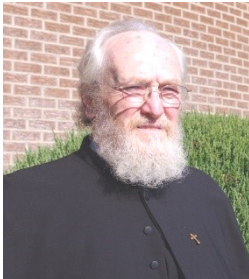


THE TRADITIONAL ANGLICAN NEWS

NOVEMBER 15, 2020

VOLUME 8, ISSUE 11

Fr. Robert's Remarks



FR. ROBERT MANSFIELD, SSC
VICAR GENERAL

How beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of good things. Rom. 10:8

Greetings; the Lord be with you!

It will be barely two weeks and we shall begin our New Year—ecclesiastical. Advent will be here once again.

Have you ever noticed one of the interesting little details in our Prayer Book—that “Advent Sunday is always the nearest Sunday to the Feast of St. Andrew, whether before or after.” Advent Sunday is not merely four Sundays before Christmas—though it is that; it is specifically related to the Feast of St. Andrew.

It has always seemed to me that this was a deliberate arrangement to show that as we begin our annual prepare for the Feast of the Nativity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ we are reminded that we are not just to party on through but that we are to bring others to Jesus.

The Second Lesson for Morning Prayer on St. Andrew's Day is St. John 1.35-42. John's Gospel begins with the beautiful Prologue. On most occasions we use the Prologue as the “Last Gospel” at the end of the celebration of the Eucharist. The Prologue is followed by the introduction of St. John the Baptist who points to Jesus as says, “Behold the Lamb of God! (v. 36) There were two of the Baptist's disciples who heard him speak. One of the two was Andrew and Andrew got the message.

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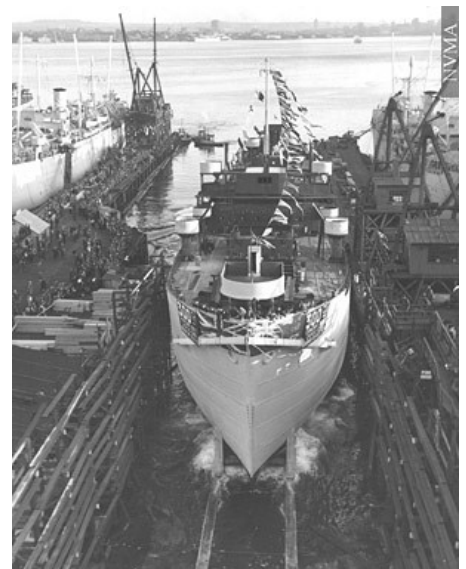
Fr. David Marriott, SSC: Remembrances



FR. DAVID MARRIOTT, SSC

At this time, when our country is in the midst of an epic struggle against an enemy that we cannot see, it is important for us all to reflect on those many who embraced the danger of open conflict in order to protect us all from the tyranny of oppression which threatened all that we value. It is with great thanks that as in my work as priest, I have been able to meet with some of those who lived through these dangerous days, but who either of great age, or have gone to meet their maker.

One, Patricia McLean, worked for the Canadian government ship-building programme here in Vancouver, where, at that time, her father had work in the dockyards. The *SS Westend Park* was the 300th 10,000-ton cargo ship built in Canada during World War II, and the 85th at Burrard Dry Dock. ‘During World War II, North Vancouver's shipyards made a vital contribution to



Fr. David Marriott, SSC: Remembrances

the Allied victory. They produced almost half of the cargo ships built in Canada to replace those sunk by German submarines.’ (North Vancouver Museum and Archives)

A second, Bill Turner, left his home and parents in Surrey BC for Britain, where he joined the RAF, where he became a Sergeant Pilot, flying Spitfires and Hurricanes, as well as working in air/sea rescue around the UK and around the world. He was offered a commission, but declined it, returning to civilian life in Surrey Centre, BC.



And, a third, Ray Ratcliffe, as a young man, was stationed in his army unit in



Liverpool, during the dark times when the fires from the burning city were visible to those living in North Wales, some 50 kilometres away. He was left with a persistent tremor from that experience, but later in life became a teacher and school vice-principal in Abbotsford, BC, and is now keeping fit at 95 years of age!

I remember what showed me, as a young boy, the reality behind the headlines, the battles and the suffering.

‘They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old, age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn: at the going down of the sun and in the morning, we shall remember them, we shall remember them’.

