"But she'll love your flowers most of all!"

. . . among her lovely Christmas gifts, your flowers will appeal to her heart most of all . . . for flowers are a man's way of telling a woman the special things she wants to hear.

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ALLIED FLORISTS AND GROWERS OF CANADA, INC.

MEADOW BANK MISSION BAND

The Mission Band members of Meadow Bank held their Mite-Box opening on Thursday afternoon. Scripture readings were given by Miriam Hyde and Ruth MacPhail after which Verna MacPhail, Eleanor Hyde and Vivian Drake sang "Away in a Manger." The boxes were opened by Beverly Jewell and Ruth MacPhail. The Birthday Box was opened by Avard Clow. Collection was received by Russell Drake, while Garth Scott sang, "Jesus bids us shine."

A good report of the years work was given by the treasurer Douglass Hyde. Meeting closed with singing, "Silent Night, Holy Night" and Mizpah benediction. Lunch was served.

LABOR LIBRARY GIFT

MONTREAL — (CP) —A library used by the International Labor Office while its offices were in Montreal from 1940-48 has been turned over to the industrial relations section of the University of Montreal. It contains 4,000 volumes.

NARCOTICS ROUNDUP

CHICAGO, Dec. 18—(AP)—Federal narcotics agents, aided by Chicago police, during the weekend were staging the biggest roundup of narcotics peddlers in the city's history. At least 26 persons named in a batch of indictments returned by a federal grand jury Friday were in police cells after an all-night roundup by authorities.

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141 GREAT GEORGE ST. PHONE 55

Touching Mediaeval Legend Related By Canon Malone

Following is the text of the address delivered by Rev. Canon E. M. Malone at Rotary luncheon on Monday:

In a little volume of Medioeval Romances in Everyman's Library, I came upon the story, translated from the French, of our Lady's Tumbler. I want to tell it to the Rotarians today, because it represents an ideal of service, from one who, because of ignorance, had only one way of serving and that he performed with all his heart. It should appeal to you, whose purpose is to serve, particularly at this season of the year when your service is directed to those specially in need of help.

To understand this story one must consider the setting in the Middle Ages — that period from about the 11th to the 16th century, if we do not draw historical lines too closely. Some adore the Middle Ages, some detest this period, but none can quite ignore it.

The religious temperament looks back with fondness to this "Age of Faith", the romantic sees castles peopled with lovely ladies, attended by slim pages all picturesquely attired, minstrels singing their songs of love and battle, knight-errants, riding gaily caparisoned steeds, jousting at tournaments to win some fair lady's favour but the practical modern mind sees beneath this glamour, slime and squalor, the utter absence of even the most primitive sanitation, and even the lack of so necessary a toilet article as a pocket handkerchief.

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The philosophy which guided the political and theological conceptions of the time was simple enough—the monarch was the guardian of the temporal order. The church was the supreme authority in spiritual things. Sometimes they clashed and the result was far from happy.

In this age of chivalry, womanhood was set on a high pedestal and devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary was a marked feature of religion. She is portrayed as the tender mother, and in the portals of great churches erected in her honour she stands holding out her infant son to the adoration of mankind.

In such a setting we find the story of our Lady's Tumbler. It is exquisitely told by Anatole France and here and there I have borrowed from his tale to fill out this medioeval legend.

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In the days of King Louis of France there lived a juggler of Compiegne named Barnabas. To leap and spring he knew well, but of greater things he knew nothing, for he had never spelled from a book, neither Lord's Prayer, canticle, creed, Hail Mary, nor anything concerning his soul's salvation. He wandered up and down and wherever there was a fair he would spread his worn carpet saying, without change, some words he had learnt from an old juggler; then he would assume various postures, and do some balancing tricks. At first the crowds would be indifferent, then, as with hands and head on the ground, he would throw and catch with his feet six glittering copper balls; form his body into a perfect wheel, and juggle six knives, murmurs of admiration would arise and coins would rain on the carpet. But he could only ply his trade in the summer time. When winter came Barnabe was often cold and hungry. His faith upheld him, however; he never swore or was dishonest or treacherous and was devoted to the Blessed Virgin. As often as he passed her statue in a church porch he would pray — "Watch over my life and when I die see that I obtain the joys of Paradise."

