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"A Kinglet," Boy Blue read, "Golden-crowned Kinglet. Why, we might almost have guessed that. The golden crown shows he's a king, doesn't it? And kinglet means little king—just as streamlet means a little stream and lakelet means a little lake and leaflet means a little leaf. You remember Miss Miller explained that to us."

"Yes, isn't it interesting? I'm so glad we know. Now let's look for the others."

After some searching they found the tree-tapping bird, and his name was Sapsucker. There was no mistaking his brilliant black and white and red and yellow plumage.

The two "Greybirds" were not quite so easy, because there were so many birds of the Sparrow family. To make sure they put on their pretty blue hats—it was so delightfully warm they had no need of coats—and went out into the meadow. Dimple carried the precious little book, and the glass, secure in its case, Boy Blue slung over his shoulder.

Sure enough, the same bird with the two white tail feathers flew across the field and perched on the same tall mullen. Down on a big stone the children sat and eagerly turned the pages of the book. "That's it, the Vesper Sparrow," said Boy Blue. "We'll see now if he'll answer to his proper name."

"Good morning, Vesper Sparrow," called Dimple. "Are you going to talk to us to-day?"

The bird flapped his wings and nodded its head. "Good morning, Twin Bluebirds," he said. "Many happy returns!"

They were delighted. "Oh! how did you know it was our birthday?" Boy Blue asked.

The bird laughed. "Oh, somebody told me."

"Why are you called Vesper Sparrow?" Dimple asked.

"Because I like so much to sing in the evening."

"Oh! Does vesper mean evening? You see, we haven't been to school very much yet, and there are lots of words we don't know."

"Teaching isn't much in my line," the bird replied. "I'm not much of a scholar myself, but seems to me 'evening song' just about explains it."

"What a lovely meaning!" said Dimple. "Don't you ever sing in the day time?"

"Oh yes, between meals; but I'm hungry now. Goodbye." And away he flew.

The children walked on, and were delighted to find the little brown songster in the same hazel bush, singing his own rippling melody.

The key was consulted in silence, for they didn't want to interrupt the music. They soon found a picture which corresponded exactly with the bird in the bush—brown back and wings, striped crown, speckled breast, with a dark spot in the centre. They nodded to each other and drew near the singer, who paused in his song to look at them.

"We like your song, little Song Sparrow," said Boy Blue. "Won't you sing it again?"

"As often as you like, Twin Bluebirds," the bird replied. "I like to sing. Many happy returns of your birthday!"

In this delightful way the long, lovely hours of the morning passed. In the woods they found the Sapsucker and the Golden-crowned Kinglet, who talked to them like old friends. All the birds they had known admired their blue suits and listened to their story about the bird key found at last, and the wonderful pair of eyes.

By and by they began to feel very hungry, and the thought of Mother's cream biscuits and milk induced them to leave the Merry Forest and all its wonders behind. At the close of the day they agreed that it had been the very happiest day of all their lives.

LETTER FROM A LITTLE READER

*To The Editor, Canadian Churchman,
Cleary House, Hull,
England.*

Dear Sir,—I am very interested in the story of the birds of the merry forest. I want to thank you very much for your weekly paper. I look forward to it very much because it reminds me so much of Canada. We were staying in Wales where a little robbin would come right in the house and on the table and eat crumbs. I hope when you have finished the story about the birds you will give another.

Yours friendly,
Gordon Earp.
(age 9)

Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—

You might well think that Cousin Mike is lazy, as he hasn't written to you for a month, but it isn't laziness, it's just plain busy-ness. I suppose everybody else is suffering from the same complaint these days. Last week, I went down into the country for a day or two, and it was the same thing there. Men and teams busy in the fields, harrowing or rolling them; mills and lumber yards full of busy people; little pigs and little chickens very busy indeed grubbing about and picking up all the food they could; birds busy singing—why, even the frogs began to sing at night! And when I got back to the city, it seemed to me that the trees had been busy too, for they had all come fully out, and now we have them in flower! All because we had 10 days' good sunshine that made everybody work.

And what have you all been doing? Working too? Making those backyard gardens neat and tidy, and looking after your vegetables and things you sowed a few weeks back? It's all needed, badly needed, for prices of things go higher every day, and unless everybody works, we shan't have enough food to reach everybody. It's queer to think of that now the war's all over, but it's true all the same, because the people in Russia and in Poland and Austria, to name only the biggest countries, cannot get the machinery or the seed to work with, so unless we help, even at this great distance, they'll starve. And even the potato in your garden makes a difference.

Did you ever wonder what a potato sees in the ground with its eye? You know, the part you plant? Well, I was reading what a little girl thought about that, the other day, and she said she thought it would see the mole-people, and the worms, and all the roots of everything else that was sending up strong stems and green leaves to the sunlight. She had a great imagination, that little girl, and she thought it quite interesting to be a potato. Do you?

Your affectionate,
Cousin Mike.

DAMAGES APLENTY.

A lawyer tells of a visit he received from a Mrs. Delehanty, accompanied by Mr. Delehanty, the day after Mrs. Delehanty and a Mrs. Cassidy had indulged in a little difference of opinion.

When he had listened to the recital of Mrs. Delehanty's troubles the lawyer said:—

"You want to get damages, I suppose?"

"Damages! Damages!" came in shrill tones from Mrs. Delehanty. "Damages! No, indeed, I've got damages enough. What I want is satisfaction."