When I was about 10 or 11 years old, so in around 1953 or 1954, we went the extra step, and put the car on the ferry to France: something which was not yet commonplace, the war being over but some 10 years. When you went to Europe at that time, you didn’t just have your sticker proclaiming your nationality on the back of the car, you mounted little flag posts on the front of the car, and there were raised two Union Jack flags in proclamation of our identity to those poor foreigners.

The surprising thing was that those two Union Jacks attracted responses in all those little villages and towns across the north of France: across the valley of the Somme, across Picardy, Flanders, the valley of the Marne, and Champagne people stopped as they were doing their errands, their shopping, stood and waved as we went by. For a small boy, it was really a lot of fun, and I remember happily waving back.



Fr. David Marriott, SSC: Remembrances

But the meaning behind those waves was lost on me.

Yes, when we stopped for a lunchtime picnic by the side of the road, you could find, still recent, traces of the reason for the waves: as you went off exploring, as small boys are wont to do, there would be odd things in the undergrowth: from gun emplacements: massive fortified concrete shelters, to rusting rolls of barbed wire, overgrown with wildflowers, and yes, with those all-too-well-known poppies. But although they were old, although I could relate them to the war, trenches, guns and so on, there was no human impact of what had happened here: just the sight of a farmer, going up and down, cultivating his fields as he had always done – except when armies of men were fighting across the same land, turning it into a muddy waste, where men might drown in the water-filled holes made by impact of shells fired from far away.

The impact of what had happened, and what we commemorate this day, came when we stopped at a small city or large town: possibly Abbeville, possibly St. Quentin, and after looking around the main square, went off into what seemed to be a park: and it was a beautiful park, a garden of remembrance, with row upon row of white headstones, each engraved with name, rank and number, and many with the regimental crest, and many with the inscription ‘name unknown’, or ‘known only to His Maker’. This park might be found today, usually in a quiet corner of many of the towns and cities of Northern France: they are worth a visit, to understand what happened, and to reflect on how this incredible fact had an impact on the future for us all: how many dads lie there who never had the chance to become dads? How many dreams, how many hopes, how much ability, were never to be realized? Never to be realized, because these men knowingly enlisted in the forces, to protect what we now enjoy.

There were two sections: the first for the First, the Great War, and the Second, for the 1939-1945 war. These men had gone off and left families and loved ones for you and for me: they had left peace and safety, so that we might be safe and sure of a good life. They had been prepared, as those who returned had also been prepared, to give their lives so that others may live a free and good life, free from oppression and injustice. And they had died in this cause.

They were good men, and they were bad men: the men who stole the altar furnishings from the church of St. Denis in the town of Sezanne: they all died later, and I wonder how many were able to confess and repent of this theft, before they were hurled into the maelstrom of death in the heat of battle? They brought all their good, and all their bad, into the battle with them, and perhaps we might think that in this fury, in this terror of death and damnation, this was their purging by fire, so that they, giving their lives for the sake of all of us, might be granted entry to heaven, their sins being wiped clean by the fear and desperate pain suffered at the last. But despite their weaknesses and thanks to their strengths, we are here now, in this free and pleasant land, enjoying the fruits of their labours, and so, at the going down of the sun and in the morning, we shall remember them, we shall remember them’.

AND SO, AT THE
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Bonnie's Reflections: Shakeup



BONNIE IVEY (& LAD)

Advent in Covid times. How we wish we could be preparing to celebrate Christmas in church, and to gather at home with friends and family. But this year must be different. Can we look at Advent more closely now, in the forced quietness, and find the wisdom the church has kept for us?

IT IS "HIGH TIME TO
WAKE OUT OF
SLEEP!"

Through the centuries the church has maintained its ordered sequence of bible readings, and prayers based on those readings, throughout each year. If we sit down and read straight through the Collect, Epistle and Gospel for all four Sundays in Advent, we receive what can only be termed a Wake-Up Call. The Epistle for Advent I, from Paul's letter to the Romans, tells us it is "high time to wake out of sleep!"

The Advent I Collect is full of opposites. We pray that God would give us grace to cast away the works of darkness and put on us the armour of light. We are reminded of mortal life, and immortal life. We read that Jesus was born in great humility, but he will come in glorious majesty, to judge the quick and the dead on that last day.

