

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, CHIPPAWA

to the Rev. Wm. Leeming, the first rector, and his wife, Margaret Hickman; to Thomas Cummings, the founder of Chippawa, and to the four members of the congregation who lost their lives in the great war. Our Bible classes, he said, were emptied by the war, because our boys had been trained in the right way.

"These good people whose names are here memorialized have left us the example of noble lives and for that let us thank God. I wonder if in one hundred years from now those of that day will look back to this and say we did our duty."

Banquet, Centennial Service and Commemorative Meeting

These features of the centenary were on Tuesday evening. The Ladies' Guild of the church served a bounteous supper in the Guild Hall to scores of members and adherents of the congregation and visitors, and shortly after eight o'clock the centennial service was opened with a congregation that completely filled the spacious old church. Rev. Canon Scudamore conducted the service, assisted by Rev. Canon D. Russell Smith of Fort Erie.

Addresses were made by Rev. Provost Macklem of Trinity College, Toronto; A. Monro Grier, K.C., of Toronto; Rev. Canon Bevan of All Saints, Niagara Falls, and Venerable Archdeacon Forneret of All Saints, Hamilton. Letters of regret were read from His Lordship Bishop Clark, Rev. Dean Owen of Christ's Church, Hamilton, Archdeacon Perry of Hamilton, Rev. J. Allan Ballard of Grimsby, Rev. J. Hirst Ross of Cayuga, and James Amm of New York, an old and proven friend of the church.

Provost Macklem said that to come to Chippawa was like coming home, for to the old village of Chippawa and to old Trinity Church his earliest memories clung with fond attraction. He had never ceased to be devoutly thankful that his early years in life had been spent in such a place as Chippawa, and he bore with him still from his youth many happy, childish memories. Some of these personal reminiscences he related. One, a walk through the mud as a tiny boy to visit his grandmother at Clark Hill, an adventure that was without parental sanction. Another, when he was almost drowned in the river; and a third, when he was older, when he had to battle his way to shore over the ice floes that constantly impeded his progress and as constantly failed to support him. Ultimately he did reach the sure ground of the bank and a chastisement. "To this day," said the Provost, "the roar of Niagara is music in my ears above all other music. I remember, in my boyhood time, that roar was our all-sufficient barometer. When the sound was faint and far-away we knew that a fair day was promised;