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One day, sad at heart as he tramped along in the cold rain, his balls and knives wrapped in his worn carpet, he met a monk. As they conversed, he told him, "My name is Barnabe. I am a juggler and it would be the finest calling on earth, if I could only eat every day." "Be careful what you say Sirrah" replied the monk, "No calling is finer than to be a monk and to sing daily the praises of God, the Blessed Virgin and the Saints". "Pardon me, sir monk" apologized the juggler, "I am but an ignorant man, I only wish I could sing the office daily, for then I would give up my trade and enter the monastic life". Noting his sincerity the monk agreed to take him to the monastery to see the abbot, who permitted him to join the order as a lay brother.

Owing to the rule of silence Barnabe had little converse with the tonsured monks and never spoke save when commanded. Indeed he moved among his fellows like a man ashamed and sorrowed much that he had neither part or lot in his fellows' tasks. He marked the monks and penitents, each serving God in this place or that according to his office and degree.

Wherever he went in office or cloister, in every quiet corner and nook, there he found the brethren at their tasks. The abbott is writing a book, one monk is copying manuscripts, another is illuminating them with red and gold. Still another is cutting statues from stone until his beard is white with dust and his eyes swollen with tears. Some are composing words of hymns, others are writing the music for them. Barnabe alone does nothing. He is too ignorant. Standing before a statue of the Virgin he laments: "I am unhappy, I cannot praise thee whom I love. I am but a stupid fellow, no hymns, sermons, paintings or statues can I make. Alas, I have nothing to give."

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Driven almost mad by such thoughts, he wandered about the Abbey until he found himself within the crypt and sought sanctuary beside the altar. Above it was carved the statue of the Blessed Virgin. Just then the bells were ringing to call the brethren to prayer in the church above. "What shall I do now?" he thought. "Each adds his mite to the great offering of prayer, save only me. I do naught but fill my belly with the meat which the abbey provides". Then comes to him an idea. "I will do what I can. I will honour the Blessed Virgin with my craft here at her altar. Since other honour her with psalm and chant, then I will serve by tumbling."

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So he removes his religious habit and puts on a very thin fine tunic girt closely about his loins and humbly kneels and prays: "Scorn not the thing I do, for with God's help I do it in good faith. I cannot chant your praise, but at least I can set before you such skill as I have. I will be as the lamb who skips and plays before his mother." Then he commenced his feats of tumbling, leaping high and low and made a somersault. Then he did the various leaps and vaults that are admired all over France and those of Spain and Rome. After each he knelt humbly with reverence before the altar, saying "This work I do for God alone, for you dear Virgin and your blessed son. I look for no reward, scorn me not".

The louder rose the chants from the choir above, the more furiously did he dance and tumble. Finally he leaped once again, declaring, "Never have I turned such a somersault before. Never before has any tumbler done such a feat" and near fainting he could no longer stand upon his feet, but fell upon the ground, while from head to heel sweat poured out from his body as he lay exhausted.

In this fashion passed many days. Whenever the monks were at prayer he sought the crypt to do his loving service and pay his simple homage. Never was he too weary to perform his most cunning feats, nor did he wish for other service than this, which brought him much happiness.

The monks doubtless knew that each day he sought the crypt, but none, save God alone knew what he did there. Barnabe believed that if his secret once were known he would be hunted from the cloister and flung out into the simple world, and he would rather suffer death than such a fate.

