

FORD MOYNES

on the
MAIN STREET



Sunday, November 24, promises to be a memorable day in the history of St. Paul's Anglican Church. This particular Sabbath day will be Marsh Memorial Day when parishioners will be joined by a number of dignitaries of many different religious groups to honor the memory of a clergyman, who for upwards of half a century was Rector of St. Paul's Church.

Charles Henry Marsh was born at Holland Landing. He was one of a family of ten. Charles Henry Marsh's theological and academic career included three years Curacy at St. James Church, Orillia and a successful term at Wycliffe College.

Many people in Lindsay remember when he carried a large black bag containing his well worn Bible and Prayer Book and invariably a few chocolate bars for boys and girls he met on the sidewalk and stopped to chat with and perchance to tell a story. He enjoyed wholesome humor.

One Sunday afternoon years ago, he was the speaker at the annual I.O.O.F. Decoration day at Riverside Cemetery and at that time he remarked that he had officiated at over one thousand interments in Riverside Cemetery and at the same time, a number of decades ago, there were some eight thousand graves in the cemetery which equalled the population of Lindsay. He also referred to the fact that a gentleman named Hammill installed the bells in St. Paul's Church, the same beautifully toned bells which have summoned parishioners to the church on Russell Street for many decades.

He was for a number of years a member, a President and the Chaplain of the Lindsay Curling Club. He was not an expert exponent of the

game, but liked the exercise and companionship.

Canon Marsh enjoyed other sports and he was frequently among the rooters when the Lindsay Midgets were the idols of the fans. He also enjoyed lawn bowling, especially when the St. Paul's Club played on greens alongside the church.

Friends recall the time he went to help a youngster ring a door bell he could barely reach. The Canon walked up to the door with: "Let me help you." He rang the bell and then heard the lad yell: "I'll run like hell this way and you better run like hell that way."

He had an indirect way of mentioning an absentee from church such as "What seat did you sit in Sunday morning?"

One of the best incidents in connection with the dedication of Canon Marsh tells of the trials he had to endure because of his loyalty to the church. A farmer named Endicott lived at Reaboro and he was an Anglican. One rather cold and dreary Sunday morning he said he had

no intention of attending the morning service in the Reaboro Church, a short distance away. He was standing in the big door at the top of the laneway of his Reaboro farm when he saw Canon Marsh walking along the railway tracks, having walked all the seven miles from Lindsay. Mr. Endicott called his wife and said: "If Canon Marsh can walk all the way from Lindsay to the Reaboro Church, I surely can walk to the church and hear him preach.

It is well remembered by brides of long ago that Canon Marsh always handed them a little white Bible.

Another member of the parish recalled that the Canon wore out three walking canes.

Canon Marsh in his active life received the loyal support of his devoted wife and his children, Caroline Emily, now Mrs. Chas. Riley; Victoria Mary, now Mrs. Art Musgrave and one son, Bishop Henry Marsh, retired, living in Cobourg.