

THE HARVEST FESTIVAL.

Our gratitude is due to all who in any way assisted to make the Church look so very beautiful upon the first Sunday in last month, when we gave thanks for the year's harvest. Mr. Lister kindly took the first Celebration of the Holy Communion at 7 a.m., and set the keynote for an extremely happy day. For without making undue comparisons with previous festivals of this kind, it is true to say that this year's had features about it which have not hitherto made themselves so deeply present. One cannot easily forget, for instance, the Children's service, either because of the offerings which were brought with such simple naturalness or because of the lesson which we tried to learn, and which many of us elders have not begun to believe, that, as the Lord Jesus said, "It is better to give than to receive." Then, the collections showed a marked increase upon any single year of which we have record, which was as it should be. For the objects of our alms, the Royal Berkshire Hospital, the Mayor of Reading's Appeal in connexion with the Gresford Mine Disaster, and the Royal Agricultural Institution, were such as to remind us of our duty and privilege of thanks for gifts and mercies and blessings, the absence of which in others' lives had brought into being these outlets for our charity. And to sum it all up, the question leaps to the mind are we becoming a more grateful people? Too often we do not appreciate the goodness, which in the words of David follows us, until for a time it is removed. Harvest Festivals, therefore, have this use at least—once in every twelve months they call us to remember that thanksgiving is the daily duty of every man, and is next only in importance to thanksgiving.

THE MEMORIAL TABLET.

At 3 p.m. on Sunday, the 25th inst. the Mayor of Reading, as well by that time Mr. Allwright will be, is coming to unveil the Tablet which the Parochial Church Council, on behalf of the parishioners, is placing upon the south wall in memory of Alderman Farrer, immediately opposite the seat which over so long a period he occupied in our Church. Two purposes, both solemn and comely, as we believe, in God's sight, are served by this memorial. First, we thus commemorate the life of a very great citizen of Reading, who was also for practically the closing year of his career the chief magistrate of that borough. Not that this is the only emblem of memory which has been raised in tribute to a life of such distinction and achievement—far from it. But ours is a humble offering fashioned in homely guise and inscribed with simple language to a fellow-worshipper who took no small pride in being a side-man—one can almost see him still, tall, alert, and reverent, bearing the alms of the congregation for presentation to God, the gracious Giver of all that we have—and taking his share in the deliberation of the Parochial Church Council. And it is almost strange to reflect that as a member of the body just mentioned he assisted in the arrangements for the Extension of the Churchyard, where now his mortal frame rests so entombed that none can miss—not even the birds which he loved with such intimacy—the true proportions of his largeness of heart and endeavour. Secondly, parishes from time to time find benefactors, who, with the will and power to bestow, pour out their richest and best for the Glory of God and the better furnishing of His House. And Purley has not lacked such friends, as our records reveal, but no gifts to our Church has come with such timeliness or been passed to us with generosity so unassuming as the provision of a new heating apparatus by Mrs. Farrer. Truly our gratitude should be as warm as was the atmosphere on the first Sunday evening, that is, upon October 21 last, when the radiators were so hot that the attendant helpers were busy opening the Church windows! To mark then for all time our gratitude for so gracious an act of kindness, and to record the date when the installation was put into the Church, the Tablet will take its due place upon our walls that all may see and show their appreciation. And the service of unveiling will follow the usual order of Evensong with hymns and a psalm, the choice of which has been properly accorded to Mrs. Farrer.

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A BAPTISM.

Our Norman Font, which takes us back to the 12th century, has witnessed many a ceremony of christening, that is, making Christ's. It is, however, a matter well beyond the shadow of a doubt that never has the son of a Prince from Central India been before baptised in its water. Robert Julian is the twelve-months'-old boy's name, and he was staying at the house of Mrs. Gilbert, who for not a few years has attached herself to Purley Church. And so the world is brought nearer to us, and the true nature revealed of the Kingdom of Heaven, which is in reality a family so far-reaching and yet so closely united that all are welcomed into it in the Name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Perhaps the day will come when Robert, become of age and a Prince himself, will bring others to see that holy place where he received the sacrament of baptism.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

On the 30th inst. falls the day when we remember the overseas work of the Church at the Holy Communion. Perhaps you who read this notice will think of your duty as a Christian in regard to this need of prayer which was never so urgent as it is to-day, and will take the opportunity at 8 a.m. on this day of associating yourself with the intercession which will then be offered.

THE PARISH QUOTA.

The last Sunday in this month (the 25th inst.) has been set aside for our second appeal towards raising the sum of £13 8s. which we are required to find for the central purposes of the Diocese. If any members of the congregation find themselves on that day unable to be present and will send their gifts to either the Churchwardens or to Mr. Cooper, the Treasurer we shall indeed be grateful, for the furnishing of the whole quota is a matter of honour to the Parish.

IN MEMORIAM.

Vivian Arthur Hundley was not a name known widely in the Parish, or at least, as widely as it would have been had he not been called suddenly away on the 17th of October last. "In the midst of life we are in death," and never perhaps have those impressive words found more poignant exemplification. Ill but two days he seems scarcely to have left us, and still his vigorous and vitalizing figure remains before us full of an energy so vast that it bore him through months and weeks of ceaseless toil which would have destroyed many of his contemporaries long ere they had reached as he ~~had reached as he~~. He was even a soldier, for he fought with all his restless courage in the Great War, and since then as a man of business he had served his country as a large-hearted and thoroughly inspiring leader and employer. Nor in death does he taste the least tinge of defeat, for his spirit could never have borne the bodily disabling which his unremitting labours had induced upon his frame. But where the sunshine of God's presence is, how must he not feel freedom and the liberty of the boundless spaces, for he was always stretching limits here of endurance, courage, time—till these dimensional things were no longer sufficient and so one quiet morning eternity dawned upon him and he slept. How shall we see him again? There is only one answer:—

For I know there shall come a day,
If not on the homely earth yet yonder world's away
Where power comes full in play.

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