn, who addressed us, choosing the 1st chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke, also saying we were assembled together to commemorate and return thanks for the festival of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, her consideration, unselfishness and thought for others, her submission to the will of God, and obedience.

Hymns: "Choirs Of New Jerusalem," "O God Unseen Yet Ever Near," "Sweet Feast Of Love Divine," "The Day Of Resurrection," were sung. The Chaplain pronounced the Benediction.

St. John's took the period from 10-10.30 a.m. in the Chain of Prayer.

The flowers on the altar for the month of February were the gifts of Mrs. F. P. Whitehouse, Mrs. W. H. Mould, Mrs. T. H. Warrington, Mrs. F. Harrison, Mrs. A. P. Allen, Mrs. L. Taylor.

SIDEMEN'S ASSOCIATION

Monday, April 15th, the Sidemen are having the Simpson Players who will present THE OLD ORDWAY HOUSE. Those who saw these splendid players last year will want to see them again. Their reputation is sufficient to guarantee a wonderful evening. Remember Monday, April 15th, at 8.15 p.m. Any Sidesman has tickets. Adults 25c, children 15c. You are coming?

LIST OF MEMBERS IN C.E.F.

- B-72786—Pte. Harold E. Church, "C" Company, 48th Highlanders, Canadian Active Service Force.
 B-3822—Pte. Lawrence Haydon Saxton, Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps.
 B-24004—Pte. Thomas John Williams, Infantry Training Corps, Royal Regiment of Canada.
 B-66693—Pte. Roy Elson Walker, Royal Regiment of Canada.
 B-66632—Oscar Francis Walker, Platoon Sergeant-Major, Royal Regiment of Canada.
 B-94715—Pte. Gordon B. Carter, Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps.
 B-75617—Pte. Alex Maclean, Toronto Scottish Regiment.
 B-76239—Pte. Harry Feather, Toronto Scottish Regiment.
 B-33154—Sgt. F. Sumners Saxon, A.T.C.L., R.C.C.S.
 B-84460—Corp H. Beeforth, 1st Division Dental Corps, R.C.A.S.C.
 B-75521—Sgt.-Major R. W. G. Murray, Toronto Scottish Regiment (M.G.).
 B24-124—Corporal Alfred Charles Hancock, Instructor, Infantry (Rifle) Training Centre.
 B-33285—Signaller L. R. Warren, 4th Company, R.C.C.S.
 P-10835—Cecil Bond, Royal Canadian Engineers.
 B-30021—Gerard Charles Frost, Canadian Dental Corps., No. 1 Training Command, R.C.A.F.
 67036—Pte. A. Powell, Royal Regiment of Canada.
 TORONTO SCOTTISH: E. Norgate, Harry Feather, Alex. MacLean, Doug. MacLean, Bob Lang.
 R.C.A.F.: Harvey Farr, James Ogle, Jack Ingram.
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ECCLESIA GIRLS' BIBLE CLASS

The visit to the Class of Miss Taylor, the Police Court Deaconess of the Anglican Church, was much enjoyed. Her talk on the jail and the Mercer Reformatory made us realize more than ever the urgent need for a home for girls when they have served their punishment.

The Class play, which was postponed owing to the illness of Mrs. Saxon, will be presented on Thursday and Friday, May 2nd and 3rd, in the Parish Hall. The title, "Those Phinney Girls," depicts three lovable old maids, and the play throughout is full of humour. The curtain will rise at 8 o'clock sharp, and we can assure everyone an enjoyable evening.

WARDEN'S REPORT—MARCH, 1940**Receipts**

| | |
|------------------------|-----------|
| 8 a.m. Communion | \$114.56 |
| Envelopes | 344.90 |
| Open | 380.05 |
| Missions | 118.15 |
| Lenten Offering | 67.89 |
| Easter Envelopes | 298.53 |
| Western Appeal | 156.15 |
| Church Army | 4.15 |
| Rents | 79.50 |
| Bowling | 39.65 |
| Confirmation | 32.86 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$1636.39 |

Disbursements

| | |
|--|-----------|
| London Life | \$1242.50 |
| Synod Allotments | 300.00 |
| Stipends and Salaries | 419.99 |
| Coal | 122.80 |
| Hydro | 30.20 |
| Gas | 2.48 |
| Phone | 13.20 |
| Insurance | 17.50 |
| Stamps | 3.00 |
| Printing | 42.66 |
| Repairs and Supplies | 53.07 |
| Church Army | 4.15 |
| Return to Sidesmen, re Gestetner | 5.00 |
| Clerical Help | 27.00 |
| Easter Flowers | 5.00 |
| Loud Speaker, Easter Day | 12.50 |
| Communion Bread | 4.89 |
| Bank Charges | 1.00 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$2306.94 |

The flowers on the altar for the month of March were the gifts of Mrs. A. Wilcock, Miss Black, Mrs. J. Bond, Mrs. R. Milner, Mrs. T. W. Turff, Mrs. S. Blaylock, Miss Miller, Mr. C. Rumble, Mr. J. C. Milner, New York City.

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Holy Baptism

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

- March 3—Patricia Corinne Belsham.
 March 10—Grant Francis English, Robert William Davison.
 March 17—Jack Neen Graham, Gordon William Dyer.
 March 24—Gail Marie Clarkson, William Wallace Jones, John Ross Coulter.
 March 31—Arthur William Clifford Dalton.

Holy Matrimony

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

- March 1—Denis Tiley and Thelma Eugenie Garcia.
 March 2—Albert Henry Rogers and Jessie Constance Potter.
 March 9—Clifford Andre Banks Copeland and Norah Ellen Bridger.
 March 9—Charles Henry Rae and Lois Madeline Barker.
 March 16—Austin K. Baker and Marjorie Annie Howarth.
 March 23—Harold Richard Scott and Hilda Miriam Kemp.
 March 23—John Robert Matthew Mason and Main Beatrice Smith.
 March 23—Gerald Ridout and Lorraine Grace Griffin.
 March 23—Thomas William Latta and Dorothy Gertrude M. Davies.
 March 27—Herbert Frank Neath and Joyce Ellis.

Holy Burial

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

- March 4—Margaret Carson52 years
 March 5—Catherine Sawyer81 years
 March 7—Paul Alcock63 years
 March 9—Edward Albert Hodge39 years
 March 11—Mary Jane McCutcheon86 years
 March 14—William Kedney39 years
 March 16—Baby Hatton3 days
 March 25—Catherine R. Shires82 years
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