

is none of the fatal slime of the kalsominer about it. There are north and south transepts which add greatly to the commodiousness of the building. But in the chancel the lamps of sacrifice and beauty have burned brightly. There, more than anywhere in the church, gifts have been wisely spent. On the south side is an organ which if not grand is of considerable capacity. The chancel itself is capacious; its roof is arched and ornamented; its walls are clothed with suitable drapings. The clergy read the lessons and preach at openings in the chancel screen. The communion table has the elevation and the general look of an altar, and looking at this part of the church from the nave, you know at once that you are in the church of the High variety. On Easter Sunday this was especially observable, because strict attention had been paid to the white drapings which are ecclesiastically proper to Easter, and besides, the electric-light standards on either side of the altar were fully illuminated during morning service; also the sacred elements were brought in with great reverence, when the Communion office was read in the preliminary part of the service, and placed upon the altar with some ceremony. In this church, therefore, one expects to find sacerdotalism and the rubric. After attending a service or two you are of opinion that there is something more than these accompaniments and methods of the spiritual life, namely the spiritual life itself. The bread of life is distributed here, though on a priestly paten of the sort that is sometimes passed around with no bread upon it, and I know whereof I speak; for I have attended churches where everything ran to form and ritual like a garden plant that had taken bad ways and exhausted itself till no fruitful root or body was left. But what can be more suitable and helpful than when the ritual form is but the channel of the spiritual gift which fills it full, even to overflowing, for thirsty souls? Moreover, it has been known that some have cherished even the form—year after year—with advantage, because at last some rain of God filled it and brought refreshment where all had long been dry. Let him reject this saying who will; let him receive it who can.

On Easter Sunday, as I have said, the chancel was richly light, but I have not mentioned the flowers. These were there in lavish profusion, and the scent of them filled the place. That part of the chancel screen that answers the purpose of the pulpit, was embowered with them, so that Rev. Street Macklem, the rector, when he preached, looked like an ecclesiastical living picture, framed in white blossoms and green leaves. On the south side of the chancel too—the pulpit is on the north—there were tall lilies and other graceful flower-decorations in great variety. What made all this more attractive was the way in which the light at S. Simon's is subdued and managed. There were green curtains to the south windows which entirely moderated the glare which otherwise would have proceeded thence, and as the glass of all the windows is tinted, and the colours of the interior very carefully chosen, an effect was produced which was extremely restful and pleasant. There is a great deal in the proper manipulation of light, as artists show us by the curtains they put up in their studios. There seems no reason why judiciousness in this particular should not be exercised in churches. Of upholstery there is a complete absence at S. Simon's. There are no cushions in the pews or carpets on the floors. The aisles are furnished with plain matting to deaden sound. But the subdued radiance from the shaded windows gives a sense of comfort and peace that is very restful to those who are weary in the world's ways. Moreover you would never take S. Simon's for anything else but a church. Nobody would ever think it was a concert room or a lecture theatre. It is a building devoted to worship, but it is dominated by no conspicuous pulpit. The eyes of the congregation are naturally drawn to the chancel as to a visible centre of worship, where, with due respect to reverence and order, the clergy and choir take part in the offices of the church. I don't think anybody says with regard to S. Simon's: "I am going to hear so and so." There is a short sermon, and, to judge from the one I heard on Easter Sunday, it is effective and earnest. But it is an incident of the service rather than its overflowing *raison d'être*.

The church was rapidly filling on Easter Sunday morning when I entered, but the polite sidesmen were very attentive, and no incomer had any difficulty in getting a place as long as there were any vacancies. These, however, speedily became fewer and fewer, till every sitting—or kneeling perhaps I should say—was taken up. The organist, who wears

a surplice, was playing softly on his instrument, an organ of considerable capacity, built in a chamber on the south side of the chancel, and making but a moderate show of ornamented pipes. The congregation waited, and gazed eastward at the floral display of white blossoms, flecked here and there with a note of colour. Soon the "Amen" of the prefatory prayer of the choristers was heard from their distant vestry, and the procession of white-robed singers and clergy emerged, and came slowly along the north aisle, singing the triumphant music of the Easter hymn, the whole congregation rising and joining in the glad strain. Higher and higher rose the sacred song of praise and joy, as it was taken up by all, till, in the last verse, the full strength of the organ was employed, and the whole church seemed to throb and vibrate with the mighty crash of sound. It was a psalm of Christian joy over the vanquishment of Death. Then silence, for a brief while, and a deep strong voice said in a calm monotone: "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness though we have rebelled against Him," and the liturgy which has been called incomparable was begun. The voice was that of the curate, Rev. Ernest J. Wood, who intoned the service with much ability. The responses from the body of the church were vigorous and massive, and in the chanting of the psalms for the day most of the people joined. The hymns were heartily and congregationally sung, and with regard to the part of the choristers in the service, it may be said that its strictly religious aspect was kept steadily in view. There was no fancy solo-singing for the sake of display, or as a tribute to aesthetic tastes. For an anthem the scripture passages prefacing the epistles of the day were sung, and were also joined in by the congregation. The eastward position is assumed at the recital of the creeds, and in the Apostles' creed, which was sung to Smart's thrilling music, much choral strength and taste were shown. But one felt that religious worship and not the music, was the central motive, a conclusion which was testified to by the deep silence and reverent attention of the entire congregation. In the whole range of my visits to churches I do not remember anything more moving than the singing of that credo at S. Simon's.

At the proper intervals, the rector, Rev. Street Macklem, comes forward to an opening in the chancel screen to read the lessons and to make the announcements for the week. He has a sharply cut clean-shaven face, expressive of much alert intellect, combined with pervading happiness. He gives one the impression of a man who has found his niche in the world, and who has a strong and upholding faith that vanquishes all doubt and uncertainty. Sensitiveness and delicate taste are about the lines of his lips, that no doubt easily wear a smile of great sweetness. He has the literary gift, but he does not make an idol of it—it is with him a tool to be used in works of edification according to his lights. He has abundant hair but it does not cover up his broad brow. Short of stature and slight, he is compact and vigorous. A priest undoubtedly, but by no means a walking epitome of sacerdotalism and nothing else. Such are the opinions which an attentive observer might form of him. For a further insight into his way of looking at things, perhaps we may take the following passage from the S. Simon's church calendar for April. I do not know for certain whether he wrote them or not, but I think he did.

There is a minor custom prevailing amongst us, connected with this season of the year, which we are determined, even at the risk of being laughed at, to enter our protest against; we refer to the use of "hot cross buns" on Good Friday. Probably the custom arose in monasteries where the monks baked their own bread; and we can easily understand that, being engaged in the necessary routine of the kitchen early on Good Friday morning, with thoughts devoutly fixed upon the great Sacrifice of the Cross, it would be to them almost an act of worship to reverently trace with the finger the form of a cross on each piece of dough before it left their hands. If the present day custom bore still any trace of such commendable reverence, we should have not a word to say against it; but what are the facts? The facts are the custom survives because tradesmen find in it an opportunity of money-making and because their customers find the "hot cross buns" a pleasing variety for the breakfast table once a year. What reverence is there in this? Is it not rather irreverent to so debase the use of a beautiful symbol, the symbol of our redemption and of the sufferings which that redemption entailed upon the Incarnate Son of God? We leave the suggestion to be acted upon by those who may concur in what we have written.

With the approach of another Good Friday we find the fences and newspapers bearing their annual announcement of musical and theatrical entertainments to be given on the day that commemorates the death of the holiest Man the world has ever known, on the day that ought to carry down through the ages the memory of the consuming love of the Son of God for all sons of men, on the day of that