The Gospel begins with a meek Messiah riding into Jerusalem on a donkey and ends with Jesus chastising the money-changers and merchants in the Temple with a whip. More contrast!

In Advent II we pray that we might "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" God's messages to us in scripture. In the Gospel, Jesus warns of a time of distress of nations, perplexity, the natural world in confusion and disorder; men's hearts failing them for fear. Then, he says, people will see the Son of Man coming in great power and glory. "Then look up! Your redemption draws near!"

The Third Sunday in Advent calls us to pray for our spiritual leaders. We ask that they will make a way, a road, for the Lord to come to us, by turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. The pastors' job is to bring Christians to maturity. The laypeople's job is to respond to their pastors' teaching, and respond to the will of the Lord, in order to be found an acceptable people when Jesus returns as Judge.

Advent IV leads us in asking Jesus to raise up his power and come among us, to help us. We are "sore *let* and hindered." by our sins and wickedness. "Let" in this sense means injured, prevented from functioning, in the race of life which is set before us. By our sins we are injuring ourselves. Therefore, we ask Jesus for his mercy and boundless grace. Grace means "unmerited help or favor." We need him to help and deliver us from the trouble we make for ourselves and for each other.

Covid 19 has given the whole world a shakeup. Suddenly some things take on a new urgency. Other things fall away as we concentrate on just helping one another get through this. Some who have never contemplated the end of life or the possibility of Judgement Day may have been shaken awake.

Bonnie's Reflections: Shakeup

In the Epistle for Advent IV, the apostle Paul advises us, “The Lord is at hand. In nothing be anxious: but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passes all understanding, shall keep (i.e. shall *guard*) your heart and mind through Christ Jesus.”



Frances Ridley Havergal: Kept For The Master's Use

Chapter V.

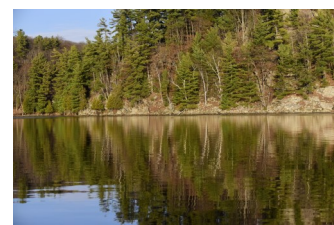
Our Voices kept for Jesus.

‘Keep my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.’

I have wondered a little at being told by an experienced worker, that in many cases the voice seems the last and hardest thing to yield entirely to the King; and that many who think and say they have consecrated all to the Lord and His service, ‘revolt’ when it comes to be a question of whether they shall sing ‘always, only,’ for their King. They do not mind singing a few general sacred songs, but they do not see their way to really singing always and only unto and for Him. They want to bargain and balance a little. They question and argue about what proportion they may keep for self-pleasing and company-pleasing, and how much they must ‘give up’; and who will and who won’t like it; and what they ‘really must sing,’ and what they ‘really must not sing’ at certain times and places; and what ‘won’t do,’ and what they ‘can’t very well help,’ and so on. And so when the question, ‘How much owest thou unto my Lord?’ is applied to this particularly pleasant gift, it is not met with the loyal, free-hearted, happy response, ‘All! yes, all for Jesus!’

I know there are special temptations around this matter. Vain and selfish ones—whispering how much better a certain song suits your voice, and how much more likely to be admired. Faithless ones—suggesting doubts whether you can make the holy song ‘go.’ Specious ones—asking whether you ought not to please your neighbours, and hushing up the rest of the precept, ‘Let every one of you please his neighbour for his good to edification’ (Rom. xv. 2). Cowardly ones—telling you that it is just a little too much to expect of you, and that you are not called upon to wave your banner in people’s very faces, and provoke surprise and remark, as this might do. And so the banner is kept furled, the witness for Jesus is not borne, and you sing for others and not for your King. The words had passed your lips, ‘Take my voice!’ And yet you will not let Him have it; you will not let Him have that which costs you something, just because it costs you something! And yet He lent you that pleasant voice that you might use it for Him. And yet He, in the sureness of His perpetual presence, was beside you all the while, and heard every note as you sang the songs which were, as your inmost heart knew, not for Him.

Where is your faith? Where is the consecration you have talked about? The voice has not been kept for Him, because it has not been truly and unreservedly given to Him.



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Will you not now say, 'Take my voice, for I had not given it to Thee; keep my voice, for I cannot keep it for Thee'?

