June 17, 1920.

nd Girls

iting to you tonst as I was sity slipped round not suppose I'll o some of you it is! It is retime, late and que young cousins, g for them to ing up and was e out one by out tar to-night—limess as the cars stop running, so the acacia-trees, nutes of real p

in the city you e, as a rule. The eally such a bea whether it rains rch is waiting and even if you ce sermon—and isn't it? You quiet, and res ag for a good m stand, I know, t quite see it m try it, and it in you.

find lots of quier, I hope, and so ing as regularly beeks. Like a green going to be off antains, and looking about for quier and the sight I shall be thinked likinds of though low you in a letter you all the same sort of "wireless ween me and me so you'll know a hinking about you e end, that "wireless ou do what I was what I want you know how

t give you my lo ishes for beautif a stop; it's near corrow now! ectionate, Cousin Mike

Cousin Mike

THE CAUSE.

shop the proprie pon whom he coul natual to his time ad fallen from the eral occasions has behind time a few of the proprieto office. "Can't you e at your old time d to do?" he said the ghts now, sir, an sometimes, but a sleeplessness you so, why don't you and find out the now the cause, sir ""

s "TIP."

coln, the Very Rev.
nt speech at Notat many Lincoln visited the Cathesion when he had hem around, a big iverpool, thinking a verger, insisted "I told him that" said the Dean into my hand and y yourself a drink am a teetotaller added the Dean.

THE CALL TO THE MINISTRY-The Editor

Charlanian tenter to the content of the content of

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In the Garden of the Lord

THE Word of God came unto me,
Sitting alone among the multitudes;
And my blind eyes were touched with light,
And there was laid upon my lips a flame of fire.

I laugh and shout, for life is good,
Though my feet are set in silent ways.
In merry mood I leave the crowd
To walk in my garden. Ever as I walk
I gather fruits and flowers in my hands,
And with joyful heart I bless the sun
That kindles all the place with radiant life.
I run with playful winds that blow the scent
Of rose and jessamine in eddying whirls.

At last I came where tall lilies grow,
Lifting their faces like white saints to God.
While the lilies pray, I kneel upon the ground;
I have strayed into the holy temple of the Lord,
HELEN KELLER
in New-Church Messenger.

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