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One monk, however, marvelled much at his absence from the choir office and wondered how he spent his time and what service he performed for which the abbey gave him food. So he spied and pried and followed till he saw him sweating at his craft in just such a way as we have heard. He realized that his tumbling was free from malice, and that in simplicity and good faith he did this thing to deserve his food, but he was greatly diverted by what he saw and told it to the abbot as a merry jest.

The abbot heard the tale and pity filled his heart. He ordered the monk to speak of the matter to no one and together they went to the crypt to watch secretly the tumbler's devotions, praying in their hearts that some sign might be given them by God if this work pleased Him and that the brother might not be wrongly blamed.

They watched his cunning vaulting, his nimble leaping and dainty dancing, his reverence and devotion till at length, sweating and faint, the juggler's body fell on the pavement of the crypt. Then before their eyes came a vision. A lady more beautiful than the daughters of men, robed in a golden vesture gleaming with precious stones came near the tumbler, and with a white napkin gently fanned his brow and wiped the sweat from his face.

Not once, but many time, the abbot and his monk watched Barnabe at his toil and saw this vision, and the monk who at first thought the tumbler's leaping a merry jest, was moved to shame, for thus did God show His pleasure in the service offered by his poor fool.

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Enjoining strict secrecy on the monk, some days later the abbot sent for Barnabe. The poor man was smitten with grief, for he thought that his simple acts of service had been discovered and that he would be put to shame. "Dear God", he thought, "how could I believe that such work and play as mine could please Thee. God has no pleasure therein and all my toil is thrown away."

Weeping bitter tears, he came to the abbot and knelt before him. "Lord", he prayed, "for the love of God deal not harshly with me. Send me not away. Tell me what to do and I will do it." The abbot asked, "What service have you given, how have you deserved your bread?" Then in fear and trembling Barnabe told all he had done and suffered and begged for pardon. But the holy abbot raised him up and kissed him. "Brother", he said, "hold your peace, you shall never leave this abbey."

The strain however was too great for Barnabe. Shortly after he fell sick and could not leave his bed. Soon death came to him and with great honour the monks laid him to his rest, and the story of the tumbler was faithfully recorded in the annals of the abbey, as an example to those who would honestly dedicate such talents as they might have to God. "Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Without charity works avail man nothing. God asks not for gold or silver, but for love unfeigned, and since this tumbler loved Him without measure, God was pleased to accept his loving service.

Better service than this none of us can give.

VIEWERS' VOICE

LONDON — (CP) — The British Broadcasting Corporation wants 600 families every three months to act as "guinea pigs" in television research. Participants will be asked to keep a log recording frank opinions on what they have seen.

The Land of Jesus

By F. H. MacArthur

With the near approach of Christmas our thoughts turn to the Holy Land, and in fancy we picture the Prince of Peace dying on the Cross. Then, from the lips of those gathered about a great shout fills the air, "Thou that destroyest the temple and buildest it in three days, save thyself. If thou be the Son of God, come down from the Cross". Likewise also the chief priests mocking Him said, "He saved others; Himself He cannot save. If he be the King of Israel, let Him now come down from the cross, and we will believe Him . . . . He said, I am the Son of God." Matt. 27: 39-43.

In the place it occupies in the history of the world, the Holy Land is without a rival, having a strange fascination about it not possessed by any other country. Palestine is only a small country containing 13,000 quare miles at the time of its greatest prosperity.

The Jordan which divides it is the greatest depression to be found anywhere on the face of the globe. Bounded on the east and south by great deserts, the west looks out over the Mediterranean Sea, while to the North rises a rugged range of mountain peaks. Within those limited boundaries lies the Land of Jesus, a land containing such Biblical names as Nazareth, Shechem, Bethel, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and many others, all familiar