And He will keep it! You cannot tell, till you have tried, how surely all the temptations flee when it is no longer your battle but the Lord's; nor how completely and curiously all the difficulties vanish, when you simply and trustfully go forward in the path of full consecration in this matter. You will find that the keeping is most wonderfully real. Do not expect to lay down rules and provide for every sort of contingency. If you could, you would miss the sweetness of the continual guidance in the 'kept' course. Have only one rule about it—just to look up to your Master about every single song you are asked or feel inclined to sing. If you are 'willing and obedient,' you will always meet His guiding eye. He will always keep the voice that is wholly at His disposal. Soon you will have such experience of His immediate guidance that you will be utterly satisfied with it, and only sorrowfully wonder you did not sooner thus simply lean on it.



I have just received a letter from one who has laid her special gift at the feet of the Giver, yielding her voice to Him with hearty desire that it might be kept for His use. She writes: 'I had two lessons on singing while in Germany from our Master. One was very sweet. A young girl wrote to me, that when she had heard me sing, "O come, every one that thirsteth," she went away and prayed that she might come, and she did come, too. Is not He good? The other was: I had been tempted to join the Gesang Verein in N——. I prayed to be shown whether I was right in so doing or not. I did not see my way clear, so I went. The singing was all secular. The very first night I went I caught a bad cold on my chest, which prevented me from singing again at all till Christmas. Those were better than any lessons from a singing master!' Does not this illustrate both the keeping from and the keeping for? In the latter case I believe she honestly wished to know her Lord's will,—whether the training and practice were needed for His better service with her music, and that, therefore, she might take them for His sake; or whether the concomitants and influence would be such as to hinder the close communion with Him which she had found so precious, and that, therefore, she was to trust Him to give her 'much more than this.' And so, at once, He showed her unmistakeably what He would have her not do, and gave her the sweet consciousness that He Himself was teaching her and taking her at her word. I know what her passionate love for music is, and how very real and great the compensation from Him must have been which could thus make her right down glad about what would otherwise have been an immense disappointment. And then, as to the former of these two 'lessons,' the song she names was one substituted when she said, 'Take my voice,' for some which were far more effective for her voice. But having freely chosen to sing what might glorify the Master rather than the singer, see how, almost immediately, He gave her a reward infinitely outweighing all the drawing-room compliments or concert-room applause! That one consecrated song found echoes in heaven, bringing, by its blessed result, joy to the angels and glory to God. And the memory of that song is immortal; it will live through ages to come, never lost, never dying away, when the vocal triumphs of the world's greatest singers are past and forgotten for ever. Now you who have been taking a half-and-half course, do you get such rewards as this? You may well envy them! But why not take the same decided course, and



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share the same blessed keeping and its fulness of hidden reward?

If you only knew, dear hesitating friends, what strength and gladness the Master gives when we loyally 'sing forth the honour of His Name,' you would not forego it! Oh, if you only knew the difficulties it saves! For when you sing 'always and only for your King,' you will not get much entangled by the King's enemies, Singing an out-and-out sacred song often clears one's path at a stroke as to many other things. If you only knew the rewards He gives—very often then and there; the recognition that you are one of the King's friends by some lonely and timid one; the openings which you quite naturally gain of speaking a word for Jesus to hearts which, without the song, would never have given you the chance of the word! If you only knew the joy of believing that His sure promise, 'My Word shall not return unto Me void,' will be fulfilled as you sing that word for Him! If you only tasted the solemn happiness of knowing that you have indeed a royal audience, that the King Himself is listening as you sing! If you only knew—and why should you not know? Shall not the time past of your life suffice you for the miserable, double-hearted, calculating service? Let Him have the whole use of your voice at any cost, and see if He does not put many a totally unexpected new song into your mouth!

I am not writing all this to great and finished singers, but to everybody who can sing at all. Those who think they have only a very small talent, are often most tempted not to trade with it for their Lord. Whether you have much or little natural voice, there is reason for its cultivation and room for its use. Place it at your Lord's disposal, and He will show you how to make the most of it for Him; for not seldom His multiplying power is brought to bear on a consecrated voice. A puzzled singing master, very famous in his profession, said to one who tried to sing for Jesus, 'Well, you have not much voice; but, mark my words, you will always beat anybody with four times your voice!' He was right, though he did not in the least know why.

