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"Good idea, Dimple," said Daddy, "There's a whole sermon in it."

"You'll be hearing a sermon from me pretty soon," said Mother, "if you don't all hurry and get ready for supper."

"Just a minute, Mother, please," pleaded Dimple, "I must put these flowers in water. I believe they are nearly fainting for a drink, they look so droopy, but they were so lovely."

"They'll soon revive," Mother replied, "You'll see they will be all smiling out bright in the morning."

"We've got some plants too," put in Boy Blue, "Do you think they will grow in our garden?"

"Of course they will," Mother answered reassuringly, "We'll find a nice shady nook for them after tea." In a few minutes they were all seated around the table, and the children found that in spite of their picnic lunch they had keen appetites for the hot, rich milk, cream biscuits and fresh butter, and crisp green water-cress, and honey.

Of course the children were eager to tell the story of their adventures, and both Daddy and Mother were so interested that they almost forgot to eat. When Daddy heard of that magic key, and of the Robins' suggestion, he sat back in his chair and laughed.

"O Daddy!" cried Boy Blue eagerly, "do you know about the key? Can you help us to find it?"

"I believe I have heard something about a bird key," Daddy replied. "Shouldn't wonder if I have seen one, once upon a time. I can't show it to you just yet; but don't worry—you'll find it all in good time. I expect it was old Jack Crow who put the rest of the birds up to the trick of setting you to hunt for it. He's a knowing one, and no mistake."

"I hope he'll tell you the rest of his story soon," said Mother, "I'd like to hear more about that nice boy teacher on the far-away island."

"Oh, we'll remind him as soon as he has his house built," said Boy Blue, "We won't let him forget."

The twins awoke next morning, which was Sunday, to the sound of rain on the roof, a quiet, steady down-pour from a grey sky that gave no hint of any sunbeams lurking around the corners. They were disappointed, for they were anxious to go a-hunting for the bird key.

"Cheerily, cheerily, cheer up!" called Sir Robin from the apple tree. And then he and Lady Robin both began singing a new verse of their song:

"List to the raindrops tinkling,
Merrily, merrily, merrily,
Down from the rainbow twinkling,
Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily.

"Dancing in leafy bowers,
Merrily, merrily, merrily,
Calling the tardy flowers
Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily."

Dimple and Boy Blue cheered up in a moment, and began to dress very briskly. They had never thought before how lovely an April rain was, but the Robins had opened their eyes and hearts to its beauty and its music, and they, too, began to sing.

"Mother," Boy Blue asked when he had kissed her "Good-morning," "Shall we be going to Sunday School to-day?"

"I'm afraid not, dear," she replied, "it is too wet. We'll just have a little Sunday School at home."

"That will be lovely," the children said, and Dimple begged, "Let it be all singing, Mother. Won't you teach us something new to sing?"

To this Mother very heartily agreed. "A song service will be just the thing for a rainy April Sunday morning. We'll see if we can't do as well as the Robins."

After breakfast the children helped to tidy up the house, while Daddy made a nice bright fire in the library. Then they all gathered around the

sweet, soft-toned little melodeon, and after singing a few familiar hymns they learned this new one in Mother's Hymn Book:

"God sees the little sparrow fall,
It meets His tender view;
If God so loves the little birds
I know He loves me too.

"He loves me too, He loves me too,
I know He loves me too.
Because He loves the little things
I know He loves me too.

"He paints the lily of the field,
Perfumes each lily bell;
If he so loves the little flowers,
I know He loves me well.

"God made the little birds and flowers,
And all things large and small;
He'll not forget His little ones,
I know He loves them all."

The Robins drew close to the window and listened for a little while, then they joined in and sang with all their hearts. Even after everyone else had grown tired of singing the birds still kept on and sang all day long—that is to say, between meals.

In the afternoon there was another little song service, and at twilight Daddy and Mother and the twins sat around the glowing fire and told stories to each other. Although it had rained all day the children thought it one of the loveliest days they could remember.

Next morning the world was gloriously bright, and every day for half a week they went hunting in the Merry Forest for that wonderful key, but could not find it. The Chickadees laughed at them; the Bluejays and Sparrows shook their heads and looked wise; the Robins cheered them on, and the Bluebirds sang softly:

"There are secrets in the air,
Tirra-lirra-lee!
If you're good, some morning fair
You shall find the key."

WORTHY OF PROMOTION.

"Why do you address that gentleman as 'major,' Sam? Has he ever been in the army?"

"Not dat I knows of, boss. But he don't never come in heah dat he don't give dis old nigger a quarter. Praise de Lawd! Ise gwine to make him a 'gen-ral' befo' I die!"

NEAR ENOUGH.

A certain retired colonel tells a story of a dusky bishop who once went to a function in town. He gave his name to the funky as the Bishop of Honolulu, but the man failed to catch it and, believing that in the case of a black bishop all things were possible, announced him as "the Bishop of Hallelujah."

FORCED INHERITANCE.

During the battle of Paschendale, a seriously wounded Gordon Highlander was brought into one of the Canadian dressing stations. The surgeon noticed he was wearing a fine gold wrist watch. "Where did you get that Scotty?" he asked.

Scotty merely smiled at the time, but, on being told that the chances were against him, he later confided the story to the doctor.

"I took a Heine prisoner who was wearin' yon watch. 'Wull ye gie me it?' I eskit him. He shookit his heed. I askit him the second time. He shookit his heed again. 'For the third and last time, as a gentelmaun, I sez, 'wull ye gie me that watch? Heine shookit his heed.'"

"But you got it?"
"Weel, effer thot I simply inherited it."