May 27, 1920,

tle melodeon, an v familiar hym w one in Mothe

sparrow fall, er view; e little birds me too.

He loves me too, me too. s the little things me too.

y of the field, y bell; ittle flowers, me well.

birds and flowers rge and small; little ones, them all."

close to the winor a little while
and sang with all
n after everyone
ed of singing the
and sang all day
y, between meals
there was another
and at twilight
and the twins sat
g, fire and told
er. Although it
ay the children
the loveliest days

the world was
nd every day for
ent hunting in the
at wonderful key,
. The Chickadees
the Bluejays and
their heads and
oins cheered them
rds sang softly:
s in the air,

ome morning fair he key."

PROMOTION.

iress that gentlem? Has he ever

rs of, boss. But e in heah dat he nigger a quarter. se gwine to make o' I die!"

OUGH.

d colonel tells a bishop who once in town. He gave aky as the Bishop he man failed to ving that in the op all things were in him as "the ah."

ERITANCE.

of Paschendaele, ed Gordon Highinto one of the stations. The vas wearing a fine "Where did you e asked.

iled at the time, that the chances he later confided tor.

wishockit his heed, econd time. He in. 'For the third a gentlemaun,' I me that watch!

simply inherited



Chananian Chananian Chananian



"Let me but do my work from day to day,

In field or forest, at the desk or loom.

In roaring market-place or tranquil room;

Let me but find it in my heart to say,

When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,

'This is my work, my blessing, not my doom;

Of all who live, I am the one by whom

This work can best be done in the right way."

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