A great many so-called 'sacred songs' are so plaintive and pathetic that they help to give a gloomy idea of religion. Now don't sing these; come out boldly, and sing definitely and unmistakeably for your King, and of your King, and to your King. You will soon find, and even outsiders will have to own, that it is a good thing thus to show forth His loving-kindness and His faithfulness (see Ps. xcii. 1-3).

Here I am usually met by the query, 'But what would you advise me to sing?' I can only say that I never got any practical help from asking any one but the Master Himself, and so I would advise you to do the same! He knows exactly what will best suit your voice and enable you to sing best for Him; for He made it, and gave it just the pitch and tone He pleased, so, of course, He is the best counsellor about it. Refer your question in simplest faith to Him, and I am perfectly sure you will find it answered. He will direct you, and in some way or other the Lord will provide the right songs for you to sing. That is the very best advice I can possibly give you on the subject, and you will prove it to be so if you will act upon it.

Only one thing I would add: I believe there is nothing like singing His own words.

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The preacher claims the promise, 'My word shall not return unto Me void,' and why should not the singer equally claim it? Why should we use His own inspired words, with faith in their power, when speaking or writing, and content ourselves with human words put into rhyme (and sometimes very feeble rhyme) for our singing? What a vista of happy work opens out here! What is there to prevent our using this mightiest of all agencies committed to human agents, the Word, which is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, whenever we are asked to sing? By this means, even a young girl may be privileged to make that Word sound in the ears of many who would not listen to it otherwise. By this, the incorruptible seed may be sown in otherwise unreachable ground.



It is a remarkable fact that it is actually the easiest way thus to take the very highest ground. You will find that singing Bible words does not excite the prejudice or contempt that any other words, sufficiently decided to be worth singing, are almost sure to do. For very decency's sake, a Bible song will be listened to respectfully; and for very shame's sake, no adverse whisper will be ventured against the words in ordinary English homes. The singer is placed on a vantage-ground, certain that at least the words of the song will be outwardly respected, and the possible ground of unfriendly criticism thus narrowed to begin with.

But there is much more than this. One feels the power of His words for oneself as one sings. One loves them and rejoices in them, and what can be greater help to any singer than that? And one knows they are true, and that they cannot really return void, and what can give greater confidence than that? God may bless the singing of any words, but He must bless the singing of His own Word, if that promise means what it says!

The only real difficulty in the matter is that Scripture songs, as a rule, require a little more practice than others. Then practise them a little more! You think nothing of the trouble of learning, for instance, a sonata, which takes you many a good hour's practice before you can render it perfectly and expressively. But you shrink from a song, the accompaniment of which you cannot read off without any trouble at all. And you never think of such a thing as taking one-tenth the pains to learn that accompaniment that you took to learn that sonata! Very likely, too, you take the additional pains to learn the sonata off by heart, so that you may play it more effectively. But you do not take pains to learn your accompaniment by heart, so that you may throw all your power into the expression of the words, undistracted by reading the notes and turning over the leaves. It is far more useful to have half a dozen Scripture songs thoroughly learnt and made your own, than to have in your portfolios several dozen easy settings of sacred poetry which you get through with your eyes fixed on the notes. And every one thus thoroughly mastered makes it easier to master others.

You will say that all this refers only to drawing-room singing. So it does, primarily, but then it is the drawing-room singing which has been so little for Jesus and so much for self and society; and so much less has been said about it, and so much less done. There would not be half the complaints of the difficulty of witnessing for Christ in even

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professedly Christian homes and circles, if every converted singer were also a consecrated one. For nothing raises or lowers the tone of a whole evening so much as the character of the music. There are few things which show more clearly that, as a rule, a very definite step in advance is needed beyond being a believer or even a worker for Christ. Over how many grand or cottage pianos could the Irish Society's motto, 'For Jesus' sake only,' be hung, without being either a frequent reproach, or altogether inappropriate?