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The familiar story of Christ's triumphal entry into the City of Jerusalem riding upon an ass, is known to every man, woman and child in Christendom. While Bethlehem must ever rank first among place names as the town where our Lord and Master was born, Galilee and the Jordan are lovingly remembered by all Christians; the first, because Jesus walked upon its bosom; the second, as the stream in which He was baptized by His beloved disciple, John. The death and burial of the Messiah, and His resurrection from the grave, took place in the Holy Land. What sainted memories are called up when we try to picture Palestine in the days of Christ! What holy thoughts are borne to us across the pages of time! What a noble character Christ is! In our mind's eye we often picture mounts Gilead, Herman and Harin, standing like silent sentinals above the places where Jesus addressed the multitudes, or performed his great miracles. There by "Nebo's lonely mountain, on this side Jordan's wave" is the spot where the "angels of God upturned the sod" and laid Moses in his lonely grave.

This Land of Jesus has a great variety of climates; on the sea coast the winters are mild and the summers very hot; on the mountains violent storms sometimes rage, and occasionally snow whitens their rugged peaks, while the summers are long and pleasant.

The Jordan is 140 miles long. In its course it passes through the only two fresh water lakes in the land, Meron and Tiberias, emptying into the Dead Sea whose water is so salty that fish cannot live therein.

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In Biblical days reservoirs were built near important cities such as Jerusalem, and Solomon's Pool south of Bethlehem, may have been nothing more than one of these.

The dry season runs from April to November, the rainy season from November till March.

Often described as a "land of milk and honey", Palestine produces excellent fruits in the form of figs, dates, oranges, grapes, olives and many others. The soil also grows many kinds of vegetables, sugar-cane and cotton. But grass, as we understand the word, does not exist. All domestic animals are fed with chopped straw, the same as they were in the days of Abraham and Christ. Wheat is grown in the plains of Bashan and Jordan, and in Biblical days the crop was transported on the backs of camels to Acre, and then taken by steamers to European ports.

Mineral deposits are: Iron, lead, copper, salt, sulphur and bitumen; while domestic animals include dogs, horses, sheep, goats, cattle, mules, sheep, etc. The horses of the Arabs are among the best to be seen in any part of the world.

For a period of nearly twenty centuries the Bible was the only authority we had on this land of wonders. Then came a great discovery. Certain stone documents were discovered in the buried libraries of Assyria and Babylonia which brought to light new evidence on the interval between Abraham and Herod the great, and corroborates statements of the Bible from Genesis to Malachi. Similar documents were later uncovered in the tombs of Egypt as well as in the soil of Palestine; the Mobite stone, the Gizer boundary and the Siloam tunnel, which confirm the Bible records and help to make us better acquainted with the early conditions in the Land of Jesus.

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Palestine has experienced many joys and sorrows in its long and eventful history. Twice it was conquered by the Romans, in A. D. 66-67 and again in A. D. 134; then came the Persians in A. D. 116 followed by the reconquest of the country by Heracilus and by the Mohammedans in A. D. 636. Since those days it has been subject to many different dynasties and races, but all the while under the Mohammedan yoke with the exception of the period when it was over-run by the Crusaders. For almost four centuries it was ruled by the Turks, or until General Allenby, aided by the Arabs, finally broke down Turkish resistance during the days of World War 1. As a part of the peace settlement it was resolved by the Allied powers that Palestine be placed under world governorship and established as a self-governing state.

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Great Britain was authorized to exercise a mandate over the country with a view to the Holy Land being recognized as a national home for the Jewish people, at the same time allowing full civil and religious rights to non-Jewish communities. But this plan failed in its purpose. The old feud between Arabs and Jews flared up anew, and again the land was drenched with blood. In 1937, a British commission suggested that the country be divided into an Arab and Jewish state, leaving Jerusalem and Bethlehem under British control. Again, the inhabitants of Palestine protested and the suggestion was withdrawn.

World War II brought a truce between the quarreling factions, due no doubt to the Nazi peril. Anyway, they stood with the British. But the peace which followed the war brought no comfort to either Jews or Arabs. One of the most important events of the past year was the creation of the new Jewish state of Israel; but the Arabs bitterly resented the partition; six Arab member states withdrawing from the assembly, and fighting broke out as soon as the British troops were withdrawn from the country.