But what is learnt will, naturally, be sung. And oh! how many Christian parents give their daughters the advantage of singing lessons without troubling themselves in the least about what songs are learnt, provided they are not exceptionally foolish! Still more pressingly I would say, how many Christian principals, to whom young lives are entrusted at the most important time of all for training, do not give themselves the least concern about this matter! As I write, I turn aside to refer to a list of songs learnt last term by a fresh young voice which would willingly be trained for higher work. There is just one 'sacred' song in the whole long list, and even that hardly such a one as the writer of the letter above quoted would care to sing in her fervent-spirited service of Christ. All the rest are harmless and pleasing, but only suggestive of the things of earth, the things of the world that is passing away; not one that might lead upward and onward, not one that might touch a careless heart to seek first the kingdom of God, not one that might show forth the glory and praise of our King, not one that tells out His grace and love, not one that carries His comfort to His weary ones or His joy to His loving ones. She is left to find and learn such songs as best she may; those which she will sing with all the ease and force gained by good teaching of them are no help at all, but rather hindrance in anything like wish or attempt to 'sing for Jesus.'

There is not the excuse that the songs of God's kingdom, songs which waft His own words to the souls around, would not have answered the teacher's purpose as well. God has taken care of that. He has not left Himself without witness in this direction. He has given the most perfect melodies and the richest harmonies to be linked with His own words, and no singer can be trained beyond His wonderful provision in this way. I pray that even these poor words of mine may reach the consciences of some of those who have this responsibility, and lead them to be no longer unfaithful in this important matter, no longer giving this strangely divided service—training, as they profess to desire, the souls for God, and yet allowing the voices to be trained only for the world.

But we must not run away with the idea that singing sacred songs and singing for Jesus are convertible terms. I know by sorrowful personal experience that it is very possible to sing a sacred song and not sing it for Jesus. It is easier to have one's portfolio all right than one's heart, and the repertory is more easily arranged than the motives. When we have taken our side, and the difficulties of indecision are consequently swept away, we have a new set of more subtle temptations to encounter. And although the Master will keep, the servant must watch and pray; and it is through the watching and the praying that the keeping will be effectual. We have, however, rather less excuse here than even elsewhere. For we never have to sing so very suddenly that we need be taken unawares. We have to think what to sing, and perhaps find the music, and the prelude has to be played, and all this gives quite enough time for us to recollect whose we are and whom we serve, and to arouse



AN AUTUMN
REFLECTION

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to the watch. Quite enough, too, for quick, trustful prayer that our singing may be kept free from that wretched self-seeking or even self-consciousness, and kept entirely for Jesus. Our best and happiest singing will flow when there is a sweet, silent undercurrent of prayerful or praiseful communion with our Master all through the song. As for nervousness, I am quite sure this is the best antidote to that.

On the other hand, it is quite possible to sing for Jesus without singing a sacred song. Do not take an ell for the inch this seems to give, and run off with the idea that it does not matter after all what you sing, so that you sing in a good frame of mind! No such thing! And the admission needs very careful guarding, and must not be wrested into an excuse for looking back to the world's songs. But cases may and do arise in which it may be right to gratify a weary father, or win a wayward brother, by trying to please them with music to which they will listen when they would not listen to the songs you would rather sing. There are cases in which this may be done most truly for the Lord's sake, and clearly under His guidance.

Sometimes cases arise in which we can only say, 'Neither know we what to do, but our eyes are upon Thee.' And when we honestly say that, depend upon it we shall find the promise true, 'I will guide thee with Mine eye.' For God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will, with the temptation, also make a way (Gr. the way) to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

I do not know why it should be so, but it certainly is a much rarer thing to find a young gentleman singing for Jesus than a young lady,—a very rare thing to find one with a cultivated voice consecrating it to the Master's use. I have met some who were not ashamed to speak for Him, to whom it never seemed even to occur to sing for Him. They would go and teach a Bible class one day, and the next they would be practising or performing just the same songs as those who care nothing for Christ and His blood-bought salvation. They had left some things behind, but they had not left any of their old songs behind. They do not seem to think that being made new creatures in Christ Jesus had anything to do with this department of their lives. Nobody could gather whether they were on the Lord's side or not, as they stood and sang their neutral songs. The banner that was displayed in the class-room was furled in the drawing-room. Now, my friends, you who have or may have far greater opportunities of displaying that banner than we womenkind, why should you be less brave and loyal than your sisters? We are weak and you are strong naturally, but recollect that want of decision always involves want of power, and compromising Christians are always weak Christians. You will never be mighty to the pulling down of strongholds while you have one foot in the enemy's camp, or on the supposed neutral ground, if such can exist (which I doubt), between the camps. You will never be a terror to the devil till you have enlisted every gift and faculty on the Lord's side. Here is a thing in which you may practically carry out the splendid motto, 'All for Jesus.' You cannot be all for Him as long as your voice is not for Him. Which shall it be? All for Him, or partly for Him? Answer that to Him whom you call Master and Lord.

When once this drawing-room question is settled, there is not much need to expatiate



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about other forms of singing for Jesus. As we have opportunity we shall be willing to do good with our pleasant gift in any way or place, and it is wonderful what nice opportunities He makes for us. Whether to one little sick child or to a thousand listeners, according to the powers and openings granted, we shall take our happy position among those who minister with singing (1 Chron. vi. 32). And in so far as we really do this unto the Lord, I am quite sure He gives the hundred-fold now in this present time more than all the showy songs or self-gratifying performances we may have left for His sake. As we steadily tread this part of the path of consecration, we shall find the difficulties left behind, and the real pleasantness of the way reached, and it will be a delight to say to oneself, 'I cannot sing the old songs;' and though you have thought it quite enough to say, 'With my song will I please my friends,' especially if they happen to be pleased with a mildly sacred song or two, you will strike a higher and happier, a richer and purer note, and say with David, 'With my song will I praise Him.' David said also, 'My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto Thee, and my soul, which Thou hast redeemed.' And you will find that this comes true.

Singing for Jesus, our Saviour and King;
Singing for Jesus, the Lord whom we love!
All adoration we joyously bring,
Longing to praise as they praise Him above.

Singing for Jesus, our Master and Friend,
Telling His love and His marvellous grace,—
Love from eternity, love to the end,
Love for the loveless, the sinful, and base.

Singing for Jesus, and trying to win
Many to love Him, and join in the song;
Calling the weary and wandering in,
Rolling the chorus of gladness along.

Singing for Jesus, our Life and our Light;
Singing for Him as we press to the mark;
Singing for Him when the morning is bright;
Singing, still singing, for Him in the dark!

Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide;
Singing for gladness of heart that He gives;
Singing for wonder and praise that He died;
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives!

Singing for Jesus, oh, singing with joy;
Thus will we praise Him, and tell out His love,
Till He shall call us to brighter employ,
Singing for Jesus for ever above



Fr. Robert's Remarks

(Continued from page 1)

One of the two who heard John speak was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus. (vv. 40-42a)

Two things here. We do not hear all the story, but the phrase "He first findeth" seems to imply that something happens after the first thing is accomplished. First Andrew brought his brother to Jesus. He stayed with Jesus throughout his public ministry. And later, after the Ascension he was an early missionary Apostle. He began as a missionary and he finished as a missionary bringing people to Jesus.

The Gospel pericope for the Eucharist on St. Andrew's Day is from St. Matthew's Gospel. It describes the calling of Simon and Andrew. They were fishing and Jesus said



LAST ROSES OF
'SUMMER'

(Continued on page 14)

The Church Mouse: Pray Every Day—Fingers Four & Five

Peanuts in the shell are a challenge for a mouse. They are awkward to carry, and you need to gnaw a hole in each end to get both the nuts out. So I was busily gnawing, under the radiator, while Kevin had a little private talk with Fr. Palmer. It was about an argument.

“And I was so mad when my brother said that,” Kevin was saying, “I picked up his homework page and ripped it in two. He started yelling at me and then we *both* got in trouble.”

“It sounds like you need today’s lesson from the Five Finger Exercises,” replied Fr. Palmer. Here come the others. Let’s pass around the snack and get started.” When everyone had settled into their seats and had some cookies, Fr. Palmer reminded them of the first three fingers of the Exercises. They sang those parts together.

“Today we will do fingers four and five. Now you may have noticed your fourth finger is not very strong. Lay your hand flat on the table like this. Lift each finger, one at a time. You see how the fourth finger does not come up as far as the others. It’s weak. It’s wobbly. Sometimes we are weak and wobbly too, when we are tempted to do something wrong. We need to get stronger in choosing to do what’s right. So when we are tempted, we need to---”

“Learn to say **NO!**”

That No was so loud everybody jumped, and I scuttled into my mousehole!

The children really loved learning that line. They shouted their No! so loudly the windows rattled. They practised it a few times. Then it was time for finger number five.