True peace has not yet come to the Land of Jesus, and the latest move is to make Jerusalem an international city.

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KINGSTON UNITED W. M. S.

The Annual Meeting of Kingston United W. M. S. Auxiliary was held at the home of Mrs. James Jewell on December 6. With an attendance of 14 members 2 visitors. The opening Worship service was led by the president, Mrs. Lorne Smith, and the members responded by singing the refrain of hymn 47 "O Come let us adore Him. The Christmas program, interspersed with the singing of Carols, was carried on by the members. A letter was read from secretary of Presbyterial concerning Presbyterial to be held in Charlottetown January 25 and 26.

Each auxiliary is asked to contribute 1 cent per member toward Berwick Camp fund. The treasurer reported increased givings for Year.

Minutes were read and approved, collection $1.85, Friendship, fund, $2.08. Dollar fund $20.00. Mite boxes, $20.00 birthday box, $9.99.

Election of officers for 1950—president, Mrs. Lorne Smith; vice-president, Mrs. Owen Younker; recording secretary, Mrs. Ralph Younker; treasurer, Mrs. Lyman Newson, community friendship, Mrs. James Jewell; Missionary Monthly, Mrs. Fulton Willis; sympathy cards, Mrs. Roland Buchannan; press secretary, Mrs. Edgar Newson; Christian Stewardship, Mrs. Fylpha Newson; supply secretary, Mrs. Bert Willis; Mission Board leaders, Mrs. James Jewell, Mrs. Lloyd McKinnon; Baby Band leader, Mrs. Lloyd McKinnon.

Next place of meeting Mrs. Heber Barrett. Lunch Committee, Mrs. Willard Proud, Mrs Heber Barrett. Mrs. Fylpha Newson. Meeting closed with singing hymn "When I survey the Wondrous Cross" followed by prayer by president. After which a delicious lunch was served by hostess assisted by Committee in charge, and social hour spent.

not one not two but 3

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HIGHFIELD UNITED W. A.

The regular monthly and third annual meeting of Highfield United Women's Association was held on the evening of Nov. 28 at the home of Mrs. Stillman Frizzell. The devotional period led by Mrs. A. B. Roberts, opened with the hymn, "The Church's One Foundation", followed by the reading in unison of John: 15. The leader then read an interesting selection entitled, "Our Church", after which this period was closed with the singing of the hymn, "Breathe On Me Breath of God."

The business was then conducted by the president. The roll call was answered by a verse of Scripture beginning with the letter "N", and the minutes of the last regular and annual meetings were read and approved.

Definite plans for a sacred concert to be held in the church are to be concluded in the near future.

It was moved and seconded that lumber be purchased to erect a porch for the church. The treasurer, Mrs. Ralph Gay, gave a detailed financial statement for the past year, which showed that a very gratifying amount of money had been raised.

The president, Mrs. Bently Creed, then, in a very nicely worded address, thanked the members for their diligence and co-operation during the past year.

The following officers were appointed for the year 1949-1950: president—Mrs. Bently Creed, vice-president—Mrs. Roland Sellar, secretary — Mrs. Dennis Neal, treasurer—Mrs. Ralph Gay, friendship- secretary — Mrs. Stillman Frizzell.

The next meeting is to be held at the home of Mrs. Gay, when she and Mrs. Reuben Good will serve lunch, and Mrs. Sterling Frizzell will conduct the devotions. The meeting closed by repeating The Lord's Prayer in unison, after which lunch was served by the committee in charge.

PUBLIC PAYS FIRST

ACCRA, Gold Coast—(CP) — The Gold Coast government has adopted a novel plan to aid the development of sport in the country. It will contribute pound for pound up to L20,000, of all subscriptions sent by the public to a newly-formed sports committee.

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