“The interesting thing about your little finger,” said Fr. Palmer, “is that it is the only one that will fit into your ear. Try it now.” I crept out of the mousehole and watched the children grinning as they tried each finger in their ears. “This last finger,” said Fr. Palmer, “reminds us that there is a very important message that we must hear. That message is---”

“Do all for God!”

“We want everything we do to be pleasing for God. Maybe you have a job to do and you don’t want to. It needs to be done but you would rather do something else. Or it’s the right thing to do but you would rather do the wrong thing. If you offer that job up to God, to please him, it becomes your gift to him. And you will feel better about getting it done.”



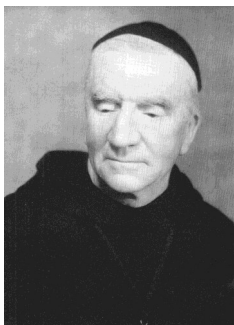
The Church Mouse: Pray Every Day—Fingers Four & Five

After all the other children had left the church, Kevin came back smiling to speak to Fr. Palmer. “I didn’t want to say ‘sorry’ to my brother. But I will apologize, and do it for God.”

Pray Every Day
Each Sunday Church
Food For My Soul
Learn To Say NO!
Do All For God



Fr. Andrew, SDC: Devotion to the Passion



St. ANDREW'S DAY, November 30

'Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us : and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.'

1 St. John iii. 16

FR. ANDREW, SDC

who has seriously taken a religious vow. There are two thoughts about a vow: separation from others, giving to one. Devotion to the Passion of our Lord, then, will mean separation from all persons and things that can rival His sovereignty, and a giving of ourselves to Him in a loyal self-abandonment. It will mean something more than making sacrifices, which may have in them a good deal of self-expression and even self-assertion. It will mean the complete abandonment of the loyal soul to Him Who has so loved us.

It is a fitting thing to think of devotion to the Passion on the Feast of S. Andrew, for the tradition is that S. Andrew was crucified on an X-shaped cross and exclaimed as he approached it: ‘Hail, precious Cross, receive the disciple of Him Who hung upon thee, Christ my Master.’ There must always be to those who recite the Breviary Office, in which those words are enshrined, a fragrance of his devotion to the Passion mingled with their prayers, as they keep the Feast of S. Andrew.

Devotion to the Passion means three things. First, it is an apprehension of the beauty of the divine use of suffering. Secondly, it is a surrender of self to the attraction of that travailing love. Thirdly, it is the result of the communication to the soul of the Crucified Love Himself, begetting in Him child a power like His own to use life’s suffering for the salvation of souls and the glory of God.



'HEREBY PERCEIVE WE
THE LOVE OF GOD,
BECAUSE HE LAID
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1 ST. JOHN III. 16

TRADITIONAL ANGLICAN CHURCH OF CANADA

TACC Office
136 William St.
Parry Sound, ON
P2A 1W2

Phone: 705-746-7378
E-mail:
vicargeneral@traditionalanglican.ca
&
We're on the web at

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GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD

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Fr. Robert's Remarks

(Continued from page 11)

to them, "Follow me; and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets, and followed him." (Mat. 4.18ff)

In *The Anglican Breviary* this same Gospel reading is used at Matins and has for a homily a brief comment from St. Gregory the Pope with a very challenging conclusion.

Dearly beloved, ye have heard how Peter and Andrew, at one word of command, left their nets, and followed their Saviour. As yet they had seen none of his miracles. As yet they had received no promise of their eternal and exceeding great reward. Nevertheless, at one word from the Lord they forgot all those things which they seemed to have. We on the contrary have seen many of his miracles. We have received many of his gracious chastenings. Many times hath he warned us of the wrath to come. How is it then that when the Lord calleth we do not follow?

What a challenge for us to respond to Jesus' call to follow him and like Andrew to bring others to Jesus!

Despite the COVID-19, Christmas, while its trappings might appear a bit different from other years, has NOT been cancelled. As we prepare for the Feast of the Nativity perhaps we can share our faith in Jesus, our love for Him, and for His Church with someone and offer that sharing as a nativity gift to Jesus

May you have a blessed Advent!

Until next month. God Bless!



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Contact Info:

Fr. David Marriott, SSC
drm274@hotmail.com
409-15210 Guildford Dr.
Surrey BC V3R 0X7
604-551-4660